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THE

NOVELS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

VIZ.

COUNT FATHOM,

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES,

AND

THE TRANSLATION OF

CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM.

——— MATERIAM RISUS INVENIT AD OMNES
OCCURSUS HOMINUM.———
RIDEBAT CURAS, NEC NON ET GAUDIA VULGI;
INTERDUM ET LACHRYMAS FUNDEBAT.———

TO

DOCTOR ******

You and I, my good friend, have often deliberated on the difficulty of writing such a dedication as might gratify the self-complacency of a patron, without exposing the author to the ridicule or censure of the public; and I think we generally agreed that the task was altogether impracticable.—Indeed, this was one of the few subjects on which we have always thought in the same manner: for, notwithstanding that deference and regard with which we mutually pay to each other, certain it is we have often differed, according to the predominancy of those different passions, which frequently warp the opinion and perplex the understanding of the most judicious.

In dedication, as in poetry, there is no medium; for, if any one of the human virtues be omitted in the enumeration of the patron's good qualities, the whole address is construed into an affront, and the writer has the mortification to find his praise prostituted to very little purpose.

On the other hand, should he yield to the transports of gratitude or affection, which is always apt to exaggerate, and produce no more than the genuine effusions of his heart, the world will make no allowance for the warmth of his passion, but ascribe the praise he bestows, to interested views and sordid adulation.

Sometimes, too, dazzled by the tinsel of a character which he has no opportunity to investigate, he pours forth the homage of his admiration upon some false Mæcenas, whose future conduct gives the lie to his eulogium, and involves him in shame and confusion of face. Such was the fate of a late ingenious* author, who was so often put to the blush for the undeserved incense he had offered, in the heat of an enthusiastic disposition, misled by popular applause, that he had resolved to retract, in his last will, all the encomiums which he had thus prematurely bestowed, and stigmatize the unworthy by name: A laudable scheme of poetical justice, the execution of which was fatally prevented by untimely death.

Whatever may have been the fate of other dedicators, I, for my own part, sit down to write this address, without any apprehension of disgrace or disappointment; because I know you are too well convinced of my affection and sincerity to repine at what I shall say touching your character and conduct: and you will do me the justice to believe, that this public distinction is a testimony of my particular friendship and esteem.

Not that I am either insensible of your infirmities, or disposed to conceal them from the notice of mankind. There are certain foibles which can only be cured by shame and mortification; and whether or not yours be of that species, I shall have the comfort to think my best endeavours were used for your reformation.

Know then, I can despise your pride, while I honour your integrity, and applaud your taste, while I am shocked at your ostentation.—I have known you trifling, superficial, and obstinate in dispute; meanly jealous and awkwardly reserved; rash and haughty in your resentments; and coarse and lowly in your connexions. I have blushed at the weakness of your conversation, and trembled at the errors of your conduct.—Yet, as I own you possess certain good qualities, which overbalance these defects, and distinguish you on this occasion as a person for whom I have the most perfect attachment and esteem, you have no cause to complain of the indelicacy with which your faults are reprehended: and as they are chiefly the excesses of a sanguine disposition and looseness of thought, impatient of caution or control, you may, thus stimulated, watch over your own intemperance and infirmity with redoubled vigilance and consideration, and for the future profit by the severity of my reproof.

* The author of the Seasons.

These, however, are not the only motives that induce me to trouble you with this public application. I must not only perform my duty to my friends, but also discharge the debt I owe to my own interest. We live in a censorious age; and an author cannot take too much precaution to anticipate the prejudice, misapprehension, and temerity of malice, ignorance, and presumption.

I therefore think it incumbent upon me to give some previous intimation of the plan which I have executed in the subsequent performance, that I may not be condemned upon partial evidence; and to whom can I with more propriety appeal in my explanation, than to you, who are so well acquainted with all the sentiments and emotions of my breast?

A Novel is a large diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in different groupes, and exhibited in various attitudes, for the purposes of an uniform plan, and general occurrence, to which every individual figure is subservient. But this plan cannot be executed with propriety, probability, or success, without a principal personage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and at last close the scene, by virtue of his importance.

Almost all the heroes of this kind, who have hitherto succeeded on the English stage, are characters of transcendent worth, conducted through the vicissitudes of fortune, to that goal of happiness, which ever ought to be the repose of extraordinary desert.—Yet the same principle by which we rejoice at the remuneration of merit will teach us to relish the disgrace and discomfiture of vice, which is always an example of extensive use and influence, because it leaves a deep impression of terror upon the minds of those who were not confirmed in the pursuit of morality and virtue, and, while the balance wavers, enables the right scale to preponderate.

In the Drama, which is a more limited field of invention, the chief personage is often the object of our detestation and abhorrence; and we are as well pleased to see the wicked schemes of a Richard blasted, and the perfidy of a Maskwell exposed, as to behold a Bevil happy, and an Edward victorious.

The impulses of fear, which is the most violent and interesting of all the passions, remain longer than any other upon the memory; and for one that is allured to virtue, by the contemplation of that peace and happiness which it bestows, an hundred are deterred from the practice of vice, by that infamy and punishment to which it is liable, from the laws and regulations of mankind.

Let me not therefore be condemned for having chosen my principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, when I declare my purpose is to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the unexperienced and unwary, who, from the perusal of these memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life; while those who hesitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that irremeable gulph, by surveying the deplorable fate of Ferdinand Count Fathom.

That the mind might not be fatigued, nor the imagination disgusted by a succession o. vicious objects, I have endeavoured to refresh the attention with occasional incidents of a different nature; and raised up a virtuous character, in opposition to the adventurer, with a view to amuse the fancy, engage the affection, and form a striking contrast which might heighten the expression, and give a *relief* to the moral of the whole.

If I have not succeeded in my endeavours to unfold the mysteries of fraud, to instruct the ignorant, and entertain the vacant; if I have failed in my attempts to subject folly to ridicule, and vice to indignation; to rouse the spirit of mirth, wake the soul of compassion, and touch the secret springs that move the heart; I have, at least, adorned virtue with honour and applause, branded iniquity with reproach and shame, and carefully avoided every hint or expression which could give umbrage to the most delicate reader: circumstances which (whatever may be my fate with the public) will with you always operate in favour of,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM.

CHAP. I.

Some sage observations that naturally introduce our important history.

Cardinal de Retz very judiciously observes, that all historians must of necessity be subject to mistakes, in explaining the motives of those actions they record, unless they derive their intelligence from the candid confession of the person whose character they represent; and that, of consequence, every man of importance ought to write his own memoirs, provided he has honesty enough to tell the truth, without suppressing any circumstance that may tend to the information of the reader. This, however, is a requisite that, I am afraid, would be very rarely found among the number of those who exhibit their own portraits to the public: indeed, I will venture to say, that, how upright soever a man's intentions may be, he will, in the performance of such a task, be sometimes misled by his own phantasy, and represent objects, as they appeared to him, through the mists of prejudice and passion.

An unconcerned reader, when he peruses the history of two competitors, who lived two thousand years ago, or who perhaps never had existence, except in the imagination of the author, cannot help interesting himself in the dispute, and espousing one side of the contest, with all the zeal of a warm adherent. What wonder, then, that we should be heated in our own concerns, review our actions with the same self-approbation that they had formerly acquired, and recommend them to the world with all the enthusiasm of paternal affection?

Supposing this to be the case, it was lucky for the cause of historical truth, that so many pens have been drawn by writers, who could not be suspected of such partiality; and that many great personages, among the ancients as well as moderns, either would not or could not entertain the public with their own memoirs. From this want of inclination or capacity to write, in our hero himself, the undertaking is now left to me, of transmitting to posterity the remarkable adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom; and by the time the reader shall have glanced over the subsequent sheets, I doubt not but he will bless God that the adventurer was not his own historian.

This mirror of modern chivalry was none of those who owe their dignity to the circumstances of their birth, and are consecrated from the cradle for the purposes of greatness, merely because they are the accidental children of wealth. He was heir to no visible patrimony, unless we reckon a robust constitution, a tolerable appearance, and an uncommon capacity, as the advantages of inheritance: if the comparison obtains in this point of consideration, he was as much as any man indebted to his parents; and pity it was, that, in the sequel of his fortune, he never had an opportunity of manifesting his filial gratitude and regard. From this agreeable act of duty to his sire, and all those tendernesses that are reciprocally enjoyed betwixt the father and the son, he was unhappily excluded by a small circumstance; at which, however, he was never heard to repine. In short, had he been brought forth in the fabulous ages of the world, the nature of his origin might have turned to his account; he might, like other heroes of antiquity,

have laid claim to divine extraction, without running the risk of being claimed by any earthly father. Not that his parents had any reason to disown or renounce their offspring, or that there was any thing preternatural in the circumstances of his generation and birth; on the contrary, he was, from the beginning, a child of promising parts, and in due course of nature ushered into the world amidst a whole cloud of witnesses: but, that he was acknowledged by no mortal sire, solely proceeded from the uncertainty of his mother, whose affections were so dissipated among a number of admirers, that she could never pitch upon the person from whose loins our hero sprung.

Over and above this important doubt, under which he was begotten, other particularities attended his birth, and seemed to mark him out as something uncommon among the sons of men. He was brought forth in a waggon, and might be said to be literally a native of two different countries; for, though he first saw the light in Holland, he was not born till after the carriage arrived in Flanders; so that, all these extraordinary circumstances considered, the task of determining to what government he naturally owed allegiance, would be at least as difficult as that of ascertaining the so-much-contested birth-place of Homer.

Certain it is, the Count's mother was an Englishwoman, who, after having been five times a widow in one campaign, was, in the last year of the renowned Marlborough's command, numbered among the baggage of the allied army, which she still accompanied, through pure benevolence of spirit, supplying the ranks with the refreshing streams of choice geneva, and accommodating individuals with clean linen, as the emergency of their occasions required: nor was her philanthropy altogether confined to such ministration; she abounded with "the milk of human kindness," which flowed plentifully among her fellow-creatures; and to every son of Mars who cultivated her favour, she liberally dispensed her smiles, in order to sweeten the toils and dangers of the field.

And here it will not be amiss to anticipate the remarks of the reader, who, in the chastity and excellency of his conception, may possibly exclaim, "Good Heavens! will these authors never reform their imaginations, and lift their ideas from the obscene objects of low life? Must the public be again disgusted with the grovelling adventures of a waggon? Will no writer of genius draw his pen in the vindication of taste, and entertain us with the agreeable characters, the dignified conversation, the poignant repartee, in short, the genteel comedy of the polite world?"

Have a little patience, gentle, delicate, sublime critic; you, I doubt not, are one of those consummate connoisseurs, who, in their purifications, let humour evaporate, while they endeavour to preserve decorum, and polish wit, until the edge of it is quite wore off: or, perhaps, of that class, who, in the sapience of taste, are disgusted with those very flavours in the productions of their own country, which have yielded infinite delectation to their faculties, when imported from another clime; and damn an author in despite of all precedent and prescription;—who extol the writings of Petronius Arbiter, read with rapture the amorous sallies of Ovid's pen, and chuckle over the story of Lucian's ass; yet, if a modern author presumes to relate the progress of a simple intrigue, are shocked at the indecency and immorality of the scene;—who delight in following Guzman d'Alfarache through all the mazes of squalid beggary; who with pleasure accompany Don Quixote and his squire, in the lowest paths of fortune; who are diverted with the adventures of Scarron's ragged troop of strollers, and highly entertained with the servile situations of Gil Blas; yet, when a character in humble life occasionally occurs in a performance of our own growth, exclaim, with an air of disgust, "Was ever any thing so mean! sure, this writer must have been very conversant with the lowest scenes of life;"—who, when Swift or Pope represents a coxcomb in the act of swearing, scruple not to laugh at the ridiculous execrations; but, in a less reputed author, condemn the use of such profane expletives;—who eagerly explore the jakes of Rabelais for amusement, and even extract humour from the dean's description of a lady's dressing-room; yet, in a production of these days, unstamped with such venerable names, will stop their noses, with all the signs of loathing and abhorrence, at a bare mention of the china chamber-pot;—who applaud Catullus, Juvenal, Persius, and Lucan, for their spirit in lashing the greatest names of antiquity; yet, when a British satirist, of this generation, has courage enough to call in question the talents of a pseudo-patron in power, accuse him of insolence, rancour, and scurrility.

If such you be, courteous reader, I say again, have a little patience; for your entertainment we are about to write. Our hero shall, with all convenient despatch, be gradually sublimed into those splendid connexions of which you are enamoured; and God forbid, that, in the mean time, the nature of his extraction should turn to his prejudice, in a land of freedom like this, where individuals are every day ennobled in consequence of their own qualifications, without the least retrospective regard to the rank or merit of their ancestors. Yes, refined reader, we are hastening to that goal of perfection, where satire dares not shew her face; where nature is castigated, almost even to still life; where humour turns changeling, and slavers in an insipid grin; where wit is volatilized into a mere vapour; where decency, divested of all substance, hovers about like a fantastic shadow; where the

salt of genius, escaping, leaves nothing but pure and simple phlegm; and the inoffensive pen forever drops the mild manna of soul-sweetening praise.

CHAP. II.

A superficial view of our Hero's infancy.

Having thus bespoken the indulgence of our guests, let us now produce the particulars of our entertainment, and speedily conduct our adventurer through the stage of infancy, which seldom teems with interesting incidents.

As the occupations of his mother would not conveniently permit her to suckle this her first-born at her own breast; and those happy ages were now no more, in which the charge of nursing a child might be left to the next goat or she-wolf, she resolved to improve upon the ordinances of nature, and foster him with a juice much more energic than the milk of goat, wolf, or woman; this was no other than that delicious nectar, which, as we have already hinted, she so cordially distributed from a small cask that hung before her, depending from her shoulders by a leathern zone. Thus determined, ere he was yet twelve days old, she enclosed him in a canvas knapsack, which, being adjusted to her neck, fell down upon her back, and balanced the cargo that rested on her bosom.

There are not wanting those who affirm, that, while her double charge was carried about in this situation, her cag was furnished with a long and slender flexible tube, which, when the child began to be clamorous, she conveyed into his mouth, and strait he stilled himself with sucking; but this we consider as an extravagant assertion of those who mix the marvellous in all their narrations, because we cannot conceive how the tender organs of an infant could digest such a fiery beverage, which never fails to discompose the constitutions of the most hardy and robust: we therefore conclude, that the use of this potation was more restrained, and that it was with simple element diluted into a composition adapted to his taste and years. Be this as it will, he certainly was indulged in the use of it to such a degree as would have effectually obstructed his future fortune, had not he been happily cloyed with the repetition of the same fare, for which he conceived the utmost detestation and abhorrence, rejecting it with loathing and disgust, like those choice spirits, who, having been crammed with religion in their childhood, renounce it in their youth, among other absurd prejudices of education.

While he thus dangled in a state of suspension, a German trooper was transiently smit with the charms of his mother, who listened to his honourable addresses, and once more received the silken bonds of matrimony; the ceremony having been performed as usual at the drum-head. The lady had no sooner taken possession of her new name, than she bestowed it upon her son, who was thenceforward distinguished by the appellation of Ferdinand de Fadom; nor was the husband offended at this presumption in his wife, which he not only considered as a proof of her affection and esteem, but also as a compliment, by which he might in time acquire the credit of being the real father of such an hopeful child.

Notwithstanding this new engagement with a foreigner, our hero's mother still exercised the virtues of her calling among the English troops, so much was she biassed by that laudable partiality, which, as Horace observes, the *natale solum* generally inspires: indeed this inclination was enforced by another reason, that did not fail to influence her conduct in this particular; all her knowledge of the high Dutch language consisted in some words of traffic absolutely necessary for the practice of her vocation, together with sundry oaths and terms of reproach, that kept her customers in awe; so that, except among her own countrymen, she could not indulge that propensity to conversation, for which she had been remarkable from her earliest years. Nor did this instance of her affection fail of turning to her account in the sequel: she was promoted to the office of cook to a regimental mess of officers; and, before the peace of Utrecht, was actually in possession of a suttling-tent, pitched for the accommodation of the gentlemen in the army.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand improved apace in the accomplishments of infancy; his beauty was conspicuous, and his vigour so uncommon, that he was with justice likened unto Hercules in the cradle: the friends of his father-in-law dandled him on their knees, while he played with their whiskers, and before he was thirteen months old, taught him to suck brandy impregnated with gunpowder, through the touch-hole of a pistol. At the same time, he was caressed by divers serjeants of the British army, who severally and in secret contemplated his qualifications with a father's pride, excited by the artful declaration with which the mother had flattered each apart.

Soon as the war was (for her unhappily) concluded, she, as in duty bound, followed her husband into Bohemia; and his regiment being sent into garrison at Prague, she opened a cabaret in that city, which was frequented by a good many guests of the Scotch and Irish nations, who were devoted to the exercise of arms in the service of the emperor. It was by this communication that the English tongue became vernacular to young Ferdinand, who, without such opportunity, would have been a stranger to the language of his forefathers, in spite of all his mother's loquacity and elocution:—though it must be owned, for the credit of her maternal care, that

she let slip no occasion of making it familiar to his ear and conception; for, even at those intervals in which she could find no person to carry on the altercation, she used to hold forth in earnest soliloquies upon the subject of her own situation, giving vent to many opprobrious invectives against her husband's country, between which and Old England she drew many odious comparisons; and prayed, without ceasing, that Europe might speedily be involved in a general war, so as that she might have some chance of re-enjoying the pleasures and emoluments of a Flanders campaign.

CHAP. III.

He is initiated in a military life, and has the good fortune to acquire a generous Patron.

While she wearied Heaven with these petitions, the flame of war broke out betwixt the houses of Ottoman and Austria, and the emperor sent forth an army into Hungary, under the auspices of the renowned Prince Eugene. On account of this expedition, the mother of our hero gave up housekeeping, and cheerfully followed her customers and husband into the field; having first provided herself with store of those commodities, in which she had formerly merchandized. Although the hope of profit might in some measure affect her determination, one of the chief motives for her visiting the frontiers of Turkey, was the desire of initiating her son in the rudiments of his education, which she now thought high time to inculcate, he being, at this period, in the sixth year of his age; he was accordingly conducted to the camp, which she considered as the most consummate school of life, and proposed for the scene of his instruction; and in this academy he had not continued many weeks, when he was an eyewitness of that famous victory, which, with sixty thousand men, the imperial general obtained over an army of one hundred and fifty thousand Turks.

His father-in-law was engaged, and his mother would not be idle on this occasion: she was a perfect mistress of all the camp qualifications, and thought it a duty incumbent on her to contribute all that lay in her power towards distressing the enemy: with these sentiments, she hovered about the skirts of the army, and the troops were no sooner employed in the pursuit, than she began to traverse the field of battle with a poniard and a bag, in order to consult her own interest, annoy the foe, and exercise her humanity at the same time. In short, she had, with amazing prowess, delivered some fifty or threescore disabled mussulmen of the pain under which they groaned, and made a comfortable booty of the spoils of the slain, when her eyes were attracted by the rich attire of an imperial officer, who lay bleeding on the plain, to all appearance in the agonies of death.

She could not, in her heart, refuse that favour to a friend and Christian, she had so compassionately bestowed upon so many enemies and infidels, and therefore drew near with the sovereign remedy, which she had already administered with such success. As she approached this deplorable object of pity, her ears were surprised with an ejaculation in the English tongue, which he fervently pronounced, though with a weak and languid voice, recommending his soul to God, and his family to the protection of Heaven. Our amazon's purpose was staggered by this providential incident; the sound of her native language, so unexpectedly heard, and so pathetically delivered, had a surprising effect upon her imagination; and the faculty of reflection did not forsake her in such an emergency: though she could not recollect the features of this unhappy officer, she concluded, from his appearance, that he was some person of distinction in the service, and foresaw greater advantage to herself in attempting to preserve his life, than she could possibly reap from the execution of her first resolve. "If," said she to herself, "I can find means of conveying him to his tent alive, he cannot but in conscience acknowledge my humanity with some considerable recompence; and should he chance to survive his wounds, I have every thing to expect from his gratitude and power."

Fraught with these prudential suggestions, she drew near the unfortunate stranger, and, in a softened accent of pity and condolence, questioned him concerning his name, condition, and the nature of his mischance, at the same time making a gentle tender of her service. Agreeably surprised to hear himself accosted in such a manner, by a person whose equipage seemed to promise far other designs, he thanked her in the most grateful terms for her humanity, with the appellation of kind countrywoman; gave her to understand that he was colonel of a regiment of horse; that he had fallen in consequence of a shot he received in his breast at the beginning of the action; and finally entreated her to procure some carriage on which he might be removed to his tent. Perceiving him faint and exhausted with the loss of blood, she raised up his head, and treated him with that cordial which was her constant companion: at that instant, espying a small body of hussars returning to the camp with the plunder they had taken, she invoked their assistance, and they forthwith carried the officer to his own quarters, where his wound was dressed, and his preserver carefully tended him until his recovery was completed.

In return for these good offices, this gentleman, who was originally of Scotland, rewarded her for the present, with great liberality; assured her of his influence in promoting her husband, and took upon himself the charge of

young Ferdinand's education; the boy was immediately taken into his protection, and entered as a trooper in his own regiment; but his good intentions towards his father-in-law were frustrated by the death of the German, who, in a few days after this disposition, was shot in the trenches before Temiswaer.

This event, over and above the conjugal affliction with which it invaded the lady's quiet, would have involved her in infinite difficulty and distress, with regard to her temporal concerns, by leaving her unprotected in the midst of strangers, had not she been thus providentially supplied with an effectual patron in the colonel, who was known by the appellation of Count Melvil. He no sooner saw her, by the death of her husband, detached from all personal connexions with a military life, than he proposed that she should quit her occupation in the camp, and retire to his habitation in the city of Presburg, where she would be entertained in ease and plenty, during the remaining part of her natural life: with all due acknowledgments of his generosity, she begged to be excused from embracing his proposal, alleging she was so much accustomed to her present way of life, and so much devoted to the service of the soldiery, that she should never be happy in retirement, while the troops of any prince in Christendom kept the field.

The Count, finding her determined to prosecute her scheme, repeated his promise of befriending her upon all occasions; and in the mean time admitted Ferdinand into the number of his domestics, resolving that he should be brought up in attendance upon his own son, who was a boy of the same age. He kept him, however, in his tent, until he should have an opportunity of revisiting his family in person; and before that occasion offered, two whole years elapsed, during which the illustrious Prince Eugene gained the celebrated battle of Belgrade, and afterwards made himself master of that important frontier.

CHAP. IV.

His Mother's prowess and death; together with some instances of his own sagacity.

It would have been impossible for the mother of our adventurer, such as she hath been described, to sit quietly in her tent, while such an heroic scene was acting. She was no sooner apprised of the general's intention to attack the enemy, than she, as usual, packed up her moveables in a waggon, which she committed to the care of a peasant in the neighbourhood, and put herself in motion with the troops; big with the expectation of re-acting that part in which she had formerly acquitted herself so much to her advantage.—Nay, she by this time looked upon her own presence as a certain omen of success to the cause which she espoused; and in their march to battle, actually encouraged the ranks with repeated declarations, importing, that she had been eye-witness of ten decisive engagements, in all of which her friends had been victorious, and imputing such uncommon good fortune to some supernatural quality inherent in her person.

Whether or not this confidence contributed to the fortune of the day, by inspiring the soldiers to an uncommon pitch of courage and resolution, I shall not pretend to determine: but, certain it is, the victory began from that quarter in which she had posted herself; and no corps in the army behaved with such intrepidity as that which was manifested by those who were favoured with her admonitions and example; for she not only exposed her person to the enemy's fire, with the indifference and deliberation of a veteran, but she is said to have achieved a very conspicuous exploit by the prowess of her single arm: the extremity of the line to which she had attached herself, being assaulted in flank by a body of the spahis, wheeled about, in order to sustain the charge, and received them with such a seasonable fire, as brought a great number of turbans to the ground; among those who fell was one of the chiefs, or agas, who had advanced before the rest, with a view to signalise his valour.

Our English Penthesilea no sooner saw this Turkish leader drop, than, struck with the magnificence of his own and horse's trappings, she sprung forward to seize them as her prize, and found the aga not dead, though in a good measure disabled by his misfortune, which was entirely owing to the weight of his horse, that, having been killed by a musket-ball, lay upon his leg, so that he could not disengage himself. Nevertheless, perceiving the virago approach with fell intent, he brandished his scymitar, and tried to intimidate his assailant with a most horrible exclamation; but it was not the dismal yell of a dismounted cavalier, though enforced with a hideous ferocity of countenance, and the menacing gestures with which he waited her approach, that could intimidate such an undaunted she-campaigner; she saw him writhing in the agonies of a situation from which he could not move; and, running towards him with the nimbleness and intrepidity of a Camilla, described a semicircle in the progress of her assault, and, attacking him on one side, plunged her well-tried dagger in his throat: the shades of death encompassed him, his life-blood issued at the wound, he fell prone upon the earth, he bit the dust, and having thrice invoked the name of Allah! straight expired.

While his destiny was thus fulfilled, his followers began to reel; they seemed dismayed at the fate of their chief, beheld their companions drop like the leaves in autumn, and suddenly halted in the midst of their career. The im-

perialists, observing the confusion of the enemy, redoubled their fire; and, raising a dreadful shout, advanced in order to improve the advantage they had gained: the spahis durst not wait the shock of such an encounter; they wheeled to the right about, and, clapping spurs to their horses, fled in the utmost disorder. This was actually the circumstance that turned the scale of battle: the Austrians pursued their good fortune with uncommon impetuosity, and in a few minutes left the field clear for the mother of our hero, who was such an adept in the art of stripping, that in the twinkling of an eye the bodies of the aga and his Arabian lay naked to the skin. It would have been happy for her, had she been contented with these first-fruits, reaped from the fortune of the day, and retired with her spoils, which were not inconsiderable; but, intoxicated with the glory she had won, enticed by the glittering caparisons that lay scattered on the plain, and without doubt prompted by the secret instinct of her fate, she resolved to seize opportunity by the forelock, and once for all indemnify herself for the many fatigues, hazards, and sorrows she had undergone.

Thus determined, she reconnoitred the field, and practised her address so successfully, that in less than half an hour she was loaded with ermine and embroidery, and disposed to retreat with her burden, when her regards were solicited by a splendid bundle, which she descried at some distance lying on the ground. This was no other than an unhappy officer of the hussars; who, after having had the good fortune to take a Turkish standard, was desperately wounded in the thigh, and obliged to quit his horse; finding himself in such an helpless condition, he had wrapt his acquisition round his body, that whatever might happen, he and his glory should not be parted; and thus shrouded among the dying and the dead, he had observed the progress of our heroine, who stalked about the field, like another Atropos, finishing, wherever she came, the work of death: he did not at all doubt, that he himself would be visited in the course of her peregrinations, and therefore provided for her reception, with a pistol ready cocked in his hand, while he lay perdue beneath his covert, in all appearance bereft of life. He was not deceived in his prognostic; she no sooner eyed the golden crescent, than, inflamed with curiosity or cupidity, she directed thitherward her steps, and discerning the carcass of a man, from which, she thought, there would be a necessity for disengaging it, she lifted up her weapon, in order to make sure of her purchase; and in the very instant of discharging her blow, received a brace of bullets in her brain.

Thus ended the mortal pilgrimage of this modern amazon; who, in point of courage, was not inferior to Semiramis, Tomyris, Zenobia, Thalestris, or any boasted heroine of ancient times. It cannot be supposed that this catastrophe made a very deep impression upon the mind of young Ferdinand, who had just then attained the ninth year of his age, and been for a considerable time weaned from her maternal caresses; especially, as he felt no wants nor grievances in the family of the count, who favoured him with a particular share of indulgence, because he perceived in him a spirit of docility, insinuation, and sagacity, far above his years. He did not, however, fail to lament the untimely fate of his mother, with such filial expressions of sorrow, as still more intimately recommended him to his patron; who, being himself a man of extraordinary benevolence, looked upon the boy as a prodigy of natural affection, and foresaw in his future services a fund of gratitude and attachment, that could not fail to render him a valuable acquisition to his family.

In his own country he had often seen connexions of that sort, which, having been planted in the infancy of the adherent, had grown up to a surprising pitch of fidelity and friendship, that no temptation could bias, and no danger dissolve. He therefore rejoiced in the hope of seeing his own son accommodated with such a faithful attendant, in the person of young Fathom, on whom he resolved to bestow the same education he had planned for the other, though conveyed in such a manner as should be suitable to the sphere in which he was ordained to move. In consequence of these determinations, our young adventurer led a very easy life, in quality of page to the count, in whose tent he lay upon a pallet, close to his field-bed, and often diverted him with his childish prattle in the English tongue, which the more seldom his master had occasion to speak, he the more delighted to hear. In the exercise of his function, the boy was incredibly assiduous and alert; far from neglecting the little particulars of his duty, and embarking in the mischievous amusements of the children belonging to the camp, he was always diligent, sedate, agreeably officious, and anticipating; and in the whole of his behaviour seemed to express the most vigilant sense of his patron's goodness and generosity: nay, to such a degree had these sentiments, in all appearance, operated upon his reflection, that one morning, while he supposed the count asleep, he crept softly to his bed-side, and, gently kissing his hand, which happened to be uncovered, pronounced, in a low voice, a most fervent prayer in his behalf, beseeching Heaven to shower down blessings upon him, as the widow's friend and the orphan's father: this benediction was not lost upon the Count, who chanced to be awake, and heard it with admiration; but what rivetted Ferdinand in his good graces, was a discovery that our youth made, while his master was upon duty in the trenches before Belgrade.

Two foot soldiers, standing sentry near the door of the tent, were captivated with the sight of some valuable moveables belonging to it; and supposing, in their great wisdom, that the city of Belgrade was too well fortified to be taken during that campaign, they came to a resolution of withdrawing themselves from the severe service of the trenches, by deserting to the enemy, after they should have rifled Count Melvil's tent of the furniture by which they were so powerfully allured: the particulars of this plan were concerted in the French language, which, they imagined, would screen them from all risk of being detected, in case they should be overheard, though, as there was no living creature in sight, they had no reason to believe that any person was privy to their conversation. Nevertheless, they were mistaken in both these conjectures. The conference reached the ears of Fathom, who was at the other end of the tent, and had perceived the eager looks with which they considered some parts of the furniture: he had penetration enough to suspect their desire, and, alarmed by that suspicion, listened attentively to their discourse, which, from a slender knowledge in the French tongue, he had the good fortune partly to understand.

This important piece of intelligence he communicated to the Count at his return, and measures were immediately taken to defeat the design, and make an example of the authors, who, being permitted to load themselves with the booty, were apprehended in their retreat, and punished with death, according to their demerits.

CHAP. V.

A brief detail of his Education.

Nothing could have more seasonably happened, to confirm the good opinion which the Colonel entertained of Ferdinand's principles: his intentions towards the boy grew every day more and more warm; and immediately after the peace of Passarowitz, he retired to his own house at Presburg, and presented young Fathom to his lady, not only as the son of a person to whom he owed his life, but also as a lad who merited his peculiar protection and regard by his own personal virtue. The Countess, who was an Hungarian, received him with great kindness and affability, and her son was ravished with the prospect of enjoying such a companion: in short, fortune seemed to have provided for him an asylum, in which he might be safely trained up, and suitably prepared for more important scenes of life than any of his ancestors had ever known.

He was not, in all respects, entertained on the footing of his young master; yet he shared in all his education and amusements, as one whom the old gentleman was fully determined to qualify for the station of an officer in the service; and if he did not eat with the Count, he was every day regaled with choice bits from his table; holding, as it were, a middle place between the rank of a relation and favourite domestic. Although his patron maintained a tutor in the house, to superintend the conduct of his heir, he committed the charge of his learning to the instructions of a public school; where, he imagined, the boy would imbibe a laudable spirit of emulation among his fellows, which could not fail of turning out to the advantage of his education. Ferdinand was entered in the same academy; and the two lads proceeded equally in the paths of erudition; a mutual friendship and intimacy soon ensued, and, notwithstanding the levity and caprice commonly discernible in the behaviour of such boys, very few or rather no quarrels happened in the course of their communication. Yet their dispositions were altogether different, and their talents unlike. Nay, this dissimilarity was the very bond of their union; because it prevented that jealousy and rivalship which often interrupts the harmony of two warm contemporaries.

The young Count made extraordinary progress in the exercises of the school, though he seemed to take very little pains in the cultivation of his studies; and became a perfect hero in all the athletic diversions of his fellow-scholars; but, at the same time, exhibited such a bashful appearance and uncouth address, that his mother despaired of ever seeing him improved into any degree of polite behaviour. On the other hand, Fathom, who was in point of learning a mere dunce, became, even in his childhood, remarkable among the ladies for his genteel deportment and vivacity; they admired the proficiency he made under the directions of his dancing-master, the air with which he performed his obeisance at his entrance and exit; and were charmed with the agreeable assurance and lively sallies of his conversation; while they expressed the utmost concern and disgust at the boorish demeanour of his companion, whose extorted bows resembled the pawings of a mule, who hung his head in silence like a detected sheep-stealer, who sat in company under the most awkward expressions of constraint, and whose discourse never exceeded the simple monosyllables of negation and assent.

In vain did all the females of the family propose to him young Fathom as a pattern and reproach: he remained unaltered by all their efforts and expostulations, and allowed our adventurer to enjoy the triumph of his praise, while he himself was conscious of his own superiority in those qualifications which seemed of more real importance than the mere exte-

riors and forms of life. His present ambition was not to make a figure at his father's table, but to eclipse his rivals at school, and to acquire an influence and authority among these confederates. Nevertheless, Fathom might possibly have fallen under his displeasure or contempt, had not that pliant genius found means to retain his friendship by seasonable compliances and submission; for the sole study, or at least the chief aim of Ferdinand, was to make himself necessary and agreeable to those on whom his dependance was placed: his talent was in this particular suited to his inclination; he seemed to have inherited it from his mother's womb; and, without all doubt, would have raised upon it a most admirable superstructure of fortune and applause, had not it been inseparably yoked with a most insidious principle of self-love, that grew up with him from the cradle, and left no room in his heart for the least particle of social virtue. This last, however, he knew so well how to counterfeit, by means of a large share of ductility and dissimulation, that, surely, he was calculated by nature to dupe even the most cautious, and gratify his appetites, by levying contributions on all mankind.

So little are the common instructors of youth qualified to judge the capacities of those who are under their tutelage and care, that Fathom, by dint of his insinuating arts, made shift to pass upon the schoolmaster as a lad of quick parts, in despite of a natural inaptitude to retain his lessons, which all his industry could never overcome. In order to remedy, or rather to cloak, this defect in his understanding, he had always recourse to the friendship of the young count, who freely permitted him to transcribe his exercises, until a small accident happened, which had well-nigh put a stop to these instances of his generosity.—The adventure, inconsiderable as it is, we shall record, as the first overt-act of Ferdinand's true character, as well as an illustration of the opinion we have advanced touching the blind and injudicious decisions of a right pedagogue.

Among other tasks imposed by the pedant upon the form to which our two companions belonged, they were one evening ordered to translate a chapter of Cæsar's Commentaries. Accordingly the young Count went to work, and performed the undertaking with great elegance and despatch: Fathom, having spent the night in more effeminate amusements, was next morning so much hurried for want of time, that in his transcription he neglected to insert a few variations from the text, these being the terms on which he was allowed to use it; so that it was verbatim a copy of the original. As those exercises were always delivered in a heap, subscribed with the several names of the boys to whom they belonged, the schoolmaster chanced to peruse the version of Ferdinand before he looked into any of the rest, and could not hel bestowing upon it particular marks of approba tion: the next that fell under his examinatio was that of the young Count, when he imme diately perceived the sameness, and, far fron imputing it to the true cause, upbraided hir with having copied the exercise of our adven turer, and insisted upon chastising him upo the spot for his want of application.

Had not the young gentleman thought hi honour was concerned, he would have submit ted to the punishment without murmuring; bu he inherited, from his parents, the pride of tw fierce nations, and being overwhelmed with re preaches for that which he imagined ought t have redounded to his glory, he could no brook the indignity, and boldly affirmed, tha he himself was the original, to whom Ferdi nand was beholden for his performance. Th schoolmaster, nettled to find himself mistaken in his judgment, resolved that the Count should have no cause to exult in the discovery he had made, and, like a true flogger, actually whipped him for having allowed Fathom to copy his exercise. Nay, in the hope of vindicating his own penetration, he took an opportunity o questioning Ferdinand in private concerning the circumstances of the translation, and our hero, perceiving his drift, gave him such artful and ambiguous answers, as persuaded him that the young Count had acted the part of a plagiary, and that the other had been restrained from doing himself justice, by the consideration of his own dependance.

This profound director did not fail, in honour of his own discernment, to whisper about the misrepresentation, as an instance of the young Count's insolence, and Fathom's humility and good sense. The story was circulated among the servants, especially the maids belonging to the family, whose favour our hero had acquired by his engaging behaviour; and at length it reached the ears of his patron, who, incensed at his son's presumption and inhospitality, called him to a severe account, when the young gentleman absolutely denied the truth of the allegation, and appealed to the evidence of Fathom himself. Our adventurer was accordingly summoned by the father, and encouraged to declare the truth, with an assurance of his constant protection; upon which Ferdinand very wisely fell upon his knees, and, while the tears gushed from his eyes, acquitted the young Count of the imputation, and expressed his apprehension, that the report had been spread by some of his enemies, who wanted to prejudice him in the opinion of his patron.

The old gentleman was not satisfied of his son's integrity by this declaration; being naturally of a generous disposition, highly prepossessed in favour of the poor orphan, and chagrined at the unpromising appearance of his heir, he suspected that Fathom was over-

awed by the fear of giving offence, and that, notwithstanding what he had said, the case really stood as it had been represented. In this persuasion, he earnestly exhorted his son to resist and combat with any impulse he might feel within himself, tending to selfishness, fraud, or imposition; to encourage every sentiment of candour and benevolence; and to behave with moderation and affability to all his fellow-creatures. He laid upon him strong injunctions, not without a mixture of threats, to consider Fathom as the object of his peculiar regard; to respect him as the son of the Count's preserver, as a Briton, a stranger, and, above all, as helpless orphan, to whom the rights of hospitality were doubly due.

Such admonitions were not lost upon the youth, who, under the rough husk of his personal exhibition, possessed a large share of generous sensibility: without any formal professions to his father, he resolved to govern himself according to his remonstrances; and, far from conceiving the least spark of animosity against Fathom, he looked upon the poor boy as the innocent cause of his disgrace, and redoubled his kindness towards him, that his honour might never again be called in question upon the same subject. Nothing is more liable to misconstruction than an act of uncommon generosity; one half of the world mistake the motive, from want of ideas to conceive an instance of beneficence that soars so high above the level of their own sentiments; and the rest suspect it of something sinister or selfish, from the suggestions of their own sordid and vicious inclinations. The young Count subjected himself to such misinterpretation, among those who observed the increased warmth of civility and complaisance in his behaviour to Ferdinand: they ascribed it to his desire of still profiting by our adventurer's superior talents, by which alone they supposed him enabled to maintain any degree of reputation at school; or to the fear of being convicted by him of some misdemeanour of which he knew himself guilty. These suspicions were not effaced by the conduct of Ferdinand, who, when examined on the subject, managed his answers in such a manner, as confirmed their conjectures, while he pretended to refute them, and at the same time acquired to himself credit for his extraordinary discretion and self-denial.

If he exhibited such a proof of sagacity in the twelfth year of his age, what might not be expected from his finesse in the maturity of his faculties and experience? Thus secured in the good graces of the whole family, he saw the days of his puerility glide along in the most agreeable elapse of caresses and amusement. He never fairly plunged into the stream of school-education, but, by floating on the surface, imbibed a small tincture of those different sciences which his master pretended to teach: in short, he resembled those vagrant swallows that skim along the level of some pool or river, without venturing to wet one feather in their wings, except in the accidental pursuit of an inconsiderable fly. Yet, though his capacity or inclination was unsuited for studies of this kind, he did not fail to manifest a perfect genius in the acquisition of other more profitable arts. Over and above the accomplishments of address, for which he hath been already celebrated, he excelled all his fellows in his dexterity at fives and billiards; was altogether unrivalled in his skill at draughts and backgammon; began, even at these years, to understand the moves and schemes of chess; and made himself a mere adept in the mystery of cards, which he learned in the course of his assiduities and attention to the females of the house.

CHAP. VI.

He meditates Schemes of Importance.

It was in these parties that he attracted the notice and friendship of his patron's daughter, a girl by two years older than himself, who was not insensible to his qualifications, and looked upon him with the most favourable eyes of prepossession. Whether or not he at this period of his life began to project plans for availing himself of her susceptibility is uncertain; but, without all doubt, he cultivated her esteem with as obsequious and submissive attention as if he had already formed the design, which, in his advanced age, he attempted to put in execution.

Divers circumstances conspired to promote him in the favour of this young lady; the greenness of his years secured him from any appearance of fallacious aim; so that he was indulged in frequent opportunities of conversing with his young mistress, whose parents encouraged this communication, by which they hoped she would improve in speaking the language of her father. Such connexions naturally produce intimacy and friendship. Fathom's person was agreeable, his talents calculated for the meridian of those parties, and his manners so engaging, that there would have been no just subject for wonder, had he made an impression upon the tender unexperienced heart of Mademoiselle de Melvil, whose beauty was not so attractive as to extinguish his hope, in raising up a number of formidable rivals; though her expectations of fortune were such as commonly lend additional lustre to personal merit.

All these considerations were so many steps towards the success of Ferdinand's pretensions; and though he cannot be supposed to have perceived them at first, he in the sequel seemed perfectly well apprized of his advantages, and

used them to the full extent of his faculties. Observing that she delighted in music, he betook himself to the study of that art, and, by dint of application and a tolerable ear, learned of himself to accompany her with a German flute, while she sung and played upon the harpsichord. The Count, seeing his inclination, and the progress he had made, resolved that his capacity should not be lost for want of cultivation; and accordingly provided him with a master, by whom he was instructed in the principles of the art, and soon became a proficient in playing upon the violin.

In the practice of these improvements and avocations, and in attendance upon his young master, whom he took care never to disoblige or neglect, he attained to the age of sixteen, without feeling the least abatement in the friendship and generosity of those upon whom he depended; but, on the contrary, receiving every day fresh marks of their bounty and regard. He had before this time been smit with the ambition of making a conquest of the young lady's heart, and foresaw manifold advantages to himself in becoming son-in-law to Count Melvil, who, he never doubted, would soon be reconciled to the match, if once it could be effectuated without his knowledge. Although he thought he had great reason to believe that Mademoiselle looked upon him with an eye of peculiar favour, his disposition was happily tempered with an ingredient of caution, that hindered him from acting with precipitation; and he had discerned in the young lady's deportment certain indications of loftiness and pride, which kept him in the utmost vigilance and circumspection; for he knew, that, by a premature declaration, he should run the risk of forfeiting all the advantages he had gained, and blasting those expectations that now blossomed so gaily in his heart.

Restricted by these reflections, he acted at a wary distance, and determined to proceed by the method of sap, and, summoning all his artifice and attractions to his aid, employed them under the insidious cover of profound respect, in order to undermine those bulwarks of haughtiness or discretion, which otherwise might have rendered his approaches to her impracticable. With a view to enhance the value of his company, and sound her sentiments at the same time, he became more reserved than usual, and seldomer engaged in her parties of music and cards; yet, in the midst of his reserve, he never failed in those demonstrations of reverence and regard, which he knew perfectly well how to express, but devised such excuses for his absence, as she could not help admitting. In consequence of this affected shyness, she more than once gently chid him for his neglect and indifference, observing, with an ironical air, that he was now too much of a man to be entertained with such effeminate diversions; but her reproofs were pronounced with too much ease and good humour to be agreeable to our hero, who desired to see her ruffled and chagrined at his absence, and to hear himself rebuked with an angry affectation of disdain. This effort, therefore, he reinforced with the most captivating carriage he could assume, in those hours which he now so sparingly bestowed upon his mistress: he regaled her with all the entertaining stories he could learn or invent, particularly such as he thought would justify and recommend the levelling power of love, that knows no distinctions of fortune. He sung nothing but tender airs and passionate complaints, composed by desponding or despairing swains; and, to render his performances of this kind the more pathetic, interlarded them with some seasonable sighs, while the tears, which he had ever at command, stood collected in either eye.

It was impossible for her to overlook such studied emotions; she in a jocose manner taxed him with having lost his heart, rallied the excess of his passion, and in a merry strain undertook to be an advocate for his love. Her behaviour was still wide of his wish and expectation: he thought she would, in consequence of her discovery, have betrayed some interested symptom; that her face would have undergone some favourable suffusion; that her tongue would have faltered, her breast heaved, and her whole deportment betokened internal agitation and disorder; in which case, he meant to profit by the happy impression, and declare himself, before she could possibly recollect the dictates of her pride.—Baffled however in his endeavours, by the serenity of the young lady, which he still deemed equivocal, he had recourse to another experiment, by which he believed he should make a discovery of her sentiments beyond all possibility of doubt. One day, while he accompanied Mademoiselle in her exercises of music, he pretended all of a sudden to be taken ill, and counterfeited a swoon in her apartment. Surprised at this accident, she screamed aloud, but far from running to his assistance, with the transports and distraction of a lover, she ordered her maid, who was present, to support his head, and went in person to call for more help: he was accordingly removed to his own chamber, where, willing to be still more certified of her inclinations, he prolonged the farce, and lay groaning under the pretence of a severe fever.

The whole family was alarmed upon this occasion; for, as we have already observed, he was an universal favourite. He was immediately visited by the old Count and his Lady, who expressed the utmost concern at his distemper, ordered him to be carefully attended, and sent for a physician without loss of time. The young gentleman would scarce stir from his bed-side, where he ministered unto him with all the demonstrations of brotherly affection; and Miss exhorted him to keep up his spirits, with many

expressions of unreserved sympathy and regard: nevertheless, he saw nothing in her behaviour but what might be naturally expected from common friendship, and a compassionate disposition, and was very much mortified at his disappointment.

Whether the miscarriage actually affected his constitution, or the doctor happened to be mistaken in his diagnostics, we shall not pretend to determine; but the patient was certainly treated *secundem artem*, and all his complaints in a little time realized; for the physician, like a true graduate, had an eye to the apothecary in his prescriptions; and such was the concern and scrupulous care with which our hero was attended, that the orders of the faculty were performed with the utmost punctuality. He was blooded, vomited, purged, and blistered, in the usual forms (for the physicians of Hungary are generally as well skilled in the arts of their occupation, as any other leeches under the sun), and swallowed a whole dispensary of bolusses, draughts, and apozems, by which means he became fairly delirious in three days, and so untractable, that he could be no longer managed according to rule; otherwise, in all likelihood, the world would never have enjoyed the benefit of these adventures. In short, his constitution, though unable to cope with two such formidable antagonists as the doctor and the disease he had conjured up, was no sooner rid of the one, than it easily got the better of the other; and though Ferdinand, after all, found his grand aim unaccomplished, his malady was productive of a consequence, which, though he had not foreseen it, he did not fail to convert to his own use and advantage.

CHAP. VII.

Engages in partnership with a Female Associate, in order to put his talents in action.

While he displayed his qualifications in order to entrap the heart of his young mistress, he had unwittingly enslaved the affections of her maid. This attendant was also a favourite of the young lady, and, though her senior by two or three good years at least, unquestionably her superior in point of personal beauty; she moreover possessed a good stock of cunning and discernment, and was furnished by nature with a very amorous complexion. These circumstances being premised, the reader will not be surprised to find her smitten by those uncommon qualifications which we have celebrated in young Fathom. She had in good sooth long sighed in secret, under the powerful influence of his charms, and practised upon him all those little arts, by which a woman strives to attract the admiration, and ensnare the heart of a man she loves; but all his faculties were employed upon the plan which he had already projected; that was the goal of his whole attention, to which all his measures tended; and whether or not he perceived the impression he had made upon Teresa, he never gave her the least reason to believe he was conscious of his victory, until he found himself baffled in his design upon the heart of her mistress. She therefore persevered in her distant attempts to allure him, with the usual coquetries of dress and, address, and in the sweet hope of profiting by his susceptibility, made shift to suppress her feelings, and keep her passion within bounds, until his supposed danger alarmed her fears, and raised such a tumult within her breast, that she could no longer conceal her love, but gave a loose to her sorrow in the most immoderate expressions of anguish and affliction, and, while his delirium lasted, behaved with all the agitation of a despairing shepherdess.

Ferdinand was, or pretended to be, the last person in the family who understood the situation of her thoughts; when he perceived her passion, he entered into deliberation with himself, and tasked his reflection and foresight, in order to discover how best he might convert this conquest to his own advantage. Here, then, that we may neglect no opportunity of doing justice to our hero, it will be proper to observe, that, howsoever unapt his understanding might be to receive and retain the usual culture of the schools, he was naturally a genius self-taught, in point of sagacity and invention. He dived into the characters of mankind, with a penetration peculiar to himself, and had he been admitted as a pupil in any political academy, would have certainly become one of the ablest statesmen in Europe.

Having revolved all the probable consequences of such a connexion, he determined to prosecute an amour with the lady whose affection he had subdued; because he hoped to interest her as an auxiliary in his grand scheme upon Mademoiselle, which he did not as yet think proper to lay aside; for he was not more ambitious in the plan than indefatigable in the prosecution of it. He knew it would be impossible to execute his aims upon the count's daughter under the eye of Teresa, whose natural discernment would be whetted with jealousy, and who would watch his conduct, and thwart his progress with all the vigilance and spite of a slighted maiden. On the other hand, he did not doubt of being able to bring her over to his interest, by the influence he had already gained, or might afterwards acquire, over her passions; in which case, she would effectually espouse his cause, and employ her good offices with her mistress in his behalf; besides, he was induced by another motive, which, though secondary, did not fail in this case to have an effect upon his determination. He looked upon

Teresa with the eyes of appetite which he longed to gratify; for he was not at all dead to the instigations of the flesh, though he had philosophy enough to resist them, when he thought they interfered with his interest.—Here the case was quite different: his desire happened to be upon the side of his advantage, and therefore, resolving to indulge it, he no sooner found himself in a condition to manage such an adventure, than he began to make gradual advances in point of warmth and particular complacency to the love-sick maid.

He first of all thanked her, in the most grateful terms, for the concern she had manifested at his distempers and the kind services he had received from her during the course of it; he treated her upon all occasions with unusual affability and regard, assiduously courted her acquaintance and conversation, and contracted an intimacy that, in a little time, produced a declaration of love. Although her heart was too much intendered to hold out against all the forms of assault, far from yielding at discretion, she stood upon honourable terms, with great obstinacy of punctilio, and, while she owned he was master of her inclinations, gave him to understand, with a peremptory and resolute air, that he should never make a conquest of her virtue; observing, that, if the passion he professed was genuine, he would not scruple to give such a proof of it as would at once convince her of his sincerity; and that he could have no just cause to refuse her that satisfaction, she being his equal in point of birth and situation; for, if he was the companion and favourite of the young count, she was the friend and confidante of Mademoiselle.

He acknowledged the strength of her argument, and that her condescension was greater than his deserts, but objected against the proposal, as infinitely prejudicial to the fortunes of them both. He represented the state of dependance in which they mutually stood; their utter incapacity to support one another under the consequences of a precipitate match, clandestinely made, without the consent and concurrence of their patrons: he displayed, with great eloquence, all those gay expectations they had reason to entertain, from that eminent degree of favour which they had already secured in the family; and set forth, in the most alluring colours, those enchanting scenes of pleasure they might enjoy in each other, without that disagreeable consciousness of a nuptial chain, provided she would be his associate in the execution of a plan which he had projected for their reciprocal convenience.

Having thus inflamed her love of pleasure and curiosity, he, with great caution, hinted his design upon the young lady's fortune, and, perceiving her listening with the most greedy attention, and perfectly ripe for the conspiracy, he disclosed his intention at full length, assuring her, with the most solemn protestations of love and attachment, that, could he once make himself legal possessor of an estate which Mademoiselle inherited by the will of a deceased aunt, his dear Teresa should reap the happy fruits of his affluence, and wholly engross his time and attention.

Such a base declaration our hero would not have ventured to make, had he not implicitly believed the damsel was as great a latitudinarian as himself, in point of morals and principle; and been well assured that, though he should be mistaken in her way of thinking, so far as to be threatened with a detection of his purpose, he would always have it in his power to refute her accusation as mere calumny, by the character he had hitherto maintained, and the circumspection of his future conduct.

He seldom or never erred in his observations on the human heart. Teresa, instead of disapproving, relished the plan in general, with demonstrations of singular satisfaction: she at once conceived all the advantageous consequences of such a scheme, and perceived in it only one flaw, which, however, she did not think incurable. This defect was no other than a sufficient bond of union, by which they might be effectually tied down to their mutual interest. She foresaw, that, in case Ferdinand should obtain possession of the prize, he might, with great ease, deny their contract, and disavow her claim of participation. She therefore demanded security, and proposed, as a preliminary of the agreement, that he should privately take her to wife, with a view to dispel all her apprehensions of his inconstancy or deceit, as such a previous engagement would be a check upon his behaviour, and keep him strictly to the letter of their contract.

He could not help subscribing to the righteousness of this proposal, which, nevertheless, he would have willingly waived, on the supposition that they could not possibly be joined in the bands of wedlock with such secrecy as the nature of the case absolutely required. This would have been a difficulty soon removed, had the scene of the transaction been laid in the metropolis of England, where passengers are plied in the streets by clergymen, who prostitute their characters and consciences for hire, in defiance of all decency and law; but in the kingdom of Hungary, ecclesiastics are more scrupulous in the exercise of their function, and the objection was, or supposed to be, altogether insurmountable; so that they were fain to have recourse to an expedient, with which, after some hesitation, our she-adventurer was satisfied. They joined hands in the sight of Heaven, which they called to witness, and to judge the sincerity of their vows, and engaged, in a voluntary oath, to confirm their union by the sanction of the church, whenever a convenient opportunity for so doing should occur.

The scruples of Teresa being thus removed, she admitted Ferdinand to the privileges of a husband, which he enjoyed in stolen interviews, and readily undertook to exert her whole power in promoting his suit with her young mistress, because she now considered his interest as inseparably connected with her own. Surely nothing could be more absurd or preposterous than the articles of this covenant, which she insisted upon with such inflexibility. How could she suppose that her pretended lover would be restrained by an oath, when the very occasion of incurring it was an intention to act in violation of all laws human and divine; and yet such ridiculous conjuration is commonly the cement of every conspiracy, how dark, how treacherous, how impious soever it may be: a certain sign that there are some remains of religion left in the human mind, even after every moral sentiment hath abandoned it; and that the most execrable ruffian finds means to quiet the suggestions of his conscience, by some reversionary hope of Heaven's forgiveness.

CHAP. VIII.

Their first attempt; with a digression which some readers may think impertinent.

But this as it will, our lovers, though real voluptuaries, amidst the first transports of their enjoyment, did not neglect the great political aim of their conjunction. Teresa's bed-chamber, to which our hero constantly repaired at midnight, was the scene of their deliberations, and there it was determined that the damsel, in order to avoid suspicion, should feign herself irritated at the indifference of Ferdinand, her passion for whom was by this time no secret in the family; and that, with a view to countenance this affectation, he should upon all occasions treat her with an air of loftiness and disdain.

So screened from all imputation of fraud, she was furnished by him with artful instructions how to sound the inclinations of her young mistress, how to recommend his person and qualifications by the sure methods of contradiction, comparisons, revilings, and reproach; how to watch the paroxysms of her disposition, inflame her passions, and improve, for his advantage, those moments of frailty, from which no woman is exempted. In short, this consummate politician taught his agent to poison the young lady's mind with insidious conversation, tending to inspire her with the love of guilty pleasure, to debauch her sentiments, and confound her ideas of dignity and virtue. After all, the task is not difficult to lead the unpractised heart astray, by dint of those opportunities her seducer possessed. The seeds of insinuation, seasonably sown upon the warm luxuriant soil of youth, could hardly fail of shooting up into such intemperate desires as he wanted to produce, especially when cultured and cherished in her unguarded hours, by that stimulating discourse which familiarity admits, and the looser passions, ingrafted in every breast, are apt to relish and excuse.

Fathom had previously reconnoitred the ground, and discovered some marks of inflammability in Mademoiselle's constitution; her beauty was not such as to engage her in those gaieties of amusement which could flatter her vanity and dissipate her ideas; and she was of an age when the little loves and young desires take possession of the fancy; he therefore concluded, that she had the more leisure to indulge those enticing images of pleasure that youth never fails to create, particularly in those who, like her, were addicted to solitude and study.

Teresa, full fraught with the wily injunctions of her confederate, took the field, and opened the campaign with such remarkable sourness in her aspect when Ferdinand appeared, that her young lady could not help taking notice of her affected chagrin, and asked the reason of such apparent alteration in her way of thinking. Prepared for this question, the other replied, in a manner calculated for giving Mademoiselle to understand, that, whatever impressions Ferdinand might have formerly made on her heart, they were now altogether effaced by the pride and insolence with which he had received her advances; and that her breast now glowed with all the revenge of a slighted lover.

To evince the sincerity of this declaration, she bitterly inveighed against him, and even affected to depreciate those talents, in which she knew his chief merit to consist; hoping, by these means, to interest Mademoiselle's candour in his defence. So far the train succeeded: that young lady's love for truth was offended at the calumnies that were vented against Ferdinand in his absence. She chid her woman for the rancour of her remarks, and undertook to refute the articles of his dispraise. Teresa supported her own assertions with great obstinacy, and a dispute ensued, in which her mistress was heated into some extravagant commendations of our adventurer.

His supposed enemy did not fail to make a report of her success, and to magnify every advantage they had gained; believing, in good earnest, that her lady's warmth was the effect of a real passion for the fortunate Mr Fathom: but he himself viewed the adventure in a different light, and rightly imputed the violence of Mademoiselle's behaviour to the contradiction she had sustained from her maid, or to the fire of her natural generosity glowing in behalf of innocence traduced. Nevertheless, he was perfectly well pleased with the nature of the contest; because, in the course of such debates, he foresaw that he should become habitually her hero, and that, in time, she would actually be-

lieve those exaggerations of his merit, which she herself had feigned, for the honour of her own arguments.

This presage, founded upon that principle of self-respect, without which no individual exists, may certainly be justified by manifold occurrences in life: we ourselves have known a very pregnant example, which we shall relate, for the emolument of the reader. A certain needy author having found means to present a manuscript to one of those sons of fortune who are dignified with the appellation of patrons, instead of reaping that applause and advantage with which he had regaled his fancy, had the mortification to find his performance treated with infinite irreverence and contempt; and, in high dudgeon and disappointment, appealed to the judgment of another critic, who, he knew, had no veneration for the first.

This common consolation, to which all baffled authors have recourse, was productive of very happy consequences to our bard; for, though the opinions of both judges concerning the piece were altogether the same, the latter, either out of compassion to the appellant, or desire of rendering his rival ridiculous in the eye of taste, undertook to repair the misfortune, and in this manner executed the plan: in a meeting of literati, to which both these wits belonged, he who had espoused the poet's cause, having previously desired another member to bring his composition on the carpet, no sooner heard it mentioned, than he began to censure it with flagrant marks of scorn, and, with an ironical air, looking at its first condemner, observed, that he must be furiously infected with the rage of patronizing, who could take such a deplorable performance into his protection. The sarcasm took effect.

The person against whom it was levelled, taking umbrage at his presumption, assumed an aspect of disdain, and replied, with great animosity, that nothing was more easily supported than the character of a *Zoilus*, because no production was altogether free from blemishes, and any man might pronounce against any piece by the lump, without interesting his own discernment;—but to perceive the beauties of a work, it was requisite to have learning, judgment, and taste; and therefore he did not wonder that the gentleman had overlooked a great many in the composition which he so contemptuously decried. A rejoindure succeeded this reply, and produced a long train of altercation, in which the gentleman who had formerly treated the book with such disrespect, now professed himself its passionate admirer, and held forth in praise of it with great warmth and elocution.

Not contented with having exhibited this instance of regard, he next morning sent a message to the owner, importing, that he had but superficially glanced over the manuscript, and desiring the favour of perusing it a second time; being indulged in this request, he recommended it in terms of rapture to all his friends and dependents, and, by dint of unwearied solicitation, procured a very ample subscription for the author.

But, to resume the thread of our story: Teresa's practices were not confined to simple defamation: her reproaches were contrived so as to imply some intelligence in favour of the person she reviled. In exemplifying his pertness and arrogance, she repeated his witty repartee; on pretence of blaming his ferocity, she recounted proofs of his spirit and prowess; and, in explaining the source of his vanity, gave her mistress to understand, that a certain young lady of fashion was said to be enamoured of his person. Nor did this well-instructed understrapper omit those other parts of her cue which the principal judged necessary for the furtherance of his scheme. Her conversation became less guarded, and took a freer turn than usual; she seized all opportunities of introducing little amorous stories, the greatest part of which were invented for the purposes of warming her passions, and lowering the price of chastity in her esteem; for she represented all the young lady's contemporaries in point of age and situation, as so many sensualists, who, without scruple, indulged themselves in the stolen pleasures of youth.

Meanwhile Ferdinand seconded these endeavours with his whole industry and address: he redoubled, if possible, his deference and respect, whetting his assiduity to the keenest edge of attention; and, in short, regulated his dress, conversation, and deportment, according to the fancy, turn, and prevailing humour of his young mistress. He moreover attempted to profit by her curiosity, which he knew to be truly feminine, and having culled from the library of his patron certain dangerous books, calculated to debauch the minds of young people, left them occasionally upon the table in his apartment, after having directed Teresa to pick them up, as if by accident, in his absence, and carry them off for the entertainment of Mademoiselle; nay, this crafty projector found means to furnish his associate with some mischievous preparations, which were mingled in her chocolate, tea, or coffee, as provocations to warm her constitution; yet all these machinations, ingenious as they were, failed, not only in fulfilling their aim, but even in shaking the foundations of her virtue or pride, which stood their assaults unmoved, like a strong tower built upon a rock, impregnable to all the tempestuous blasts of heaven.

Not but that the conspirators were more than once mistaken in the effects of their artifices and disposed to applaud themselves on the progress they had made. When at any time she expressed a desire to examine those performances which were laid before her as snares to entrap her chastity, they attributed that, which

was no other than curiosity, to a looseness of sentiment; and when she discovered no aversion to hear those anecdotes concerning the frailty of her neighbours, they imputed to abatement of chastity, that satisfaction which was the result of self-congratulation on her own superior virtue.

So far did the treacherous accomplice of Fathom presume upon these misconstructions, that she at length divested her tongue of all restraint, and behaved in such a manner, that the young lady, confounded and incensed at her indecency and impudence, rebuked her with great severity, and commanded her to reform her discourse, on pain of being dismissed with disgrace from her service.

CHAP. IX

The Confederates change their battery; and achieve a remarkable Adventure.

THUNDERSTRUCK at this disappointment, the confederates held a council, in order to deliberate upon the next measures that should be taken; and Ferdinand, for the present, despairing of accomplishing his grand aim, resolved to profit in another manner, by the conveniency of his situation. He represented to his help-mate, that it would be prudent for them to make hay while the sun shone, as their connexion might be sooner or later discovered, and an end put to all those opportunities which they now so happily enjoyed. All principles of morality had been already excluded from their former plan; consequently he found it an easy task to interest Teresa in any other scheme tending to their mutual advantage, howsoever wicked and perfidious it might be. He therefore persuaded her to be his auxiliary in defrauding Mademoiselle at play, and gave her suitable directions for that purpose; and even tutored her how to abuse the trust reposed in her, by embezzling the young lady's effects, without incurring the suspicion of dishonesty.

On the supposition that every servant in the house was not able to resist such temptation, the purse of her mistress (to which the maid had always access) was dropped in a passage which the domestics had occasion to frequent, and Fathom posted himself in a convenient place, in order to observe the effect of his stratagem. Here he was not disappointed in his conjecture. The first person who chanced to pass that way was one of the chambermaids, with whom Teresa had lived for some time in a state of inveterate enmity, because the wench had failed in that homage and respect which was paid to her by the rest of the servants.

Ferdinand had in his heart espoused the quarrel of his associate, and longed for an occasion to deliver her from the malicious observance of such an antagonist: when he therefore saw her approach, his heart throbbed with joyful expectations; but, when she snatched up the purse, and thrust it in her bosom, with all the eagerness and confusion of one determined to appropriate the windfall to her own use, his transports were altogether unspeakable. He traced her to her own apartment, whither she immediately retreated with great trepidation, and then communicated the discovery to Teresa, together with instructions how to behave in the sequel.

In conformity with these lessons, she took the first opportunity of going to Mademoiselle, and demanding money for some necessary expense, that the loss might be known before the finder could have leisure to make any fresh conveyance of the prize; and, in the mean time, Ferdinand kept a strict eye upon the motions of the chambermaid. The young lady, having rummaged her pockets in vain, expressed some surprise at the loss of her purse, upon which her attendant gave indications of extreme amazement and concern: she said, it could not possibly be lost; entreated her to search her escritoir, while she herself ran about the room, prying into every corner, with all the symptoms of fear and distraction. Having made this unsuccessful inquiry, she pretended to shed a flood of tears, bewailing her own fate, in being near the person of any lady who met with such a misfortune, by which, she observed, her character might be called in question: she produced her own keys, and begged upon her knees, that her chamber and boxes might be searched without delay.

In a word, she demeaned herself so artfully upon this occasion, that her mistress, who never entertained the least doubt of her integrity, now looked upon her as a miracle of fidelity and attachment, and was at infinite pains to console her for the accident which had happened; protesting that, for her own part, the loss of the money should never affect her with a moment's uneasiness, if she could retrieve a certain medal which she had long kept in her purse, as a remembrance of her deceased aunt, from whom she received it in a present.

Fathom entered accidentally in the midst of this well-acted scene, and, perceiving the agitation of the maid, and the concern of the mistress, desired, in a respectful manner, to know the cause of their disorder. Before the young lady had time to make him acquainted with the circumstances of the case, his accomplice exclaimed, in an affected passion, "Mr Fathom, my lady has lost her purse; and as no persons in the family are so much about her as you and I, you must give me leave, in my own justification, to insist upon Mademoiselle's ordering the apartments of us both to be searched without loss of time: here are my pockets and my keys, and you cannot scruple to give her the

same satisfaction; for innocence has nothing to fear."

Miss Melvil reprimanded her sharply for her unmannerly zeal; and Ferdinand, eyeing her with a look of disdain, "Madam (said he), I approve of your proposal; but, before I undergo such mortification, I would advise Mademoiselle to subject the two chambermaids to such inquiry; as they also have access to the apartments, and are, I apprehend, as likely as you or I to behave in such a scandalous manner."

The young lady declared that she was too well satisfied of Teresa's honesty and Ferdinand's honour, to harbour the least suspicion of either, and that she would sooner die than disgrace them so far as to comply with the proposal the former had made; but as she saw no reason for exempting the inferior servants from that examination which Fathom advised, she would forthwith put it in execution. The chambermaids being accordingly summoned, she calmly asked if either of them had accidentally found the purse she had dropped; and both replying in the negative, she assumed an air of severity and determination, and, demanding their keys, threatened to examine their trunks on the instant.

The guilty Abigail, who, though an Hungarian, was not inferior, in point of effrontery, to any one of the sisterhood in England, no sooner heard this menace, than she affected an air of affronted innocence, thanked God she had lived in many reputable families, and been trusted with untold gold, but was never before suspected of theft; that the other maid might do as she should think proper, and be mean-spirited enough to let her things be tumbled topsy-turvy and exposed; but, for her own part, if she should be used in that inhuman and disgraceful manner, she would not stay another hour in the house; and in conclusion said, that Mademoiselle had more reason to look sharp after those who enjoyed the greatest share of her favour, than believe their malicious insinuations against innocent people whom they were well known to hate and defame.

This declaration, implying an hint to the prejudice of Teresa, far from diverting Miss Melvil from her purpose, served only to enhance the character of the accused in her opinion, and to confirm her suspicion of the accuser, of whom she again demanded her keys, protesting that, should she prove refractory, the Count himself should take cognizance of the affair, whereas, if she would deal ingenuously, she should have no cause to repent of her confession. So saying, she desired our adventurer to take the trouble of calling up some of the men servants; upon which the conscious criminal began to tremble, and, falling upon her knees, acknowledged her guilt, and implored the forgiveness of her young mistress.

Teresa, seizing this occasion to signalize her generosity, joined in the request, and the offender was pardoned after having restored the purse, and promised in the sight of Heaven that the devil should never again entice her to the commission of such a crime. This adventure fully answered all the purposes of our politician; it established the opinion of his fellow-labourer's virtue, beyond the power of accident or information to shake, and set up a false beacon to mislead the sentiments of Mademoiselle, in case she should for the future meet with the like misfortune.

CHAP. X.

They proceed to levy contributions with great success, until our Hero sets out with the young Count for Vienna, where he enters into league with another Adventurer.

Under this secure cover, Teresa levied contributions upon her mistress with great success. Some trinket was missing every day; the young lady's patience began to fail; the faithful attendant was overwhelmed with consternation, and, with the appearance of extreme chagrin, demanded her dismission, affirming that these things were certainly effected by some person in the family, with a view of murdering her precious reputation. Miss Melvil, not without difficulty, quieted her vexation with assurances of inviolable confidence and esteem, until a pair of diamond ear-rings vanished, when Teresa could no longer keep her affliction within bounds. Indeed this was an event of more consequence than all the rest which had happened, for the jewels were valued at five hundred florins.

Mademoiselle was accordingly alarmed to such a degree, that she made her mother acquainted with her loss, and that good lady, who was an excellent economist, did not fail to give indications of extraordinary concern. She asked, if her daughter had reason to suspect any individual in the family, and if she was perfectly confident of her own woman's integrity: upon which Mademoiselle, with many encomiums on the fidelity and attachment of Teresa, recounted the adventure of the chambermaid, who immediately underwent a strict inquiry, and was even committed to prison, on the strength of her former misdemeanour. Our adventurer's mate insisted upon undergoing the same trial with the rest of the domestics, and, as usual, comprehended Fathom in her insinuations; while he seconded the proposal, and privately counselled the old lady to introduce Teresa to the magistrate of the place. By these preconcerted recriminations, they escaped all suspicion of collusion. After a fruitless inquiry, the prisoner was discharged from her confinement, and turned out of the service of the

Count, in whose private opinion the character of no person suffered so much as that of his own son, whom he suspected of having embezzled the jewels, for the use of a certain inamorata, who, at that time, was said to have captivated his affections.

The old gentleman felt upon this occasion all that internal anguish which a man of honour may be supposed to suffer, on account of a son's degeneracy; and, without divulging his sentiments, or even hinting his suspicions to the youth himself, determined to detach him at once from such dangerous connexions, by sending him forthwith to Vienna, on pretence of finishing his exercises at the academy, and ushering him into acquaintance with the great world. Though he would not be thought by the young gentleman himself to harbour the least doubt of his morals, he did not scruple to unbosom himself on that subject to Ferdinand, whose sagacity and virtue he held in great veneration. This indulgent patron expressed himself in the most pathetic terms, on the untoward disposition of his son; he told Fathom, that he should accompany Renaldo (that was the youth's name) not only as a companion, but a preceptor and pattern; conjured him to assist his tutor in superintending his conduct, and to reinforce the governor's precepts by his own example; to inculcate upon him the most delicate punctilios of honour, and decoy him into extravagance, rather than leave the least illiberal sentiment in his heart.

Our crafty adventurer, with demonstrations of the utmost sensibility, acknowledged the great goodness of the Count in reposing such confidence in his integrity; which, as he observed, none but the worst of villains could abuse; and fervently wished that he might no longer exist, than he should continue to remember and resent the obligations he owed to his kind benefactor. While preparations were making for their departure, our hero held a council with his associate, whom he enriched with many sage instructions touching her future operations; he at the same time disburdened her of all or the greatest part of the spoils she had won, and after having received divers marks of bounty from the Count and his Lady, together with a purse from his young mistress, he set out for Vienna in the eighteenth year of his age, with Renaldo and his governor, who were provided with letters of recommendation to some of the Count's friends belonging to the imperial court.

Such a favourable introduction could not fail of being advantageous to a youth of Ferdinand's specious accomplishments; for he was considered as the young Count's companion, admitted into his parties, and included in all the entertainments to which Renaldo was invited. He soon distinguished himself by his activity and address, in the course of those exercises that were taught at the academy of which he was pupil; his manners were so engaging as to attract the acquaintance of his fellow students, and his conversation being sprightly and inoffensive, grew into very great request; in a word, he and the young Count formed a remarkable contrast, which, in the eye of the world, redounded to his advantage.

They were certainly, in all respects, the reverse of each other. Renaldo, under a total defect of exterior cultivation, possessed a most excellent understanding, with every virtue that dignifies the human heart; while the other, beneath a most agreeable outside, with an inaptitude and aversion to letters, concealed an amazing fund of villainy and ingratitude. Hitherto his observation had been confined to a narrow sphere, and his reflections, though surprisingly just and acute, had not attained to that maturity which age and experience give; but now, his perceptions began to be more distinct, and extended to a thousand objects which had never before come under his cognizance.

He had formerly imagined, but was now fully persuaded, that the sons of men preyed upon one another, and such was the end and condition of their being. Among the principal figures of life, he observed few or no characters that did not bear a strong analogy to the savage tyrants of the wood. One resembled a tiger in fury and rapaciousness; a second prowled about like an hungry wolf, seeking whom he might devour; a third acted the part of a jackall, in beating the bush for game to his voracious employer; and a fourth imitated the wily fox, in practising a thousand crafty ambuscades for the destruction of the ignorant and unwary. This last was the department of life for which he found himself best qualified by nature and inclination, and he accordingly resolved that his talent should not rust in his possession. He was already pretty well versed in all the sciences of play; but he had every day occasion to see these arts carried to such a surprising pitch of finesse and dexterity, as discouraged him from building his schemes on that foundation.

He therefore determined to fascinate the judgment, rather than the eyes of his fellow-creatures, by a continual exercise of that gift of deceiving, with which he knew himself endued to an unrivalled degree; and to acquire unbounded influence with those who might be subservient to his interest, by an assiduous application to their prevailing passions. Not that play was altogether left out in the projection of his economy:—though he engaged himself very little in the executive part of gaming, he had not been long in Vienna, when he entered into league with a genius of that kind, whom he distinguished among the pupils of the academy, and who indeed had taken up his habi-

tation in that place with a view to pillage the provincials on their first arrival in town, before they could be armed with proper circumspection to preserve their money, or have time to dispose of it in any other shape.

Similar characters naturally attract each other, and people of our hero's principles are, of all others, the most apt to distinguish their own likeness wheresoever it occurs; because they always keep the faculty of discerning in full exertion. It was in consequence of this mutual alertness, that Ferdinand and the stranger, who was a native of Tyrol, perceived themselves reflected in the dispositions of each other, and immediately entered into an offensive and defensive alliance; our adventurer undertaking for the articles of intelligence, countenance, and counsel, and his associate charging himself with the risk of execution.

CHAP. XI.

Fathom makes various efforts in the world of gallantry.

Thus connected, they began to hunt in couples; and Fathom, in order to profit by the alliance with a good grace, contrived a small scheme that succeeded to his wish. Renaldo being one night intoxicated in the course of a merry-making with his fellow-pupils, from which Fathom had purposely absented himself, was by the Tyroleze so artfully provoked to play, that he could not resist the temptation, but engaged at pass-dice with that fell adversary, who, in less than an hour, stripped him of a pretty round sum. Next day, when the young gentleman recovered the use of his reflection, he was sensibly chagrined at the folly and precipitation of his own conduct, an account of which he communicated in confidence to our hero, with demonstrations of infinite shame and concern.

Ferdinand, having moralized upon the subject with great sagacity, and sharply inveighed against the Tyroleze, for the unfair advantage he had taken, retired to his closet, and wrote the following billet, which was immediately sent to his ally:

"The obligations I owe, and the attachments I feel, to the Count de Melvil, will not suffer me to be an idle spectator of the wrongs offered to his son, in the dishonourable use, I understand, you made last night of his unguarded hours: I therefore insist upon your making immediate restitution of the booty which you so unjustly got; otherwise I expect you will meet me upon the ramparts, near the bastion de la Port Neuve, to-morrow morning at day-break, in order to justify, with your sword, the finesse you have practised upon th friend of

Ferdinand de Fathom."

The gamester no sooner received this intima tion, than, according to the plan which ha been preconcerted betwixt the author and hin he went to the apartment of Renaldo, and pre senting the sum of money which he had de frauded him of the preceding night, told hin with a stern countenance, that, though it was just acquisition, he scorned to avail himself o his good fortune against any person who en tertained the smallest doubt of his honour.

The young Count, surprised at this addres rejected his offer with disdain, and desired t know the meaning of such an unexpected de claration. Upon which, the other produce Ferdinand's billet, and threatened, in very hig terms, to meet the stripling according to h invitation, and chastise him severely for h presumption. The consequence of this ex planation is obvious. Renaldo, imputing th officiousness of Fathom to the zeal of h friendship, interposed in the quarrel, whic was amicably compromised, not a little to th honour of our adventurer, who thus obtaine an opportunity of displaying his courage an integrity, without the least hazard to his pe son; while, at the same time, his confedera recommended himself to the esteem of th young Count, by his spirited behaviour on th occasion; so that Renaldo being less shy of h company for the future, the Tyroleze had th fairer opportunities to prosecute his desig upon the young gentleman's purse.

It would be almost superfluous to say, th these were not neglected. The son of Cou Melvil was not deficient in point of penetration but his whole study was at that time engrosse by the care of his education, and he had som times recourse to play as to an amusement b which he sought to unbend the severity of h attention: no wonder then that he fell a pre to an artful gamester, who had been regular trained to the profession, and made it the so study of his life; especially as the Hungaria was remarkable for a warmth of temper, whic a knight of the post always knows how to ma nage for his own advantage.

In the course of these operations, Fathom w a very useful correspondent: he instructed th Tyroleze in the peculiarities of Renaldo's di position, and made him acquainted with th proper seasons for profiting by his dexterity.- Ferdinand, for example, who, by the authorit derived to him from the injunctions of the ol Count, sometimes took upon himself the offic of an adviser, cunningly chose to counsel th son at those conjunctures when he knew hi least able to bear such expostulation. Advic improperly administered generally acts in dia metrical opposition to the purpose for which i

is supposed to be given; at least, this was the case with the young gentleman, who, inflamed by the reproof of such a tutor, used to obey the dictates of his resentment, in an immediate repetition of that conduct which our adventurer had taken the liberty to disapprove; and the gamester was always at hand, to minister unto his indignation. By these means he was disencumbered of divers considerable remittances, with which his father cheerfully supplied him, on the supposition that they were spent with taste and liberality, under the direction of our adventurer.

But Ferdinand's views were not confined to the narrow field of this alliance: he attempted divers enterprizes in the world of gallantry, conscious of his own personal qualifications, and never doubting that he could insinuate himself into the good graces of some married lady about court, or lay an opulent dowager under contribution. But he met with an obstacle in his endeavours of this kind, which all his art was unable to surmount. This was no other than the obscurity of his birth, and the want of a title, without which no person in that country lays claim to the privileges of a gentleman. Had he foreseen this inconvenience, he might have made shift to obviate the consequences, by obtaining permission to appear in the character of the Count's kinsman: though, in all probability, such an expedient would not have been extremely agreeable to the old gentleman, who was very tenacious of the honour of his family; nevertheless, his generosity might have been prevailed upon to indulge Fathom with such a pretext, in consideration of the youth's supposed attachment, and the obligations for which he deemed himself indebted to his deceased mother.

True it is, Ferdinand, upon his first arrival at Vienna, had been admitted into fashionable company, on the footing of Renaldo's companion, because no body suspected the defect of his pedigree; and even after a report had been circulated to the prejudice of his extraction, by the industry of a lacquey who attended the young Count, there were not wanting many young people of distinction who still favoured him with their countenance and correspondence; but he was no longer invited to private families, in which only he could expect to profit by his address among the ladies, and had the mortification of finding himself frequently excepted from parties which were expressly calculated for the entertainment of the young Count. Luckily, his spirit was so pliant as to sustain these slights without being much dejected; instead of repining at the loss of that respect which had been paid to him at first, he endeavoured, with all his might, to preserve the little that still remained, and resolved to translate into an humbler sphere that gallantry which he had no longer opportunities of displaying in the world of rank and fashion.

CHAP. XII.

He effects a lodgement in the house of a rich Jeweller.

In consequence of this determination, he to the uttermost exerted his good humour among the few friends of consequence his fortune had left, and even carried his complaisance so far, as to become the humble servant of their pleasures, while he attempted to extend his acquaintance in an inferior path of life, where he thought his talents would shine more conspicuous than at the assemblies of the great, and conduce more effectually to the interest of all his designs.—Nor did he find himself disappointed in that expectation, sanguine as it was. He soon found means to be introduced to the house of a wealthy bourgeois, where every individual was charmed with his easy air and extraordinary qualifications. He accommodated himself surprisingly to the humours of the whole family; smoked tobacco, swallowed wine, and discoursed of stones with the husband, who was a rich jeweller; sacrificed himself to the pride and loquacity of the wife; and played upon the violin, and sung alternately, for the amusement of his only daughter, a buxom lass, nearly of his own age, the fruit of a former marriage.

It was not long before Ferdinand had reason to congratulate himself on the footing he had gained in this society. He had expected to find, and in a little time actually discovered, that mutual jealousy and rancour which almost always subsist between a daughter and her stepdame, inflamed with all the virulence of female emulation; for the disparity in their ages served only to render them the more inveterate rivals in the desire of captivating the other sex. Our adventurer, having deliberated upon the means of converting this animosity to his own advantage, saw no method for this purpose so feasible, as that of making his approaches to the hearts of both, by ministering to each in private, food for their reciprocal envy and malevolence; because he well knew, that no road lies so direct and open to a woman's heart, as that of gratifying her passions of vanity and resentment.

When he had an opportunity of being particular with the mother, he expressed his concern for having unwittingly incurred the displeasure of Mademoiselle, which, he observed, was obvious in every circumstance of her behaviour towards him; protesting he was utterly innocent of all intention of offending her; and that he could not account for his disgrace any other way, than by supposing she took umbrage at the direction of his chief regards towards her

and accordingly insconced himself behind her dressing-table; but he could not help sweating with apprehension, and praying fervently to God for his deliverance, when he heard the jeweller thundering at the door, and calling to his daughter for admittance. Wilhelmina, who was already undressed, and had purposely extinguished the light, pretended to be suddenly waked from her sleep, and starting up, exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and affright, "Jesu, Maria! what is the matter?" "Hussey!" replied the German in a terrible accent, "open the door this instant, there is a man in your bedchamber, and, by the lightning and thunder! I will wash away the stain he has cast upon my honour with the schellum's heart's-blood."

Not at all intimidated by this boisterous threat, she admitted him without hesitation, and, with a shrillness of voice peculiar to herself, began to hold forth upon her own innocence and his unjust suspicion, mingling in her harangue sundry oblique hints against her mother-in-law, importing, that some people were so viciously inclined by their own natures, that she did not wonder at their doubting the virtue of other people; but that these people despised the insinuations of such people, who ought to be more circumspect in their own conduct, lest they themselves should suffer reprisals from those people whom they had so maliciously slandered.

Having uttered these flowers of rhetoric, which were calculated for the hearing of her step-dame, who stood with a light at her husband's back, the young lady assumed an ironical air, and admonished her father to search every corner of her apartment; she even affected to assist his inquiry; with her own hands pulled out a parcel of small drawers, in which her trinkets were contained; desired him to look into her needle-case and thimble, and, seeing his examination fruitless, earnestly entreated him to rummage her closet also, saying, with a sneer, that in all probability the dishonourer would be found in that lurking-place. The manner in which she pretended to ridicule his apprehensions made an impression upon the jeweller, who was very well disposed to retreat into his own nest, when his wife, with a certain slyness in her countenance, besought him to comply with his daughter's request, and look into that same closet, by which means Wilhelmina's virtue would obtain a complete triumph.

Our adventurer, who overheard the conversation, was immediately seized with a palsy of fear: he trembled at every joint, the sweat trickled down his forehead, his teeth began to chatter, his hair to stand on end, and he in his heart bitterly cursed the daughter's petulance, the mother's malice, together with his own precipitation, by which he was involved in an adventure so pregnant with danger and disgrace. Indeed the reader may easily conceive his disorder, when he heard the key turning in th lock, and the German swearing that he woul make him food for the beasts of the field an the fowls of the air.

Fathom had come unprepared with weapon of defence, was naturally an economist of hi person, and saw himself on the brink of for feiting not only the promised harvest of hi double intrigue, but also the reputation of man of honour, upon which all his future hope depended: his agony was therefore unspeakable, when the door flew open, and it was no till after a considerable pause of recollection that he perceived the candle extinguished by the motion of the air produced from the German's sudden irruption. This accident, whicl disconcerted him so much as to put a full stop to his charge, was very favourable to our hero, who, summoning all his presence of mind, crept up into the chimney, while the jeweller stood at the door waiting for his wife's return with another light; so that, when the closet was examined, there was nothing found to justify the report which the step-mother had made, and the father, after having made a slight apology to Wilhelmina for his intrusion, retired with his yoke-fellow into their own chamber.

The young lady, who little thought that her papa would have taken her at her word, was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay, when she saw him enter the closet; and, had her lover been discovered, would in all probability have been the loudest in his reproach, and perhaps have accused him of an intention to rob the house; but she was altogether astonished when she found he had made shift to elude the inquiry of her parents, because she could not conceive the possibility of his escaping by the window, which was in the third story, at a prodigious distance from the ground; and how he could conceal himself in the apartment, was a mystery which she could by no means unfold. Before her father and mother retired, she lighted her lamp, on pretence of being afraid to be in the dark, after the perturbation of spirits she had undergone, and her room was no sooner evacuated of such troublesome visitants, than she secured the doors, and went in quest of her lover.

Accordingly, every corner of the closet underwent a new search, and she called upon his name with a soft voice, which she thought no other person would overhear: but Ferdinand did not think proper to gratify her impatience, because he could not judge of the predicament in which he stood by the evidence of all his senses, and would not relinquish his post, until he should be better certified that the coast was clear. Meanwhile, his dulcinea having performed her inquiry to no purpose, imagined there was something preternatural in the circumstance of his vanishing so unaccountably, and began to cross herself with great devotion. She returned to her chamber, fixed the lamp in the

fire-place, and, throwing herself upon the bed, gave way to the suggestions of her superstition, which were reinforced by the silence that prevailed, and the gloomy glimmering of the light. She reflected upon the trespass she had already committed in her heart, and, in the conjectures of her fear, believed that her lover was no other than the devil himself, who had assumed the appearance of Fathom, in order to tempt and seduce her virtue.

While her imagination teemed with those horrible ideas, our adventurer, concluding from the general stillness, that the jeweller and his wife were at last happily asleep, ventured to come forth from his hiding-place, and stood before his mistress all begrimed with soot.—Wilhelmina, lifting up her eyes, and seeing this sable apparition, which she mistook for Satan *in propria persona*, instantly screamed, and began to repeat her paternoster with an audible voice: upon which Ferdinand, foreseeing that her parents would be again alarmed, would not stay to undeceive her and explain himself, but, unlocking the door with great expedition, ran down stairs, and luckily accomplished his escape. This was undoubtedly the wisest measure he could have taken: for, he had not performed one half of his descent towards the street, when the German was at his daughter's bed-side, demanding to know the cause of her exclamation: she then gave him an account of what she had seen, with all the exaggerations of her own fancy, and, after having weighed the circumstances of her story, he interpreted the apparition into a thief, who had found means to open the door that communicated with the stair, but having been scared by Wilhelmina's shriek, had been obliged to retreat before he could execute his purpose.

Our hero's spirits were so woefully disturbed by this adventure, that for a whole week he felt no inclination to visit his inamorata, and was not without apprehension that the affair had terminated in an explanation very little to his advantage. He was, however, delivered from this disagreeable suspense, by an accidental meeting with the jeweller himself, who kindly chid him for his long absence, and entertained him in the street with an account of the alarm which his family had sustained, by a thief who broke into Wilhelmina's apartment. Glad to find his apprehension mistaken, he renewed his correspondence with the family, and in a little time found reason to console himself for the jeopardy and panic he had undergone.

CHAP. XIV.

He is reduced to a dreadful dilemma, in consequence of an assignation with the Wife.

Now was his whole care and attention engrossed by the execution of this scheme upon the daughter. While he managed his concerns in that quarter with incredible ardour and application, he was not the less indefatigable in the prosecution of his design upon the mother-in-law, which he forwarded with all his art during those opportunities he enjoyed in the absence of Wilhelmina, who was frequently called away by the domestic duties of the house. The passions of the jeweller's wife were in such a state of exaltation as exempted our hero from the repulses and fatigue attending a long siege.

We have already observed how cunningly he catered for the gratification of her ruling appetite, and have exhibited pregnant proofs of his ability in gaining upon the human heart; the reader will not therefore be surprised at the rapidity of his conquest over the affections of a lady whose complexion was perfectly amorous, and whose vanity laid her open to all the attempts of adulation. In a word, matters were quickly brought to such a mutual understanding, that one evening, while they amused themselves at lansquenet, Fathom conjured her to give him the rendezvous next day at the house of any third person of her own sex, in whose discretion she could confide; and after a few affected scruples on her side, which he well knew how to surmount, she complied with his request, and the circumstances of the appointment were settled accordingly. After this treaty, their satisfaction rose to such a warmth, and the conversation became so reciprocally endearing, that our gallant expressed his impatience of waiting so long for the accomplishment of his wishes, and with the most eager transport, begged she would, if possible, curtail the term of his expectation, that his brain might not suffer by his standing so many tedious hours on the giddy verge of rapture.

The dame, who was naturally compassionate, sympathized with his condition, and, unable to resist his pathetic supplications, gave him to understand that his desire could not be granted, without subjecting them both to some hazard, but that she was disposed to run any risk in behalf of his happiness and peace. After this affectionate preamble, she told him that her husband was then engaged in a quarterly meeting of the jewellers, from whence he never failed to return quite overwhelmed with wine, tobacco, and the phlegm of his own constitution; so that he would fall fast asleep as soon as his head should touch the pillow, and she be at liberty to entertain the lover without interruption, provided he could find means to deceive the jealous vigilance of Wilhelmina, and conceal himself in some corner of the house, unsuspected and unperceived.

Our lover, remembering his adventure with the daughter, would have willingly dispensed with this expedient, and began to repent of the eagerness with which he had preferred his soli

citation; but, seeing there was now no opportunity of retracting with honour, he affected to enter heartily into the conversation, and, after much canvassing, it was determined, that, while Wilhelmina was employed in the kitchen, the mother should conduct our adventurer to the outward door, where he should pay the compliment of parting, so as to be overheard by the young lady; but, in the mean time, glide softly into the jeweller's bed-chamber, which was a place they imagined least liable to the effects of a daughter's prying disposition, and conceal himself in a large press or wardrobe, that stood in one corner of the apartment. The scene was immediately acted with great success, and our hero cooped up in his cage, where he waited so long, that his desires began to subside, and his imagination to aggravate the danger of his situation.

"Suppose (said he to himself) this brutal German, instead of being stupified with wine, should come home inflamed with brandy, to the use of which he is sometimes addicted, far from feeling any inclination to sleep, he will labour under the most fretful anxiety of watching, every irascible particle in his disposition will be exasperated; he will be offended with every object that may present itself to his view; and, if there is the least ingredient of jealousy in his temper, it will manifest itself in riot and rage. What if his frenzy should prompt him to search his wife's chamber for gallants? this would certainly be the first place to which he would direct his inquiry; or, granting this supposition chimerical, I may be seized with an irresistible inclination to cough, before he is oppressed with sleep: he may be waked by the noise I shall make in disengaging myself from this embarrassed situation; and finally, I may find it impracticable to retire unseen and unheard, after every thing else shall have succeeded to my wish."

These suggestions did not at all contribute to the quiet of our adventurer, who, having waited three whole hours in the most uncomfortable suspense, heard the jeweller brought into the room in that very condition which his fears had prognosticated. He had, it seems, quarrelled over his cups with another tradesman, and received a salutation on the forehead with a candlestick, which not only left an ignominious and painful mark upon his countenance, but even disordered his brain to a very dangerous degree of delirium: so that, instead of allowing himself quietly to be undressed and put to bed by his wife, he answered all her gentle admonitions and caresses with the most opprobrious invectives and obstreperous behaviour; and, though he did not tax her with infidelity to his bed, he virulently accused her of extravagance and want of economy; observed, her expensive way of living would bring him to a morsel of bread; and, unfortunately recollecting the attempt of the supposed thief, started up from his chair, swearing by God's mother, that he would forthwith arm himself with a brace of pistols, and search every apartment of the house. "That press (said he, with great vociferation) may, for aught I know, be the receptacle of some ruffian."

So saying, he approached the ark in which Fathom was embarked, and exclaiming, "Come forth, Satan," applied his foot to the door of it with such violence as threw him from the centre of gravity, and laid him sprawling on his back. This address made such an impression on our adventurer, that he had well nigh obeyed the summons, and burst from his concealment, in a desperate effort to escape, without being recognised by the intoxicated German; and indeed, had the application been repeated, he in all likelihood would have tried the experiment, for by this time his terrors had waxed too strong to be much longer suppressed: from this hazardous enterprise he was however exempted by a lucky accident that happened to his disturber, whose head chancing to pitch upon the corner of a chair in his fall, he was immediately lulled into a trance, during which the considerate lady, guessing the disorder of her gallant, and dreading further interruption, very prudently released him from his confinement, after she had put out the light, and in the dark conveyed him to the door, where he was comforted with the promise that she would punctually remember the rendezvous of next day.

She then invoked the assistance of the servants, who, being waked for the purpose, lifted up their master, and tumbled him into bed, while Ferdinand hied him home in an universal sweat, blessing himself from any future achievement of that sort in an house where he had been twice in such imminent danger of life and reputation. Nevertheless, he did not fail to honour the assignation, and avail himself of the disposition his mistress manifested, to make him all the recompense in her power for the disappointment and chagrin which he had undergone.

CHAP. XV.

But at length succeeds in his attempts upon both.

Having thus gained a complete victory over the affections of these two ladies, he began to convert his good fortune to the purposes of that principle, from which his view was never, no not for a moment, detached. In other words, he used them as ministers and purveyors to his avarice and fraud. As for the mother-in-law, she was of herself so liberal as to anticipate the

wishes of any moderate adventurer, and presented him with sundry valuable jewels, as memorials of her esteem; nor was the daughter backward in such expressions of regard; she already considered his interest as her own, and took frequent opportunities of secreting, for his benefit, certain stray trinkets that she happened to pick up in her excursions within doors.

All these gratifications he received with demonstrations of infinite constraint and reluctance, and, in the midst of his rapacious extortion, acted so cunningly as to impose himself upon both for a miracle of disinterested integrity.—Yet, not contented with what he thus could earn, and despairing of being able to steer the bark of his fortune for any length of time between two such dangerous quicksands, he resolved to profit by the occasion while it lasted, and strike some considerable stroke at once. A plan was formed in consequence of this determination, and, at an appointment with the mother in the house of their female friend, our adventurer appeared with an air of dejection, which he veiled with a thin cover of forced pleasantry, that his mistress might suppose he endeavoured to conceal some mortal chagrin that preyed upon his heart.

The stratagem succeeded to his wish: she observed his countenance between whiles overcast, took notice of the involuntary sighs he heaved; and, with the most tender expressions of sympathy, conjured him to make her acquainted with the cause of his affliction. Instead of gratifying her request immediately, he evaded her questions with a respectful reserve, implying, that his love would not suffer him to make her a partner in his sorrow; and this delicacy on his part whetted her impatience and concern to such a degree, that, rather than keep her in such an agony of doubt and apprehension, he was prevailed upon to tell her, that he had been, the preceding night, engaged with a company of his fellow-students, where he had made too free with the champaigne, so that his caution forsook him, and he had been decoyed into play by a Tyroleze gamester, who stripped him of all his ready money, and obtained from him an obligation of two hundred florins, which he could not possibly pay, without having recourse to his relation the Count de Melvil, who would have just cause to be incensed at his extravagance.

This information he concluded, by declaring, that, cost what it would, he was resolved to make a candid confession of the truth, and throw himself entirely upon the generosity of his patron, who could inflict no other punishment than that of discarding him from his favour and protection,—a misfortune which, how grievous soever it might be, he should be able to sustain with fortitude, could he fall upon some method of satisfying the Tyroleze, who was very importunate and savage in his demand. His kind mistress no sooner found out the source of his inquietude, than she promised to dry it up, assuring him, that next day, at the same hour, she would enable him to discharge the debt; so that he might set his heart at ease, and recollect that gaiety which was the soul of her enjoyment.

He expressed the utmost astonishment at this generous proffer, which, however, he declined, with an affected earnestness of refusal, protesting, that he should be extremely mortified, if he thought she looked upon him as one of those mercenary gallants who could make such a sordid use of a lady's affection. "No, madam, (cried our politician, in a pathetic strain), whatever happens, I shall never part with that internal consolation that conscious honour never fails to yield in the deepest scenes of solitary distress: the attachment I have the honour to profess for your amiable person is not founded on such inglorious motives, but is the genuine result of that generous passion which none but the noble-minded feel, and the only circumstance of this misfortune that I dread to encounter, is the necessity of withdrawing myself for ever from the presence of her whose genial smiles could animate my soul against all the persecution of adverse fortune."

This declamation, accompanied with a profound sigh, served only to inflame her desire of extricating him from the difficulty in which he was involved. She exhausted all her eloquence in attempting to persuade him that his refusal was an outrage against her affection: he pretended to refute her arguments, and remained unshaken by all the power of her solicitations, until she had recourse to the most passionate remonstrances of love, and fell at his feet in the posture of a forlorn shepherdess. What he refused to her reason, he granted to her tears, because his heart was melted by her affliction, and next day condescended to accept of her money, out of pure regard to her happiness and peace.

Encouraged by the success of this achievement, he resolved to practise the same experiment upon Wilhelmina, in hope of extracting an equal share of profit from her simplicity and attachment, and, at their very next nocturnal rendezvous in her chamber, reacted the farce already rehearsed, with a small variation, which he thought necessary to stimulate the young lady in his behalf. He rightly concluded, that she was by no means mistress of such a considerable sum as he had already extorted from her mother, and therefore thought proper to represent himself in the most urgent predicament, that her apprehension, on his account, might be so alarmed as to engage her in some enterprise for his advantage, which otherwise she would never have dreamed of undertaking.

With this view, after having described his own calamitous situation, in consequence of her

He revolved within himself the circumstances of his disaster, and, in canvassing all the probable means by which the chain could be stolen, concluded that the deed must have been done by some person in the family, who, in consequence of having access to his daughter's chamber, had either found the drawer left open by her carelessness and neglect, or found means to obtain a false key, by some waxen impression: for the locks of the escritoir were safe and uninjured. His suspicion being thus confined within his own house, sometimes pitched upon his workmen, and sometimes upon his wife, who, he thought, was the more likely to practise such finesse, as she considered Wilhelmina in the light of a daughter-in-law, whose interest interfered with her own, and who had often harangued to him in private on the folly of leaving this very chain in the young lady's possession.

The more he considered this subject, he thought he saw the more reason to attribute the damage he had sustained to the machinations of his spouse, who, he did not doubt, was disposed to feather her own nest, at the expense of him and his heirs, and who, with the same honest intention, had already secreted, for her private use, those inconsiderable jewels which of late had at different times been missing. Aroused by these sentiments, he resolved to retaliate her own schemes, by contriving means to visit her cabinet in secret, and, if possible, to rob the robber of the spoils she had gathered to his prejudice, without coming to any explanation, which might end in domestic turmoils and eternal disquiet.

While the husband exercised his reflection in this manner, his innocent mate did not allow the powers of her imagination to rest in idleness and sloth. Her observations touching the loss of the chain were such as a suspicious woman, biassed by hatred and envy, would naturally make. To her it seemed highly improbable, that a thing of such value, so carefully deposited, should vanish without the connivance of its keeper, and without much expense of conjecture, divined the true manner in which it was conveyed. The sole difficulty that occurred in the researches of her sagacity, was to know the gallant who had been favoured with such a pledge of Wilhelmina's affection; for, as the reader will easily imagine, she never dreamed of viewing Ferdinand in that odious perspective. In order to satisfy her curiosity, discover this happy favourite, and be revenged on her petulant rival, she prevailed upon the jeweller to employ a scout, who should watch all night upon the stair, without the knowledge of any other person in the family, alleging, that in all likelihood the house-maid gave private admittance to some lover who was the author of all the losses they had lately suffered, and that they might possibly detect him in his nocturnal adventures; and observing that it would be imprudent to intimate their design to Wilhelmina, lest, through the heedlessness and indiscretion of youth, she might chance to divulge the secret, so as to frustrate their aim.

A Swiss, in whose honesty the German could confide, being hired for this purpose, was posted in a dark corner of the stair-case, within a few paces of the door, which he was directed to watch, and actually stood sentinel three nights, without perceiving the least object of suspicion; but, on the fourth, the evil stars of our adventurer conducted him to the spot, on his voyage to the apartment of his dulcinea, with whom he had preconcerted the assignation. Having made the signal, which consisted of two gentle taps on her door, he was immediately admitted; and the Swiss no sooner saw him fairly housed, than he crept softly to the other door, that was left open for the purpose, and gave immediate intimation of what he had perceived. This intelligence, however, he could not convey so secretly, but the lovers, who were always vigilant upon these occasions, overheard a sort of commotion in the jeweller's chamber, the cause of which their apprehension was ingenious enough to comprehend.

We have formerly observed, that our adventurer could not make his retreat by the door, without running a very great risk of being detected, and the expedient of the chimney he had no inclination to repeat; so that he found himself in a very uncomfortable dilemma, and was utterly abandoned by all his invention and address, when his mistress, in a whisper, desired him to begin a dialogue, aloud, in an apology, importing, that he had mistaken the door, and that his intention was to visit her father, touching a ring belonging to the young Count Melvil, which she knew Fathom had put into his hands, in order to be altered.

Ferdinand, seizing the hint, availed himself of it without delay, and, unbolting the door, pronounced, in an audible voice, "Upon my honour, Mademoiselle, you wrong my intention, if you imagine I came hither with any disrespectful or dishonourable motive: I have business with your father, which cannot be delayed till to-morrow, without manifest prejudice to my friend and myself; therefore I took the liberty of visiting him at these untimely hours, and it has been my misfortune to mistake the door in the dark. I beg pardon for my involuntary intrusion, and again assure you, that nothing was farther from my thoughts than any design to violate that respect which I entertained for you and your father's family."

To this remonstrance, which was distinctly heard by the German and his wife, who by this time stood listening at the door, the young lady replied, in a shrill accent of displeasure, "Sir, I am bound to believe that all your actions are conducted by honour; but you must

give me leave to tell you, that your mistake is a little extraordinary, and your visit, even to my father, at this time of the night, altogether unseasonable, if not mysterious. As for the interruption I have suffered in my repose, I impute it to my own forgetfulness, in leaving my door unlocked, and blame myself so severely for the omission, that I shall, to-morrow, put it out of my own power to be guilty of the like for the future, by ordering the passage to be nailed up; meanwhile, if you would persuade me of your well-meaning, you will instantly withdraw, lest my reputation should suffer by your continuance in my apartment."

"Madam (answered our hero) I will not give you an opportunity to repeat the command, which I shall forthwith obey, after having entreated you once more to forgive the disturbance I have given." So saying, he gently opened the door, and, at sight of the German and his wife, who, he well knew, waited for his exit, started back, and gave tokens of confusion, which was partly real and partly affected. The jeweller, fully satisfied with Fathom's declaration to his daughter, received him with a complaisant look, and, in order to alleviate his concern, gave him to understand, that he already knew the reason of his being in that apartment, and desired to be informed of what had procured him the honour to see him at such a juncture.

"My dear friend (said our adventurer, pretending to recollect himself with difficulty) I am utterly ashamed and confounded to be discovered in this situation; but, as you have overheard what passed between Mademoiselle and me, I know you will do justice to my intention, and forgive my mistake. After begging pardon for having intruded upon your family at these hours, I must now tell you, that my cousin, Count Melvil, was some time ago so much misrepresented to his mother by certain malicious informers, who delight in sowing discord in private families, that she actually believed her son an extravagant spendthrift, who had not only consumed his remittances, in the most riotous scenes of disorder, but also indulged a pernicious appetite for gaming, to such a degree, that he had lost all his clothes and jewels at play. In consequence of such false information, she expostulated with him in a severe letter, and desired he would transmit to her that ring which is in your custody, it being a family stone, for which she expressed an inestimable value. The young gentleman, in his answer to her reproof, endeavoured to vindicate himself from the aspersions which had been cast upon his character, and, with regard to the ring, told her it was at present in the hands of a jeweller, in order to be new set according to her own directions, and that, whenever it should be altered, he would send it home to her by some safe conveyance. This account the good lady took for an evasion, and upon that supposition has again written to him, in such a provoking style, that although the letter arrived but half an hour ago, he is determined to despatch a courier before morning with the mischievous ring, for which, in compliance with the impetuosity of his temper, I have taken the freedom to disturb you at this unseasonable hour."

The German paid implicit faith to every circumstance of this story, which indeed could not well be supposed to be invented extempore; the ring was immediately restored, and our adventurer took his leave, congratulating himself upon his signal deliverance from the snare in which he had fallen.

CHAP. XVII.

The Step-dame's suspicions being awakened, she lays a snare for our Adventurer, from which he is delivered by the interposition of his good genius.

Though the husband swallowed the bait without further inquiry, the penetration of the wife was not so easily deceived. That same dialogue in Wilhelmina's apartment, far from allaying, rather inflamed her suspicion; because, in the like emergency, she herself had once profited by the same, or nearly the same, contrivance. Without communicating her doubts to the father, she resolved to double her attention to the daughter's future conduct, and keep such a strict eye over the behaviour of our gallant, that he should find it very difficult, if not impossible, to elude her observation. For this purpose she took into her pay an old maiden, of the right sour disposition, who lived in an house opposite to her own, and directed her to follow the young lady in all her outgoings, whenever she should receive from the window a certain signal, which the mother-in-law agreed to make for the occasion. It was not long before this scheme succeeded to her wish. The door of communication betwixt Wilhelmina's apartment and the stair-case being nailed up by the jeweller's express order, our adventurer was altogether deprived of those opportunities he had hitherto enjoyed, and was not at all mortified to find himself so restricted in a correspondence which began to be tiresome and disagreeable: but the case was far otherwise with his dulcinea, whose passion, the more it was thwarted, raged with greater violence, like a fire, that, from the attempts that are made to extinguish it, gathers greater force, and flames with double fury.

Upon the second day of her misfortune, she had written a very tender billet, lamenting her unhappiness in being deprived of those meetings which constituted the chief joy of her life,

and entreating him to contrive some means of renewing the delicious commerce in an unsuspected place. This intimation she proposed to convey privately into the hand of her lover, during his next visit to the family; but both were so narrowly eyed by the mother, that she found the execution of her design impracticable; and, next forenoon, on pretence of going to church, repaired to the house of a companion, who, being also her confidant, undertook to deliver the billet with her own hand.

The she-dragon employed by her mother, in obedience to the sign which was displayed from the window, immediately put on her veil, and followed Wilhelmina at a distance, until she saw her fairly housed: she would not even then return from her excursion, but hovered about in sight of the door, with a view of making further observations. In less than five minutes after the young lady disappeared, the scout perceived her coming out, accompanied by her comrade, from whom she instantly parted, and bent her way towards the church in good earnest, while the other steered her course in another direction. The duenna, after a moment's suspense and consideration, divined the true cause of this short visit, and resolved to watch the motions of the confidant, whom she traced to the academy in which our hero lodged, and from which she saw her return, after the supposed message was delivered.

Fraught with this intelligence, the rancorous understrapper hied her home to the jeweller's wife, and made a faithful recital of what she had seen, communicating, at the same time, her own conjectures on the subject. Her employer was equally astonished and incensed at this information: she was seized with all that phrenzy which takes possession of a slighted woman, when she finds herself supplanted by a detested rival; and, in the first transports of her indignation, devoted them as sacrifices to her vengeance. Nor was her surprise so much the effect of his dissimulation as of his want of taste and discernment. She inveighed against him, not as the most treacherous lover, but as the most abject wretch, in courting the smiles of such an awkward dowdy, while he enjoyed the favours of a woman who had numbered princes in the train of her admirers. For the brilliancy of her attractions, such as they at present shone, she appealed to the decision of her minister, who consulted her own satisfaction and interest, by flattering the other's vanity and resentment; and so unaccountable did the depravity of our hero's judgment appear to this conceited dame, that she began to believe there was some mistake in the person, and to hope that Wilhelmina's gallant was not in reality her professed admirer, Mr Fathom, but rather one of his fellow-lodgers, whose passion he favoured with his mediation and assistance.

On this notion, which nothing but mere vanity could have inspired, in opposition to so many more weighty presumptions, she took the resolution of bringing the affair to a full explanation, before she would concert any measures to the prejudice of our adventurer; and forthwith despatched her spy back to his lodgings, to solicit, on the part of Wilhelmina, an immediate answer to the letter he had received. This was an expedition with which the old maiden would have willingly dispensed, because it was founded upon an uncertainty which might be attended with troublesome consequences; but, rather than be the means of retarding a negotiation so productive of that sort of mischief which is particularly agreeable to all of her tribe, she undertook to manage and effect the discovery, in full confidence of her own talents and experience.

With such a fund of self-sufficiency and instigation, she repaired to the academy on the instant, and, inquiring for Mr Fathom, was introduced to his apartment, where she found him in the very act of writing a billet to the jeweller's daughter. The artful agent having asked, with the mysterious air of an expert go-between, if he had not lately received a message from a certain young lady; and, being answered in the affirmative, gave him to understand, that she herself was a person favoured with the friendship and confidence of Wilhelmina, whom she had known from her cradle, and often dandled on her knee; then, in the genuine style of a prattling dry-nurse, she launched out into encomiums on his dulcinea's beauty and sweetness of temper, recounting many simple occurrences of her infancy and childhood; and finally, desiring a more circumstantial answer to that which she had sent to him by her friend Catherina. In the course of her loquacity, she had also, according to her instructions, hinted at the misfortune of the door; and, on the whole, performed her cue with such dexterity and discretion, that our politician was actually overreached, and having finished his epistle, committed it to her care, with many verbal expressions of eternal love and fidelity to his charming Wilhelmina.

The messenger, doubly rejoiced at her achievement, which not only recommended her ministry, but also gratified her malice, returned to her principal with great exultation, and delivering the letter, the reader will easily conceive the transports of that lady when she read the contents of it in these words:

"Angelic Wilhelmina!

To forget those ecstatic scenes we have enjoyed together, or even live without the continuation of that mutual bliss, were to quit all title to perception, and resign every hope of future happiness. No! my charmer, while my head retains the least spark of invention, and my heart glows with the resolution of a man,

our correspondence shall not be cut off by the machinations of an envious stepmother, who never had attractions to inspire a generous passion; and, now that age and wrinkles have destroyed what little share of beauty she once possessed, endeavours, like the fiend in paradise, to blast those joys in others, from which she is herself eternally excluded. Doubt not, dear sovereign of my soul! that I will study, with all the eagerness of desiring love, how to frustrate her malicious intention, and renew those transporting moments, the remembrance of which now warms the breast of your ever constant FATHOM."

Had our hero murdered her father, or left her a disconsolate widow, by effecting the death of her dear husband, there might have been a possibility of her exerting the Christian virtues of resignation and forgiveness; but such a personal outrage as that contained in this epistle precluded all hope of pardon, and rendered penitence of no signification. His atrocious crime being now fully ascertained, this virago gave a loose to her resentment, which became so loud and tempestuous, that her informer shuddered at the storm she had raised, and began to repent of having communicated the intelligence which seemed to have such a violent effect upon her brain.

She endeavoured, however, to allay the agitation, by flattering her fancy with the prospect of revenge, and gradually soothed her into a state of deliberate ire; during which she determined to take ample vengeance on the delinquent. In the zenith of her rage, she would have had immediate recourse to poison or steel, had she not been diverted from her mortal purpose by her counsellor, who represented the danger of engaging in such violent measures, and proposed a more secure scheme, in the execution of which she would see the perfidious wretch sufficiently punished, without any hazard to her own person or reputation. She advised her to inform the jeweller of Fathom's efforts to seduce her conjugal fidelity, and impart to him a plan, by which he would have it in his power to detect our adventurer in the very act of practising upon her virtue.

The lady relished her proposal, and actually resolved to make an assignation with Ferdinand, as usual, and give notice of the appointment to her husband, that he might personally discover the treachery of his pretended friend, and inflict upon him such chastisement as the German's brutal disposition should suggest, when inflamed by that species of provocation. Had this project been brought to bear, Ferdinand, in all likelihood, would have been disqualified from engaging in any future intrigue; but fate ordained that the design should be defeated, in order to reserve him for more important occasions.

Before the circumstances of the plan could be adjusted, it was his good fortune to meet his dulcinea in the street, and, in the midst of their mutual condolence on the interruption they had suffered in their correspondence, he assured her, that he would never give his invention respite, until he should have verified the protestations contained in the letter he had delivered to her discreet agent. This allusion to a billet she had never received, did not fail to alarm her fears, and introduce a very mortifying explanation, in which he so accurately described the person of the messenger, that she forthwith comprehended the plot, and communicated to our hero her sentiments on that subject.

Though he expressed infinite anxiety and chagrin at this misfortune, which could not fail to raise new obstacles to their love, his heart was a stranger to the uneasiness he affected; and rather pleased with the occasion, which would furnish him with pretences to withdraw himself gradually from an intercourse by this time become equally cloying and unprofitable. Being well acquainted with the mother's temperament, he guessed the present situation of her thoughts, and, concluding she would make the jeweller a party in her revenge, he resolved from that moment to discontinue his visits, and cautiously guard against any future interview with the lady whom he had rendered so implacable.

It was well for our adventurer that his good fortune so seasonably interposed; for that same day, in the afternoon, he was favoured with a billet from the jeweller's wife, couched in the same tender style she had formerly used, and importing an earnest desire of seeing him next day at the wonted rendezvous. Although his penetration was sufficient to perceive the drift of this message, or at least to discern the risk he should run in complying with her request, yet he was willing to be more fully certified of the truth of his suspicion, and wrote an answer to the billet, in which he assured her, that he would repair to the place of appointment with all the punctuality of an impatient lover. Nevertheless, instead of performing this promise, he, in the morning, took post in a public-house opposite to the place of assignation, in order to reconnoitre the ground, and about noon had the pleasure of seeing the German, wrapped in a cloak, enter the door of his wife's she-friend, though the appointment was fixed at five in the evening. Fathom blessed his good angel for having conducted him clear of this conspiracy, and kept his station with great tranquillity till the hour of meeting, when he beheld his enraged Thalestris take the same route, and enjoyed her disappointment with ineffable satisfaction.

Thus favoured with a pretext, he took his leave of her, in a letter, giving her to understand, that he was no stranger to the barbarous snare she had laid for him; and upbraiding her with having made such an ungrateful return for

all his tenderness and attachment. She was not backward in conveying a reply to this expostulation, which seemed to have been dictated in all the distraction of a proud woman who sees her vengeance baffled, as well as her love disdained. Her letter was nothing but a succession of reproaches, menaces, and incoherent execrations. She taxed him with knavery, insensibility, and dissimulation; imprecated a thousand curses upon his head, and threatened not only to persecute his life with all the arts that hell and malice could inspire, but also to wound him in the person of her daughter-in-law, who should be enclosed for life in a convent, where she would have leisure to repent of those loose and disorderly practices which he had taught her to commit, and of which she could not pretend innocence, as they had it in their power to confront her with the evidence of her lover's own confession. Yet all this denunciation was qualified with an alternative, by which he was given to understand, that the gates of mercy were still open, and that penitence was capable of washing out the deepest stain of guilt.

Ferdinand read the whole remonstrance with great composure and moderation, and was content to incur the hazard of her hate, rather than put her to the trouble of making such an effort of generosity, as would induce her to forgive the heinous offence he had committed; nor did his apprehension for Wilhelmina in the least influence his behaviour on this occasion: so zealous was he for her spiritual concerns, that he would have been glad to hear she had actually taken the veil; but he knew such a step was not at all agreeable to her disposition, and that no violence would be offered to her inclinations on that score, unless her stepmother should communicate to the father that letter of Fathom's which she had intercepted, and by which the German would be convinced of his daughter's backsliding; but this measure, he rightly supposed, the wife would not venture to take, lest the husband, instead of taking her advice touching the young lady, should seek to compromise the affair, by offering her in marriage to her debaucher, a proffer, which, if accepted, would overwhelm the mother with vexation and despair. He therefore chose to trust to the effects of lenient time, which he hoped would gradually weaken the resentment of this Penthesilea, and dissolve his connexion with the other parts of the family, from which he longed to be totally detached.

How well soever he might have succeeded in his attempts to shake off the yoke of the mother, who, by her situation in life, was restrained from prosecuting those measures her resentment had planned against his fortitude and indifference; he would have found greater difficulty than he had foreseen, in disengaging himself from the daughter, whose affections he had won under the most solemn professions of honour and fidelity, and who, now she was debarred of his company and conversation, and in danger of losing him for ever, had actually taken the resolution of disclosing the amour to her father, that he might interpose in behalf of her peace and reputation, and secure her happiness by the sanction of the church.

CHAP. XVIII.

Our Hero departs from Vienna, and quits the domain of Venus for the rough field of Mars.

Luckily for our adventurer, before he adhered to this determination, the young Count de Melvil was summoned to Presburg by his father, who desired to see him, before he should take the field, in consequence of a rupture between the Emperor and the French King; and Fathom of course quitted Vienna, in order to attend his patron, after he and Renaldo had resided two whole years in that capital, where the former had made himself perfect in all the polite exercises, become master of the French tongue, and learned to speak Italian with great facility; over and above those other accomplishments in which we have represented him as an inimitable original.

As for the young Count, his exteriors were so much improved by the company to which he had access, since his departure from his father's house, that his parents were equally surprised and overjoyed at the alteration. All that awkwardness and rusticity, which hung upon his deportment, was, like the rough coat of a diamond, polished away; the connexion and disposition of his limbs seemed to have been adjusted anew; his carriage was become easy, his air perfectly genteel, and his conversation gay and unrestrained. The merit of this reformation was in a great measure ascribed to the care and example of Mr Fathom, who was received by the old Count and his Lady with marks of singular friendship and esteem; nor was he overlooked by Mademoiselle, who still remained in a state of celibacy, and seemed to have resigned all hope of altering her condition; she expressed uncommon satisfaction at the return of her old favourite, and re-admitted him into the same degree of familiarity with which he had been honoured before his departure.

The joy of Teresa was so excessive at his arrival, that she could scarce suppress her raptures, so as to conceal them from the notice of the family; and our hero, upon this occasion, performed the part of an exquisite actor, in dissembling those transports which his bosom never knew. So well had this pupil retained the lessons of her instructor, that, in the midst of those fraudulent appropriations, which she still continued to make, she had found means to support her interest and character with Ma-

demoiselle, and even to acquire such influence in the family, that no other servant, male or female, could pretend to live under the same roof, without paying incessant homage to this artful waiting-woman, and yielding the most abject submission to her will.

The young gentlemen having tarried at Presburg about six weeks, during which a small field equipage was prepared for Renaldo, they repaired to the camp at Heilbron, under the auspices of Count Melvil, in whose regiment they carried arms as volunteers, with a view to merit promotion in the service by their own personal behaviour. Our adventurer would have willingly dispensed with this occasion of signalising himself, his talents being much better adapted to another sphere of life; nevertheless, he affected uncommon alacrity at the prospect of gathering laurels in the field, and subscribed to his fortune with a good grace; foreseeing, that even in a campaign a man of his art and ingenuity might find means to consult his corporal safety, without any danger to his reputation. Accordingly, before he had lived full three weeks in camp, the damp situation, and sudden change in his way of life, had such a violent effect upon his constitution, that he was deprived of the use of all his limbs, and mourned, without ceasing, his hard fate, by which he found himself precluded from all opportunity of exerting his diligence, courage, and activity, in the character of a soldier, to which he now aspired.

Renaldo, who was actually enamoured of a martial life, and missed no occasion of distinguishing himself, consoled his companion with great cordiality, encouraged him with the hope of seeing his constitution familiarized to the inconveniences of a camp, and accommodated him with every thing which he thought would alleviate the pain of his body, as well as the anxiety of his mind. The old Count, who sincerely sympathized with his affliction, would have persuaded him to retire into quarters, where he could be carefully nursed, and provided with every thing necessary to a person in his condition; but such was his desire of glory, that he resisted his patron's importunities with great constancy, till at length, seeing the old gentleman obstinately determined to consult his health by removing him from the field, he gradually suffered himself to recover the use of his hands, made shift to sit up in his bed, and amuse himself with cards or back-gammon, and, notwithstanding the feeble condition of his legs, ventured to ride out on horseback to visit the lines, though the Count and his son would never yield to his solicitations, so far as to let him accompany Renaldo in those excursions and reconnoitring parties, by which a volunteer inures himself to toil and peril, and acquires that knowledge in the operations of war, which qualifies him for a command in the service.

Notwithstanding this exemption from all duty, our adventurer managed matters so as to pass for a youth of infinite mettle, and even rendered his backwardness and timidity subservient to the support of that character, by expressing an impatience of lying inactive, and a desire of signalizing his prowess, which even the disabled condition of his body could scarce restrain. He must be a man of very weak nerves and excessive irresolution, who can live in the midst of actual service, without imbibing some portion of military fortitude; danger becomes habitual, and loses a great part of its terror; and as fear is often caught by contagion, so is courage communicated among the individuals of an army. The hope of fame, desire of honours and preferment, envy, emulation, and the dread of disgrace, are motives which co-operate in suppressing that aversion to death or mutilation, which nature hath implanted in the human mind; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, if Fathom, who was naturally chicken-hearted, gained some advantages over his disposition before the end of the campaign, which happened to be neither perilous nor severe.

During the winter, while both armies remained in quarters, our adventurer attended his patron to Presburg, and, before the troops were in motion, Renaldo obtained a commission, in consequence of which he went into garrison at Philipsburg, whither he was followed by our hero, while the old Count's duty called him to the field in a different place. Ferdinand for some time had no reason to be dissatisfied with this disposition, by which he was at once delivered from the fatigues of a campaign, and the inspection of a severe censor, in the person of Count Melvil; and his satisfaction was still increased by an accidental meeting with the Tyroleze who had been his confederate at Vienna, and now chanced to serve in garrison, on the same footing with himself. These two knights-errant renewed their former correspondence, and, as all soldiers are addicted to gaming, levied contributions upon all those officers who had money to lose, and temerity to play.

However, they had not long pursued this branch of traffic, when their success was interrupted by a very serious occurrence, that for the present entirely detached the gentlemen in the garrison from such amusements. The French troops invested Fort Kehl, situated on the Rhine, opposite to Strasburg; and the Imperialists, dreading that the next storm would fall upon Philipsburg, employed themselves with great diligence to put that important fortress in a proper posture of defence. If the suspension of play was displeasing to our hero, the expectation of being besieged was by no means more agreeable. He knew the excellence of the French engineers, the power of their artillery, and the perseverance of their general; he felt,

by anticipation, the toils of hard duty upon the works, the horrors of night-alarms, cannonading, bombardment, sallies, and mines blown up; and deliberated with himself, whether or not he should privately withdraw, and take refuge among the besiegers; but, when he reflected that such a step, besides the infamy that must attend it, would be like that of running upon Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis, as he would be exposed to more danger and inconvenience in the trenches than he could possibly undergo in the town, and, after all, run the risk of being taken and treated as a deserter; upon these considerations he resolved to submit himself to his destiny, and endeavoured to mitigate the rigour of his fate by those arts he had formerly practised with success. He accordingly found means to enjoy a very bad state of health during the whole siege, which lasted about six weeks after the trenches were opened; and then the garrison marched out by capitulation, with all the honours of war.

CHAP. XIX.

He puts himself under the guidance of his associate, and stumbles upon the French camp, where he finishes his military career.

Nothing else of moment was transacted during that campaign; and in the winter our adventurer, with the young Count, and his friend the Tyroleze, were disposed in quarters of cantonment, where Ferdinand made himself amends for the chagrin he had undergone, by the exercise of those talents in which he excelled. Not that he was satisfied with the sphere of life in which he acted; though he knew himself consummate in the art of play, he was not at all ambitious of a gamester's name; nor did he find himself disposed to hazard those discoveries and explanations to which heroes of that class are sometimes necessarily exposed. His aim was to dwell among the tents of civil life, undisturbed by quarrels and the din of war, and render mankind subservient to his interest, not by stratagems which irritate, but by that suppleness of insinuation, which could not fail to sooth the temper of those on whom he meant to prey.

He saw, that all his expectations of Count Melvil's future favour were connected with his choice of a military life; and that his promotion in the service would, in a great measure, depend upon his personal behaviour in such emergencies as he did not at all wish to encounter. On the other hand, he confided so much in his own dexterity and address, that he never doubted of being able to rear a splendid fortune for himself, provided he could once obtain a fixed and firm foundation. He had in fancy often enjoyed a prospect of England, not only as his native country, to which, like a true citizen, he longed to be united; but also as the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, and abounding with subjects on which he knew his talents would be properly exercised.

These reflections never occurred, without leaving a strong impression upon the mind of our adventurer, which influenced his deliberations in such a manner, as at length amounted to a perfect resolution of withdrawing himself privately from a service that teemed with disagreeable events, and of transporting himself into the country of his ancestors, which he considered as the Canaan of all able adventurers.—But, previous to his appearance on that stage, he was desirous of visiting the metropolis of France, in which he hoped to improve himself in the knowledge of men and things, and acquire such intelligence as would qualify him to act a more important part upon the British scene. After having for some time indulged these prospects in secret, he determined to accommodate himself with the company and experience of the Tyroleze, whom, under the specious title of an associate, he knew he could convert into a very serviceable tool, in forwarding the execution of his own projects.

Accordingly, the inclination of this confederate was sounded by distant hints, and being found apt, our hero made him privy to his design of decamping without beat of drum; though, at the same time, he begged his advice touching the method of their departure, that he might retire with as much delicacy as the nature of such a step would permit. Divers consultations were held upon this subject, before they adhered to the resolution of making their escape from the army, after it should have taken the field in the spring; because, in that case, they would have frequent opportunities of going abroad on foraging parties, and, during one of these excursions, might retire in such a manner as to persuade their companions that they had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Agreeable to this determination, the camp was no sooner formed in Alsace, than our associates began to make preparations for their march, and had already taken all the previous measures for their departure, when an accident happened, which our hero did not fail to convert to his own advantage: this was no other than the desertion of Renaldo's valet, who, in consequence of a gentle chastisement, which he had richly merited, thought proper to disappear, after having plundered his master's portmanteau, which he had forced open for the purpose. Ferdinand, who was the first person that discovered the theft, immediately comprehended the whole adventure, and, taking it for granted that the delinquent would never return, resolved to finish what the fugitive had imperfectly performed.

Being favoured with the unreserved confi-

dence of the young Count, he instantly had recourse to his bureau, the locks of which he found means to burst open, and, examining a private drawer contrived, with great art, to conceal Renaldo's jewels and cash, made himself master of the contents without hesitation; then, cutting open his cloak-bag, and strewing the tent with his linen and clothes, began to raise his voice, and produce such a clamour as alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and brought a great many officers into the tent.

He, on this, as on all other occasions, performed his cue to a miracle, expressing confusion and concern so naturally in his gestures and exclamation, that no man could possibly suspect his sincerity; nay, to such a degree of finesse did his cunning amount, that when his friend and patron entered, in consequence of an intimation he soon received of his loss, our adventurer exhibited undoubted signs of distraction and delirium, and, springing upon Renaldo with all the frantic fury of a bedlamite, "Villain! (cried he), restore the effects you have stole from your master, or you shall be immediately committed to the care of the prevot."—However mortified M. de Melvil might be at his own misfortune, the condition of his friend seemed to touch him more nearly; he undervalued his own loss, as a trifle that could be easily repaired, said every thing which he thought would tend to sooth and compose the agitation of Ferdinand, and finally prevailed upon him to retire to rest. The calamity was wholly attributed to the deserter, and Renaldo, far from suspecting the true author, took occasion, from his behaviour on this emergency, to admire him as a mirror of integrity and attachment; in such an exquisite manner did he plan all his designs, that almost every instance of his fraud furnished matter of triumph to his reputation.

Having thus profitably exercised his genius, this subtle politician thought it high time to relinquish his military expectations, and, securing all his valuable acquisitions about his own person, rode out with his understrapper, in the midst of fifty dragoons, who went in quest of forage. While the troopers were employed in making up their trusses, the two adventurers advanced towards the skirt of a wood, on pretence of reconnoitring, and the Tyroleze, who undertook to be our hero's guide, directing him to a path which leads towards Strasburg, they suddenly vanished from the eyes of their companions, who in a few minutes, hearing the report of several pistols, which the confederates purposely fired, conjectured that they had fallen in with a party of French, by whom they were made prisoners of war.

The Tyroleze had over-rated his own knowledge, when he took upon himself the charge of conducting our hero; for, upon their arrival at a certain place, where two roads crossed each other, he chanced to follow that which not only frustrated their intention, but even led them directly to the French camp: so that, in the twilight, they fell in upon one of the out-guards, before they were aware of their mistake. Whatever confusion and perplexity they might undergo, when they heard themselves questioned by the sentinel on the advanced post, certain it is, they betrayed no symptoms of fear or disorder; but, while Ferdinand endeavoured to recollect himself, his fellow-traveller, with the appearance of admirable intrepidity and presence of mind, told the soldier, that he and his companion were two gentlemen of family, who had quitted the Austrian army, on account of having sustained some ill-usage, which they had no opportunity of resenting in any other way; and that they were come to offer their services to the French general, to whose quarters they desired to be immediately conveyed.

The sentinel, to whom such an instance of desertion was neither rare, nor indeed uncommon, directed them without scruple to the next post, where they found a serjeant's party, from which, at their request, they were transmitted to the officer of the grand guard, and by him next morning introduced to Count Coigny, who very politely received them as volunteers in the army of France. Though this translation was not at all to our hero's liking, he was forced to acquiesce in his fate, glad to find himself, on these terms, in possession of his effects, of which he would otherwise have been infallibly rifled.

This campaign, however, was the most disagreeable period of his whole life; because the manner in which he had entered into the service, subjected him to the particular observation and notice of the French officers; so that he was obliged to be very alert in his duty, and summon all his fortitude to maintain the character he had assumed. What rendered his situation still more unpalatable, was the activity of both armies in the course of this season, during which, over and above sundry fatiguing marches and counter-marches, he was personally engaged in the affair of Hallch, which was very obstinate, where, being in the skirts of the detachment, he was actually wounded in the face by the sword of an hussar; but this was, luckily for him, the last time he found himself under the necessity of exerting his military prowess, for a cessation of arms was proclaimed, before he was cured of his wound, and peace concluded about the end of the campaign.

During his sojourn in the French camp, he assumed the character of a man of family, who, being disgusted at some supercilious treatment he had met with in the German service, and at the same time ambitious of carrying arms under the banners of France, took the opportunity of retreating by stealth from his friends, accompanied only by one with whom he could intrust his intention. In this capacity he had managed his matters to such advantage, that

many French officers of rank were very well disposed to contribute their interest in his behalf, had his inclination verged towards promotion in the army; but he thought proper to conceal his real design, under the specious pretext of longing to see the metropolis of France, that centre of pleasure and politeness, in which he proposed to spend some time for the improvement of his address and understanding. These were motives too laudable to be opposed by his new patrons, some of whom furnished him with letters of recommendation to certain noblemen of the first rank at the court of Versailles, for which place he and his companion set out from the banks of the Rhine, very well satisfied with the honourable dismission they had obtained from a life of inconvenience, danger, and alarm.

CHAP. XX.

He prepares a Stratagem, but finds himself countermined; proceeds on his journey, and is overtaken by a terrible tempest.

In the course of this journey, Ferdinand, who was never deficient in his political capacity, held a secret conclave with his own thoughts, not only touching the plan of his own future conduct, but also concerning his associate, of whose fidelity and adherence he began to entertain such doubts as discouraged him from the prosecution of that design, in which the Tyroleze had been at first included: for he had lately observed him practise the arts of his occupation among the French officers, with such rapacity and want of caution, as indicated a dangerous temerity of temper, as well as a furious rage of acquiring, which might be some time or other satiated upon his own friends. In other words, our adventurer was afraid that his accomplice would profit by his knowledge of the road and countries through which they travelled, and, after having made free with his most valuable effects, in consequence of the familiarity subsisting between them, leave him some morning without the ceremony of a formal adieu.

Aroused by this suspicion, he resolved to anticipate the supposed intention of the Tyroleze, by taking his own departure in the same abrupt manner; and this scheme he actually put in execution, upon their arrival in Bar-le-duc, where it was agreed they should spend a day to repose and refresh themselves from the fatigue of hard riding. Ferdinand, therefore, taking the advantage of his companion's absence, for the Tyroleze had walked abroad to view the town, found means to hire a peasant, who undertook to conduct him through a bye-road as far as Chalons, and with this guide he accordingly set out on horseback, after having discharged the bill, left a blank paper sealed up in form of a letter, directed to his friend, and secured behind his own saddle a pair of leathern bags, in which his jewels and cash were usually contained. So eager was our hero to leave the Tyroleze at a considerable distance behind, that he rode all night at a round pace without halting, and next morning found himself at a village distant thirteen good leagues from any part of the route which he and his companion had at first resolved to pursue.

Here, thinking himself safely delivered from the cause of all his apprehension, he determined to lie incognito for a few days, so as that he might run no risk of an accidental meeting upon the road with the person whose company he had forsaken; and accordingly took possession of an apartment, in which he went to rest, desiring his guide to wake him when dinner should be ready. Having enjoyed a very comfortable refreshment of sleep, with his bags under his pillow, he was summoned according to his direction, and ate a very hearty meal, with great tranquillity and internal satisfaction. In the afternoon he amused himself with happy presages and ideal prospects of his future fortune, and, in the midst of these imaginary banquets, was seized with an inclination of realizing his bliss, and regaling his eye-sight with the fruits of that success which had hitherto attended his endeavours. Thus inflamed, he opened the repository, and, O reader! what were his reflections, when, in lieu of Mademoiselle Melvil's ear-rings and necklace, the German's golden chain, divers jewels of considerable value, the spoils of sundry dupes, and about two hundred ducats in ready money, he found neither more nor less than a parcel of rusty nails, disposed in such a manner as to resemble in weight and bulk the moveables he had lost.

It is not to be supposed our adventurer made this discovery without emotion. If the eternal salvation of mankind could have been purchased for the tenth part of his treasure, he would have left the whole species in a state of reprobation, rather than redeem them at that price, unless he had seen in the bargain some evident advantage to his own concerns: one may therefore easily conceive with what milkiness of resignation he bore the loss of the whole, and saw himself reduced from such affluence to the necessity of depending upon about twenty ducats, and some loose silver, which he carried in his pocket, for his expense upon the road. However bitter this pill might be in swallowing, he so far mastered his mortification, as to digest it with a good grace: his own penetration at once pointed out the canal through which this misfortune had flowed upon him; he forthwith placed the calamity to the account of the Tyroleze, and, never doubting that he had retired with the booty across the Rhine, into some place to which he knew Fathom would not follow his footsteps, he formed the melancholy resolution

of pursuing with all despatch his journey to Paris, that he might, with all convenient expedition, indemnify himself for the discomfiture he had sustained.

With regard to his confederate, his conjecture was perfectly right; that adventurer, though infinitely inferior to our hero in point of genius and invention, had manifestly the advantage of him in the articles of age and experience; he was no stranger to Fathom's qualifications, the happy exertion of which he had often seen. He knew him to be an economist of the most frugal order, consequently concluded his finances were worthy of examination; and, upon the true principles of a sharper, eased him of the incumbrance, taking it for granted, that, in so doing, he only precluded Ferdinand from the power of acting the same tragedy upon him, should ever opportunity concur with his inclination. He had therefore concerted his measures with the dexterity of an experienced conveyancer, and, snatching the occasion, while our hero, travel-tainted, lay sunk in the arms of profound repose, he ripped up the seams of the leathern depository, withdrew the contents, introduced the parcel of nails, which he had made up for the purpose, and then repaired the breach with great deliberation.

Had Fathom's good genius prompted him to examine his effects next morning, the Tyrolese, in all probability, would have maintained his acquisition by force of arms; for his personal courage was rather more determined than that of our adventurer, and he was conscious of his own ascendency in this particular; but his good fortune prevented such explanation. Immediately after dinner, he availed himself of his knowledge, and, betaking himself to a remote part of the town, set out in a post-chaise for Luneville, while our hero was meditating his own escape.

Fathom's conception was sufficient to comprehend the whole of this adventure, as soon as his chagrin would give his sagacity fair play; nor would he allow his resolution to sink under the trial; on the contrary, he departed from the village that same afternoon, under the auspices of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a forest, far from the habitations of men. The darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side, "stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom," conspired, with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his loss, to disturb his fancy, and raise strange phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful horror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recourse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the history of divers travellers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that very wood.

In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveller jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes: he was however disappointed in that hope; the sound of the other horse's feet by degrees grew more and more faint, and at last altogether died away. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the middle of the road, and listened with the most fearful attention; but his sense of hearing was saluted with nought but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a more dreary aspect, the lightning began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous roar, descended in a torrent of rain.

In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of danger and distress might have appalled the most undaunted breast; what impression then must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance! Indeed, he had well nigh lost the use of his reflection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the road, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him. Having rode some furlongs into the forest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees, that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council within himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveller to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

Harrowed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hurricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forwards through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the forest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high road which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that track in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway, to traverse an unknown forest, amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night. After he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not only his clothes, but also his skin suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with

eagerness of dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and, pursuing his course, in full hope of arriving at some village, where his life would be safe, he descried a rush-light at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune, and, riding towards it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveller, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess, that there was not another house within three leagues, that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this homely habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand, that her husband, who was a faggot-maker, had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandize, and that, in all probability, he would not return till next morning, on account of the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldame with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure; and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectation; and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

CHAP. XXI.

He falls upon Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care, in confining her guest to her chamber, and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and, in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable horror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favour. In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter; his thoughts teemed with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced a species of resolution akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors, and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and, conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the immediate production of despair. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder, the door was softly opened, he saw the shadow of two men stalking towards the bed, a dark lanthorn being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper, and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart; the force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the wind-pipe of the defunct; the stroke was repeated, without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation; the whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with an universal palsy: in short, he remained in a trance that, in all probability, contributed to his safety; for, had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out upon them, at the hazard of his life, had not he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing, that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey: they accordingly departed, after having laid strong injunctions upon the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence; and

Ferdinand took his resolution without further delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved softly towards the bed, and, rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stored with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldame, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment, believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest who had been murdered; she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crossing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate, when she was undeceived in this supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the stranger, who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse, to which being conducted, he set her upon the saddle without delay, and, mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance she had for her life, was in directing him safely to the next town; and that, so soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effect upon the withered Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other convenience, for pursuing his intended route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand and a switch in the other; and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they travelled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effects of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards, and every shadow of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and at every fresh filip of his fear he acted as remembrancer to his conductress, in a new volley of imprecations, importing, that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not long subsist under such complicated terror: at last he found himself clear of the forest, and was blessed with the distant view of an inhabited place: he then began to exercise his thoughts upon a new subject. He debated with himself, whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit, by disclosing his achievement, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law; or leave the old hag and her accomplices to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris, in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take, upon recollecting, that, in the course of his information, the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice, and in that case the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession. This was an argument which our adventurer could not resist; he foresaw that he should be stripped of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valour and sagacity; and, moreover, be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs: perhaps too he had motives of conscience, that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldame, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes, by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favour she had found; then she betook herself to her habitation, with full purpose of advising her fellow-murderers to repair with all despatch to the village, and impeach our hero, who, wisely distrusting her professions, staid no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the

next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons sur Marne.

CHAP. XXII.

He arrives at Paris, and is pleased with his reception.

He was not so smitten with the delightful situation of this ancient town, but that he abandoned it as soon as he could procure a post-chaise, in which he arrived at Paris, without having been exposed to any other troublesome adventure upon the road. He took lodgings at a certain hotel in the Fauxbourg de St Germain, which is the general rendezvous of all the strangers that resort to this capital, and now sincerely congratulated himself upon his happy escape from his Hungarian connexions, and from the snares of the banditti, as well as upon the spoils of the dead body, and his arrival at Paris, from whence there was such a short conveyance to England, whither he was attracted, by far other motives than that of filial veneration for his native soil.

He suppressed all his letters of recommendation, which he justly concluded would subject him to a tedious course of attendance upon the great, and lay him under the necessity of soliciting preferment in the army, than which nothing was farther from his inclination; and resolved to make his appearance in the character of a private gentleman, which would supply him with opportunities of examining the different scenes of life in such a gay metropolis, so as that he should be able to choose that sphere in which he could move the most effectually to his own advantage. He accordingly hired an occasional domestic, and, under the denomination of Count Fadom, which he had retained since his elopement from Renaldo, repaired to dinner at an ordinary, to which he was directed as a reputable place, frequented by fashionable strangers of all nations.

He found this piece of information perfectly just; for he no sooner entered the apartment, than his ears were saluted with a strange confusion of sounds, among which he at once distinguished the high and low Dutch, barbarous French, Italian, and English languages. He was rejoiced at this occasion of displaying his own qualifications, took his place at one of three long tables, betwixt a Westphalian Count and a Bolognian Marquis, insinuated himself into the conversation with his usual address, and in less than half an hour found means to accost a native of each country in his own mother-tongue.

Such extensive knowledge did not pass unobserved. A French abbe, in a provincial dialect, complimented him upon his retaining that purity of pronunciation, which is not to be found in the speech of a Parisian. The Bolognian, mistaking him for a Tuscan, "Si (said he) I presume you are from Florence: hope the illustrious house of Lorrain leaves yo gentlemen of that famous city no room t regret the loss of your own princes." Th castle of Versailles becoming the subject of con versation, Monsieur le Comte appealed to him as to a native German, whether it was not in ferior in point of magnificence to the Chatea of Grubenhagen: the Dutch officer, addressin himself to Fathom, drank to the prosperity o Faderland, and asked if he had not once serve in garrison at Schenkenschans; and an Eng lish knight swore, with great assurance, tha he had frequently rambled with him at mid night among the hundreds of Drury.

To each person he replied in a polite thoug mysterious manner, which did not fail to enhance their opinion of his good breeding and importance; and, long before the desert appeared, he was by all the company supposed t be a personage of great consequence, who, fo some substantial reasons, found it convenient t keep himself incognito. This being the case, it is not to be doubted that particular civilitie were poured upon him from all quarters: he perceived their sentiments, and encouraged them, by behaving with that sort of complaisance which seems to be the result of engaging condescension in a character of superior dignity and station. His affability was general; but his chief attention limited to those gentlemen already mentioned, who chanced to sit nearest him at table; and he no sooner gave them to understand that he was an utter stranger in Paris, than they unanimously begged to have the honour of making him acquainted with the different curiosities peculiar to that metropolis.

He accepted of their hospitality, accompanied them to a coffee-house in the afternoon, from whence they repaired to the opera, and afterwards adjourned to a noted hotel, in order to spend the remaining part of the evening. It was here that our hero secured himself effectually in the footing he had gained in their good graces: he in a moment saw through all the characters of the party, and adapted himself to the humour of each individual, without descending from that elevation of behaviour which he perceived would operate among them in his behalf. With the Italian he discoursed on music in the style of a connoisseur; and indeed had a better claim to that title than the generality of those upon whom it is usually conferred; for he understood the art in theory as well as in practice, and would have made no contemptible figure among the best performers of the age.

He harangued upon taste and genius to the abbe, who was a wit and critic, *ex officio*, or rather *ex vestitu*: for a young pert Frenchman, the very moment he puts on the petit collet, or little

hand, looks upon himself as an inspired son of Apollo; and every one of the fraternity thinks it incumbent upon him to assert the divinity of his mission. In a word, the abbes are a set of people that bear a strong analogy to the templars in London. Fools of each fabric, sharpers of all sorts, and dunces of every degree, profess themselves of both orders. The templar is, generally speaking, a prig, so is the abbe: both are distinguished by an air of petulance and self-conceit, which holds a middle rank betwixt the insolence of a first-rate buck, and the learned pride of a supercilious pedant. The abbe is supposed to be a younger brother in quest of preferment in the church: the Temple is considered as a receptacle or seminary for younger sons intended for the bar; but a great number of each profession turn aside into other paths of life, long before they reach these proposed goals: an abbe is often metamorphosed into a foot soldier; a templar sometimes sinks into an attorney's clerk: the gallies of France abound with abbes; and many templars may be found in our American plantations; not to mention those who have made a public exit nearer home. Yet I would not have it thought that my description includes every individual of those societies. Some of the greatest scholars, politicians, and wits, that ever Europe produced, have wore the habit of an abbe; and many of our most noble families in England derive their honours from those who have studied law in the Temple: the worthy sons of every community shall always be sacred from my censure and ridicule; and, while I laugh at the folly of particular members, I can still honour and revere the institution.

But, let us return from this comparison, which some readers may think impertinent and unreasonable; and observe, that the Westphalian count, Dutch officer, and English knight, were not excepted from the particular regard and attention of our adventurer: he pledged the German in every bumper; flattered the Hollander with compliments upon the industry, wealth, and policy of the Seven United Provinces; but he reserved his chief battery for his own countryman, on the supposition that he was, in all respects, the best adapted for the purposes of a needy gamester: him, therefore, he cultivated with extraordinary care and singular observance; for he soon perceived him to be an humourist, and, from that circumstance, derived an happy presage of his own success. The baronet's disposition seemed to be cast in the true English mould. He was sour, silent, and contemptuous; his very looks indicated a consciousness of superior wealth, and he never opened his mouth, except to make some dry, sarcastic, national reflection; nor was his behaviour free from that air of suspicion which a man puts on, when he believes himself in a crowd of pickpockets, whom his caution and vigilance set at defiance: in a word, though his tongue was silent on the subject, his whole demeanour was continually saying, "You are all a pack of poor lousy rascals, who have a design upon my purse: 'tis true, I could buy your whole generation, but I won't be bubbled, d'ye see; I am aware of your flattery, and upon my guard against all your knavish pranks; and I come into your company for my own amusement only."

Fathom having reconnoitred this peculiarity of temper, instead of treating him with that assiduous complaisance, which he received from the other gentlemen of the party, kept aloof from him in the conversation, with a remarkable shyness of distant civility, and seldom took notice of what he said, except with a view to contradict him, or retort some of his satirical observations. This he conceived to be the best method of acquiring his good opinion; because the Englishman would naturally conclude he was a person who could have no sinister views upon his fortune, else he would have chosen quite a different manner of deportment. Accordingly the knight seemed to bite at the hook: he listened to Ferdinand with uncommon regard; he was even heard to commend his remarks; and at length drank to their better acquaintance.

CHAP. XXIII.

Acquits himself with address in a nocturnal riot.

The Italian and the abbe were the first who began to grow whimsical under the influence of the Burgundy; and, in the heat of their elevation, proposed that the company should amuse themselves during the remaining part of the night, at the house of an obliging dame, who maintained a troop of fair nymphs for the accommodation of the other sex. The proposal was approved by all, except the Hollander, whose economy the wine had not as yet invaded; and, while he retreated soberly to his own lodgings, the rest of the society adjourned in two coaches to the temple of love, where they were received by the venerable priestess, a personage turned of seventy, who seemed to exercise the functions of her calling, in despite of the most cruel ravages of time: for age had bent her into the form of a Turkish bow: her head was agitated by the palsy, like the leaf of the poplar tree; her hair fell down in scanty parcels, as white as the driven snow: her face was not simply wrinkled, but ploughed into innumerable furrows: her jaws could not boast of one remaining tooth; one eye distilled a large quantity of rheum, by virtue of the fiery edge that surrounded it; the other was altogether extinguished, and she had lost her nose in the course of her ministration. The Delphic

sibyl was but a type of this hoary matron, who by her figure might have been mistaken for the consort of Chaos, or mother of time. Yet there was something meritorious in her appearance, as it denoted her an indefatigable minister to the pleasure of mankind; and as it formed an agreeable contrast with the beauty and youth of the fair damsels that wantoned in her train. It resembled those discords in music, which, properly disposed, contribute to the harmony of the whole piece; or those horrible giants who, in the world of romance, used to guard the gates of the castle in which the enchanted damsel was confined.

This Urganda seemed to be aware of her own importance, and perfectly well acquainted with the human appetite; for she compelled the whole company to undergo her embrace; then a lacquey in magnificent livery ushered them into a superb apartment, where they waited some minutes, without being favoured with the appearance of the ladies, to the manifest dissatisfaction of the abbe, who, sending for the gouvernante, reprimanded her severely for her want of politesse. The old lady, who was by no means a pattern of patience and submission, retorted his reproaches with great emphasis and vivacity: her eloquence flowed altogether in the Covent-garden strain; and I question whether the celebrated Mother Douglas herself could have made such a figure in an extemporaneous altercation.

After having bestowed upon the abbe the epithets of saucy insignificant pimp, she put him in mind of the good offices which he had received at her hands; how she had supplied him with bed, board, and bedfellow, in his greatest necessity; sent him abroad with money in his pockets, and, in a word, cherished him in her bosom, when his own mother had abandoned him to distress: she then reviled him for presuming to affront her before strangers, and gave the company to understand, that the young ladies would wait upon them as soon as they could be confessed and receive absolution from a worthy cordelier, who was now employed in performing that charitable office. The gentlemen were satisfied with this remonstrance, which argued the old lady's pious concern for the souls that were under her care, and our adventurer proposed an accommodation betwixt her and the abbe, who was prevailed upon to ask her pardon, and received her blessing upon his knees.

This affair had not been long adjusted, when five damsels were introduced in a very gay dishabille, and our hero was complimented with the privilege of choosing his amanda from the whole bevy: when he was provided, the others began to pair themselves, and unhappily the German count chanced to pitch upon the same nymph who had captivated the desires of the British knight: a dispute immediately ensued, for the Englishman made his addresses to t lady, without paying the least regard to t priority of the other's claim: and she bei pleased with his attachment, did not scruple renounce his rival, who swore by the thunde lightning, and sacrament, that he would n quit his pretensions for any prince in Christe dom, much less for a little English chevalie whom he had already honoured too much i condescending to be his companion.

The knight, provoked at this stately declara tion, which was the immediate effect of ange and ebriety, eyed his antagonist with a mo contemptuous aspect, and advised him to avoi such comparisons for the future: "We al know," said he, "the importance of a Germa Count; I suppose your revenue amounts to thre hundred rixdollars; and you have a chatea that looks like the ruins of an English gaol. will bind myself to lend you a thousand pound upon a mortgage of your estate (and a bad bargain I am sure I shall have,) if I do not, in les than two months, find a yeoman of Kent, wh spends more in strong ale than the sum total o your yearly income; and, were the truth known, I believe that lace upon your coat is no better than tinsel, and those fringed ruffles, with fine Holland sleeves, tacked to a shirt of brown canvass, so that, were you to undress yourself before the lady, you would only expose your own poverty and pride."

The Count was so much enraged at these sarcastic observations, that his faculty of speech was overwhelmed by his resentment; though, in order to acquit himself of the Englishman's imputation, he forthwith pulled off his clothes with such fury, that his brocade waistcoat was tore from top to bottom. The knight, mistaking his meaning, considered this demeanour as a fair challenge, to try which was the better man in the exercise of boxing; and, on that supposition, began to strip in his turn, when he was undeceived by Fathom, who put the right interpretation upon the Count's behaviour, and begged that the affair might be compromised. By this time the Westphalian recovered the use of his tongue, and, with many threats and imprecations, desired they would take notice how falsely he had been aspersed, and do him justice in espousing his claim to the damsel in question.

Before the company had time or inclination to interest themselves in the quarrel, his opponent observed that no person who was not a mere German, would ever dream of forcing the inclinations of a pretty girl, whom the accidents of fortune had subjected to his power; that such compulsion was equivalent to the most cruel rape that could be committed; and that the lady's aversion was not at all surprising; for, to speak his own sentiments, were he a woman of pleasure, he would as soon grant favours to a Westphalian hog as to the person of his an-

tagonist. The German, enraged at this comparison, was quite abandoned by his patience and discretion: he called the knight an English clown, and, swearing he was the most untoward beast of a whole nation of mules, snatched up one of the candlesticks, which he launched at him with such force and violence, that it sung through the air, and, winging its flight into the antechamber, encountered the skull of his own valet, who with immediate prostration received the message of his master.

The knight, that he might not be behind hand with the Westphalian, in point of courtesy, returned the compliment with the remaining chandelier, which also missed its mark, and, smiting a large mirror that was fixed behind them, emitted such a crash as one might expect to hear if a mine was sprung beneath a manufacture of glass. Both lights being thus extinguished, a furious combat ensued in the dark; the Italian scampered off with infinite agility, and as he went down stairs, desired that nobody would interpose, because it was an affair of honour, which could not be made up. The ladies consulted their safety in flight; Count Fathom slyly retired to one corner of the room, while the abbe, having upon him the terrors of the commissaire, endeavoured to appease and part the combatants, and, in the attempt, sustained a random blow upon his nose, which sent him howling into the other chamber, where, finding his hand besmeared with his own blood, he began to caper about the apartment, in a transport of rage and vexation.

Meanwhile, the old gentlewoman, being alarmed with the noise of the battle, and apprehensive that it would end in murder, to the danger and discredit of herself and family, immediately mustered up her myrmidons, of whom she always retained a formidable band, and, putting herself at their head, lighted them to the scene of uproar: Ferdinand, who had hitherto observed a strict neutrality, no sooner perceived them approach, than he leaped in between the disputants, that he might be found acting in the character of a peace-maker; and, indeed, by this time, victory had declared for the baronet, who had treated his antagonist with a cross-buttock, which laid him almost breathless on the floor. The victor was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of Fathom, to quit the field of battle, and adjourn into another room, where, in less than half an hour, he received a billet from the Count, defying him to single combat on the frontiers of Flanders, at an appointed time and place. The challenge was immediately accepted by the knight, who, being flushed with conquest, treated his adversary with great contempt.

But, next day, when the fumes of the Burgundy were quite exhaled, and the adventure recurred to his remembrance and sober reflection, he waited upon our adventurer at his lodgings, and solicited his advice in such a manner, as gave him to understand that he looked upon what had happened as a drunken brawl, which ought to have no serious consequences. Fathom, foreseeing that the affair might be managed for his own interest, professed himself of the baronet's opinion; and, without hesitation, undertook the office of a mediator, assuring his principal, that his honour should suffer no stain in the course of his negotiation.

Having received the Englishman's acknowledgments for this instance of friendship, he forthwith set out for the place of the German's habitation, and, understanding he was still asleep, insisted upon his being immediately waked, and told, that a gentleman from the chevalier desired to see him, upon business of importance which could not be delayed. Accordingly, his valet de chambre, pressed by Fathom's importunities and remonstrances, ventured to go in and shake the Count by the shoulder; when this furious Teutonian, still agitated by the fever of the preceding night, leaped out of bed in a frenzy, and, seizing his sword, that lay upon a table, would have severely punished the presumption of his servant, had not he been restrained by the entrance of Ferdinand, who, with a peremptory countenance, gave him to understand that the valet had acted at his immediate instigation; and that he was come, as the Englishman's friend, to concert with him proper measures for keeping the appointment they had made at their last meeting.

This message effectually calmed the German, who was not a little mortified to find himself so disagreeably disturbed. He could not help cursing the impatience of his antagonist, and even hinting that he would have acted more like a gentleman and good Christian, in expressing a desire of seeing the affair accommodated, as he knew himself to be the aggressor, consequently the first offender against the laws of politeness and good fellowship. Fathom, finding him in a fit temper of mind, took the opportunity of assenting to the reasonableness of his observation: he ventured to condemn the impetuosity of the baronet, who, he perceived, was extremely nice and scurpulous in the punctilios of honour; and said it was pity that two gentlemen should forfeit each other's friendship, much less expose their lives, for such a frivolous cause. "My dear Count! (cried the Westphalian), I am charmed to find your sentiments so conformable to my own: in an honourable cause, I despise all danger; my courage, thank Heaven! has been manifested in many public engagements as well as in private rencounters; but, to break with my friend, whose eminent virtues I admire, and even to seek his life, on such a scandalous occasion, for a little insignificant whore, who, I suppose, took the advantage of our intoxication, to foment the

quarrel: by Heaven! my conscience cannot digest it."

Having expressed himself to this purpose, he waited impatiently for the reply of Ferdinand, who, after a pause of deliberation, offered his services in the way of mediation; though, he observed, it was a matter of great delicacy, and the event altogether uncertain. "Nevertheless (added our adventurer), I will strive to appease the knight, who, I hope, will be induced by my remonstrances to forget the unlucky accident, which hath so disagreeably interrupted your mutual friendship." The German thanked him for this proof of his regard, which yielded him more satisfaction on account of the chevalier than of himself: "For, by the tombs of my fathers! (cried he) I have so little concern for my personal safety, that, if my honour were interested, I durst oppose myself singly to the whole ban of the empire; and I am now ready, if the chevalier requires it, to give him the rendezvous in the forest of Senlis, either on horseback or on foot, where this contest may be terminated with the life of one or both of us."

Count Fathom, with a view to chastise the Westphalian for this rhodomontade, told him, with a mortifying air of indifference, that if they were both bent upon taking the field, he would save himself the trouble of interposing farther in the affair; and desired to know the hour at which it would suit him to take the air with the baronet: the other, not a little embarrassed by this question, said, with a faltering tongue, he should be proud to obey the chevalier's orders; but, at the same time, owned he should be much better pleased if our hero would execute the pacific proposal he had made. Fathom accordingly promised to exert himself for that purpose, and returned to the knight, with whom he assumed the merit of having tranquillized the rage of an incensed barbarian, who was now disposed to a reconciliation upon equal terms: the baronet overwhelmed him with caresses and compliments upon his friendship and address; the parties met that same forenoon, as if by accident, in Fathom's apartment, where they embraced each other cordially, exchanged apologies, and renewed their former correspondence.

Our adventurer thought he had good reason to congratulate himself upon the part he acted in this pacification: he was treated by both with signal marks of particular affection and esteem. The Count pressed him to accept, as a token of his attachment, a sword of very curious workmanship, which he had received in a present from a certain prince of the empire: the knight forced upon his finger a very splendid diamond ring, as a testimony of his gratitude and esteem: but there was still another person to be appeased, before the peace of the whole company could be established. This was no other than the abbe, from whom each of the reconciled friends received at dinner a billet couched in these words:

"I have the honour to lament the infinite chagrin and mortification that compels me to address myself in this manner to a person of your rank and eminence, whom I should do myself the pleasure of waiting upon in person, were I not prevented by the misfortune of my nose, which was last night most cruelly disarranged, by a violent contusion I had the honour to receive, in attempting to compose that unhappy *fracas*, at the house of Madam la Maquerelle; and what puts the finishing stroke to my mishap, is my being rendered incapable of keeping three or four assignations with ladies of fashion, by whom I have the honour to be particularly esteemed. The disfiguration of my nose, the pain I have undergone, with the discomposure of brain which it produced, I could bear as a philosopher; but the disappointment of the ladies, my glory will not permit me to overlook: and, as you know the injury was sustained in your service, I have the pleasure to hope you will not refuse to grant such reparation as will be acceptable to a gentleman who has the honour to be with inviolable attachment,

Sir, your most devoted slave,
Pepin Clothaire Charle Henri Louis
Barnabe de Fumier."

This epistle was so equivocal, that the persons to whom it was addressed, did not know whether or not they ought to interpret the contents into a challenge; when our hero observed, that the ambiguity of his expressions plainly proved there was a door left open for accommodation; and proposed that they should forthwith visit the writer at his own apartment: they accordingly followed his advice, and found the abbe in his morning gown and slippers, with three huge night-caps on his head, and a crape hat-band tied over the middle of his face, by way of bandage to his nose. He received his visitors with the most ridiculous solemnity, being still a stranger to the purport of their errand; but soon as the Westphalian declared they were come in consequence of his billet, in order to ask pardon for the undesigned offence they had given, his features retrieved their natural vivacity, and he professed himself perfectly satisfied with their polite acknowledgment. Then they condoled him upon the evil plight of his nose, and, seeing some marks upon his shirt, asked, with seeming concern, if he had lost any blood in the fray. To this interrogation he replied, that he had still a sufficient quantity left for the occasions of his friends; and that he should deem it his greatest glory to expend the last drop of it in their service.

Matters being thus amicably adjusted, they prevailed upon him to uncase his nose, which retained no signs of the outrage he had suffered; and the amusements of the day were concerted. It was in consequence of this plan, that, after

the comedy, they were entertained at the Count's lodgings, where quadrille was proposed by the abbe, as the most innocent pastime, and the proposal was immediately embraced by all present, and by none with more alacrity than by our adventurer, who, without putting forth a moiety of his skill, went home with twenty louis' clear gain: though, far from believing himself greatly superior to the rest of the party, in the artifices of play, he justly suspected that they had concealed their skill, with a view of stripping him on some other occasion; for he could not suppose, that persons of their figure and character should be, in reality, such novices as they affected to appear.

CHAP. XXIV.

He overlooks the advances of his friends, and smarts severely for his neglect.

Steeled with this cautious maxim, he guarded himself from their united endeavours, in sundry subsequent attacks, by which his first conjecture was confirmed, and still came off conqueror, by virtue of his unparalleled finesse and discretion: till at length they seemed to despair of making him their prey, and the Count began to drop some hints, importing a desire of seeing him more closely united to the views and interest of their triumvirate. But Ferdinand, who was altogether selfish, and quite solitary in his prospects, discouraged all those advances; being resolved to trade upon his own bottom only, and to avoid all such connexions with any person or society whatever; much more, with a set of raw adventurers whose talents he despised. With these sentiments, he still maintained the dignity and reserve of his first appearance among them, and rather enhanced than diminished that idea of importance which he had inspired at the beginning; because, besides his other qualifications, they gave him credit for the address with which he kept himself superior to their united designs.

While he thus enjoyed his pre-eminence, together with the fruits of his success at play, which he managed so discreetly as never to incur the reputation of an adventurer, he, one day, chanced to be at the ordinary, when the company was surprised by the entrance of such a figure as had never appeared before in that place. This was no other than a person habited in the exact uniform of an English jockey. His leathern cap, cut bob, fustian frock, flannel waistcoat, buff breeches, hunting-boots and whip, were sufficient of themselves to furnish out a phenomenon for the admiration of all Paris: but these peculiarities were rendered still more conspicuous by the behaviour of the man who owned them. When he crossed the threshold of the outward door, he produced such a sound from the smack of his whip as equalled the explosion of an ordinary cohorn; and then broke forth into the hollow of a fox-hunter, which he uttered with all its variations, in a strain of vociferation, that seemed to astonish and confound the whole assembly, to whom he introduced himself and his spaniel, by exclaiming, in a tone something less melodious than the cry of mackarel or live cod, "By your leave, Gentlevolks, I hope there's no offence, in an honest plain Englishman's coming with money in his pocket, to taste a bit of your Vrench frigasee and ragooze."

This declaration was made in such a wild fantastical manner, that the greatest part of the company mistook him for some savage monster or maniac, and consulted their safety by starting up from table, and drawing their swords. The Englishman, seeing such a martial apparatus produced against him, recoiled two or three steps, saying, "Waunds, a believe the people are all bewitched: what, do they take me for a beast of prey? is there nobody here that knows Sir Stentor Stile, or can speak to me in my own lingo?" He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the baronet, with marks of infinite surprise, ran towards him, crying, "Good heaven! Sir Stentor, who expected to meet with you in Paris?" Upon which, the other eyeing him very earnestly, "Odds heartlikens (cried he), my neighbour, Sir Giles Squirrel, as I am a living soul!" With these words, he flew upon him like a tiger, kissed him from ear to ear, demolished his periwig, and disordered the whole economy of his dress, to the no small entertainment of the company.

Having well nigh stifled his countryman with embraces, and besmeared himself with pulville from head to foot, he proceeded in this manner: "Mercy upon thee, knight, thou art so transmographied, and bedaubed, and bedizened, that thou mought rob thy own mother without fear of information. Look ye here now, I will be trussed, if the very bitch that was brought up in thy own bosom, knows thee again. Hey Sweetlips, here, hussy; damn thee, tuoad, do'st n't know thy old measter? Ey, ey, thou may'st smell till Christmas, I'll be bound to be hanged, knight, if the creature's nose an't foundered by the damned stinking perfumes you have got among you."

These compliments being past, the two knights sat down by one another, and Sir Stentor being asked by his neighbour, upon what errand he had crossed the sea, gave him to understand, that he had come to France, in consequence of a wager with Squire Snaffle, who had laid a thousand pounds, that he, Sir Stentor, would not travel to Paris by himself, and for a whole month appear every day at a certain hour in the public walks, without wearing any other dress than that in which he saw him. "The fellor has got no more stuff in his pate," continued

this polite stranger, "than a jack-ass, to think I could not find my way hither, thof I could not jabber your French lingo. Ecod! the people of this country are sharp enough to find out your meaning, when you want to spend any thing among them: and as for the matter of dress, bodikins! for a thousand pound, I would engage to live in the midst of them, and shew myself without any clothes at all. Odd's heart! a true-born Englishman needs not be afeard to shew his face, nor his back-side neither, with the best Frenchman that ever trod the ground. Thof we Englishmen don't beplaster our doublets with gold and silver, I believe as how we have our pockets better lined than most of our neighbours; and for all my bit of a fustian frock, that cost me in all but forty shillings, I believe, between you and me, knight, I have more dust in my fob, than all these powdered sparks put together. But the worst of the matter is this; here is no solid belly-timber in this country: one can't have a slice of a delicate sir-loin, or nice buttock of beef, for love nor money. Apize upon them! I could get no eatables upon the ruoad, but what they call bully, which looks like the flesh of Pharaoh's lean kine stewed into rags and tatters; and then their peajohn, peajohn, rabbet them! One would think every old woman of this kingdom hatched pigeons from her own body."

It is not to be supposed that such an original sat unobserved. The French and other foreigners, who had never been in England, were struck dumb with amazement at the knight's appearance and deportment; while the English guests were overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and kept a most wary silence, for fear of being recognized by their countryman. As for our adventurer, he was inwardly transported with joy at sight of this curiosity. He considered him as a genuine, rich country booby, of the right English growth, fresh as imported; and his heart throbbed with rapture, when he heard Sir Stentor value himself upon the lining of his pockets: he foresaw, indeed, that the other knight would endeavour to reserve him for his own game; but he was too conscious of his own accomplishments to think he should find great difficulty in superseding the influence of Sir Giles.

Meanwhile, the new comer was by his friend helped to some ragout, which pleased his palate so well, that he declared he should now make a hearty meal, for the first time since he had crossed the water; and while his good humour prevailed, he drank to every individual around the table. Ferdinand seized this opportunity of insinuating himself into his favour, by saying in English, he was glad to find there was any thing in France that was agreeable to Sir Stentor: to this compliment the knight replied with an air of surprise, "Waunds! I find here's another countryman of mine in this here company. Sir, I am proud to see you with all my heart. So speaking, he thrust out his right hand across the table, and shook our hero by the fist, with such violence of civility, as proved very grievous to a French marquis, who, in helping himself to soup, was jostled in such a manner as to overturn the dividing spoon in his own bosom. The Englishman, seeing the mischief he had produced, cried, "No offence, I hope," in a tone of vociferation, which the marquis in all probability misconstrued; for he began to model his features into a very sublime and peremptory look, when Fathom interpreted the apology, and at the same time informed Sir Stentor, that, although he himself had not the honour of being an Englishman, he had always entertained a most particular veneration for the country, and learned the language in consequence of that esteem.

"Blood!" answered the knight, "I think myself the more obliged to you for your kind opinion, than if you was my countryman in good earnest: for there be abundance of we English—no offence, Sir Giles—that seem to be ashamed of their own nation, and leave their homes to come and spend their fortunes abroad, among a parcel of—you understand me, sir—a word to the wise, as the saying is"—Here he was interrupted by an article of the second course, that seemed to give him great disturbance: this was a roasted leveret, very strong of the fumet, which happened to be placed directly under his nose. His sense of smelling was no sooner encountered by the effluvia of this delicious fare, than he started up from table, exclaiming, "Odd's my liver! here's a piece of carrion, that I would not offer to e'er a hound in my kennel; 'tis enough to make any Christian vomit both gut and gall;" and indeed, by the wry faces he made while he ran to the door, his stomach seemed ready to justify this last assertion.

The abbe, who concluded, from these symptoms of disgust, that the leveret was not sufficiently stale, began to exhibit marks of discontent, and desired that it might be brought to the other end of the table for his examination. He accordingly hung over it with the most greedy appetite, feasting his nostrils with the steams of animal putrefaction; and at length declared that the morceau was passable, though he owned it would have been highly perfect, had it been kept another week. Nevertheless, mouths were not wanting to discuss it, insipid as it was: for in three minutes there was not a vestige to be seen of that which had offended the organs of Sir Stentor, who now resumed his place, and did justice to the dessert. But what he seemed to relish better than any other part of the entertainment, was the conversation of our adventurer, whom, after dinner, he begged to have the honour of treating with a dish of coffee; to the seeming mortification of his bro-

ther knight, over which Fathom exulted in his own heart.

In short, our hero, by his affability and engaging deportment, immediately gained possession of Sir Stentor's good graces: insomuch, that he desired to crack a bottle with him in the evening, and they repaired to an auberge, whither his fellow-knight accompanied them, not without manifest signs of reluctance. There the stranger gave a loose to jollity; though at first he damned the Burgundy as a poor thin liquor, that ran through him in a twinkling, and, instead of warming, cooled his heart and bowels: however, it insensibly seemed to give the lie to his imputation; for his spirits rose to a more elevated pitch of good mirth and fellowship; he sung, or rather roared, the Early Horn, so as to alarm the whole neighbourhood, and began to slabber his companions with a most bear-like affection. Yet, whatever haste he made to the goal of ebriety, he was distanced by his brother bumper, who, from the beginning of the party, had made little other use of his mouth than to receive the glass, and now sunk down upon the floor, in a state of temporary annihilation.

He was immediately carried to bed by the direction of Ferdinand, who now saw himself in a manner possessor of that mine to which he had made such eager and artful advances.—That he might, therefore, carry on the approaches in the same cautious manner, he gradually shook off the trammels of sobriety, gave a loose to that spirit of freedom which good liquor commonly inspires, and, in the familiarity of drunkenness, owned himself head of a noble family of Poland, from which he had been obliged to absent himself on account of an affair of honour, not yet compromised.

Having made this confession, and laid strong injunctions of secrecy upon Sir Stentor, his countenance seemed to acquire from every succeeding glass a new symptom of intoxication: they renewed their embraces, swore eternal friendship from that day, and swallowed fresh bumpers, till both being in all appearance quite overpowered, they began to yawn in concert, and even nod in their chairs. The knight seemed to resent the attacks of slumber, as so many impertinent attempts to interrupt their entertainment; he cursed his own propensity to sleep, imputing it to the damned French climate, and proposed to engage in some pastime that would keep them awake. "Odd's flesh! (cried the Briton,) when I'm at home, I defy all the devils in hell to fasten my eye-lids together, if so be as I'm otherwise inclined. For there's mother and sister Nan, and brother Numps, and I, continue to divert ourselves at all-fours, brag, cribbidge, tetotum, hussle-cap, and chuck-farthing, and tho'f I say it, that should n't say it, I won't turn my back to e'er a he in England, at any of these pastimes: and so, Count, if you are so disposed, I am your man, that is in the way of friendship, at which of these you shall please to pitch upon."

To this proposal Fathom replied, he was quite ignorant of all the games he had mentioned; but, in order to amuse Sir Stentor, he would play with him at lasquenet, for a trifle, as he had laid it down for a maxim, to risk nothing considerable at play. "Waunds, (answered the knight), I hope you don't think I come here in quest of money. Thank God! I have a good landed estate worth five thousand a-year, and owe no man a halfpenny; and I question whether there be many Counts in your nation, no offence, I hope, that can say a bolder word. As for your lambskin net, I know nothing of the matter: but I will toss up with you for a guinea, cross or pile, as the saying is, or, if there's such a thing in this country as a box and dice, I love to hear the bones rattle sometimes."

Fathom found some difficulty in concealing his joy at the mention of this last amusement, which had been one of his chief studies, and in which he had made such progress, that he could calculate all the chances with the utmost exactness and certainty. However, he made shift to contain himself within due bounds, and, with seeming indifference, consented to pass away an hour at hazard, provided the implements could be procured. Accordingly, the landlord was consulted, and their desire gratified; the dice were produced, and the table resounded with the effects of their mutual eagerness. Fortune, at first, declared for the Englishman, who was permitted by our adventurer to win twenty broad pieces; and he was so elated with his success, as to accompany every lucky throw with a loud burst of laughter, and other savage and simple manifestations of excessive joy, exclaiming, in a tone somewhat less sweet than the bellowing of a bull, "Now for the main, Count,—odd! here they come—here are the seven black stars, i'faith. Come along, my yellow-boys—odd's heart! I never liked the face of Louis before."

Fathom drew happy presages from these boyish raptures, and, after having indulged them for some time, began to avail himself of his arithmetic, in consequence of which the knight was obliged to refund the greatest part of his winning: then he altered his note, and became as intemperate in his chagrin as he had been before immoderate in his mirth. He cursed himself and his whole generation, damned his bad luck, stamped with his feet upon the floor, and challenged Ferdinand to double stakes.—This was a very welcome proposal to our hero, who found Sir Stentor just such a subject as he had long desired to encounter with; the more the Englishman laid, the more he lost, and Fathom took care to inflame his passions, by certain well-timed sarcasms upon his want of judgment, till at length he became quite out-

rageous, swore the dice were false, and threw them out at the window; pulled off his periwig, and committed it to the flames, spoke with the most rancorous contempt of his adversary's skill, insisted upon his having stripped many a better man, for all he was a Count, and threatening that, before they parted, he should not only look like a Pole, but also smell like a polecat.

This was a spirit which our adventurer industriously kept up, observing, that the English were dupes to all the world; and that, in point of genius and address, they were no more than noisy braggadocios. In short, another pair of dice was procured; the stakes were again raised, and, after several vicissitudes, fortune declared so much in favour of the knight, that Fathom lost all the money in his pocket, amounting to a pretty considerable sum. By this time he was warmed into uncommon eagerness and impatience; being equally piqued at the success and provoking exultations of his antagonist, whom he now invited to his lodgings, in order to decide the contest: Sir Stentor complied with his request; the dispute was renewed with various success, till, towards daylight, Ferdinand saw this noisy, raw, unexperienced simpleton, carry off all his ready cash, together with his jewels, and almost every thing that was valuable about his person; and, to crown the whole, the victor at parting, told him with a most intolerable sneer, that so soon as the Count should receive another remittance from Poland, he would give him his revenge.

CHAP. XXV.

He bears his fate like a philosopher; and contracts acquaintance with a very remarkable personage.

This was a proper subject for our hero to moralize upon; and accordingly it did not pass without his remarks; he found himself fairly foiled at his own weapons, reduced to indigence in a foreign land, and, what he chiefly regretted, robbed of all those gay expectations he had indulged from his own supposed excellence in the wiles of fraud; for, upon a little recollection, he plainly perceived he had fallen a sacrifice to the confederacy he had refused to join; and did not at all doubt that the dice were loaded for his destruction: but, instead of beating his head against the wall, tearing his hair, imprecating vain curses upon himself, or betraying other frantic symptoms of despair, he resolved to accommodate himself to his fate, and profit by the lesson he had so dearly bought.

With this intention, he immediately dismissed his valet, quitted his lodgings, retired to an obscure street on the other side of the river, and, covering one eye with a large patch o black silk, presented himself in quality of a musician to the director of the opera, who, up on hearing a trial of his skill, received him int the band without further question. While h continued in this situation, he not only improv ed his taste and execution in music, but like wise found frequent opportunities to exten his knowledge of mankind; for, besides th employment he exercised in public, he was of ten concerned in private concerts that wer given in the hotels of noblemen; by whic means he became more and more acquainte with the persons, manners, and characters o high life, which he contemplated with the mos industrious attention, as a spectator, who, be ing altogether unconcerned in the performance is at more liberty to observe and enjoy the par ticulars of the entertainment.

It was in one of those assemblies he had th pleasure of seeing his friend Sir Stentor, dress ed in the most fashionable manner, and behav ing with all the overstrained politesse of a nativ Frenchman: he was accompanied by his brothe knight and the abbe; and this triumvirate even in Fathom's hearing, gave a most ludi crous detail of the finesse they had practise upon the Polish Count, to their entertainer who was ambassador from a certain court, an made himself extremely merry with the parti culars of the relation. Indeed, they made shif to describe some of the circumstances in such ridiculous light, that our adventurer himself smarting as he was with the disgrace, could no help laughing in secret at the account. He af terwards made it his business to inquire int the characters of the two British knights, an understood they were notorious sharpers, wh had come abroad for the good of their country and now hunted in couple among a Frenc pack, that dispersed themselves through th public ordinaries, walks, and spectacles, in or der to make a prey of incautious strangers.

The pride of Ferdinand was piqued at thi information; and he was even animated wit the desire of making reprisals upon this frater nity, from which he ardently longed to retriev his honour and effects: but the issue of his las adventure had reinforced his caution; and, fo the present, he found means to suppress th dictates of his avarice and ambition; resolvin to employ his whole penetration in reconnoit ring the ground, before he should venture t take the field again. He therefore continue to act the part of a one-eyed fiddler, under th name of Fadini, and lived with incredible fru gality, that he might save a purse for his futur operations. In this manner had he proceede for the space of ten months, during which h acquired a competent knowledge of the city o Paris, when his curiosity was attracted by cer tain peculiarities in the appearance of a mar

who lived in one of the upper apartments belonging to the house in which he himself had fixed his habitation.

This was a tall, thin, meagre figure, with a long black beard, an aquiline nose, a brown complexion, and a most piercing vivacity in his eyes: he seemed to be about the age of fifty, wore the Persian habit, and there was a remarkable severity in his aspect and demeanour. He and our adventurer had been fellow-lodgers for some time, and, according to the laudable custom of these days, had hitherto remained as much estranged to one another, as if they had lived on opposite sides of the globe; but of late the Persian seemed to regard our hero with particular attention; when they chanced to meet on the staircase, or elsewhere, he bowed to Ferdinand with great solemnity, and complimented him with the pas: he even proceeded, in the course of this communication, to open his mouth, and salute him with a good-morrow, and sometimes made the common remarks upon the weather. Fathom, who was naturally complaisant, did not discourage these advances: on the contrary, he behaved to him with marks of particular respect, and one day desired the favour of his company to breakfast.

This invitation the stranger declined with due acknowledgment, on pretence of being out of order; and, in the mean time, our adventurer bethought himself of questioning the landlord concerning his outlandish guest. His curiosity was rather inflamed than satisfied with the information he could obtain from this quarter; for all he learned was, that the Persian went by the name of Ali Beker, and that he had lived in the house for the space of four months, in a most solitary and parsimonious manner, without being visited by one living soul; that, for some time after his arrival, he had been often heard to groan dismally in the night, and even to exclaim in an unknown language, as if he had laboured under some grievous affliction; and though the first transports of his grief had subsided, it was easy to perceive, he still indulged a deep-rooted melancholy, for the tears were frequently observed to trickle down his beard. The commissaire of the quarter had at first ordered this oriental to be watched in his outgoings, according to the maxims of the French police; but his life was found so regular and inoffensive, that this precaution was soon set aside.

Any man of humane sentiments, from the knowledge of these particulars, would have been prompted to offer his services to the forlorn stranger: but as our hero was devoid of all these infirmities of human nature, it was necessary that other motives should produce the same effect: his curiosity, therefore, joined with the hopes of converting the confidence of Ali to his own emolument, effectually impelled him towards his acquaintance; and in a little time they began to relish the conversation of each other: for, as the reader may have already observed, Fathom possessed all the arts of insinuation; and had discernment enough to perceive an air of dignity in the Persian, which the humility of his circumstances could not conceal. He was, moreover, a man of good understanding, not without a tincture of letters, perfectly well bred, though in a ceremonious style, extremely moral in his discourse, and scrupulously nice in his notions of honour.

Our hero conformed himself in all respects to the other's opinions, and managed his discretion so as to pass upon him for a gentleman reduced by misfortunes to the exercise of an employment which was altogether unsuitable to his birth and quality. He made earnest and repeated tenders of his good offices to the stranger, and pressed him to make use of his purse, with such cordial perseverance, that at length Ali's reserve was overcome, and he condescended to borrow of him a small sum, which, in all probability, saved his life; for he had been driven to the utmost extremity of want before he would accept of this assistance.

Fathom, having gradually stole into his good graces, began to take notice of many piteous sighs that escaped him, in the moments of their intercourse, and seemed to denote an heart fraught with woe; and, on pretence of administering consolation and counsel, begged leave to know the cause of his distress; observing, that his mind would be disburdened by such communication, and perhaps his grief alleviated by some means which they might jointly concert and execute in his behalf.

Ali, thus solicited, would often shake his head, with marks of extreme sorrow and despondence, and, while the tears gushed from his eyes, declared that his distress was beyond the power of any remedy but death, and that, by making our hero his confidant, he should only extend his unhappiness to a friend, without feeling the least remission of his own torture. Notwithstanding these repeated declarations, Ferdinand, who was well enough acquainted with the mind of man to know that such importunity is seldom or never disagreeable, redoubled his instances, together with his expressions of sympathy and esteem, until the stranger was prevailed upon to gratify his curiosity and benevolence. Having therefore secured the chamber-door one night, while all the rest of the family were asleep, the unfortunate Ali disclosed himself in these words.

CHAP. XXVI.

The history of the noble Castilian.

I SHOULD be ungrateful, as well as unwise, did I longer resist the desire you express to

know the particulars of that destiny which hath driven me to this miserable disguise, and rendered me in all considerations the most wretched of men. I have felt your friendship, am confident of your honour, and though my misfortunes are such as can never be repaired, because I am utterly cut off from hope, which is the wretch's last comfort, yet I may, by your means, be enabled to bear them with some degree of fortitude and resignation.

Know then, my name is not Ali; neither am I of Persian extraction. I had once the honour to own myself a Castilian, and was, under the appellation of Don Diego de Zelos, respected as the head of one of the most ancient families of that kingdom. Judge then how severe that distress must be, which compels a Spaniard to renounce his country, his honours, and his name. My youth was not spent in inglorious ease, neither did it waste unheeded in the rolls of fame: before I had attained the age of nineteen, I was twice wounded in battle: I once fortunately recovered the standard of the regiment to which I belonged, after it had been seized by the enemy; and at another occasion made shift to save the life of my colonel, when he lay at the mercy of an enraged barbarian.

He that thinks I recapitulate these particulars out of ostentation, does wrong to the unhappy Don Diego de Zelos, who, in having performed these little acts of gallantry, thinks he has done nothing, but simply approved himself worthy of being called a Castilian. I mean only to do justice to my own character, and to make you acquainted with one of the most remarkable incidents of my life. It was my fate, during my third campaign, to command a troop of horse in the regiment of Don Gonzales Orgullo, between whom and my father a family-feud had long been maintained with great enmity; and that gentleman did not leave me without reason to believe he rejoiced at the opportunity of exercising his resentment upon his adversary's son; for he withheld from me that countenance which my fellow-officers enjoyed, and found means to subject me to divers mortifications, of which I was not at liberty to complain.—These I bore in silence for some time, as part of my probation in the character of a soldier; resolved nevertheless to employ my interest at court for a removal into another corps, and to take some future opportunity of explaining my sentiments to Don Gonzales upon the injustice of his behaviour.

While I animated myself with these sentiments against the discouragements I underwent, and the hard duty to which I was daily exposed, it was our fate to be concerned in the battle of Saragossa, where our regiment was so severely handled by the English infantry, that it was forced to give ground with the loss of one half of its officers and men. Don Gonzales, who acted as brigadier in another wing, being informed of our fate, and dreading the disgrace of his corps, which had never turned back to the enemy, put spurs to his horse, and, riding across the field at full speed, rallied our broken squadrons, and led us back to the charge with such intrepidity of behaviour, as did not fail to inspire us all with uncommon courage and alacrity: for my own part, I thought myself doubly interested to distinguish my valour, not only on account of my own glory, but likewise on the supposition, that, as I was acting under the eye of Gonzales, my conduct would be narrowly observed.

I therefore exerted myself with unusual vigour, and, as he began the attack with the remains of my troop, fought close by his side during the rest of the engagement. I even acquired his applause in the very heat of battle; when his hat was struck off, and his horse fell under him, I accommodated and remounted him upon my own, and, having seized for my own use another that belonged to a common trooper, attended this stern commander as before, and seconded him in all his repeated efforts; but it was impossible to withstand the numbers and impetuosity of the foe, and Don Gonzales, having had the mortification to see his regiment cut in pieces, and the greatest part of the army routed, was fain to yield to the fortune of the day; yet he retired as became a man of honour and a Castilian; that is, he marched off with great deliberation in the rear of the Spanish troops, and frequently faced about to check the pursuit of the enemy. Indeed, this exercise of his courage had well nigh cost him his life; for, in one of these wheelings, he was left almost alone, and a small party of the Portuguese horse had actually cut off our communication with the retreating forces of Spain.

In this dilemma, we had no other chance of saving our lives and liberty, than that of opening a passage sword in hand; and this was what Gonzales instantly resolved to attempt. We accordingly recommended our souls to God, and, charging the line abreast of another, bore down all opposition, and were in a fair way of accomplishing our retreat without further danger; but the gallant Orgullo, in crossing a ditch, had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and was almost the same instant overtaken by one of the Portuguese dragoons, whose sword was already suspended over his head, as he lay half-stunned with his fall, when I rode up, discharged a pistol in the ruffian's brain, and, seating my colonel on his horse, had the good fortune to conduct him to a place of safety.

Here he was provided with such accommodation as his case required; for he had been wounded in the battle, and dangerously bruised by his fall, and, when all the necessary steps were taken towards his recovery, I desired to

know if he had any further commands for his service, being resolved to join the army without delay. I thought proper to communicate this question by message, because he had not spoke one word to me during our retreat, notwithstanding the good office he had received at my hands; a reserve which I attributed to his pride, and resented accordingly. He no sooner understood my intention, than he desired to see me in his apartment, and, as near as I can remember, spoke to this effect:

"Were your father Don Alonzo alive, I should now, in consequence of your behaviour, banish every suggestion of resentment, and solicit his friendship with great sincerity. Yes, Don Diego, your virtue hath triumphed over that enmity I bore your house, and I upbraid myself with the ungenerous treatment you have suffered under my command. But it is not enough for me to withdraw that rigour which it was unjust to exercise, and would be wicked to maintain, I must likewise atone for the injuries you have sustained, and make some suitable acknowledgment for that life which I have twice to-day owed to your valour and generosity. Whatever interest I have at court shall be employed in your behalf; and I have other designs in your favour, which shall be disclosed in due season. Meanwhile, I desire you will still add one obligation to the debt which I have already incurred, and carry this billet in person to my Estifania, who, from the news of this fatal overthrow, must be in despair upon my account."

So saying, he presented a letter, directed to his lady, which I received in a transport of joy, with expressions suitable to the occasion, and immediately set out for his country-house, which happened to be about thirty leagues from the spot. This expedition was equally glorious and interesting; for my thoughts upon the road were engrossed by the hope of seeing Don Orgullo's daughter and heiress Antonia, who was reported to be a young lady of great beauty, and the most amiable accomplishments. However ridiculous it may seem for a man to conceive a passion for an object which he hath never beheld, certain it is, my sentiments were so much prepossessed by the fame of her qualifications, that I must have fallen a victim to her charms, had they been much less powerful than they were. Notwithstanding the fatigues I had undergone in the field, I closed not an eye until I arrived at the gate of Gonzales, being determined to precede the report of the battle, that Madam d'Orgullo might not be alarmed for the life of her husband.

I declared my errand, and was introduced into a saloon, where I had not waited above three minutes, when my colonel's lady appeared, and in great confusion received the letter, exclaiming, "Heaven grant that Don Gonzales be well!" In reading the contents, she underwent a variety of agitations; but, when she had perused the whole, her countenance regained its serenity, and, regarding me with an air of ineffable complacency, "Don Diego (said she) while I lament the national calamity, in the defeat of our army, I at the same time feel the most sincere pleasure in seeing you upon this occasion, and, according to the directions of my dear lord, bid you heartily welcome to this house, as his preserver and friend. I was not unacquainted with your character, before this last triumph of your virtue, and have often prayed to Heaven for some lucky determination of that fatal quarrel which raged so long between the family of Gonzales and your father's house. My prayers have been heard, the long-wished-for reconciliation is now effected, and I hope nothing will ever intervene to disturb this happy union."

To this polite and affectionate declaration, I made such a reply as became a young man, whose heart overflowed with joy and benevolence, and desired to know how soon her answer to my commander would be ready, that I might gratify his impatience with all possible despatch. After having thanked me for this fresh proof of my attachment, she begged I would retire into a chamber, and repose myself from the uncommon fatigues I must have undergone; but, finding I persisted in the resolution of returning to Don Gonzales, without allowing myself the least benefit of sleep, she left me engaged in conversation with an uncle of Don Gonzales, who lodged in the house, and gave orders that a collation should be prepared in another apartment, while she retired to her closet, and wrote a letter to her husband.

In less than an hour from my first arrival, I was introduced into a most elegant dining-room, where a magnificent entertainment was served up, and where we were joined by Donna Estifania, and her beautiful daughter the fair Antonia, who, advancing with the most amiable sweetness, thanked me, in very warm expressions of acknowledgment, for the generosity of my conduct towards her father. I had been ravished with her first appearance, which far exceeded my imagination, and my faculties were so disordered by this address, that I answered her compliment with the most awkward confusion. But this disorder did not turn to my prejudice in the opinion of that lovely creature, who has often told me in the sequel, that she gave herself credit for that perplexity in my behaviour, and that I never appeared more worthy of her regard and affection than at that juncture, when my dress was discomposed, and my whole person disfigured by the toils and duty of the preceding day; for this very dishabille presented itself to her reflection as the immediate effect of that very merit by which I was entitled to her esteem.

Wretch that I am! to survive the loss of

such an excellent woman, endeared to my remembrance by the most tender offices of wedlock, happily exercised for the space of five and twenty years! Forgive these tears; they are not the drops of weakness, but remorse. Not to trouble you with idle particulars, suffice it to say, I was favoured with such marks of distinction, by Madam d'Orgullo, that she thought it incumbent upon her to let me know she had not overacted her hospitality, and while we sat at table, accosted me in these words: "You will not be surprised, Don Diego, at my expressions of regard, which I own are unusual from a Spanish lady to a young cavalier like you, when I communicate the contents of this letter from Don Gonzales." So saying, she put the billet into my hand, and I read these words, or words to this effect:

"Amiable Estifania,

"You will understand, that I am as well as a person can possibly be who hath this day lived to see the army of his king defeated. If you would know the particulars of this unfortunate action, your curiosity will be gratified by the bearer, Don Diego de Zelos, to whose virtue and bravery I am twice indebted for my life. I therefore desire you will receive him with that respect and gratitude which you shall think due for such an obligation; and, in entertaining him, dismiss that reserve which often disgraces the Spanish hospitality. In a word, let your own virtue and beneficence conduct you upon this occasion, and let my Antonia's endeavours be joined with your own in doing honour to the preserver of her father. Adieu."

Such a testimonial could not fail of being very agreeable to a young soldier, who by this time had begun to indulge the transporting hope of being happy in the arms of the adorable Antonia. I professed myself extremely happy in having met with an opportunity of acquiring such a degree of my colonel's esteem, entertained them with a detail of his personal prowess in the battle, and answered all their questions with that moderation which every man ought to preserve in speaking of his own behaviour. Our repast being ended, I took my leave of the ladies, and at parting received a letter from Donna Estifania to her husband, together with a ring of great value, which she begged I would accept, as a token of her esteem. Thus loaded with honour and caresses, I set out on my return for the quarters of Don Gonzales, who could scarce credit his own eyes when I delivered his lady's billet; for he thought it impossible to perform such a journey in so short a time.

When he had glanced over the paper, "Don Diego (said he) by your short stay one would imagine you had met with indifferent reception at my house: I hope Estifania has not been deficient in her duty." I answered this question, by assuring him my entertainment had been so agreeable in all respects, that nothing but my duty to him could have induced me to give it up so soon. He then turned the conversation upon Antonia, and hinted his intention of giving her in marriage to a young cavalier, for whom he had a particular friendship. I was so much affected by this insinuation, which seemed at once to blast all my hopes of love and happiness, that the blood forsook my face; I was seized with an universal trepidation, and even obliged to retire, on pretence of being suddenly taken ill.

Though Gonzales seemed to impute this disorder to fatigue and want of rest, he in his heart ascribed it to the true cause; and, after having sounded my sentiments to his own satisfaction, blessed me with a declaration, importing, that I was the person upon whom he had pitched for a son-in-law. I will not trouble you with a repetition of what passed on this interesting occasion, but proceed to observe, that his intention in my favour was far from being disagreeable to his lady; and that, in a little time, I had the good fortune to espouse the charming Antonia, who submitted to the will of her father without reluctance.

Soon after this happy event, I was, by the influence of Don Gonzales, joined to my own interest, promoted to the command of a regiment, and served with honour during the remaining part of the war. After the treaty of Utrecht, I was employed in reducing the Catalans to their allegiance; and, in an action with those obstinate rebels, had the misfortune to lose my father-in-law, who by that time was preferred to the rank of a major-general. The virtuous Estifania did not long survive this melancholy accident; and the loss of these indulgent parents made such a deep impression upon the tender heart of my Antonia, that I took the first opportunity of removing her from a place in which every object served to cherish her grief, to a pleasant villa near the city of Seville, which I purchased on account of its agreeable situation. That I might the more perfectly enjoy the possession of my amiable partner, who could no longer brook the thoughts of another separation, peace was no sooner re-established than I obtained leave to resign my commission, and I wholly devoted myself to the joys of a domestic life.

Heaven seemed to smile upon our union, by blessing us with a son, whom, however, it was pleased to recall in his infancy, to our unspeakable grief and mortification; but our mutual chagrin was afterwards alleviated by the birth of a daughter, who seemed born with every accomplishment to excite the love and admiration of mankind. Why did nature debase such a masterpiece with the mixture of an allay,

which hath involved herself and her whole family in perdition? But the ways of Providence are unsearchable. She hath paid the debt of her degeneracy; peace be with her soul! The honour of my family is vindicated; though by a sacrifice which hath robbed me of every thing else that is valuable in life, and ruined my peace past all redemption. Yes, my friend, all the tortures that human tyranny can inflict would be ease, tranquillity, and delight, to the unspeakable pangs and horrors I have felt.

But, to return from this digression.—Serafina, which was the name of that little darling, as she grew up, not only disclosed all the natural graces of external beauty, but likewise manifested the most engaging sweetness of disposition, and a capacity for acquiring with ease all the accomplishments of her sex. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of a parent's rapture in the contemplation of such a fair blossom: she was the only pledge of our love, she was presumptive heiress to a large fortune, and likely to be the sole representative of two noble Castilian families. She was the delight of all who saw her, and a theme of praise for every tongue. You are not to suppose that the education of such a child was neglected. Indeed it wholly engrossed the attention of me and my Antonia, and her proficiency rewarded our care. Before she had attained the age of fifteen, she was mistress of every elegant qualification, natural and acquired. Her person was, by that time, the confessed pattern of beauty. Her voice was enchantingly sweet, and she touched the lute with the most ravishing dexterity. Heaven and earth! how did my breast dilate with joy at the thoughts of having given birth to such perfection! how did my heart gush with paternal fondness, whenever I beheld this ornament of my name! and what scenes of endearing transport have I enjoyed with my Antonia, in mutual congratulation upon our parental happiness.

Serafina, accomplished as she was, could not fail to make conquests among the Spanish cavaliers, who are famous for sensibility in love. Indeed, she never appeared without a numerous train of admirers; and, though we had bred her up in that freedom of conversation and intercourse which holds a middle space between the French license and Spanish restraint, she was now so much exposed to the addresses of promiscuous gallantry, that we found it necessary to retrench the liberty of our house, and behave to our male visitants with great reserve and circumspection, that our honour and peace might run no risk from the youth and inexperience of our daughter.

This caution produced overtures from a great many young gentlemen of rank and distinction, who courted my alliance by demanding Serafina in marriage; and from the number I had actually selected one person, who was in all respects worthy the possession of such an inestimable prize. His name was Don Manuel de Mendoza: his birth was noble, and his character dignified with repeated acts of generosity and virtue. Yet, before I would signify to him my approbation of his suit, I resolved to inform myself whether or not the heart of Serafina was totally unengaged, and indifferent to any other object, that I might not lay a tyrannical restraint upon her inclinations. The result of my inquiry was a full conviction of her having hitherto been deaf to the voice of love; and this piece of information, together with my own sentiments in his favour, I communicated to Don Manuel, who heard these tidings with transports of gratitude and joy. He was immediately favoured with opportunities of acquiring the affection of my daughter, and his endeavours were at first received with such respectful civility, as might have been easily warmed into a mutual passion, had not the evil genius of our family interposed.

O, my friend! how shall I describe the depravity of that unhappy virgin's sentiments! how recount the particulars of my own dishonour! I that am descended from a long line of illustrious Castilians, who never received an injury they did not revenge, but washed away every blemish in their fame with the blood of those who attempted to stain it. In that circumstance I have imitated the example of my glorious progenitors, and that consideration alone hath supported me against all the assaults of despair.

As I grudged no pains nor expense in perfecting the education of Serafina, my doors were open to every person who made an extraordinary figure in the profession of those amusing sciences in which she delighted. The house of Don Diego de Zelos was a little academy for painting, poetry, and music; and Heaven decreed that it should fall a sacrifice to its regard for these fatal and delusive arts. Among other preceptors, it was her fate to be under the instruction of a cursed German, who, though his profession was drawing, understood the elements and theory of music, possessed a large fund of learning and taste, and was a person remarkable for his agreeable conversation. This traitor, who, like you, had lost one eye, I not only admitted into my house for the improvement of my daughter, but even distinguished with particular marks of confidence and favour, little thinking he had either inclination or capacity to debauch the sentiments of my child. I was rejoiced beyond measure to see with what alacrity she received his lessons, with what avidity she listened to his discourse, which was always equally moral, instructing, and entertaining.

Antonia seemed to vie with me in expressions of regard for this accomplished stranger, whom she could not help supposing to be a person of

rank and family, reduced to his present situation by some unfortunate vicissitude of fate. I was disposed to concur with this opinion, and actually conjured him to make me his confidant, with such protestations as left him no room to doubt my honour and beneficence; but he still persisted in declaring himself the son of an obscure mechanic in Bohemia,—an origin to which surely no man would pretend who had the least claim to nobility of birth. While I was thus undeceived in my conjecture touching his birth and quality, I was confirmed in an opinion of his integrity and moderation, and looked upon him as a man of honour, in despite of the lowness of his pedigree. Nevertheless, he was at bottom a most perfidious wretch, and all this modesty and self-denial were the effects of the most villainous dissimulation, a cloak under which he, unsuspected, robbed me of my honour and my peace.

Not to trouble you with particulars, the recital of which would tear my heart-strings with indignation and remorse, I shall only observe, that, by the power of his infernal insinuation, he fascinated the heart of Serafina, brought over Antonia herself to the interests of his passion, and at once detached them both from their duty and religion. Heaven and earth! how dangerous, how irresistible is the power of infatuation! While I remained in the midst of this blind security, waiting for the nuptials of my daughter, and indulging myself with the vain prospect of her approaching felicity, Antonia found means to protract the negotiation of the marriage, by representing, that it would be pity to deprive Serafina of the opportunity she then had of profiting by the German's instructions; and, upon that account, I prevailed upon Don Manuel to bridle the impatience of his love.

During this interval, as I one evening enjoyed the cool air in my own garden, I was accosted by an old duenna, who had been my nurse, and lived in the family since the time of my childhood. "My duty," said she, "will no longer permit me to wink in silence at the wrongs I see you daily suffer. Dismiss that German from your house, without delay, if you respect the glory of your name, and the rights of our holy religion: the stranger is an abominable heretic; and, grant Heaven! he may not have already poisoned the minds of those you hold most dear." I had been extremely alarmed at the beginning of this address; but, finding the imputation limited to the article of religion, in which, thank God, I am no bigot, I recovered my serenity of disposition, thanked the old woman for her zeal, commended her piety, and encouraged her to persevere in making observations on such subjects as should concern my honour and my quiet.

We live in such a world of wickedness and fraud, that a man cannot be too vigilant in his own defence: had I employed such spies from the beginning, I should in all probability have been at this day in possession of every comfort that renders life agreeable. The duenna, thus authorised, employed her sagacity with such success, that I had reason to suspect the German of a design upon the heart of Serafina; but, as the presumptions did not amount to conviction, I contented myself with exiling him from my house, under the pretext of having discovered that he was an enemy to the Catholic church; and forthwith appointed a day for the celebration of my daughter's marriage with Don Manuel de Mendosa. I could easily perceive a cloud of melancholy overspread the faces of Serafina and her mother, when I declared these my resolutions; but, as they made no objection to what I proposed, I did not at that time enter into an explanation of the true motives that influenced my conduct. Both parties were probably afraid of such expostulation.

Meanwhile, preparations were made for the espousals of Serafina; and, notwithstanding the anxiety I had undergone, on account of her connexion with the German, I began to think that her duty, her glory, had triumphed over all such low-born considerations, if ever they had been entertained; because she, and even Antonia, seemed to expect the ceremony with resignation, though the features of both still retained evident marks of concern, which I willingly imputed to the mutual prospect of their separation. This, however, was but a faithless calm, that soon, ah! too soon, brought forth a tempest which hath wrecked my hopes.

Two days before the appointed union of Don Manuel and Serafina, I was informed by the duenna, that, while she accompanied Antonia's waiting-maid at church, she had seen her receive a billet from an old woman, who, kneeling at her side, had conveyed it in such a mysterious manner, as awakened the duenna's apprehensions about her young lady; she had therefore hastened home to communicate this piece of intelligence, that I might have an opportunity of examining the messenger before she should have time to deposite her trust. I could not help shivering with fearful presages upon this occasion, and even abhorring the person to whose duty and zeal I was beholden for the intelligence, even while I endeavoured to persuade myself, that the inquiry would end in the detection of some paltry intrigue between the maid and her own gallant. I intercepted her in returning from church, and, commanding her to follow me to a convenient place, extorted from her, by dint of threats, the fatal letter, which I read to this effect:—

"The whole business of my life, O divine Serafina! will be to repay that affection I have been so happy as to engage. With what transport then shall I obey your summons, in performing that enterprise, which will rescue you

from the bed of a detested rival, and put myself in full possession of a jewel which I value infinitely more than life. Yes, adorable creature, I have provided every thing for our escape, and at midnight will attend you in your own apartment, from whence you shall be conveyed into a land of liberty and peace, where you will unmolested enjoy the purity of that religion you have espoused, and in full security bless the arms of your ever faithful

ORLANDO."

Were you a fond parent, a tender husband, and a noble Castilian, I should not need to mention the unutterable horrors that took possession of my bosom, when I perused this accursed letter, by which I learned the apostasy, disobedience, and degeneracy of my idolized Serafina, who had overthrown and destroyed the whole plan of felicity which I had erected, and blasted all the glories of my name; and when the wretched messenger, terrified by my menaces and agitation, confessed that Antonia herself was privy to the guilt of her daughter, whom she had solemnly betrothed to that vile Gerona, in the sight of Heaven, and that by her connivance this plebeian intended, that very night, to bereave me of my child, I was for some moments stupified with grief and amazement, that gave way to an ecstasy of rage, which had well nigh terminated in despair and distraction.

I now tremble, and my head grows giddy with the remembrance of that dreadful occasion: behold how the drops trickle down my forehead; this agony is a fierce and familiar visitant, I shall banish it anon. I summoned my pride, my resentment, to my assistance; these are the cordials that support me against all other reflections; those were the auxiliaries that enabled me, in the day of trial, to perform that sacrifice which my honour demanded, in a strain so loud as to drown the cries of nature, love, and compassion. Yes, they espoused that glory which humanity would have betrayed, and my revenge was noble, though unnatural.

My scheme was soon laid, my resolution soon taken; I privately confined the wretch who had been the industrious slave of this infamous conspiracy, that she might take no step to frustrate or interrupt the execution of my design. Then, repairing to the house of an apothecary who was devoted to my service, communicated my intention, which he durst not condemn, and could not reveal, without breaking the oath of secrecy I had imposed; and he furnished me with two vials of poison for the dismal catastrophe I had planned. Thus provided, I, on pretence of sudden business at Saville, carefully avoided the dear, the wretched pair, whom I had devoted to death, that my heart might not relent, by means of those tender ideas which the sight of them would have infallibly inspired; and when day-light vanished, took my station near that part of the house through which the villain must have entered on his hellish purpose. There I stood, in a state of horrid expectation, my soul ravaged with the different passions that assailed it, until the fatal moment arrived; when I perceived the traitor approach the window of a lower apartment, which led into that of Serafina, and, gently lifting the casement, which was purposely left unsecured, insinuated half of his body into the house: then rushing upon him, in a transport of fury, I plunged my sword into his heart, crying, "Villain! receive the reward of thy treachery and presumption."

The steel was so well aimed as to render a repetition of the stroke unnecessary; he uttered one groan, and fell breathless at my feet. Exulting with this first success of my revenge, I penetrated into the chamber where the robber of my peace was expected by the unhappy Serafina and her mother, who, seeing me enter with a most savage aspect, and a sword reeking with the vengeance I had taken, seemed almost petrified with fear. "Behold, (said I) the blood of that base plebeian, who made an attempt upon the honour of my house: your conspiracy against the unfortunate Don Diego de Zelos is now discovered; that presumptuous slave, the favoured Orlando, is now no more."

Scarce had I pronounced these words, when a loud scream was uttered by both the unhappy victims. "If Orlando is slain (cried the infatuated Serafina), what have I to do with life? O my dear lord! my husband, and my lover! how are our promised joys at once cut off! here strike, my father, complete your barbarous sacrifice, the spirit of the murdered Orlando still hovers for his wife." These frantic exclamations, in which she was joined by Antonia, kept up the fury of my resentment, which by meekness and submission might have been weakened and rendered ineffectual. "Yes, hapless wretches (I replied), ye shall enjoy your wish: the honour of my name requires that both shall die; yet I will not mangle the breast of Antonia, on which I have so often reposed; I will not shed the blood of Zelos, nor disfigure the beauteous form of Serafina, on which I have so often gazed with wonder and unspeakable delight: here is an elixir, to which I trust the consummation of my revenge."

So saying, I emptied the vials into separate cups, and, presenting one in each hand, the miserable, the fair offenders, instantly received the destined draughts, which they drank without hesitation; then, praying to Heaven for the wretched Don Diego, sunk upon the same couch, and expired without a groan. "O well-contrived beverage! O happy composition, by which all the miseries of life are so easily cured!"

Such was the fate of Antonia and Serafina; these hands were the instruments that deprived them of life, these eyes beheld them the richest prize that death had ever won. Powers supreme! does Don Diego live to make this recapitulation? I have done my duty; but, ah! I am haunted by the furies of remorse: I am tortured with the incessant stings of remembrance and regret; even now the images of my wife and daughter present themselves to my imagination. All the scenes of happiness I have enjoyed as a lover, husband, and parent,—all the endearing hopes I have cherished, now pass in review before me, embittering the circumstances of my inexpressible woe; and I consider myself as a solitary outcast from all the comforts of society. But enough of these unmanly complaints, the yearnings of nature are too importunate.

Having completed my vengeance, I retired into my closet, and, furnishing myself with some ready money and jewels of considerable value, went into the stable, saddled my favourite steed, which I instantly mounted, and before the tumults of my breast subsided, found myself at the town of St Lucar. There I learned from inquiry, that there was a Dutch bark in the harbour ready to sail; upon which I addressed myself to the master, who, for a suitable gratification, was prevailed upon to weigh anchor that same night; so that, embarking without delay, I soon bid eternal adieu to my native country. It was not from reason and reflection that I took these measures for my personal safety; but in consequence of an involuntary instinct, that seems to operate in the animal machine, while the faculty of thinking is suspended.

To what a dreadful reckoning was I called, when reason resumed her function! You may believe me, my friend, when I assure you, that I should not have outlived those tragedies I acted, had I not been restrained from doing violence upon myself by certain considerations, which no man of honour ought to set aside. I could not bear the thought of falling ingloriously by the hand of an executioner, and entailing disgrace upon a family that knew no stain; and I was deterred from putting an end to my own misery, by the apprehensions of posthumous censure, which would have represented me as a desponding wretch, utterly destitute of that patience, fortitude, and resignation, which are the characteristics of a true Castilian. I was also influenced by religious motives, that suggested to me the necessity of living to atone, by my sufferings and sorrow, for the guilt I had incurred in complying with a savage punctilio, which is, I fear, displeasing in the sight of Heaven.

These were the reasons that opposed my entrance into that peaceful harbour which death presented to my view; and they were soon reinforced by another principle that sanctioned my determination to continue at the servile oar of life. In consequence of unfavourable winds, our vessel for some days made small progress in her voyage to Holland, and near the coast of Gallicia we were joined by an English ship from Vigo, the master of which gave us to understand, that before he set sail a courier had arrived from Madrid at that place, with orders for the corregidor to prevent the escape of any native Spaniard by sea from any port within his district; and to use his utmost endeavours to apprehend the person of Don Diego de Zelos, who was suspected of treasonable practices against the state. Such an order, with a minute description of my person, was at the same time despatched to all the seaports and frontier places in Spain.

You may easily suppose how I, who was already overwhelmed with distress, could bear this aggravation of misfortune and disgrace: I, who had always maintained the reputation of loyalty, which was acquired at the hazard of my life and the expense of my blood. To deal candidly, I must own, that this intelligence roused me from a lethargy of grief, which had begun to overpower my faculties. I immediately imputed this dishonourable charge to the evil offices of some villain, who had basely taken the advantage of my deplorable situation, and I was inflamed, inspirited with the desire of vindicating my fame, and revenging the injury. Thus animated, I resolved to disguise myself effectually from the observation of those spies which every nation finds its account in employing in foreign countries; I purchased this habit from the Dutch navigator, in whose house I kept myself concealed, after our arrival at Amsterdam, until my beard was grown to a sufficient length to favour my design, and then appeared as a Persian dealer in jewels. As I could gain no satisfactory information touching myself in this country, had no purpose to pursue, and was extremely miserable among a people, who, being mercenary and unsocial, were very ill adapted to alleviate the horrors of my condition; I gratified my landlord for his important services, with the best part of my effects; and having, by his means, procured a certificate from the magistracy, repaired to Rotterdam, from whence I set out in a travelling carriage for Antwerp, on my way to this capital; hoping, with a succession of different objects, to mitigate the anguish of my mind, and, by the most industrious inquiry, to learn such particulars of that false impeachment as would enable me to take measures for my own justification, as well as for projecting a plan of revenge against the vile perfidious author.

This, I imagined, would be no difficult task, considering the friendship and intercourse subsisting between the Spanish and French nations, and the communicative disposition for which the Parisians are renowned; but I have found

myself egregiously deceived in my expectation: the officers of the police in this city are so inquisitive and vigilant, that the most minute action of a stranger is scrutinized with great severity; and, although the inhabitants are very frank in discoursing on different subjects, they are at the same time extremely cautious in avoiding all conversation that turns upon state occurrences and maxims of government. In a word, the peculiarity of my appearance subjects me so much to particular observation, that I have hitherto thought proper to devour my griefs in silence, and even to bear the want of almost every convenience, rather than hazard a premature discovery, by offering my jewels to sale.

In this emergency I have been so far fortunate as to become acquainted with you, whom I look upon as a man of honour and humanity. Indeed, I was at first sight prepossessed in your favour: for, notwithstanding the mistakes which men daily commit in judging from appearances, there is something in the physiognomy of a stranger from which one cannot help forming an opinion of his character and disposition. For once, my penetration hath not failed me; your behaviour justifies my decision; you have treated me with that sympathy and respect which none but the generous will pay to the unfortunate. I have trusted you accordingly: I have put my life, my honour in your power; and I must beg leave to depend upon your friendship, for obtaining that satisfaction for which alone I seek to live. Your employment engages you in the gay world: you daily mingle with the societies of men; the domestics of the Spanish ambassador will not shun your acquaintance; you may frequent the coffee-houses to which they resort; and, in the course of these occasions, unsuspected inform yourself of that mysterious charge which lies heavy on the fame of the unfortunate Don Diego. I must likewise implore your assistance in converting my jewels into money, that I may breathe independent of man, until Heaven shall permit me to finish this weary pilgrimage of life.

CHAP. XXVII.

A flagrant instance of Fathom's virtue, in the manner of his retreat to England.

Fathom, who had lent an attentive ear to every circumstance of this disastrous story, no sooner heard it concluded, than, with an aspect of generous and cordial compassion, not even unattended with tears, he condoled the lamentable fate of Don Diego de Zelos, deplored the untimely death of the gentle Antonia and the fair Serafina, and undertook the interests of the wretched Castilian with such warmth of sympathizing zeal, as drew a flood from his eyes, while he wrung his benefactor's hand in a transport of gratitude. Those were literally tears of joy, or at least of satisfaction, on both sides; as our hero wept with affection and attachment to the jewels that were to be committed to his care: but, far from discovering the true source of his tenderness, he affected to dissuade the Spaniard from parting with the diamonds, which he counselled him to reserve for a more pressing occasion; and in the mean time, earnestly entreated him to depend upon his friendship for present relief. This generous proffer served only to confirm Don Diego's resolution, which he forthwith executed, by putting into the hands of Ferdinand jewels to the value of a thousand crowns, and desiring him to detain for his own use any part of the sum they would raise. Our adventurer thanked him for the good opinion he entertained of his integrity, an opinion fully manifested in honouring him with such important confidence, and assured him he would transact his affairs with the utmost diligence, caution, and despatch. The evening being by this time almost consumed, these new allies retired separately to rest; though each passed the night without repose, in very different reflections, the Castilian being, as usual, agitated with the unceasing pangs of his unalterable misery, interspersed with gleaming hopes of revenge; and Fathom being kept awake with revolving plans for turning his fellow-lodger's credulity to his own advantage. From the nature of the Spaniard's situation he might have appropriated the jewels to himself, and remained in Paris without fear of a prosecution, because the injured party had, by the above narrative, left his life and liberty at discretion. But he did not think himself secure from the personal resentment of an enraged desperate Castilian; and therefore determined to withdraw himself privately into that country where he had all along proposed to fix the standard of his finesse, which fortune had now empowered him to exercise according to his wish.

Bent upon this retreat, he went abroad in the morning, on pretence of acting in the concerns of his friend Don Diego, and having hired a post-chaise to be ready at the dawn of next day, returned to his lodgings, where he cajoled the Spaniard with a feigned report of his negotiation; then, securing his most valuable effects about his person, arose with the cock, repaired to the place at which he had appointed to meet the postilion with the carriage, and set out for England without further delay, leaving the unhappy Zelos to the horrors of indigence, and the additional agony of this fresh disappointment. Yet he was not the only person affected by the abrupt departure of Fathom, which was hastened by the importunities, threats, and reproaches of his landlord's daughter, whom he had debauched under promise of marriage, and now left in the fourth month of her pregnancy.

Notwithstanding the dangerous adventure in which he had been formerly involved by travelling in the night, he did not think proper to make the usual halts on this journey, for sleep or refreshment, nor did he once quit the chaise till his arrival at Boulogne, which he reached in twenty hours after his departure from Paris.—Here he thought he might safely indulge himself with a comfortable meal; accordingly he bespoke a poulard for dinner, and while that was preparing, went forth to view the city and harbour. When he beheld the white cliffs of Albion, his heart throbbed with all the joy of a beloved son, who, after a tedious and fatiguing voyage, reviews the chimneys of his father's house: he surveyed the neighbouring coast of England with fond and longing eyes, like another Moses, reconnoitring the land of Canaan from the top of Mount Pisgah; and to such a degree of impatience was he inflamed by the sight, that, instead of proceeding to Calais, he resolved to take his passage directly from Boulogne, even if he should hire a vessel for the purpose. With these sentiments, he inquired if there was any ship bound for England, and was so fortunate as to find the master of a small bark, who intended to weigh anchor for Deal that same evening at high water.

Transported with this information, he immediately agreed for his passage, sold the post-chaise to his landlord for thirty guineas, as a piece of furniture for which he could have no further use, purchased a portmanteau, together with some linen and wearing apparel, and, at the recommendation of his host, took into his service an extra-postilion or helper, who had formerly wore the livery of a travelling marquis. This new domestic, whose name was Maurice, underwent, with great applause, the examination of our hero, who perceived in him a fund of sagacity and presence of mind, by which he was excellently qualified for being the valet of an adventurer: he was therefore accommodated with a second-hand suit, and another shirt, and at once listed under the banners of Count Fathom, who spent the whole afternoon in giving him proper instructions for the regulation of his conduct.

Having settled these preliminaries to his own satisfaction, he and his baggage were embarked about six o'clock in the month of September, and it was not without emotion that he found himself benighted upon the great deep, of which, before the preceding day, he had never enjoyed even the most distant prospect. However, he was not a man to be afraid where there was really no appearance of danger; and the agreeable presages of future fortune supported his spirits, amidst the disagreeable nausea which commonly attends landmen at sea, until he was set ashore upon the beach at Deal, which he entered in good health about seven o'clock in the morning.

Like Cæsar, however, he found some difficulty in landing, on account of the swelling surf, that tumbled about with such violence, as had almost overset the cutter that carried him on shore; and, in his eagerness to jump upon the strand, his foot slipped from the side of the boat, so that he was thrown forward in an horizontal direction, and his hands were the first part of him that touched the English ground. Upon this occasion he, in imitation of Scipio's behaviour on the coast of Africa, hailed the omen, and, grasping an handful of the sand, was heard to exclaim, in the Italian language,—"Ah ha, Old England, I have thee fast."

As he walked up to the inn, followed by Maurice loaded with his portmanteau, he congratulated himself upon his happy voyage, and the peaceable possession of his spoil, and could not help snuffing up the British air with marks of infinite relish and satisfaction. His first care was to recompense himself for the want of sleep he had undergone, and, after he had sufficiently recruited himself with several hours of uninterrupted repose, he set out in a post-chaise for Canterbury, where he took a place in the London stage, which he was told would depart next morning, the coach being already full. On this very first day of his arrival, he perceived between the English and the people among whom he had hitherto lived, such essential difference in customs, appearance, and way of living, as inspired him with high notions of that British freedom, opulence, and convenience, on which he had often heard his mother expatiate. On the road, he feasted his eye-sight with the verdant hills covered with flocks of sheep, the fruitful vales parcelled out into cultivated enclosures: the very cattle seemed to profit by the wealth of their masters, being large, sturdy, and sleek, and every peasant breathed the insolence of liberty and independence. In a word, he viewed the wide-extended plains of Kent with a lover's eye, and, his ambition becoming romantic, could not help fancying himself another conqueror of the isle.

He was not, however, long amused by these vain chimeras, which soon vanished before other reflections of more importance and solidity. His imagination, it must be owned, was at all times too chaste to admit those overweening hopes, which often mislead the mind of a projector. He had studied mankind with incredible diligence, and knew perfectly well how far he could depend on the passions and foibles of human nature. That he might now act consistently with his former sagacity, he resolved to pass himself upon his fellow-travellers for a French gentleman, equally a stranger to the language and country of England, in order to glean from their discourse such intelligence as might avail him in his future operations; and his lacquey was tutored accordingly.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Some account of his Fellow-travellers.

Those who had taken places for the coach, understanding the sixth seat was engaged by a foreigner, determined to profit by his ignorance; and, with that politeness which is peculiar to this happy island, fixed themselves in the vehicle, in such a manner, before he had the least intimation of their design, that he found it barely practicable to insinuate himself sidelong between a corpulent quaker and a fat Wapping landlady, in which attitude he stuck fast, like a thin quarto between two voluminous dictionaries on a bookseller's shelf: and, as if the pain and inconvenience of such compression was not sufficient matter of chagrin, the greatest part of the company entertained themselves with laughing at his ludicrous station.

The jolly dame at his left hand observed, with a loud exclamation of mirth, that monsieur would be soon better acquainted with a buttock of English beef; and said, by that time they should arrive at their dining-place, he might be spitted without larding. "Yes, verily, (replied Obadiah, who was a wag in his way), but the swine's fat will be all on one side." "So much the better for you (cried mine hostess), for that side is all your own." The quaker was not so much disconcerted by the quickness of this repartee, but that he answered with great deliberation, "I thank thee for thy love, but will not profit by thy loss; especially as I like not the savour of these outlandish fowls; they are profane birds of passage, relished only by the children of vanity, like thee."

The plump gentlewoman took umbrage at this last expression, which she considered as a double reproach, and repeated the words, "Children of vanity!" with an emphasis of resentment. "I believe, if the truth were known (said she), there's more vanity than midriff in that great belly of your's, for all your pretending to humility and religion. Sirrah! my corporation is made up of good, wholesome English fat; but you are puffed up with the wind of vanity and delusion; and when it begins to gripe your entrails, you pretend to have a motion, and then get up and preach nonsense: Yet, you'll take it upon you to call your betters children: Marry come up, Mr Goose-cap, I have got children that are as good men as you, or any hypocritical trembler in England."

A person who sat opposite to the quaker, hearing this remonstrance, which seemed pregnant with contention, interposed in the conversation with a conscious leer, and begged there might be no rupture between the spirit and the flesh. By this remonstrance he relieved Obadiah from the satire of this female orator, and brought the whole vengeance of her elocution upon his own head. "Flesh (cried she, with all the ferocity of an enraged Thalestris), none of your names, Mr Yellow-chaps. What! I warrant you have an antipathy to flesh, because you yourself are nothing but skin and bone. I suppose you are some poor starved journeyman tailor come from France, where you have been learning to cabbage, and have not seen a good meal of victuals these seven years: you have been living upon rye-bread and soup-maigre, and now you come over like a walking atomy, with a rat's tail at your wig, and a tinsey jacket: and so, forsooth, you set up for a gentleman, and pretend to find fault with a surloin of roast beef."

The gentleman heard this address with admirable patience, and when she had rung out her alarm, very coolly replied, "Any thing but your stinking fish, madam. Since when, I pray, have you travelled in stage-coaches, and left off your old profession of crying oysters in winter, and rotten mackarel in June? You was then known by the name of Kate Brawn, and in good repute among the ale-houses in Thames-street, till that unlucky amour with the master of a corn vessel, in which he was unfortunately detected by his own spouse; but you seem to have risen by that fall; and I wish you joy of your present plight: though, considering your education on Bear-key, you can give but a sorry account of yourself."

The amazon, though neither exhausted nor dismayed, was really confounded at the temper and assurance of this antagonist, who had gathered all these anecdotes from the fertility of his own invention; after a short pause, however, she poured forth a torrent of obloquy sufficient to overwhelm any person who had not been used to take up arms against such seas of trouble; and a dispute ensued, which would have not only disgraced the best orators on the Thames, but even have made a figure in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, during which the Athenian matrons rallied one another from different waggons, with that freedom of altercation so happily preserved in this our age and country.

Such a redundancy of epithets, and variety of metaphors, tropes, and figures, were uttered between these well-matched opponents, that an epic bard would have found his account in listening to the contest; which, in all probability, would not have been confined to words, had it not been interrupted for the sake of a young woman of an agreeable countenance and modest carriage; who, being shocked at some of their flowers of speech, and terrified by the menacing looks and gestures of the fiery-featured dame, began to scream aloud, and beg leave to quit the coach. Her perturbation put an end to the high debate. The sixth passenger, who had not opened his mouth, endeavoured to comfort her with assurances of protection; the quaker

proposed a cessation of arms; the male disputant acquiesced in the proposal, assuring the company he had entered the lists for their entertainment only, without acquiring the least grudge or ill-will to the fat gentlewoman, whom he protested he had never seen before that day, and who, for aught he knew, was a person of credit and reputation. He then held forth his hand in token of amity, and asked pardon of the offended party, who was appeased by his submission; and, in testimony of her benevolence, presented to the other female, whom she had discomposed, an Hungary-water bottle filled with cherry-brandy, recommending it as a much more powerful remedy than the sal volatile which the other held to her nose.

Peace being thus re-established, in a treaty, comprehending Obadiah and all present, it will not be improper to give the reader some further information, touching the several characters assembled in this vehicle. The quaker was a London merchant, who had been at Deal superintending the repairs of a ship which had suffered by a storm in the Downs. The Wapping landlady was on her return from the same place, where she had attended the payment of a man of war, with sundry powers of attorney, granted by the sailors who had lived upon credit at her house. Her competitor in fame was a dealer in wine, a smuggler of French lace, and a petty gamester just arrived from Paris, in the company of an English barber, who sat on his right hand; and the young woman was daughter of a country curate, in her way to London, where she was bound apprentice to a milliner.

Hitherto Fathom had sat in silent astonishment at the manners of his fellow-travellers, which far exceeded the notions he had preconceived of English plainness and rusticity: he found himself a monument of that disregard and contempt which a stranger never fails to meet with from the inhabitants of this island; and saw, with surprise, an agreeable young creature sit as solitary and unheeded as himself. He was, indeed, allured by the roses of her complexion, and the innocence of her aspect, and began to repent of having pretended ignorance of the language, by which he was restrained from exercising his eloquence upon her heart; he resolved, however, to ingratiate himself, if possible, by the courtesy and politeness of dumb shew, and for that purpose put his eyes in motion without farther delay.

CHAP. XXIX.

Another providential deliverance from the effects of the smuggler's ingenious conjecture.

During these deliberations, the wine-merchant, with a view to make a parade of his superior parts and breeding, as well as to pave the way for a match at backgammon, made a tender of his snuff-box to our adventurer, and asked, in bad French, how he travelled from Paris. This question produced a series of interrogations concerning the place of Ferdinand's abode in that city, and his business in England; so that he was fain to practise the science of defence, and answered with such ambiguity as aroused the suspicion of the smuggler, who began to believe our hero had some very cogent reason for evading his curiosity. He immediately set his reflection at work, and, after various conjectures, fixed upon Fathom's being the young Pretender. Big with this supposition, he eyed him with the most earnest attention, comparing his features with those of the chevalier's portrait, which he had seen in France, and though the faces were as unlike as any two human faces could be, found the resemblance so striking as to dispel all his doubts, and persuade him to introduce the stranger to some justice on the road,—a step by which he would not only manifest his zeal for the protestant succession, but also acquire the splendid reward proposed by parliament, to any person who should apprehend that famous adventurer.

These ideas intoxicated the brain of this man to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he actually believed himself in possession of the thirty thousand pounds, and amused his fancy with a variety of magnificent projects to be executed by means of that acquisition, until his reverie was interrupted by the halting of the coach at the inn where the passengers used to eat their breakfasts. Waked as he was from the dream of happiness, it had made such impression upon his mind, that, seeing Fathom rise up with an intention to alight, he took it for granted his design was to escape, and, seizing him by the collar, called aloud for assistance in the king's name.

Our hero, whose sagacity and presence of mind very often supplied the place of courage, instead of being terrified at this assault, which might have disturbed the tranquillity of an ordinary villain, was so perfectly master of every circumstance of his own situation, as to know at once that the aggressor could not possibly have the least cause of complaint against him; and, therefore, imputing this violence either to madness or mistake, very deliberately suffered himself to be made prisoner by the people of the house, who ran to the coach-door in obedience to the summons of the wine-merchant. The rest of the company were struck dumb with surprise and consternation at this sudden adventure; and the quaker, dreading some fell resistance on the side of the outlandish man, unpinned the other coach-door in the twinkling of an eye, and trundled himself into the mud for safety. The others, seeing the temper and resignation of the prisoner, soon recovered their recollection, and began to inquire into the cause

of his arrest: upon which the captor, whose teeth chattered with terror and impatience, gave them to understand that he was a state criminal, and demanded their help in conveying him to justice.

Luckily for both parties, there happened to be at the inn a company of squires just returned from the death of a leash of hares, which they had ordered to be dressed for dinner, and among these gentlemen was one of the quorum, to whom the accuser had immediate recourse, marching before the captive, who walked very peaceably between the landlord and one of his waiters, and followed by a crowd of spectators, some of whom had secured the faithful Maurice, who in his behaviour closely imitated the deliberation of his master. In this order did the procession advance to the apartment in which the magistrate, with his fellows of the chace, sat smoking his morning pipe over a tankard of strong ale; and the smuggler being directed to the right person, "May it please your worship (said he), I have brought this foreigner before you, on a violent suspicion of his being a proclaimed outlaw; and I desire, before these witnesses, that my title may be made good to the reward that shall become due upon his conviction."

"Friend (replied the justice), I know nothing of you nor your titles; but this I know, if you have any information to give in, you must come to my house when I am at home, and proceed in a lawful way, that is, d'ye mind me, if you swear as how this here person is an outlaw, then if so be as he has nothing to say to the contrary, my clerk shall make out a mittimus, and so to jail with him till next size." "But, sir (answered the impeacher), this is a case that admits of no delay; the person I have apprehended is a prisoner of consequence to the state." "How, fellow! (cried the magistrate, interrupting him,) is there any person of more consequence than one of his majesty's justices of the peace, who is besides a considerable member of the landed interest! D'ye know, sirrah, who you are talking to? If you don't go about your business, I believe I shall lay you by the heels."

The smuggler, fearing his prize would escape through the ignorance, pride, and obstinacy of this country justice, approached his worship, and, in a whisper which was overheard by all the company, assured him he had indubitable reason to believe the foreigner was no other than the pretender's eldest son. At mention of this formidable name, every individual of the audience started, with signs of terror and amazement. The justice dropped his pipe, recoiled upon his chair, and, looking most ridiculously aghast, exclaimed, "Seize him, in the name of God and his majesty King George! Has he got no secret arms about him?"

Fathom being thus informed of the suspicion under which he stood, could not help smiling at the eagerness with which the spectators flew upon him; and suffered himself to be searched with great composure, well knowing they would find no moveables about his person but such as upon examination would turn to his account; he therefore very calmly presented to the magistrate his purse, and a small box that contained his jewels, and in the French language desired they might be preserved from the hands of the mob. This request was interpreted by the accuser, who, at the same time, laid claim to the booty. The justice took charge of the deposite, and one of his neighbours having undertaken the office of clerk, he proceeded to the examination of the culprit, whose papers were by this time laid on the table before him. "Stranger (said he), you stand charged with being son of the pretender to these realms: what have you to say in your own defence?' Our hero assured him, in the French language, that he was falsely impeached, and demanded justice on the accuser, who, without the least reason, had made such a malicious attack upon the life and honour of an innocent gentleman.

The smuggler, instead of acting the part of a faithful interpreter, told his worship, that the prisoner's answer was no more than a simple denial, which every felon would make, who had nothing else to plead in his own behalf, and that this alone was a strong presumption of his guilt; because, if he was not really the person they suspected him to be, the thing would speak for itself; for, if he was not the young pretender, who then was he? This argument had great weight with the justice, who, assuming a very important aspect, observed, "Very true, friend, if you are not the pretender, in the name of God, who are you? One may see with half an eye that he is no better than a promiscuous fellow."

Ferdinand now began to repent of having pretended ignorance of the English language, as he found himself at the mercy of a vassal, who put a false gloss upon all his words; and addressed himself to the audience successively in French, High Dutch, Italian, and Hungarian Latin, desiring to know if any person present understood any of these tongues, that his answers might be honestly explained to the bench. But he might have accosted them in Chinese with the same success: there was not one person present tolerably versed in his mother-tongue, much less acquainted with any foreign language, except the wine-merchant, who, incensed at this appeal, which he considered as an affront to his integrity, gave the judge to understand, that the delinquent, instead of speaking to the purpose, contumaciously insulted his authority in sundry foreign lingoes, which he apprehended was an additional proof of his be-

ing the chevalier's son, inasmuch as no person would take the pains to learn such a variety of gibberish, except with some sinister intent.

This annotation was not lost upon the squire, who was too jealous of the honour of his office to overlook such a flagrant instance of contempt. His eyes glistened, his cheeks were inflated with rage: "The case is plain (said he), having nothing of signification to offer in his own favour, he grows refractory, and abuses the court in his base Roman Catholic jargon: but I'll let you know, for all you pretend to be a prince, you are no better than an outlawed vagrant; and I'll shew you what a thing you are, when you come in composition with an English justice, like me, who have more than once extinguished myself in the service of my country. As nothing else accrues, your purse, black box, and papers, shall be sealed up before witnesses, and sent by express to one of his majesty's secretaries of state; and, as for yourself, I will apply to the military at Canterbury, for a guard to conduct you to London."

This was a very unwelcome declaration to our adventurer, who was on the point of haranguing the justice and spectators in their own language, when he was relieved from the necessity of taking that step by the interposition of a young nobleman just arrived at the inn, who, being informed of this strange examination, entered the court, and, at first sight of the prisoner, assured the justice he was imposed upon; for that he himself had often seen the young pretender in Paris, and that there was no kind of resemblance between that adventurer and the person now before him. The accuser was not a little mortified at his lordship's affirmation, which met with all due regard from the bench, though the magistrate took notice, that, granting the prisoner was not the young chevalier himself, it was highly probable he was an emissary of that house, as he could give no satisfactory account of himself, and was possessed of things of such value as no honest man would expose to the accidents of the road.

Fathom, having thus found an interpreter, who signified to him, in the French tongue, the doubts of the justice, told his lordship, that he was a gentleman of a noble house in Germany, who, for certain reasons, had come abroad incognito, with a view to see the world; and that, although the letters they had seized would prove the truth of that assertion, he should be loath to expose his private concerns to the knowledge of strangers, if he could possibly be released without that mortification. The young nobleman explained his desire to the court; but, his own curiosity being interested, observed, at the same time, that the justice could not be said to have discharged the duties of his station, until he should have examined every circumstance relating to the prisoner: upon which remonstrance, he was requested by the bench to peruse the papers, and accordingly communicated the substance of one letter, to this effect:

"My dear Son,

"Though I am far from approving the rash step you have taken in withdrawing yourself from your father's house, in order to avoid an engagement which would have been equally honourable and advantageous to your family, I cannot so far suppress my affection, as to bear the thought of your undergoing those hardships which, for your disobedience, you deserve to suffer. I have therefore, without the knowledge of your father, sent the bearer to attend you in your peregrinations; his fidelity you know hath been tried in a long course of service, and I have entrusted to his care, for your use, a purse of two hundred ducats, and a box of jewels to the value of twice that sum, which, though not sufficient to support an equipage suitable to your birth, will at least for some time preserve you from the importunities of want. When you are dutiful enough to explain your designs and situation, you may expect further indulgence from your too tender and disconsolate mother,

The Countess of Fathom."

This letter, which, as well as the others, our hero had forged for the purpose, effectually answered his intent, in throwing dust in the eyes and understanding of the spectators, who now regarded the prisoner with looks of respectful remorse, as a man of quality who had been falsely accused: his lordship, to make a parade of his own politeness and importance, assured the bench, he was no stranger to the family of the Fathoms, and, with a compliment, gave Ferdinand to understand he had formerly seen him at Versailles. There being no longer room for suspicion, the justice ordered our adventurer to be set at liberty, and even invited him to be seated, with an apology for the rude manner in which he had been treated, owing to the misinformation of the accuser, who was threatened with the stocks for his malice and presumption.

But this was not the only triumph our hero obtained over the wine-merchant. Maurice was no sooner unfettered, than, advancing into the middle of the room, "My lord (said he, addressing himself in French to his master's deliverer), since you have been so generous as to protect a noble stranger from the danger of such a false accusation, I hope you will still lay an additional obligation upon the Count, by retorting the vengeance of the law upon his perfidious accuser, whom I know to be a trader in those articles of merchandise which are prohibited by the ordinances of this nation. I have seen him lately at Boulogne, and am perfectly well acquainted with some persons who have

supplied him with French lace and embroidery; and, as a proof of what I allege, I desire you will order him and this barber, who is his understrapper, to be examined on the spot."

This charge, which was immediately explained to the bench, yielded extraordinary satisfaction to the spectators, one of whom, being an officer of the customs, forthwith began to exercise his function upon the unlucky perruquier, who, being stripped of his upper garments, and even of his shirt, appeared like the mummy of an Egyptian king, most curiously rolled up in bandages of rich figured gold shalloon, that covered the skirts of four embroidered waistcoats. The merchant, seeing his expectation so unhappily reversed, made an effort to retire with a most rueful aspect, but was prevented by the officer, who demanded the interposition of the civil power, that he might undergo the same examination to which the other had been subjected. He was accordingly rifled without loss of time, and the inquiry proved well worth the care of him who made it; for a considerable bulk of the same sort of merchandise was found in his boots, breeches, hat, and between the buckram and lining of his surtout. Yet, not contented with this prize, the experienced spoiler proceeded to search his baggage, and perceiving a false bottom in his portmanteau, detected beneath it a valuable accession to the plunder he had already obtained.

CHAP. XXX.

The singular manner of Fathom's attack and triumph over the virtue of the fair Elenor.

Proper cognisance being thus taken of these contraband effects, and the informer furnished with a certificate, by which he was entitled to a share of the seizure, the coachman summoned his passengers to the carriage; the purse and jewels were restored to Count Fathom, who thanked the justice, and his lordship in particular, for the candour and hospitality with which he had been treated, and resumed his place in the vehicle, amidst the congratulations of all his fellow-travellers, except the two forlorn smugglers, who, instead of re-embarking in the coach, thought proper to remain at the inn, with a view to mitigate, if possible, the severity of their misfortune.

Among those who felicitated Fathom upon the issue of this adventure, the young maiden seemed to express the most sensible pleasure at that event. The artful language of his eyes had raised in her breast certain fluttering emotions, before she knew the value of her conquest; but now that his rank and condition were discovered, these transports were increased by the ideas of vanity and ambition, which are mingled with the first seeds of every female constitution. The belief of having captivated the heart of a man who could raise her to the rank and dignity of a countess, produced such agreeable sensations in her fancy, that her eyes shone with unusual lustre, and a continual smile played in dimples on her rosy cheeks; so that her attractions, though not powerful enough to engage the affection, were yet sufficient to inflame the desire of our adventurer, who very honestly marked her chastity for prey to his voluptuous passion. Had she been well seasoned with knowledge and experience, and completely armed with caution against the artifices and villainy of man, her virtue might not have been able to withstand the engines of such an assailant, considering the dangerous opportunities to which she was necessarily exposed: how easy then must his victory have been over an innocent unsuspecting country damsel, flushed with the warmth of youth, and an utter stranger to the ways of life.

While Obadiah, therefore, and his plump companion, were engaged in conversation, on the strange incidents which had passed, Fathom acted a very expressive pantomime with this fair buxom nymph, who comprehended his meaning with surprising facility, and was at no little pains to conceal the pleasure she took in this kind of intercourse, that several warm squeezes were interchanged between her and her lover, before they arrived at Rochester, where they proposed to dine. It was during this period, he learned from the answers she made to the inquisitive quaker, that her sole dependence was upon a relation, to whom she had a letter, and that she was a perfect stranger in the great city,—circumstances on which he soon formed the project of her ruin.

Upon their arrival at the Black Bull, he for the first time found himself alone with his Amanda, whose name was Elenor, their fellow-travellers being elsewhere employed about their own concerns; and, unwilling to lose the precious opportunity, he began to act the part of a very importunate lover, which he conceived to be a proper sequel to the prelude which had been performed in the coach. The freedoms which she, out of pure simplicity and good humour, permitted him to take with her hand, and even her rosy lips, encouraged him to practise other familiarities upon her fair bosom, which scandalized her virtue so much, that, in spite of the passion she had begun to indulge in his behalf, she rejected his advances with all the marks of anger and disdain; and he found it necessary to appease the storm he had raised, by the most respectful and submissive demeanour; resolving to change his operations, and carry on his attacks, so as to make her yield at discretion, without alarming her religion or pride. Accordingly, when the bill was called after dinner, he took particular notice of her behaviour, and, perceiving her pull out a large leathern purse that contained her money, re-

connoitred the pocket in which it was deposited, and, while they sat close to each other in the carriage, conveyed it with admirable dexterity into an hole in the cushion. Whether the corpulent couple, who sat opposite to these lovers, had entered into an amorous engagement at the inn, or were severally induced by other motives, is uncertain; but, sure it is, both left the coach on that part of the road which lies nearest to Gravesend, and bade adieu to the other pair, on pretence of having urgent business at that place.

Ferdinand, not a little pleased at their departure, renewed his most pathetic expressions of love, and sung several French songs on that tender subject, which seemed to thrill to the soul of his beauteous Helen. While the driver halted at Dartford to water his horses, she was smit with the appearance of some cheesecakes, which were presented by the landlady of the house, and having bargained for two or three, put her hand in her pocket, in order to pay for her purchase; but what was her astonishment, when, after having rummaged her equipage, she understood her whole fortune was lost! This mishap was by a loud shriek announced to our hero, who affected infinite amazement and concern; and no sooner learned the cause of her affliction, than he presented her with his own purse, from which he, in emphatic dumb shew, begged she would indemnify herself for the damage she had sustained. Although this kind proffer was some alleviation of her misfortunes, she did not fail to pour forth a most piteous lamentation, importing that she had not only lost all her money, amounting to five pounds, but also her letter of recommendation, upon which she had altogether relied for present employment.

The vehicle was minutely searched from top to bottom, by herself and our adventurer, assisted by Maurice and the coachman, who, finding their inquiry ineffectual, did not scruple to declare his suspicion of the two fat turtles who had deserted the coach in such an abrupt manner. In a word, he rendered this conjecture so plausible, by wresting the circumstances of their behaviour and retreat, that poor Elenor implicitly believed they were the thieves by whom she had suffered; and was prevailed upon to accept the proffered assistance of the generous Count, who, seeing her very much disordered by this mischance, insisted upon her drinking a large glass of Canary to quiet the perturbation of her spirits. This is a season which, of all others, is most propitious to the attempts of an artful lover; and justifies the metaphorical maxim of fishing in troubled waters. There is an affinity and short transition betwixt all the violent passions that agitate the human mind: they are all false perspectives, which, though they magnify, yet perplex and render indistinct every object which they represent: and flattery is never so successfully administered, as to those who know they stand in need of friendship, assent, and approbation.

The cordial she swallowed, far from calming, increased the disturbance of her thoughts, and produced an intoxication; during which, she talked in an incoherent strain, laughed and wept by turns, and acted other extravagancies, which are known to be symptoms of the hysterical affection. Fathom, though an utter stranger to the sentiments of honour, pity, and remorse, would not perpetrate his vicious purpose, though favoured by the delirium his villainy had entailed upon this unfortunate young maiden; because his appetite demanded a more perfect sacrifice than that which she could yield in her present deplorable situation, when her will must have been altogether unconcerned in his success. Determined, therefore, to make a conquest of her virtue, before he would take possession of her person, he mimicked that compassion and benevolence which his heart had never felt, and when the coach arrived at London, not only discharged what she owed for her place, but likewise procured for her an apartment in the house to which he himself had been directed for lodgings, and even hired a nurse to attend her during a severe fever, which was the consequence of her disappointment and despondence. Indeed she was supplied with all necessaries by the generosity of this noble Count, who, for the interest of his passion, and the honour of his name, was resolved to extend his charity to the last farthing of her own money, which he had been wise enough to secure for this purpose.

Her youth soon got the better of her distemper; and when she understood her obligations to the Count, who did not fail to attend her in person with great tenderness, her heart, which had been before prepossessed in his favour, now glowed with all the warmth of gratitude, esteem, and affection. She knew herself in a strange place, destitute of all resource but in his generosity: she loved his person, she was dazzled by his rank; and he knew so well how to improve the opportunities and advantages he derived from her unhappy situation, that he gradually proceeded in sapping from one degree of intimacy to another, until all the bulwarks of her chastity were undermined, and she submitted to his desire; not with the reluctance of a vanquished people, but with all the transports of a joyful city, that opens its gates to receive a darling prince returned from conquest: for by this time he had artfully concentred and kindled up all the inflammable ingredients of her constitution; and she now looked back upon the virtuous principles of her education, as upon a disagreeable and tedious dream, from which she had waked to the fruition of never-fading joy.

CHAP. XXXI.

He by accident encounters his old friend, with whom he holds a conference, and renews a treaty.

Our hero having thus provided himself with a proper subject for his hours of dalliance, thought it was now high time to study the ground which he had pitched upon for the scene of his exploits, and with that view made several excursions to different parts of the town, where there was aught of entertainment or instruction to be found: yet he always, on these occasions, appeared in an obscure ordinary dress, in order to avoid singularity, and never went twice to the same coffee-house, that his person might not be afterwards known, in case he should shine forth to the public in a superior sphere. On his return from one of these expeditions, while he was passing through Ludgate, his eyes were suddenly encountered by the apparition of his old friend the Tyroleze, who, perceiving himself fairly caught in the toil, made a virtue of necessity, and, running up to our adventurer with an aspect of eagerness and joy, clasped him in his arms, as some dear friend, whom he had casually found after a most tedious and disagreeable separation.

Fathom, whose genius never failed him in such emergencies, far from receiving these advances with the threats and reproaches which the other had deserved at his hands, returned the salute with equal warmth, and was really overjoyed at meeting with a person who might one way or other make amends for the perfidy of his former conduct. The Tyroleze, whose name was Ratcheali, pleased with his reception, proposed they should adjourn to the next tavern, in which they had no sooner taken possession of an apartment, than he addressed himself to his old companion in these words:

"Mr Fathom, by your frank and obliging manner of treating a man who hath done you wrong, I am more and more confirmed in my opinion of your sagacity, which I have often considered with admiration: I will not therefore attempt to make an apology for my conduct at our last parting; but only assure you that this meeting may turn out to our mutual advantage, if we now re-enter into an unreserved union, the ties of which we will soon find it our interest and inclination to preserve. For my own part, as my judgment is ripened by experience, so are my sentiments changed since our last association. I have seen many a rich harvest lost, for want of a fellow-labourer in the vineyard; and I have more than once fallen a sacrifice to a combination, which I could have resisted with the help of one able auxiliary. Indeed, I might prove what I allege by mathematical demonstration; and I believe nobody will pretend to deny, that two heads are better than one, in all cases that require discernment and deliberation."

Ferdinand could not help owning the sanity of his observations, and forthwith acquiesced in his proposal of the new alliance; desiring to know the character in which he acted on the English stage, and the scheme he would offer for their mutual emolument: at the same time he resolved within himself to keep such a strict eye over his future actions, as would frustrate any design he might hereafter harbour, of repeating the prank he had so successfully played upon him, in their journey from the banks of the Rhine.

"Having quitted you at Bar-le-duc (resumed the Tyroleze), I travelled without ceasing, until I arrived at Frankfort upon the Maine, where I assumed the character of a French chevalier, and struck some masterly strokes, which you yourself would not have deemed unworthy of your invention; and my success was the more agreeable, as my operations were chiefly carried on against the enemies of our religion: but my prosperity was not of long duration. Seeing they could not foil me at my own weapons, they formed a damned conspiracy, by which I not only lost all the fruits of my industry, but likewise ran the most imminent hazard of my life. I had ordered some of those jewels which I had borrowed of my good friend Fathom, to be new set in a fashionable taste, and soon after had an opportunity to sell one of these, at a great advantage, to one of the fraternity, who offered an extraordinary price for the stone, on purpose to effect my ruin. In less than four-and-twenty hours after this bargain, I was arrested by the officers of justice, upon the oath of the purchaser, who undertook to prove me guilty of a fraud, in selling a Saxon pebble for a real diamond: and this accusation was actually true; for the change had been artfully put upon me by the jeweller, who was himself engaged in the conspiracy.

"Had my conscience been clear of any other impeachment, perhaps I should have rested my cause upon the equity and protection of the law; but I foresaw that the trial would introduce an inquiry, to which I was not at all ambitious of submitting, and therefore was fain to compromise the affair, at the price of almost my whole fortune. Yet this accommodation was not made so secretly, but that my character was blasted, and my credit overthrown; so that I was fain to relinquish my occasional equipage, and hire myself as journeyman to a lapidary, an employment which I had exercised in my youth. In this obscure station, I laboured with great assiduity, until I made myself perfect in the knowledge of stones, as well as in the different methods of setting them off to the best advantage; and having, by dint of industry and address, got possession of a small parcel, set out for this kingdom, in which I happily arrived about four

months ago; and surely England is the paradise of artists of our profession.

"One would imagine, that nature had created the inhabitants for the support and enjoyment of adventurers like you and me. Not that these islanders open the arms of hospitality to all foreigners without distinction: on the contrary, they inherit from their fathers an unreasonable prejudice against all nations under the sun; and when an Englishman happens to quarrel with a stranger, the first term of reproach he uses is the name of his antagonist's country, characterized by some opprobrious epithet, such as a chattering Frenchman, an Italian ape, a German hog, and a beastly Dutchman; nay, their national prepossession is maintained even against those people with whom they are united under the same laws and government; for nothing is more common than to hear them exclaim against their fellow-subjects, in the expressions of a beggarly Scot, and an impudent Irish bog-trotter. Yet this very prejudice will never fail to turn to the account of every stranger possessed of ordinary talents; for he will always find opportunities of conversing with them in coffee-houses, and places of public resort, in spite of their professed reserve, which, by the bye, is so extraordinary, that I know some people who have lived twenty years in the same house, without exchanging one word with their next-door neighbours; yet, provided he can talk sensibly, and preserve the deportment of a sober gentleman, in those occasional conversations, his behaviour will be the more remarkably pleasing, as it will agreeably disappoint the expectation of the person who had entertained notions to his prejudice. When a foreigner has once crossed this bar, which perpetually occurs, he sails without further difficulty into the harbour of an Englishman's good-will; for the pique is neither personal nor rancorous, but rather contemptuous and national; so that, while he despises a people in the lump, an individual of that very community may be one of his chief favourites.

"The English are in general upright and honest, therefore unsuspecting and credulous: they are too much engrossed with their own business to pry into the conduct of their neighbours; and too indifferent, in point of disposition, to interest themselves in what they conceive to be foreign to their own concerns. They are wealthy and mercantile, of consequence liberal and adventurous, and so well disposed to take a man's own word for his importance, that they suffer themselves to be preyed upon by such a bungling set of impostors, as would starve for lack of address in any other country under the sun. This being a true sketch of the British character, so far as I have been able to observe and learn, you will easily comprehend the profits that may be extracted from it, by virtue of those arts by which you so eminently excel; *the great, the unbounded prospect lies before me!* Indeed, I look upon this opulent kingdom as a wide and fertile common, on which we adventurers may range for prey, without let or molestation: for so jealous are the natives of their liberties, that they will not bear the restraint of necessary *police*, and an able artist may enrich himself with their spoils, without running any risk of attracting the notice of the magistrate, or incurring the least penalty of the law.

"In a word, this metropolis is a vast masquerade, in which a man of stratagem may wear a thousand different disguises, without danger of detection. There is a variety of shapes in which we knights of the industry make our appearance in London. One glides into a nobleman's house in the capacity of a valet de chambre, and in a few months leads the whole family by the nose: another exhibits himself to the public, as an empiric or operator for the teeth; and by dint of assurance and affidavits, bearing testimony to wonderful cures that never were performed, whirls himself into his chariot, and lays the town under contribution: a third professes the composition of music, as well as the performance, and by means of a few *Capricciosos* on the violin, properly introduced, wriggles himself into the management of private and public concerts: and a fourth breaks forth at once in all the splendour of a gay equipage, under the title and denomination of a foreign count. Not to mention those inferior projectors, who assume the characters of dancers, fencing-masters, and French ushers, or, by renouncing their religion, seek to obtain a provision for life.

"Either of these parts will turn to the account of an able actor; and, as you are equally qualified for all, you may choose that which is most suitable to your own inclination: though, in my opinion, you was designed by nature to shine in the great world, which, after all, is the most ample field for men of genius; because the game is deeper, and people of fashion being, for the most part, more ignorant, indolent, vain, and capricious than their inferiors, are of consequence more easily deceived; besides, their morals sit generally so loose about them, that when a gentleman of our fraternity is discovered in the exercise of his profession, their contempt of his skill is the only disgrace he incurs."

Our hero was so well pleased with this picture, that he longed to peruse the original, and before these two friends parted, they settled all the operations of the campaign. Ratcheali, that same evening, hired magnificent lodgings for Count Fathom, in the court end of the town, and furnished his wardrobe and liveries from the spoils of Monmouth-street; he likewise enlisted another footman and valet de chambre into his service, and sent to the apart-

ments divers large trunks, supposed to be filled with the baggage of this foreign nobleman, though, in reality, they contained little else than common lumber.

Next day, our adventurer took possession of his new habitation, after having left to his friend and associate the task of dismissing the unfortunate Elenor, who was so shocked at the unexpected message, that she fainted away; and when she recovered the use of her senses so well as to reflect upon her forlorn condition, she was seized with the most violent transports of grief and dismay, by which her brain was disordered to such a degree, that she grew furious and distracted, and was, by the advice and assistance of the Tyrolese, conveyed into the hospital of Bethlem; where we shall leave her for the present, happily bereft of her reason.

CHAP. XXXII.

He appears in the great world with universal applause and admiration.

Meanwhile, Fathom and his engine were busied in completing his equipage, so that, in a few days, he had procured a very gay chariot, adorned with painting, gilding, and a coat of arms, according to his own fancy and direction: the first use he made of this vehicle, was that of visiting the young nobleman from whom he had received such important civilities on the road, in consequence of an invitation at parting, by which he learned his title and the place of his abode in London.

His Lordship was not only pleased, but proud to see such a stranger at his gate, and entertained him with excess of complaisance and hospitality; insomuch, that, by his means, our hero soon became acquainted with the whole circle of polite company, by whom he was caressed for his insinuating manners and agreeable conversation. He had thought proper to tell the nobleman at their first interview in town, that his reasons for concealing his knowledge of the English tongue were now removed, and that he would no longer deny himself the pleasure of speaking a language which had been always music to his ear: he had also thanked his lordship for his generous interposition at the inn, which was an instance of that generosity and true politeness, which are engrossed by the English people, who leave nought to other nations but the mere shadow of these virtues.

A testimony like this, from the mouth of such a noble stranger, won the heart of the peer, who professed a friendship for him on the spot, and undertook to see justice done to his lacquey, who, in a short time, was gratified with a share of the seizure which had been made upon his information, amounting to fifty or sixty pounds.

Ferdinand put not forth the whole strength of his accomplishments at once, but contrived to spring a new mine of qualification every day, to the surprise and admiration of all his acquaintance. He was gifted with a sort of elocution, much more specious than solid, and spoke on every subject that occurred in conversation with that familiarity and ease, which, one would think, could only be acquired by long study and application. This plausibility and confidence are faculties really inherited from nature, and effectually serve the possessor, in lieu of that learning which is not to be obtained without infinite toil and perseverance: the most superficial tincture of the arts and sciences in such a juggler, is sufficient to dazzle the understanding of half mankind; and, if managed with circumspection, will enable him even to spend his life among the literati, without once forfeiting the character of a connoisseur.

Our hero was perfectly master of this legerdemain, which he carried to such a pitch of assurance, as to declare, in the midst of a mathematical assembly, that he intended to gratify the public with a full confutation of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, to the nature of which he was as much a stranger as the most savage Hottentot in Africa. His pretensions to profound and universal knowledge, were supported not only by this kind of presumption, but also by the facility with which he spoke so many different languages, and the shrewd remarks he had made in the course of his travels and observation.

Among politicians, he settled the balance of power upon a certain footing, by dint of ingenious schemes, which he had contrived for the welfare of Europe. With officers, he reformed the art of war, with improvements which had occurred to his reflection, while he was engaged in a military life. He sometimes held forth upon painting, like a member of the *Dilettanti* club: the theory of music was a theme upon which he seemed to expatiate with particular pleasure: in the provinces of love and gallantry, he was a perfect Oroondates: he possessed a most agreeable manner of telling entertaining stories, of which he had a large collection; he sung with great melody and taste, and played upon the violin with surprising execution. To these qualifications, let us add his affability and pliant disposition, and then the reader will not wonder that he was looked upon as the pattern of human perfection, and his acquaintance courted accordingly.

While he thus captivated the favour and affection of the English nobility, he did not neglect to take other measures in behalf of the partnership to which he had subscribed. The adventure with the two squires at Paris had weakened his appetite for play, which was not at all restored by the observations he had made in London, where the art of gaming is reduced

into a regular system, and its professors so laudably devoted to the discharge of their functions, as to observe the most temperate regimen, lest their invention should be impaired by the fatigue of watching or exercise, and their ideas disturbed by the fumes of indigestion. No Indian Brachman could live more abstemious than two of the pack, who hunted in couple, and kennelled in the upper apartments of the hotel in which our adventurer lived: they abstained from animal food with the abhorrence of Pathagoreans, their drink was the pure simple element, they were vomited once a-week, took physic or a glyster every third day, spent the forenoon in algebraical calculations, and slept from four o'clock till midnight, that they might then take the field with that cool serenity which is the effect of refreshment and repose.

These were terms upon which our hero would not risk his fortune; he was too much addicted to pleasure to forego every other enjoyment but that of amassing; and did not so much depend upon his dexterity in play as upon his talent of insinuation, which, by this time, had succeeded so far beyond his expectation, that he began to indulge the hope of enslaving the heart of some rich heiress, whose fortune would at once raise him above all dependence. Indeed no man ever set out with a fairer prospect on such an expedition; for he had found means to render himself so agreeable to the fair sex, that, like the boxes of the playhouse, during the representation of a new performance, his company was often bespoke for a series of weeks; and no lady, whether widow, wife, or maiden, ever mentioned his name, without some epithet of esteem or affection; such as *the dear Count! the charming Man! the Nonpareil*, or *the Angel!*

While he thus shone in the zenith of admiration, it is not to be doubted, that he could have melted some wealthy dowager or opulent ward; but, being an enemy to all precipitate engagements, he resolved to act with great care and deliberation in an affair of such importance, especially as he did not find himself hurried by the importunities of want; for, since his arrival in England, he had rather increased than exhausted his finances, by methods equally certain and secure. In a word, he, with the assistance of Ratchcali, carried on a traffic, which yielded great profits, without subjecting the trader to the least loss or inconvenience. Fathom, for example, wore upon his finger a large brilliant, which he played to such advantage one night, at a certain nobleman's house, where he was prevailed upon to entertain the company with a solo on the violin, that every body present took notice of its uncommon lustre, and it was handed about for the perusal of every individual. The water and the workmanship were universally admired; and one among the rest having expressed a desire of knowing the value of such a jewel, the Count seised that opportunity of entertaining them with a learned disquisition into the nature of stones; this introduced the history of the diamond in question, which, he said, had been purchased of an Indian trader of Fort St George, at an under price; so that the present proprietor could afford to sell it at a very reasonable rate; and concluded with telling the company, that, for his own part, he had been importuned to wear it by the jeweller, who imagined it would have a better chance for attracting a purchaser on his finger, than while it remained in his own custody.

This declaration was no sooner made, than a certain lady of quality bespoke the refuse of the jewel, and desired Ferdinand to send the owner next day to her house, where he accordingly waited upon her ladyship with the ring, for which he received one hundred and fifty guineas, two-thirds of the sum being clear gain, and equally divided betwixt the associates. Nor was this bargain such as reflected dishonour upon the lady's taste, or could be productive of ill consequences to the merchant; for the method of estimating diamonds is altogether arbitrary; and Ratchcali, who was an exquisite lapidary, had set it in such a manner as would have imposed upon any ordinary jeweller. By these means of introduction, the Tyroleze soon monopolized the custom of a great many noble families, upon which he levied large contributions, without incurring the least supicion of deceit: he every day, out of pure esteem and gratitude for the honour of their commands, entertained them with the sight of some new trinket, which he was never permitted to carry home unsold; and, from the profits of each job, a tax was raised for the benefit of our adventurer.

Yet his indultos were not confined to the article of jewels, which constituted only one part of his revenue: by the industry of his understrapper, he procured a number of old crazy fiddles, which were thrown aside as lumber; upon which he counterfeited the Cremona mark, and otherwise cooked them up with great dexterity; so that, when he had occasion to regale the lovers of music, he would send for one of these vamped instruments, and extract from it such tones as quite ravished the hearers; among whom there was always some conceited pretender, who spoke in raptures of the violin, and gave our hero an opportunity of launching out in its praise, and declaring it was the best Cremona he had ever touched. This encomium never failed to inflame the desires of the audience, to some one of whom he was generous enough to part with it at prime cost, that is, for twenty or thirty guineas clear profit; for he was often able to oblige his friends in this manner, because, being an eminent connoisseur, his countenance was solicited by all the musicians, who wanted to dispose of much moveables.

Nor did he neglect the other resources of a

skilful virtuoso. Every auction afforded some picture, in which, though it had been overlooked by the ignorance of the times, he recognized the style of a great master, and made a merit of recommending it to some noble friend. This commerce he likewise extended to medals, bronzes, busts, intaglios, and old china, and kept divers artificers continually employed in making antiques for the English nobility. Thus he went on with such rapidity of success in all his endeavours, that he himself was astonished at the infatuation he had produced. Nothing was so wretched among the productions of art, that he could not impose upon the world as a capital performance; and so fascinated were the eyes of his admirers, he could easily have persuaded them that a barber's bason was an Etrurian Patera, and the cover of a copper pot, no other than the shield of Ancus Martius. In short, it was become so fashionable to consult the Count in every thing relating to taste and politeness, that not a plan was drawn, not even an house furnished, without his advice and approbation; nay, to such a degree did his reputation in these matters excel, that a particular pattern of paper-hangings was known by the name of Fathom; and his hall was every morning crowded with upholsterers and other tradesmen, who came, by order of their employers, to learn his choice, and take his directions.

The character and influence he thus acquired he took care to maintain with the utmost assiduity and circumspection: he never failed to appear the chief personage at all public diversions and private assemblies, not only in conversation and dress, but also in the article of dancing, in which he outstripped all his fellows, as far as in every other genteel accomplishment.

CHAP. XXXIII.

He attracts the envy and ill offices of the minor knights of his own order, over whom he obtains a complete victory.

Such a pre-eminence could not be enjoyed without exciting the malevolence of envy and detraction, in the propagation of which, none were so industrious as the brethren of his own order, who had, like him, made a descent upon this island, and could not, without repining, see the whole harvest in the hands of one man, who, with equal art and discretion, avoided all intercourse with their society. In vain they strove to discover his pedigree, and detect the particular circumstances of his life and conversation; all their inquiries were baffled by the obscurity of his origin, and that solitary scheme which he had adopted in the beginning of his career. The whole fruit of their investigation amounted to no more than a certainty that there was no family of any consideration in Europe known by the denomination of Fathom; and this discovery they did not fail to indulge for the benefit of our adventurer, who had by this time taken such firm root in the favour of the great, as to set all those little arts at defiance; and when the report reached his ear, actually made his friends merry with the conjectures which had been circulated at his expense.

His adversaries, finding themselves disappointed in this effort, held a consultation to devise other measures against him, and came to a resolution of ending him by the sword, or rather of expelling him from the kingdom, by the fear of death, which they hoped he had not courage enough to resist, because his deportment had been always remarkably mild and pacific. It was upon this supposition, that they left to the determination of the dice the choice of the person who should execute their plan; and the lot falling upon a Swiss, who from the station of a foot-soldier in the Dutch service, out of which he had been drummed for theft, had erected himself into the rank of a self-created chevalier; this hero fortified himself with a double dose of brandy, and betook himself to a certain noted coffee-house, with an intent to affront Count Fathom in public.

He was lucky enough to find our adventurer sitting at a table in conversation with some persons of the first rank; upon which he seated himself in the next box, and, after having intruded himself into their discourse, which happened to turn upon the politics of some German courts, "Count (said he to Ferdinand, in a very abrupt and disagreeable manner of address), I was last night in company with some gentlemen, among whom a dispute happened about the place of your nativity; pray, what country are you of?" "Sir (answered the other, with great politeness), I at present have the honour to be of England." "Oho! (replied the chevalier), I ask your pardon, that is to say, you are incog. Some people may find it convenient to keep themselves in that situation." "True (said the Count), but some people are too well known to enjoy that privilege." The Swiss being a little disconcerted at this repartee, which extracted a smile from the audience; after some pause, observed, that persons of a certain class had good reason to drop the remembrance of what they have been; but a good citizen will not forget his country or former condition. "And a bad citizen (saith Fathom), cannot if he would, provided he has met with his deserts; a sharper may as well forget the shape of a die, or a discarded soldier the sound of a drum."

As the chevalier's character and story were not unknown, this application raised an universal laugh at his expense, which provoked him to such a degree, that, starting up, he swore Fathom could not have mentioned any object

in nature that he himself resembled so much as a drum, which was exactly typified by his emptiness and sound, with this difference, however, that a drum was never noisy till beaten, whereas the Count would never be quiet, until he should have undergone the same discipline. So saying, he laid his hand upon his sword with a menacing look, and walked out as if in expectation of being followed by our adventurer, who suffered himself to be detained by the company, and very calmly took notice, that his antagonist would not be ill pleased at their interposition. Perhaps he would not have comported himself with such ease and deliberation, had not he made such remarks upon the disposition of the chevalier, as convinced him of his own safety. He had perceived a perplexity and perturbation in the countenance of the Swiss, when he first entered the coffee-room; his blunt and precipitate way of accosting him seemed to denote confusion and compulsion; and, in the midst of his ferocity, this accurate observer discerned the trepidation of fear. By the help of these signs, his sagacity soon comprehended the nature of his schemes, and prepared accordingly for a formal defiance.

His conjecture was verified next morning by a visit from the chevalier, who, taking it for granted that Fathom would not face an adversary in the field, because he had not followed him from the coffee-house, went to his lodgings with great confidence, and demanded to see the Count upon an affair that would admit of no delay. Maurice, according to his instructions, told him that his master was gone out, but desired he would have the goodness to repose himself in a parlour, till the Count's return, which he expected every moment. Ferdinand, who had taken post in a proper place for observation, seeing his antagonist fairly admitted, took the same road, and, appearing before him, wrapped up in a long Spanish cloak, desired to know what had procured him the honour of such an early visit. The Swiss, raising his voice to conceal his agitation, explained his errand, in demanding reparation for the injury his honour had sustained the preceding day, in that odious allusion to a scandalous report which had been raised by the malice of his enemies; and insisted, in a very imperious style, upon his attending him forthwith to the nursery in Hyde Park. "Have a little patience (said our adventurer with great composure), and I will do myself the pleasure to wait upon you in a few moments."

With these words, he rung the bell, and calling for a basin of water, laid aside his cloak, and displayed himself in his shirt, with a sword in his right hand, which was all over besmeared with recent blood, as if he had just come from the slaughter of a foe. This phenomenon made such an impression upon the astonished chevalier, already discomposed by the resolute behaviour of the Count, that he became jaundiced with terror and dismay, and, while his teeth chattered in his head, told our hero he had hoped, from his known politeness, to have found him ready to acknowledge an injury which might have been the effect of anger or misapprehension, in which case the affair might have been compromised to their mutual satisfaction, without proceeding to those extremities, which, among men of honour, are always accounted the last resource. To this representation Ferdinand answered, that the affair had been of the chevalier's own seeking, inasmuch as he had intruded himself into his company, and treated him with the most insolent and unprovoked abuse, which plainly flowed from a premeditated design against his honour and reputation; he, therefore, far from being disposed to own himself in the wrong, would not even accept of a public acknowledgment from him, the aggressor, whom he looked upon as an infamous sharper, and was resolved to chastise accordingly.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a person who was brought to the door in a chair, and conducted into another apartment, from which a message was brought to the Count, importing, that the stranger desired to speak with him upon business of the last importance. Fathom having chid the servant for admitting people without his order, desired the Swiss to excuse him for a minute longer, and went into the next room, from whence the following dialogue was overheard by this challenger:—"Count (said the stranger), you are not ignorant of my pretensions to the heart of that young lady, at whose house I met you yesterday; therefore you cannot be surprised when I declare myself displeased with your visits and behaviour to my mistress, and demand that you will instantly promise to drop the correspondence." "Else what follows?" (answered Ferdinand, with a cool and temperate voice). "My resentment and immediate defiance (replied the other); for the only alternative I propose is, to forego your design upon that lady, or to decide our pretensions by the sword."

Our hero, having expressed a regard for this visitant as the son of a gentleman whom he honoured, was at the pains to represent the unreasonableness of his demand, and the folly of his presumption; and earnestly exhorted him to put the issue of his cause upon a more safe and equitable footing. But this admonition, instead of appeasing the wrath, seemed to inflame the resentment of the opponent, who swore he would not leave him until he should have accomplished the purport of his errand. In vain our adventurer requested half an hour for the despatch of some urgent business, in which he was engaged with a gentleman in the other parlour: this impetuous rival rejected all the terms he could propose, and even chal-

lenged him to decide the controversy upon the spot; an expedient to which the other having assented with reluctance, the door was secured, the swords unsheathed, and an hot engagement ensued, to the inexpressible pleasure of the Swiss, who did not doubt that he himself would be screened from all danger by the event of this rencontre: nevertheless, his hope was disappointed in the defeat of the stranger, who was quickly disarmed, in consequence of a wound through the sword-arm; upon which occasion Fathom was heard to say, that, in consideration of his youth and family, he had spared his life; but he would not act with the same tenderness towards any other antagonist. He then bound up the limb he had disabled, conducted the vanquished party to his chair, rejoined the chevalier with a serene countenance, and, asking pardon for having detained him so long, proposed they should instantly set out in an hackney-coach for the place of appointment.

The stratagem, thus conducted, had all the success the inventor could desire. The fear of the Swiss had risen almost to an ecstasy before the Count quitted the room; but after this sham battle, which had been preconcerted betwixt our adventurer and his friend Ratchcali, the chevalier's terrors were unspeakable. He considered Fathom as a devil incarnate, and went into the coach as a malefactor bound for Tyburn. He would have gladly compounded for the loss of a leg or an arm, and entertained some transient gleams of hope, that he should escape for half a dozen flesh-wounds, which he would have willingly received as the price of his presumption; but these hopes were banished by the remembrance of that dreadful declaration which he had heard the Count make, after having overcome his last adversary; and he continued under the power of the most insupportable panic, until the carriage halted at Hyde Park Corner, where he crawled forth in a most piteous and lamentable condition; so that, when they reached the spot, he was scarce able to stand.

Here he made an effort to speak, and proposed an accommodation upon a new plan, by which he promised to leave his cause to the arbitrement of those gentlemen who were present at the rupture, and to ask pardon of the Count, provided he should be found guilty of a trespass upon good manners: but this proposal would not satisfy the implacable Ferdinand, who, perceiving the agony of the Swiss, resolved to make the most of the adventure, and, giving him to understand he was not a man to be trifled with, desired him to draw without further preamble. Thus compelled, the unfortunate gamester pulled off his coat, and, putting himself in a posture, to use the words of Nym, "winked and held out his cold iron."

Our adventurer, far from making a gentle use of the advantages he possessed, fiercely attacked him, while he was incapable of making resistance, and, aiming at a fleshy part, ran him through the arm and outside of the shoulder at the very first pass: the chevalier, already stupified with the horror of expectation, no sooner felt his adversary's point in his body, than he fell to the ground, and, concluding he was no longer a man for this world, began to cross himself with great devotion, while Fathom walked home deliberately, and in his way sent a couple of chairmen to the assistance of the wounded knight.

This achievement, which could not be concealed from the knowledge of the public, not only furnished the character of Fathom with fresh wreathes of admiration and applause, but likewise effectually secured him from any future attempts of his enemies, to whom the Swiss, for his own sake, had communicated such terrible ideas of his valour, as overawed the whole community.

CHAP. XXXIV.

He performs another exploit, that conveys a true idea of his gratitude and honour.

It was not long after this celebrated victory, that he was invited to spend part of the summer at the house of a country gentleman, who lived about one hundred miles from London, possessed of a very opulent fortune, the greatest part of which was expended in acts of old English hospitality. He had met with our hero by accident at the table of a certain great man, and was so struck with his manner and conversation, as to desire his acquaintance, and cultivate his friendship; and he thought himself extremely happy in having prevailed upon him to pass a few weeks in his family.

Fathom, among his other observations, perceived that there was a domestic uneasiness, occasioned by a very beautiful young creature about the age of fifteen, who resided in the house under the title of the gentleman's niece, though she was in reality his natural daughter, born before his marriage. This circumstance was not unknown to his lady, by whose express approbation he had bestowed particular attention upon the education of the child, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Celinda: their liberality in this particular had not been misapplied; for she not only gave marks of uncommon capacity, but, as she grew up, became more and more amiable in her person, and was now returned from the boarding-school, possessed of every accomplishment that could be acquired by one of her age and opportunities. These qualifications, which endeared her to every other person, excited the jealousy and displeasure of her supposed aunt, who could

not bear to see her own children eclipsed by this illegitimate daughter, whom she therefore discountenanced upon all occasions, and exposed to such mortifications as would in all appearance drive her from her father's house. This persecuting spirit was very disagreeable to the husband, who loved Celinda with a truly paternal affection, and produced abundance of family disquiet; but being a man of a peaceable and yielding disposition, he could not long maintain the resolution he had taken in her favour, and therefore he ceased opposing the malevolence of his wife.

In this unfortunate predicament stood the fair bastard, at the arrival of our adventurer, who, being allured by her charms, and apprised of her situation at the same time, took the generous resolution to undermine her innocence, that he might banquet his vicious appetite with the spoils of her beauty. Perhaps such a brutal design might not have entered his imagination, if he had not observed, in the disposition of this hapless maiden, certain peculiarities from which he derived the most confident presages of success. Besides a total want of experience, that left her open and unguarded against the attacks of the other sex, she discovered a remarkable spirit of credulity and superstitious fear, which had been cherished by the conversation of her school-fellows: she was particularly fond of music, in which she had made some progress; but so delicate was the texture of her nerves, that one day, while Fathom entertained the company with a favourite air, she actually swooned with pleasure.

Such sensibility, our projector well knew, must be diffused through all the passions of her heart; he congratulated himself upon the sure ascendency he had gained over her in this particular; and forthwith began to execute the plan he had erected for her destruction. That he might the more effectually deceive the vigilance of her father's wife, he threw such a dash of affectation in his complaisance towards Celinda, as could not escape the notice of that prying matron, though it was not palpable enough to disoblige the young lady herself, who could not so well distinguish between over-strained courtesy and real good breeding: this behaviour screened him from the suspicion of the family, who considered it as an effort of politeness, to cover his indifference and disgust for the daughter of his friend, who had by this time given some reason to believe she looked upon him with the eyes of affection; so that the opportunities he enjoyed of conversing with her in private were less liable to intrusion or inquiry. Indeed, from what I have already observed, touching the sentiments of her stepdame, that lady, far from taking measures for thwarting our hero's design, would have rejoiced at the execution of it, and, had she been informed of his intent, might have fallen upon some method to facilitate the enterprise; but, as he solely depended upon his own talents, he never dreamed of soliciting such an auxiliary.

Under cover of instructing and accomplishing her in the exercise of music, he could not want occasions for promoting his aim; when, after having soothed her sense of hearing, even to a degree of ravishment, so as to extort from her an exclamation, importing, that he was surely something supernatural! he never failed to whisper some insidious compliment or tale of love, exquisitely suited to the emotions of her soul. Thus was her heart insensibly subdued; though more than half his work was still undone; for, at all times, she disclosed such purity of sentiment, such inviolable attachment to religion and virtue, and seemed so averse to all sorts of inflammatory discourse, that he durst not presume upon the footing he had gained in her affection, to explain the baseness of his desire; he therefore applied to another of her passions, that proved the bane of her virtue: this was her timidity, which at first being constitutional, was afterwards increased by the circumstances of her education, and now aggravated by the artful conversation of Fathom, which he chequered with dismal stories of omens, portents, prophecies, and apparitions, delivered upon such unquestionable testimony, and with such marks of conviction, as captivated the belief of the devoted Celinda, and filled her imagination with unceasing terrors.

In vain she strove to dispel those frightful ideas, and avoid such topics of discourse for the future: the more she endeavoured to banish them, the more troublesome they became; and such was her infatuation, that as her terrors increased, her thirst after that sort of knowledge was augmented. Many sleepless nights did she pass amidst those horrors of fancy, starting at every noise, and sweating with dreary apprehension, yet ashamed to own her fears, or solicit the comfort of a bed-fellow, lest she should incur the ridicule and censure of her father's wife; and what rendered this disposition the more irksome, was the solitary situation of her chamber, that stood at the end of a long gallery scarce within hearing of any other inhabited part of the house.

All these circumstances had been duly weighed by our projector, who, having prepared Celinda for his purpose, stole at midnight from his apartment, which was in another story, and approaching her door, there uttered a piteous groan; then softly retired to his bed, in full confidence of seeing next day the effect of this operation: nor did his arrow miss the mark. Poor Celinda's countenance gave such indications of melancholy and dismay, that he could not omit asking the cause of her disquiet, and she, at his earnest request, was prevailed upon to communicate the dreadful salutation of the

preceding night, which she considered as an omen of death to some person in the family, in all probability to herself, as the groan seemed to issue from one corner of her own apartment. Our adventurer argued against this supposition, as contradictory to the common observation of those supernatural warnings, which are not usually imparted to the person who is doomed to die, but to some faithful friend or trusty servant, particularly interested in the event. He therefore supposed, that the groans foreboded the death of my lady, who seemed to be in a drooping state of health, and were by her genius conveyed to the organs of Celinda, who was the chief sufferer by her jealous and barbarous disposition; he likewise expressed an earnest desire to be an ear-witness of such solemn communication, and, alleging that it was highly improper for a young lady of her delicate feelings to expose herself alone to such another dismal visitation, begged he might be allowed to watch all night in her chamber, in order to defend her from the shocking impressions of fear.

Though no person ever stood more in need of a companion or guard, and her heart throbbed with transports of dismay at the prospect of night, she rejected his proposal with due acknowledgment, and resolved to trust solely to the protection of Heaven: not that she thought her innocence or reputation could suffer by her compliance with his request; for hitherto her heart was a stranger to those young desires which haunt the fancy, and warm the breast of youth; so that, being ignorant of her danger, she saw not the necessity of avoiding temptation: but she refused to admit a man into her bed-chamber, merely because it was a step altogether opposite to the forms and decorum of life. Nevertheless, far from being discouraged by this repulse, he knew her fears would multiply, and reduce that reluctance, which in order to weaken, he had recourse to another piece of machinery, that operated powerfully in behalf of his design.

Some years ago, a twelve-stringed instrument was contrived by a very ingenious musician, by whom it was aptly entitled the Harp of Æolus, because, being properly applied to a stream of air, it produces a wild irregular variety of harmonious sounds, that seem to be the effect of enchantment, and wonderfully dispose the mind for the most romantic situations. Fathom, who was really a virtuoso in music, had brought one of those new-fashioned guitars into the country, and, as the effect of it was still unknown in the family, he that night converted it to the purposes of his amour, by fixing it in the casement of a window belonging to the gallery, exposed to the west wind, which then blew in a gentle breeze. The strings no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood. The soft and tender notes of peace and love were swelled up, with the most delicate and insensible transition, into a loud hymn of triumph and exultation, joined by the deep-toned organ, and a full choir of voices, which gradually decayed upon the ear, until it died away in distant sound, as if a flight of angels had raised the song in their ascent to heaven. Yet the chords hardly ceased to vibrate after the expiration of this overture, which ushered in a composition in the same pathetic style; and this again was succeeded by a third, almost without pause or intermission, as if the artist's hand had been indefatigable, and the theme never to be exhausted.

His heart must be quite callous, and his ear lost to all distinction, who could hear such harmony without emotion; how deeply then must it have affected the delicate Celinda, whose sensations, naturally acute, were whetted to a most painful keenness by her apprehension, who could have no previous idea of such entertainment, and was credulous enough to believe the most improbable tale of superstition! She was overwhelmed with awful terror, and, never doubting that the sounds were more than mortal, recommended herself to the care of Providence in a succession of pious ejaculations.

Our adventurer having allowed some time for the effect of this contrivance, repaired to her chamber-door, and in a whisper conveyed through the key-hole, asked if she was awake, begged pardon for such an unseasonable visit, and desired to know her opinion of the strange music which he then heard. In spite of her notions of decency, she was glad of his intrusion, and being in no condition to observe punctilios, slipped on a wrapper, opened the door, and, with a faltering voice, owned herself frightened almost to distraction. He pretended to console her with reflections, importing, that she was in the hands of a benevolent Being, who would not impose upon his creatures any task which they could not bear; he insisted upon her returning to bed, and assured her he would not stir from her chamber till day. Thus comforted, she betook herself again to rest, while he sat down in an elbow-chair at some distance from the bed-side, and, in a soft voice, began the conversation with her, on the subject of those visitations from above, which, though undertaken on pretence of dissipating her fear and anxiety, was in reality calculated for the purpose of augmenting both.

"That sweet air (said he) seems designed for soothing the bodily anguish of some saint in his last moments. Hark! how it rises into a more sprightly and elevated strain, as if it were an inspiriting invitation to the realms of bliss! sure he is now absolved from all the misery of this life; that full and glorious concert of voices and celestial harps betoken his reception among the

heavenly choir, who now waft his soul to paradisian joys! this is altogether great, solemn, and amazing! The clock strikes one, the symphony hath ceased!"

This was actually the case; for he had ordered Maurice to remove the instrument at that hour, lest the sound of it should become too familiar, and excite the curiosity of some undaunted domestic, who might frustrate his scheme, by discovering the apparatus. As for poor Celinda, her fancy was, by his music and discourse, worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiastic terrors; the whole bed shook with her trepidation, the awful silence that succeeded the supernatural music, threw an additional damp upon her spirits, and the artful Fathom affecting to snore at the same time, she could no longer contain her horror, but called upon his name with a fearful accent, and, having owned her present situation insupportable, entreated him to draw near her bed side, that he might be within touch on any emergency.

This was a welcome request to our adventurer, who, asking pardon for his drowsiness, and, taking his station on the side of her bed, exhorted her to compose herself; then, locking her hand fast in his own, was again seized with such an inclination to sleep, that he gradually sunk down by her side, and seemed to enjoy his repose in that attitude. Meanwhile, his tender-hearted mistress, that he might not suffer in his health by his humanity and complaisance, covered him with the counterpane as he slept, and suffered him to take his rest without interruption, till he thought proper to start up suddenly with an exclamation of, "Heaven watch over us!" and then asked, with symptoms of astonishment, if she had heard nothing. Such an abrupt address, upon such an occasion, did not fail to amaze and affright the gentle Celinda, who, unable to speak, sprung towards her treacherous protector; and he, catching her in his arms, bade her fear nothing; for he would, at the expense of his life, defend her from all danger.

Having thus, by tampering with her weakness, conquered the first and chief obstacles to his design, he, with great art and perseverance, improved the intercourse to such a degree of intimacy as could not but be productive of all the consequences which he had foreseen. The groans and music were occasionally repeated, so as to alarm the whole family, and inspire a thousand various conjectures: he failed not to continue his nocturnal visits and ghastly discourse, until his attendance became so necessary to this unhappy maiden, that she durst not stay in her own chamber without his company, nor even sleep, except in contact with her betrayer.

Such a commerce between two such persons of a different sex could not possibly be long carried on without degenerating from the Platonic system of sentimental love. In her paroxysms of dismay, he did not forget to breathe the soft inspirations of his passion, to which she listened with more pleasure, as they diverted the gloomy ideas of her fear; and by this time his extraordinary accomplishments had made a conquest of her heart. What therefore could be a more interesting transition than that from the most uneasy to the most agreeable sensation of the human breast.

This being the case, the reader will not wonder that a consummate traitor, like Fathom, should triumph over the virtue of an artless innocent young creature, whose passions he had entirely under his command. The gradations towards vice are almost imperceptible, and an experienced seducer can strew them with such enticing and agreeable flowers, as will lead the young sinner on insensibly, even to the most profligate stages of guilt. All therefore that can be done by virtue, unassisted with experience, is to avoid every trial with such a formidable foe, by declining and discouraging the first advances towards a particular correspondence with perfidious man, howsoever agreeable it may seem to be: for here is no security but in conscious weakness.

Fathom, though possessed of the spoils of poor Celinda's honour, did not enjoy his success with tranquillity. Reflection and remorse often invaded her in the midst of their guilty pleasures, and embittered all those moments they had dedicated to mutual bliss. For the seeds of virtue are seldom destroyed at once: even amidst the rank productions of vice, they regerminate to a sort of imperfect vegetation, like some scattered hyacinths shooting up among the weeds of a ruined garden, that testify the former culture and amenity of the soil: she sighed at the sad remembrance of that virgin dignity which she had lost; she wept at the prospect of that disgrace, mortification, and misery she should undergo, when abandoned by this transient lover, and severely reproached him for the arts he had used to shipwreck her innocence and peace.

Such expostulations are extremely unseasonable, when addressed to a man well nigh sated with the effects of his conquest: they act like strong blasts of wind applied to embers almost extinguished, which, instead of reviving the flame, scatter and destroy every remaining particle of fire. Our adventurer, in the midst of his peculiarities, had inconstancy in common with the rest of his sex. More than half cloyed with the possession of Celinda, he could not fail to be disgusted with her upbraidings; and had she not been the daughter of a gentleman, whose friendship he did not think it his interest to forfeit, he would have dropped this correspondence, without reluctance or hesitation: but, as he had measures to keep with a family of such consequence, he constrained his inclinations, so far as to counterfeit those raptures

he no longer felt, and found means to appease those intervening tumults of her grief.

Foreseeing, however, that it would not be always in his power to console her on these terms, he resolved, if possible, to divide her affection, which now glowed upon him too intensely; and, with that view, whenever she complained of the vapours or dejection, he prescribed, and even insisted upon her swallowing certain cordials of the most palatable composition, without which he never travelled; and these produced such agreeable reveries and flow of spirits, that, she gradually became enamoured of intoxication; while he encouraged the pernicious passion, by expressing the most extravagant applause and admiration at the wild irregular sallies it produced. Without having first made this diversion, he would have found it impracticable to leave the house in tranquillity; but when this bewitching philtre grew into an habit, her attachment to Ferdinand was insensibly dissolved; she began to bear his neglect with indifference, and, sequestering herself from the rest of the family, used to solicit this new ally for consolation.

Having thus put the finishing stroke to the daughter's ruin, he took leave of the father, with many acknowledgments and expressions of gratitude for his hospitality and friendship, and riding cross the country to Bristol, took up his habitation near the hot well, where he staid during the remaining part of the season. As for the miserable Celinda, she became more and more addicted to the vices in which she had been initiated by his superlative perfidy and craft, until she was quite abandoned by decency and caution: her father's heart was torn with anguish, while his wife rejoiced in her fall; at length her ideas were quite debased by her infirmity; she grew every day more and more sensual and degenerate, and contracted an intimacy with one of the footmen, who was kind enough to take her to wife, in hope of obtaining a good settlement from his master; but, being disappointed in his aim, he conducted her to London, where he made shift to insinuate himself into another service, leaving to her the use, and partly the advantage, of her own person, which was still uncommonly attractive.

CHAP. XXXV.

He repairs to Bristol Spring, where he reigns paramount during the whole season.

We shall therefore leave her in this comfortable situation, and return to our adventurer, whose appearance at Bristol was considered as a happy omen by the proprietor of the hot well, and all the people who live by the resort of company to that celebrated spring. Nor were they deceived in their prognostic: Fathom, as usual, formed the nucleus or kernel of the beau monde; and the season soon became so crowded, that many people of fashion were obliged to quit the place for want of lodging. Ferdinand was the soul that animated the whole society. He not only invented parties of pleasure, but also, by his personal talents, rendered them more agreeable: in a word, he regulated their diversions, and the master of the ceremonies never would allow the ball to be begun till the Count was seated.

Having thus made himself the object of admiration and esteem, his advice was an oracle, to which they had recourse in all doubtful cases of punctilio or dispute, or even of medicine; for, among his other accomplishments, his discourse on that subject was so plausible, and well adapted to the understanding of his hearers, that any person who had not actually studied the medical art would have believed he was inspired by the spirit of Æsculapius. What contributed to the aggrandizement of his character in this branch of knowledge was a victory he obtained over an old physician, who plied at the well, and had one day unfortunately begun to harangue in the pump-room upon the nature of the Bristol water. In the course of this lecture he undertook to account for the warmth of the fluid; and his ideas being perplexed with a great deal of reading, which he had not been able to digest, his disquisition was so indistinct, and his expression so obscure and unentertaining, that our hero seized the opportunity of displaying his own erudition, by venturing to contradict some circumstances of the doctor's hypothesis, and, substituting a theory of his own, which, as he had invented it for the purpose, was equally amusing and chimerical.

He alleged, that fire was the sole vivifying principle that pervaded all nature; that, as the heat of the sun concocted the juice of vegetables, and ripened those fruits that grow upon the surface of this globe, there was likewise an immense store of central fire reserved within the bowels of the earth, not only for the generation of gems, fossils, and all the purposes of the mineral world, but likewise for cherishing and keeping alive those plants which would otherwise perish by the winter's cold. The existence of such a fire he proved from the nature of all those volcanoes, which in almost every corner of the earth are continually vomiting up either flames or smoke. "These (said he) are the great vents appointed by nature for the discharge of that rarified air and combustible matter, which, if confined, would burst the globe asunder; but, besides the larger outlets, there are some small chimneys through which part of the heat transpires; a vapour of that sort, I conceive, must pass through the bed or channel of this spring, the waters of which, accordingly, retain a moderate warmth."

This account, which totally overthrew the other's doctrine, was so extremely agreeable to the audience, that the testy doctor lost his temper, and gave them to understand, without preamble, that he must be a person wholly ignorant of natural philosophy, who could invent such a ridiculous system, and they involved in worse than an Egyptian fog, that could not at once discern its weakness and absurdity. This declaration introduced a dispute, which was unanimously determined in favour of our adventurer. On all such occasions the stream of prejudice runs against the physician, even though his antagonist has nothing to recommend himself to the favour of the spectators; and this decision depends upon divers considerations: in the first place, there is a continual war carried on against the learned professions, by all those who, conscious of their own ignorance, seek to level the reputation of their superiors with their own. Secondly, in all disputes upon physic that happen betwixt a person who really understands the art, and an illiterate pretender, the arguments of the first will seem obscure and unintelligible to those who are unacquainted with the previous systems on which they are built; while the other's theory, derived from common notions, and superficial observation, will be more agreeable, because better adapted to the comprehension of the hearers. Thirdly, the judgment of the multitude is apt to be biassed by that surprise which is the effect of seeing an artist foiled at his own weapons, by one who engages him only for amusement.

Fathom, besides these advantages, was blessed with a flow of language, an elegant address, a polite and self-denying style of argumentation, together with a temper not to be ruffled; so that the victory could not long waver between him and the physician, to whom he was infinitely superior in every acquisition but that of solid learning, of which the judges had no idea. This contest was not only glorious but profitable to our adventurer, who grew into such request in his medical capacity, that the poor doctor was utterly deserted by his patients, and Fathom's advice solicited by every valetudinarian in the place; nor did he forfeit the character he thus acquired by any miscarriages in his practice: being but little conversant with the materia medica, the circle of his prescriptions was very small; his chief study was to avoid all drugs of rough operation, and uncertain effect, and to administer such only as should be agreeable to the palate, without doing violence to the constitution. Such a physician could not but be agreeable to people of all dispositions; and, as most of the patients were in some shape hypochondriac, the power of imagination, co-operating with his remedies, often effected a cure.

On the whole, it became the fashion to consult the Count in all distempers, and his reputation would have had its run, though the death of every patient had given the lie to his pretensions. But empty fame was not the sole fruit of his success. Though no person would presume to affront this noble graduate with a fee, they did not fail to manifest their gratitude by some more valuable present: every day some superb piece of china, curious snuff-box, or jewel, was pressed upon him; so that, at the end of the season, he could almost have furnished a toy-shop with the acknowledgments he had received. Not only his avarice, but his pleasure was gratified in the course of his medical administration: he enjoyed free access, egress, and regress, with all the females at the well, and no matron scrupled to put her daughter under his care and direction. These opportunities could not be lost upon a man of his intriguing genius; though he conducted his amours with such discretion, that, during the whole season, no lady's character suffered on his account, yet he was highly fortunate in his addresses, and we may venture to affirm, that the reproach of barrenness was more than once removed by the vigour of his endeavours.

CHAP. XXXVI.

He is smitten with the charms of a female adventurer, whose allurements subject him to a new vicissitude of fortune.

Among those who were distinguished by his gallantry, was the young wife of an old citizen of London, who had granted her permission to reside at the hot well for the benefit of her health, under the eye and inspection of his own sister, who was a maiden of fifty years. The pupil, whose name was Mrs Trapwell, though low in stature, was finely shaped, her countenance engaging, though her complexion was brown, her hair in colour rivalled the raven's back, and her eyes emulated the lustre of the diamond. Fathom had been struck with her first appearance; but found it impracticable to elude the vigilance of her duenna, so as to make a declaration of his flame; until she herself, guessing the situation of his thoughts, and not displeased with the discovery, thought proper to furnish him with the opportunity he wanted, by counterfeiting an indisposition, for the cure of which, she knew his advice would be implored. This was the beginning of an acquaintance, which was soon improved to his wish; and so well did she manage her attractions, as in some measure to fix the inconstancy of his disposition; for, at the end of the season, his passion was not sated; and they concerted the means of continuing their commerce, even after their return to London.

This intercourse effectually answered the

purpose of the husband, who had been decoyed into matrimony by the cunning of his spouse, whom he had privately kept as a concubine before marriage. Conscious of her own precarious situation, she had resolved to impose upon the infirmities of Trapwell, and, feigning herself pregnant, gave him to understand she could no longer conceal her condition from the knowledge of her brother, who was an officer in the army, and of such violent passions, that, should he once discover her backsliding, he would undoubtedly wipe away the stains of his family-dishonour with her own blood, as well as that of her keeper. The citizen, to prevent such a catastrophe, took her to wife; but soon after perceiving the trick which had been played upon him, set his invention at work, and at length contrived a scheme which he thought would enable him, not only to retrieve his liberty, but also indemnify himself for the mortification he had undergone.

Far from creating any domestic disturbance, by upbraiding her with her finesse, he seemed perfectly well pleased with his acquisition; and, as he knew her void of any principle, and extremely addicted to pleasure, he chose proper occasions to insinuate, that she might gratify her own inclination, and at the same time turn her beauty to good account. She joyfully listened to these remonstrances, and, in consequence of their mutual agreement, she repaired to Bristol-spring, on pretence of an ill state of health, accompanied by her sister-in-law, whom they did not think proper to entrust with the real motive of her journey. Fathom's person was agreeable, and his finances supposed to be in flourishing order; therefore, she selected him from the herd of gallants, as a proper sacrifice to the powers which she adored; and, on her arrival in London, made her husband acquainted with the importance of her conquest.

Trapwell overwhelmed her with caresses and praise for her discreet and dutiful conduct, and faithfully promised that she should pocket in her own privy purse one half of the spoils that should be gathered from her gallant, whom she therefore undertook to betray, after he had swore, in the most solemn manner, that his intention was not to bring the affair to a public trial, which would redound to his own disgrace, but to extort a round sum of money from the Count, by way of composition. Confiding in this protestation, she, in a few days, gave him intelligence of an assignation she had made with our adventurer, at a certain bagnio near Covent-garden; upon which he secured the assistance of a particular friend and his own journeyman, with whom, and a constable, he repaired to the place of rendezvous, where he waited in an adjoining room according to the directions of his virtuous spouse, until she made the preconcerted signal of hemming three times aloud, when he and his associates rushed into the chamber, and surprised our hero in bed with his inamorata.

The lady, on this occasion, acted her part to a miracle; she screamed at their approach; and, after an exclamation of "Ruined and undone!" fainted away in the arms of her spouse, who had by this time seized her by the shoulders, and began to upbraid her with her infidelity and guilt. As for Fathom, his affliction was unutterable, when he found himself discovered in that situation, and made prisoner by the two assistants, who had pinioned him in such a manner, that he could not stir, much less accomplish an escape. All his ingenuity and presence of mind seemed to forsake him in this emergency. The horrors of an English jury overspread his imagination; for he at once perceived that the toil into which he had fallen was laid for the purpose; consequently he took it for granted, that there would be no deficiency in point of evidence. Soon as he recollected himself, he begged that no violence might be offered to his person, and entreated the husband to favour him with a conference, in which the affair might be compromised, without prejudice to the reputation of either.

At first Trapwell breathed nothing but implacable revenge, but, by the persuasion of his friends, after he had sent home his wife in a chair, he was prevailed upon to hear the proposals of the delinquent, who having assured him, by way of apology, that he had always believed the lady was a widow, made him an offer of five hundred pounds, as an atonement for the injury he had sustained. This being a sum no ways adequate to the expectation of the citizen, who looked upon the Count as possessor of an immense estate, he rejected the terms with disdain, and made instant application to a judge, from whom he obtained a warrant for securing his person till the day of trial. Indeed, in this case, money was but a secondary consideration with Trapwell, whose chief aim was to be legally divorced from a woman he detested. Therefore there was no remedy for the unhappy Count, who in vain offered to double the sum: he found himself reduced to the bitter alternative of procuring immediate bail, or going directly to Newgate.

In this dilemma he sent a messenger to his friend Ratchcali, whose countenance fell when he understood the Count's condition; nor would he open his mouth in the style of consolation, until he had consulted a certain solicitor of his acquaintance, who assured him the law abounded with such resources as would infallibly screen the defendant, had the fact been still more palpable than it was. He said there was great presumption to believe the Count had fallen a sacrifice to a conspiracy, which by some means or other would be detected; and, in that case, the plaintiff might not obtain one shilling in lieu of damages. If that dependence should

fail, he hinted that, in all probability, the witnesses were not incorruptible; or should they prove to be so, one man's oath was as good as another's, and, thank Heaven, there was no dearth of evidence, provided money could be found to answer the necessary occasions.

Ratchcali, comforted by these insinuations, and dreading the resentment of our adventurer, who, in his despair, might punish him severely for his want of friendship, by some precipitate explanation of the commerce they had carried on; moved, I say, by these considerations, and moreover tempted with the prospect of continuing to reap the advantages resulting from their conjunction, he and another person of credit, with whom he largely dealt in jewels, condescended to become sureties for the appearance of Fathom, who was accordingly admitted to bail. Not but that the Tyrolese knew Ferdinand too well to confide in his parole: he depended chiefly upon his ideas of self-interest, which, he thought, would persuade him to risk the uncertain issue of a trial, rather than quit the field before the harvest was half over; and he resolved to make his own retreat without ceremony, should our hero be unwise enough to abandon his bail.

Such an adventure could not long lie concealed from the notice of the public, even if both parties had been at pains to suppress the circumstances: but the plaintiff, far from seeking to cover, affected to complain loudly of his misfortune, that he might interest his neighbours in his behalf, and raise a spirit of rancour and animosity, to influence the jury against this insolent foreigner, who had come over into England to debauch our wives and deflour our daughters; while he employed a formidable band of lawyers to support the indictment, which he laid for ten thousand pounds damages.

Meanwhile, Fathom and his associate did not fail to take all proper measures for his defence; they retained a powerful bar of counsel, and the solicitor was supplied with one hundred pounds after another, to answer the expense of secret service; still assuring his clients that every thing was in an excellent train, and that his adversary would gain nothing but shame and confusion of face. Nevertheless, there was a necessity for postponing the trial, on account of a material evidence, who, though he wavered, was not yet quite brought over; and the attorney found means to put off the decision from term to term, until there was no quibble left for further delay. While this suit was depending, our hero continued to move in his usual sphere; nor did the report of his situation at all operate to his disadvantage in the polite world; on the contrary, it added a fresh plume to his character, in the eyes of all those who were not before acquainted with the triumphs of his gallantry. Notwithstanding this countenance of his friends, he himself considered the affair in a very serious light; and perceiving that, at any rate, he must be a considerable loser, he resolved to double his assiduity in trade, that he might be the more able to afford the extraordinary expense to which he was subjected.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Fresh cause for exerting his equanimity and fortitude.

The reader may have observed, that Fathom, with all his circumspection, had a weak side, which exposed him to sundry mischances: this was his covetousness, which on some occasions became too hard for his discretion: at this period of time it was, by the circumstances of his situation, inflamed to a degree of rapacity. He was now prevailed upon to take a hand at whist or piquet, and even to wield the hazard-box, though he had hitherto declared himself an irreconcileable enemy to all sorts of play; and so uncommon was his success and dexterity at these exercises, as to surprise his acquaintance, and arouse the suspicion of some people, who repined at his prosperity.

But in nothing was his conduct more inexcusable than in giving way to the dangerous temerity of Ratchcali, which he had been always at pains to restrain, and permitting him to practise the same fraud upon an English nobleman, which had been executed upon himself at Frankfort. In other words, the Tyrolese, by the canal of Ferdinand's finger and recommendation, sold a pebble for a real brilliant, and in a few days the cheat was discovered, to the infinite confusion of our adventurer, who nevertheless assumed the guise of innocence with so much art, and expressed such indignation against the villain who had imposed upon his judgment and unsuspecting generosity, that his lordship acquitted him of any share in the deceit, and contented himself with the restitution, which he insisted upon making out of his own pocket, until he should be able to apprehend the rogue, who had thought proper to abscond for his own safety. In spite of all this exculpation, his character did not fail to retain a sort of stigma, which indeed the plainest proofs of innocence are hardly able to efface and his connexion with such a palpable knave as the Tyrolese appeared to be, had an effect to his prejudice in the minds of all those who were privy to the occurrence.

When a man's reputation is once brought in question, every trifle is, by the malevolence of mankind, magnified into a strong presumption against the culprit: a few whispers communicated by the envious mouth of slander which he can have no opportunity to answer

and refute, shall, in the opinion of the world, convict him of the most horrid crimes; and for one hypocrite who is decked with the honours of virtue, there are twenty good men who suffer the ignominy of vice; so well disposed are individuals to trample upon the fame of their fellow-creatures. If the most unblemished merit is not protected from this injustice, it will not be wondered at, that no quarter was given to the character of an adventurer like Fathom, who, among other unlucky occurrences, had the misfortune to be recognised about this time by his two Parisian friends, Sir Stentor Stiles and Sir Giles Squirrel.

These worthy knights-errant had returned to their own country, after having made a very prosperous campaign in France, at the end of which, however, they very narrowly escaped the gallies; and, seeing the Polish Count seated at the head of taste and politeness, they immediately circulated the story of his defeat at Paris, with many ludicrous circumstances of their own invention, and did not scruple to affirm that he was a rank impostor. When the laugh is raised upon a great man, he never fails to dwindle into contempt. Ferdinand began to perceive a change in the countenance of his friends. His company was no longer solicited with that eagerness which they had formerly expressed in his behalf: even his entertainments were neglected; when he appeared at any private or public assembly, the ladies, instead of glowing with pleasure, as formerly, now tittered, or regarded him with looks of disdain; and a certain pert, little, forward coquette, with a view to put him out of countenance by raising the laugh at his expense, asked him one night, at a drum, when he had heard from his relations in Poland? She succeeded in her design upon the mirth of the auditance, but was disappointed in the other part of her aim; for our hero replied without the least mark of discomposure, "They are all in good health at your service, madam; I wish I knew in what part of the world your relations reside, that I might return the compliment." By this answer, which was the more severe, as the young lady was of very doubtful extraction, he retorted the laugh upon the aggressor, though he likewise failed in his attempt upon her temper; for she was perhaps the only person present who equalled himself in stability of countenance.

Notwithstanding this appearance of unconcern, he was deeply touched with these marks of alienation in the behaviour of his friends, and, foreseeing in his own disgrace the total shipwreck of his fortune, he entered into a melancholy deliberation with himself about the means of retrieving his importance in the beau-monde, or of turning his address into some other channel, where he could stand upon a less slippery foundation. In this exercise of his thoughts, no scheme occurred more feasible, than that of securing the booty he had made, and retiring with his associate, who was also blown, into some other country, where their names and characters being unknown, they might pursue their old plan of commerce without molestation. He imparted this suggestion to the Tyroleze, who approved the proposal of decamping, though he combated with all his might our hero's inclination to withdraw himself before the trial, by repeating the assurances of the solicitor, who told him he might depend upon being reimbursed by the sentence of the court for great part of the sums he had expended in the course of the prosecution.

Fathom suffered himself to be persuaded by these arguments, supported with the desire of making an honourable retreat, and, waiting patiently for the day of trouble, discharged his sureties, by a personal appearance in court. Yet this was not the only score he discharged that morning; the solicitor presented his own bill before they set out for Westminster-hall, and gave the Count to understand that it was the custom, from time immemorial, for the client to clear with his attorney before trial. Ferdinand had nothing to object against this established rule, though he looked upon it as a bad omen, in spite of all the solicitor's confidence and protestations; and he was not a little confounded, when, looking into the contents, he found himself charged with 350 attendances. He knew it was not his interest to disoblige his lawyer at such a juncture; nevertheless, he could not help expostulating with him on this article, which seemed to be so falsely stated with regard to the number; when his questions drew on an explanation, by which he found he had incurred the penalty of three shillings and fourpence for every time he chanced to meet the conscientious attorney, either in the Park, the coffee-house, or the street, provided they had exchanged the common salutation; and he had great reason to believe the solicitor had often thrown himself in his way, with a view to swell this item of his account.

With this extortion our adventurer was fain to comply, because he lay at the mercy of the caitiff; accordingly, he with a good grace paid the demand, which, including his former disbursements, amounted to three hundred and sixty-five pounds eleven shillings three-pence three farthings, and then, presenting himself before the judge, quietly submitted to the laws of the realm. His counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession; they exerted themselves with equal industry, eloquence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, browbeat the evidence, puzzle the judge, and mislead the jury: but the defendant found himself woefully disappointed in the deposition of Trapwell's journeyman, whom the solicitor pretended to have converted to his interest: this witness, as the attorney af-

terwards declared, played booty, and the facts came out so clear, that Ferdinand Count Fathom was convicted of criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, and cast in fifteen hundred pounds, under the denomination of damages.

He was not so much surprised as afflicted at this decision, because he saw it gradually approaching from the examination of the first evidence: his thoughts were now employed in casting about for some method of deliverance from the snare in which he found himself entangled. To escape he foresaw it would be impracticable, as Trapwell would undoubtedly be prepared for arresting him before he could quit Westminster-hall; he was too well acquainted with Ratchcali's principles, to expect any assistance from that quarter in money matters; and he was utterly averse to the payment of the sum awarded against him, which would have exhausted his whole fortune. He therefore resolved to try the friendship of some persons of fashion, with whom he had maintained an intimacy of correspondence: should they fail him in the day of his necessity, he proposed to have recourse to his former sureties, one of whom he meant to bilk, while the other might accompany him in his retreat: or, should both these expedients miscarry, he determined, rather than part with his effects, to undergo the most disagreeable confinement, in hope of obtaining the gaoler's connivance at his escape.

These resolutions being taken, he met his fate with great fortitude and equanimity, and calmly suffered himself to be conveyed to the house of a sheriff's officer, who, as he made his exit from the hall, according to his own expectation, executed a writ against him, at the suit of Trapwell, for a debt of two thousand pounds. To this place he was followed by his solicitor, who was allured by the prospect of another job, and who, with great demonstrations of satisfaction, congratulated him upon the happy issue of the trial; arrogating to himself the merit of having saved him eight thousand pounds in the article of damages, by the previous steps he had taken, and the noble defence that he and his friends, the counsel, had made for their client: he even hinted an expectation of receiving a gratuity for his extraordinary care and discretion.

Fathom, galled as he was with his misfortune, and enraged at the effrontery of this pettifogger, maintained a serenity of countenance, and sent the attorney with a message to the plaintiff, importing, that, as he was a foreigner, and could not be supposed to have so much cash about him, as to spare fifteen hundred pounds from the funds of his ordinary expense, he would grant him a bond payable in two months, during which period he should be able to procure a proper remittance from his own estate. While the solicitor was employed in this negotiation, he despatched his valet de chambre to one nobleman, and Maurice to another, with billets, signifying the nature of the verdict which hi adversary had obtained, and desiring that eac would lend him a thousand pounds upon hi parole, until he could negotiate bills upon th continent.

His three messengers returned almost at th same instant of time, and these were the answer they brought back.

Trapwell absolutely rejected his personal se curity; and threatened him with all the horror of a gaol, unless he would immediately discharg the debt, or procure sufficient bondsmen; an one of his quality-friends favoured him wit this reply to his request:

"My dear Count!

"I am mortally chagrin'd at the triumpl you have furnished to that rascally citizen. B the lard! the judge must have been in the ter rors of cuckoldom, to influence the decision and the jury, a mere herd of horned beasts, t bring in such a barbarous verdict. Egad! a this rate, no gentleman will be able to lie wit another man's wife, but at the risk of a curse prosecution. But, to waive this disagreeabl circumstance, which you must strive to forget I declare my mortification is still the greater because I cannot at present supply you with th trifle your present exigency requires; for, t tell you a secret, my own finances are in damn able confusion. But a man of Count Fathom' figure and address can never be puzzled for th want of such a paltry sum. Adieu, my dea Count! we shall, I suppose, have the pleasur of seeing you to-morrow at White's: mean while, I have the honour to be, with the mos perfect attachment,

"Yours,

"Grizzlegrin."

The other noble peer, to whom he addresse himself on this occasion, cherished the sam sentiments of virtue, friendship, and genero sity; but his expression was so different, tha we shall, for the edification of the reader, tran scribe his letter in his own words:

"Sir,

"I was never more astonished than at the re ceipt of your very extraordinary billet, wherei you solicit the loan of a thousand pounds which you desire may be sent with the bear on the faith of your parole. Sir, I have n money to send you or lend you; and canno help repeating my expressions of surprise a your confidence in making such a strange an unwarranted demand. 'Tis true, I may hav made professions of friendship, while I looke upon you as a person of honour and goo morals; but now that you are convicted of suc a flagrant violation of the laws of that kingdo where you have been treated with such hosp tality and respect, I think myself fully ab

solved from any such conditional promise, which indeed is never interpreted into any other than a bare compliment. I am sorry you have involved your character and fortune in such a disagreeable affair, and am,

Sir, yours, &c.

TROMPINGTON."

Ferdinand was not such a novice in the world as to be disappointed at these repulses; especially as he had laid very little stress upon the application, which was made by way of an experiment upon the gratitude or caprice of those two noblemen, whom he had actually more than once obliged with the same sort of assistance which he now solicited, though not to such a considerable amount.

Having nothing further to expect from the fashionable world, he sent the Tyrolese to the person who had been bail for his appearance, with full instructions to explain his present occasion in the most favourable light, and desire he would reinforce the credit of the Count with his security; but that gentleman, though he placed the most perfect confidence on the honour of our hero, and would have willingly entered into bonds again for his personal appearance, was not quite so well satisfied of his circumstances, as to become liable for the payment of two thousand pounds, an expense which, in his opinion, the finances of no foreign Count were able to defray: he therefore lent a deaf ear to the most pressing remonstrances of the ambassador, who had recourse to several other merchants with the same bad success; so that the prisoner, despairing of bail, endeavoured to persuade Ratchcali, that it would be his interest to contribute a thousand pounds towards his discharge, that he might be enabled to quit England with a good grace, and execute his part of the plan they had projected.

So powerful was his eloquence on the occasion, and such strength of argument did he use, that even the Tyrolese seemed convinced, though reluctantly, and agreed to advance the necessary sum upon the bond and judgment of our adventurer, who, being disabled from transacting his own affairs in person, was obliged to intrust Ratchcali with his keys, papers, and power of attorney, under the check and inspection of his faithful Maurice and the solicitor, whose fidelity he bespoke with the promise of an ample recompense.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Biter is bit.

YET, he had no sooner committed his effects to the care of this triumvirate, than his fancy was visited with direful warnings, which produced cold sweats and palpitations, and threw him into such agonies of apprehension as he had never known before. He remembered the former desertion of the Tyrolese, the recent villainy of the solicitor, and recollected the remarks he had made upon the disposition and character of his valet, which evinced him a fit companion for the other two.

Alarmed at these reflections, he entreated the bailiff to indulge him with a visit to his own lodgings, and even offered one hundred guineas as a gratification for his compliance. But the officer, who had formerly lost a considerable sum by the escape of a prisoner, would not run any risk in an affair of such consequence, and our hero was obliged to submit to the tortures of his own presaging fears. After he had waited five hours in the most racking impatience, he saw the attorney enter with all the marks of hurry, fatigue, and consternation, and heard him exclaim, "Good God, have you seen the gentleman?"

Fathom found his fears realized in this interrogation, to which he answered in a tone of horror and dismay, "What gentleman? I suppose I am robbed: speak, and keep me no longer in suspense." "Robbed! (cried the attorney) the Lord forbid! I hope you can depend upon the person you empowered to receive your jewels and cash. I must own his proceedings are a little extraordinary: for, after he had rummaged your scrutoire, from which, in presence of me and your servant, he took one hundred and fifty guineas, a parcel of diamond rings and buckles, according to this here inventory, which I wrote with my own hand, and East India bonds to the tune of five hundred more, we adjourned to Garraway's, where he left me alone, under pretence of going to a broker of his acquaintance who lived in the neighbourhood, while the valet, as I imagined, waited for us in the alley. Well, sir, he staid so long, that I began to be uneasy, and at length resolved to send the servant in quest of him, but when I went out for that purpose, deuce a servant was to be found; though I in person inquired for him at every alehouse within half a mile of the place. I then despatched no less than five ticket-porters upon the scent after them, and I myself, by a direction from the bar-keeper, went to Signior Ratchcali's lodgings, where, as they told me, he had not been seen since nine o'clock in the morning. Upon this intimation, I came directly hither, to give you timely notice, that you may, without delay, take measures for your own security. The best thing you can do, is to take out writs for apprehending him, in the counties of Middlesex, Surry, Kent, and Essex, and I shall put them in the hands of trusty and diligent officers, who will soon ferret him out of his lurking-place, provided he skulks within ten miles of the bills of mortality: to be sure the job will be expensive; and

all these runners must be paid before-hand. But what then? the defendant is worth powder, and if we can once secure him, I'll warrant the prosecution will quit cost."

Fathom was almost choaked with concern and resentment at the news of this mischance, so that he could not utter one word until this narrative was finished. Nor was his suspicion confined to the Tyroleze and his own lacquey; he considered the solicitor as their accomplice and director, and was so much provoked at the latter part of his harangue, that his discretion seemed to vanish, and collaring the attorney, "Villain! (said he), you yourself have been a principal actor in this robbery:" then turning to the by-standers, "and I desire, in the king's name, that he may be secured, until I can make oath before a magistrate in support of the charge. If you refuse your assistance in detaining him, I will make immediate application to one of the secretaries of state, who is my particular friend, and he will see justice done to all parties."

At mention of this formidable name, the bailiff and his whole family were in commotion, to obstruct the retreat of the lawyer, who stood aghast, and trembled under the grasp of our adventurer: but, soon as he found himself delivered from this embrace, by the interposition of the spectators, and collected his spirits, which had been suddenly dissipated by Fathom's unexpected assault, he began to display one art of his occupation, which he always reserved for extraordinary occasions: this was the talent of abuse, which he poured forth with such fluency of opprobrious language, that our hero, smarting as he was, and almost desperate with his loss, deviated from that temperance of behaviour which he had hitherto preserved, and snatching up the poker, with one stroke opened a deep trench upon the attorney's skull, that extended from the hind head almost to the upper part of the nose, upon each side of which it discharged a sanguine stream. Notwithstanding the pain of this application, the solicitor was transported with joy at the sense of the smart, and inwardly congratulated himself upon the appearance of his own blood, which he no sooner perceived, than he exclaimed, "I'm a dead man," and fell upon the floor at full length.

Immediate recourse was had to a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who, having examined the wound, declared there was a dangerous depression of the first table of the skull, and that, if he could save the patient's life without the application of the trepan, it would be one of the greatest cures that ever were performed. By this time, Fathom's first transport being overblown, he summoned up his whole resolution, and reflected upon his own ruin, with that fortitude which had never failed him in the emergencies of his fate: little disturbed at the prognostic of the surgeon, which he considered in the right point of view; "Sir (said he), I am not so unacquainted with the resistance of an attorney's skull, as to believe the chastisement I have bestowed on him will at all endanger his life, which is in much greater jeopardy from the hands of the common executioner: for, notwithstanding this accident, I am determined to prosecute the rascal for robbery with the utmost severity of the law; and, that I may have a sufficient fund left for that prosecution, I shall not at present throw away one farthing in unnecessary expense, but insist upon being conveyed to prison without farther delay."

This declaration was equally unwelcome to the bailiff, surgeon, and solicitor, who, upon the supposition that the Count was a person of fortune, and would rather part with an immense sum than incur the ignominy of a gaol, or involve himself in another disgraceful law-suit, had resolved to fleece him to the utmost of their power. But, now the attorney finding him determined to set his fate at defiance, and to retort upon him a prosecution, which he had no mind to undergo, began to repent heartily of the provocation he had given, and to think seriously on some method to overcome the obstinacy of the incensed foreigner. With this view, while the bailiff conducted him to bed in another apartment, he desired the catchpole to act the part of mediator between him and the Count, and furnished him with proper instructions for that purpose. Accordingly the landlord, on his return, told Fathom, that he was sure the solicitor was not a man for this world; for that he had left him deprived of his senses, and praying to God, with great devotion, for mercy to his murderer: he then exhorted him, with many protestations of friendship, to compromise the unhappy affair, by exchanging releases with the attorney before his delirium should be known, otherwise he would bring himself into a most dangerous premunire, whether the plaintiff should die of his wound, or live to prosecute him for the assault: "And with regard to your charge of robbery against him (said he), as it is no more than a bare suspicion, unsupported by the least shadow of evidence, the bill would be thrown out, and then he might sue you for damages. I, therefore, out of pure friendship and good nature, advise you to compromise the affair, and, if you think proper, will endeavour to bring about a mutual release."

Our hero, whose passion was by this time pretty well cooled, saw reason for assenting to the proposal; upon which the deed was immediately executed, the mediator's bill was discharged, and Ferdinand conveyed in an hackney coach to prison, after he had empowered his own landlord to discharge his servants, and convert his effects into ready money. Thus, he saw himself, in the course of a few hours, de-

prived of his reputation, rank, liberty, and friends; and his fortune reduced from two thousand pounds to something less than two hundred, fifty of which he had carried to gaol in his pocket.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Our Adventurer is made acquainted with a new scene of life.

Just as he entered these mansions of misery, his ears were invaded with an hoarse and dreadful voice, exclaiming "You, Bess Beetle, score a couple of fresh eggs, a pennyworth of butter, and half a pint of mountain to the king; and stop credit till the bill is paid: he is now debtor for fifteen shillings and sixpence, and damn me if I trust him one farthing more, if he was the best king in Christendom: and, d'ye hear, send Ragged-head with five pounds of potatoes for Major Macleaver's supper, and let him have what drink he wants; the fat widow gentlewoman from Pimlico has promised to quit his score. Sir Mungo Barebones may have some hasty-pudding and small beer, though I don't expect to see his coin, no more than to receive the eighteen-pence I laid out for a pair of breeches to his backside—what then? he's a quiet sort of a body, and a great scholar, and it was a scandal to the place to see him going about in that naked condition. As for the mad Frenchman with the beard, if you give him so much as a cheese-paring, you b—ch, I'll send you back to the hole, among your old companions; an impudent dog! I'll teach him to draw his sword upon the governor of an English county gaol. What! I suppose he thought he had to do with a French hang-tang-dang, rabbit him! he shall eat his white feather, before I give him credit for a morsel of bread."

Although our adventurer was very little disposed, at this juncture, to make observations foreign to his own affairs, he could not help taking notice of these extraordinary injunctions; especially those concerning the person who was entitled king, whom, however, he supposed to be some prisoner elected as the magistrate by the joint suffrage of his fellows. Having taken possession of his chamber, which he rented at five shillings a week, and being ill at ease in his own thoughts, he forthwith secured his door, undressed, and went to bed, in which, though it was none of the most elegant or inviting couches, he enjoyed profound repose after the accumulated fatigues and mortifications of the day. Next morning, after breakfast, the keeper entered his apartment, and gave him to understand, that the gentlemen under his care, having heard of the Count's arrival, had deputed one of their number to wait upon him with the compliments of condolence suitable to the occasion, and invite him to become a member of their society. Our hero could not politely dispense with this instance of civility, and their ambassador, being instantly introduced by the name of Captain Minikin, saluted him with great solemnity.

This was a person equally remarkable for his extraordinary figure and address; his age seemed to border upon forty, his stature amounted to five feet, his visage was long, meagre, and weather-beaten, and his aspect, though not quite rueful, exhibited a certain formality, which was the result of care and conscious importance. He was very little incumbered with flesh and blood; yet what body he had was well-proportioned, his limbs were elegantly turned, and by his carriage he was well entitled to that compliment which we pay to any person when we say he has very much the air of a gentleman. There was also an evident singularity in his dress, which, though intended as an improvement, appeared to be an extravagant exaggeration of the mode, and at once evinced him an original to the discerning eyes of our adventurer, who received him with his usual complaisance, and made a very eloquent acknowledgment of the honour and satisfaction he received from the visit of the representative, and the hospitality of his constituents. The captain's peculiarities were not confined to his external appearance; for his voice resembled the sound of a bassoon, or the aggregate hum of a whole bee-hive, and his discourse was almost nothing else than a series of quotations from the English poets, interlarded with French phrases, which he retained for their significance, on the recommendation of his friends, being himself unacquainted with that or any other outlandish tongue.

Fathom, finding this gentleman of a very communicative disposition, thought he could not have a fairer opportunity of learning the history of his fellow-prisoners: and, turning the conversation on that subject, was not disappointed in his expectation. "I don't doubt, sir, (said he, with the utmost solemnity of declamation), but you look with horror upon every object that surrounds you in this uncomfortable place; but, nevertheless, here are some, who, as my friend Shakspeare has it, *have seen better days, and have with holy bell been knolled to church; and sat at good men's feasts, and wiped their eyes of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.* You must know, sir, that, exclusive of the *canaille*, or the *profanum vulgus*, as they are styled by Horace, there are several small communities in the gaol, consisting of people who are attracted by the manners and dispositions of each other; for this place, sir, is quite a *microcosm*, and, as the great world, so is this, *a stage, and all the men and women merely players.* For my own part, sir, I have always made it a maxim to associate with the best company I can find: not that I pretend to boast of my

family or extraction; because, you know, as the poet says, *Vix ea nostra voco.* My father, 'tis true, was a man that piqued himself upon his pedigree, as well as upon his politesse and personal merit; for he had been a very old officer in the army, and I myself may say I was born with a spontoon in my hand. Sir, I have had the honour to serve his majesty these twenty years, and have been bandied about in the course of duty through all the British plantations, and you see the recompense of all my service. But this is a disagreeable subject, and therefore I shall waive it; however, as Butler observes,

My only comfort is, that now
My dubbolt fortune is so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again and mend.

"And now, to return from this digression, you will perhaps be surprised to hear that the head or chairman of our club is really a sovereign prince; no less, I'll assure you, than the celebrated Theodore, King of Corsica, who lies in prison for a debt of a few hundred pounds.—*Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo.* It is not my business to censure the conduct of my superiors; but I always speak my mind in a cavalier manner, and as, according to the Spectator, talking to a friend is no more than thinking aloud, *entre nous*, his Corsican majesty has been scurvily treated by a certain administration: be that as it will, he is a personage of a very portly appearance, and is quite master of the *bienseance.* Besides, they will find it their interest to have recourse again to his alliance; and in that case some of us may expect to profit by his restoration: but few words are best.

"He that maintains the second rank in our assembly is one Major Macleaver, an Irish gentleman, who has served abroad; a soldier of fortune, sir, a man of unquestionable honour and courage, but a little overbearing, in consequence of his knowledge and experience. He is a person of a good address, to be sure, and quite free of the *mauvaise honte*, and he may have seen a good deal of service: but what then? other people may be as good as he, though they have not had such opportunities; if he speaks five or six languages, he does not pretend to any taste in the liberal arts, which are the criterion of an accomplished gentleman.

"The next is Sir Mungo Barebones, the representative of a very ancient family in the north; his affairs are very much *derangee*, but he is a gentleman of great probity and learning, and at present engaged in a very grand scheme, which, if he can bring it to bear, will render him famous to all posterity; no less than the conversion of the Jews and the Gentiles. The project, I own, looks chimerical to one who has not conversed with the author; but, in my opinion, he has clearly demonstrated, from an anagrammatical analysis of a certain Hebrew word, that his present majesty, whom God preserve, is the person pointed at in Scripture as the temporal Messiah of the Jews; and, if he could once raise by subscription such a trifling sum as twelve hundred thousand pounds, I make no doubt but he would accomplish his aim, vast and romantic as it seems to be.

"Besides these, we have another mess-mate, who is a French chevalier, an odd sort of a man, a kind of Lazarillo de Tormes, a caricatura; he wears a long beard, pretends to be a great poet, and makes a damned *fracas* with his verses. The king has been obliged to exert his authority over him more than once, by ordering him into close confinement, for which he was so rash as to send his majesty a challenge; but he afterwards made his submission, and was again taken into favour: the truth is, I believe his brain is a little disordered, and he being a stranger, we overlook his extravagancies.

"Sir, we shall think ourselves happy in your accession to our society: you will be under no sort of restraint; for, though we dine at one table, every individual calls and pays for his own mess. Our conversation, such as it is, will not, I hope, be disagreeable; and though we have not opportunities of breathing the pure Arcadian air, and cannot, "under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time," we may enjoy ourselves over a glass of punch or a dish of tea: nor are we destitute of friends, who visit us in these shades of distress. The major has a numerous acquaintance of both sexes; among others, a first cousin of good fortune, who, with her daughters, often cheer our solitude; she is a very sensible lady-like gentlewoman, and the young ladies have a certain *degagee* air, that plainly shews they have seen the best company: besides, I will venture to recommend Mrs Minikin as a woman of tolerable breeding and capacity, who, I hope, will not be found altogether deficient in the accomplishments of the sex. So that we find means to make little parties, in which the time glides away insensibly. Then I have a small collection of books, which are at your service. You may amuse yourself with Shakspeare, or Milton, or Don Quixote, or any of our modern authors that are worth reading, such as the Adventures of Loveill, Lady Frail, George Edwards, Joe Thompson, Bampfylde Moore Carew, Young Scarron, and Miss Betsy Thoughtless; and if you have a taste for drawing, I can entertain you with a parcel of prints by the best masters."

A man of our hero's politeness could not help expressing himself in the warmest terms of gratitude for this courteous declaration. He thanked the captain in particular for his obliging offers, and begged he would be so good as to present his respects to the society, of which he longed

to be a member. It was determined, therefore, that Minikin should return in an hour, when the Count would be dressed, in order to conduct him into the presence of his majesty; and he had already taken his leave for the present, when all of a sudden he came back, and, taking hold of a waistcoat that lay upon a chair, "Sir (said he), give me leave to look at that fringe; I think it is the most elegant knitting I ever saw: but pray, sir, are not these quite out of fashion? I thought plain silk, such as this that I wear, had been the mode, with the pockets very low." Before Fathom had time to make any sort of reply, he took notice of his hat and pumps; the first of which, he said, was too narrow in the brim, and the last an inch too low in the heels: indeed they formed a remarkable contrast with his own; for, exclusive of the fashion of the cock, which resembled the form of a Roman galley, the brim of his hat, if properly spread, would have projected a shade sufficient to shelter a whole file of musqueteers from the heat of a summer's sun; and the heels of his shoes were so high as to raise his feet three inches at least from the surface of the earth.

Having made these observations, for the credit of his taste, he retired, and, returning at the time appointed, accompanied Ferdinand to the apartment of the king, at the doors of which their ears were invaded with a strange sound, being that of a human voice imitating the noise of a drum. The captain, hearing this alarm, made a full stop, and, giving the Count to understand that his majesty was busy, begged he would not take it amiss, if the introduction should be delayed for a few moments. Fathom, curious to know the meaning of what he had heard, applied to his guide for information, and learned that the king and the major, whom he had nominated to the post of his general in chief, were employed in landing troops upon the Genoese territory; that is, that they were settling before-hand the manner of their disembarkation.

He then, by the direction of his conductor, reconnoitred them through the key-hole, and perceived the sovereign and his minister sitting on opposite sides of a deal board table, covered with a large chart or map, upon which he saw a great number of mussel and oyster shells ranged in a certain order, and, at a little distance, several regular squares and columns made of cards cut in small pieces. The prince himself, whose eyes were reinforced by spectacles, surveyed this armament with great attention, while the general put the whole in action, and conducted their motions by beat of drum. The mussel shells, according to Minikin's explanation, represented the transports, the oyster shells were considered as the men of war that covered the troops in landing, and the pieces of card exhibited the different bodies into which the army was formed upon its disembarkation.

As an affair of such consequence could not be transacted without opposition, they had provided divers ambuscades, consisting of the enemy, whom they represented by grey pease; and accordingly General Macleaver, perceiving the said grey pease marching along shore to attack his forces before they could be drawn up in battalia, thus addressed himself to the oyster shells, in an audible voice: "You men of war, don't you see the front of the enemy advancing, and the rest of the detachment following out of sight? Arrah! the devil burn you, why don't you come ashore and open your batteries?" So saying, he pushed the shells towards the breach, performed the cannonading with his voice, the grey pease were soon put in confusion, the general was beat, the cards marched forwards in order of battle, and the enemy having retreated with great precipitation, they took possession of their ground without farther difficulty.

CHAP. XL.

He contemplates Majesty and its satellites in eclipse.

This expedition being happily finished, General Macleaver put the whole army, navy, transports, and scene of action, into a canvass bag, the prince unsaddled his nose, and Captain Minikin being admitted, our hero was introduced in form. Very gracious was the reception he met with from his majesty, who, with a most princely demeanour, welcomed him to court, and even seated him on his right hand, in token of particular regard. True it is, this presence-chamber was not so superb, nor the appearance of the king so magnificent, as to render such an honour intoxicating to any person of our hero's coolness and discretion: in lieu of tapestry, the apartment was hung with halfpenny ballads; a truckle-bed, without curtains, supplied the place of a canopy; and, instead of a crown, his majesty wore a woollen night-cap. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, there was an air of dignity in his deportment, and a nice physiognomist would have perceived something majestic in the features of his countenance.

He was certainly a personage of a very prepossessing mien; his manners were engaging, his conversation agreeable, and any man, whose heart was subject to the meltings of humanity, would have deplored his distress, and looked upon him as a most pathetic instance of that miserable reverse to which all human grandeur is exposed. His fall was even greater than that of Belisarius, who, after having obtained many glorious victories over the enemies of his coun-

try, is said to have been reduced to such extremity of indigence, that, in his old age, when he was deprived of his eye-sight, he sat upon the highway like a common mendicant, imploring the charity of passengers in the piteous exclamation of *Date obolum Belisario;* that is, "Spare a farthing to your poor old soldier Belisarius." I say, this general's disgrace was not so remarkable as that of Theodore, because he was the servant of Justinian, consequently his fortune depended upon the nod of that emperor; whereas the other actually possessed the throne of sovereignty by the best of all titles, namely, the unanimous election of the people over whom he reigned; and attracted the eyes of all Europe, by the efforts he made in breaking the bands of oppression, and vindicating that liberty which is the birthright of man.

The English of former days, alike renowned for generosity and valour, treated those hostile princes, whose fate it was to wear their chains, with such delicacy of benevolence, as even dispelled the horrors of captivity; but their posterity of this refined age feel no compunction at seeing an unfortunate monarch, their former friend, ally, and partizan, languish amidst the miseries of a loathsome gaol, for a paltry debt contracted in their own service. But, moralizing apart, our hero had not long conversed with this extraordinary debtor, who, in his present condition, assumed no other title than that of Baron, than he perceived in him a spirit of Quixotism, which all his experience, together with the vicissitudes of his fortune, had not been able to overcome: not that his ideas soared to such a pitch of extravagant hope as that which took possession of his mess-mates, who frequently quarrelled one with another about the degrees of favour to which they should be entitled after the king's restoration; but he firmly believed that affairs would speedily take such a turn in Italy, as would point out to the English court the expediency of employing him again; and this persuasion seemed to support him against every species of poverty and mortification.

While they were busy in trimming the balance of power on the other side of the Alps, their deliberations were interrupted by the arrival of a scullion, who came to receive their orders touching the bill of fare for dinner; and his majesty found much more difficulty in settling this important concern, than in compromising all the differences between the Emperor and the Queen of Spain. At length, however, General Macleaver undertook the office of purveyor for his prince; Captain Minikin insisted upon treating the Count, and in a little time the table was covered with a cloth, which, for the sake of my delicate readers, I shall not attempt to describe.

At this period they were joined by Sir Mungo Barebones, who, having found means to purchase a couple of mutton chops, had cooked a mess of broth, which he now brought in a sauce-pan to the general rendezvous: this was the most remarkable object which had hitherto presented itself to the eyes of Fathom: being naturally of a meagre habit, he was, by indigence and hard study, wore almost to the bone, and so bended towards the earth, that in walking, his body described at least 150 degrees of a circle. The want of stockings and shoes he supplied with a jockey straight boot and an half jack. His thighs and middle were cased in a monstrous pair of brown trunk breeches, which the keeper bought for his use from the executor of a Dutch seaman who had lately died in the gaol: his shirt retained no signs of its original colour, his body was shrouded in an old greasy tattered plaid night-gown; a blue and white handkerchief surrounded his head, and his looks betokened that immense load of care which he had voluntarily incurred for the eternal salvation of sinners. Yet this figure, uncouth as it was, made his compliments to our adventurer in terms of the most elegant address, and, in the course of conversation, disclosed a great fund of valuable knowledge. He had appeared in the great world, and bore divers offices of dignity and trust with universal applause: his courage was undoubted, his morals were unimpeached, and his person held in great veneration and esteem: when his evil genius engaged him in the study of Hebrew, and the mysteries of the Jewish religion, which fairly disordered his brain, and rendered him incapable of managing his temporal affairs. When he ought to have been employed in the functions of his post, he was always rapt in visionary conferences with Moses on the Mount; rather than regulate the economy of his household, he chose to exert his endeavours in settling the precise meaning of the word *Elohim;* and having discovered that now the period was come, when the Jews and Gentiles would be converted, he postponed every other consideration, in order to facilitate that great and glorious event.

By this time Ferdinand had seen every member of the club, except the French chevalier, who seemed to be quite neglected by the society; for his name was not once mentioned during this communication, and they sat down to dinner, without asking whether he was dead or alive. The king regaled himself with a plate of ox-cheek; the major, who complained that his appetite had forsaken him, amused himself with some forty hard eggs, malaxed with salt butter; the knight indulged upon his soup and bouille, and the captain entertained our adventurer with a neck of veal roasted with potatoes; but before Fathom could make use of his knife and fork, he was summoned to the door, where he found the chevalier in great agitation, his eyes sparkling like coals of fire.

Our hero was not a little surprised at this apparition, who, having asked pardon for the

freedom he had used, observed, that, understanding the Count was a foreigner, he could not dispense with appealing to him concerning an outrage he had suffered from the keeper, who, without any regard to his rank or misfortunes, had been base enough to refuse him credit for a few necessaries, until he could have a remittance from his steward in France; he therefore conjured Count Fathom, as a stranger and nobleman like himself, to be the messenger of defiance, which he resolved to send to that brutal gaoler, that, for the future, he might learn to make proper distinctions in the exercise of his function.

Fathom, who had no inclination to offend this choleric Frenchman, assured him that he might depend upon his friendship; and, in the mean time, prevailed upon him to accept of a small supply, in consequence of which he procured a pound of sausages, and joined the rest of the company without delay; making a very suitable addition to such an assemblage of rarities. Though his age did not exceed thirty years, his beard, which was of a brindled hue, flowed down, like Aaron's, to his middle: upon his legs he wore red stockings rolled up over the joint of the knee; his breeches were of blue drab, with vellum button-holes, and garters of gold lace; his waistcoat of scarlet; his coat of rusty black cloth; his hair, twisted into a ramillie, hung down to his rump, of the colour of jet; and his hat was adorned with a white feather.

This original had formed many ingenious schemes to increase the glory and grandeur of France, but was discouraged by Cardinal Fleury, who, in all appearance, jealous of his great talents, not only rejected his projects, but even sent him to prison, on pretence of being offended at his impertinence. Perceiving that, like the prophet, he had no honour in his own country, he no sooner obtained his release, than he retired to England, where he was prompted by his philanthropy to propose an expedient to our ministry, which would have saved a vast effusion of blood and treasure; this was an agreement between the Queen of Hungary and the late Emperor, to decide their pretensions by a single combat; in which case he offered himself as the Bavarian champion; but in this endeavour he also proved unsuccessful: then, turning his attention to the delights of poetry, he became so enamoured of the muse, that he neglected every other consideration, and she, as usual, gradually conducted him to the author's never-failing goal; a place of rest appointed for all those sinners whom the profane love of poesy hath led astray.

CHAP. XLI.

One quarrel is compromised, and another decided, by unusual arms.

Among other topics of conversation that were discussed at this genial meeting, Sir Mungo's scheme was brought upon the carpet by his majesty, who was graciously pleased to ask how his subscription filled? To this interrogation the knight answered, that he met with great opposition from a spirit of levity and self-conceit, which seemed to prevail in this generation; but that no difficulties should discourage him from persevering in his duty, and he trusted in God, that, in a very little time, he should be able to confute and overthrow the false philosophy of the moderns, and to restore the writings of Moses to that pre-eminence and veneration which is due to an inspired author. He spoke of the immortal Newton with infinite contempt, and undertook to extract from the Pentateuch a system of chronology which would ascertain the progress of time since the fourth day of the creation to the present hour, with such exactness, that not one vibration of a pendulum should be lost! nay, he affirmed that the perfection of all arts and sciences might be attained by studying these sacred memoirs; and that he himself did not despair of learning from them the art of transmuting baser metals into gold.

The chevalier, though he did not pretend to contradict these assertions, was too much attached to his own religion to acquiesce in the knight's project of converting the Jews and the Gentiles to the protestant heresy, which, he said, God Almighty would never suffer to triumph over the interests of his own holy catholic church. This objection produced abundance of altercation between two very unequal disputants, and the Frenchman, finding himself puzzled by the learning of his antagonist, had recourse to the *argumentum ad hominem*, by laying his hand upon his sword, and declaring that he was ready to lose the last drop of his blood in opposition to such a damnable scheme.

Sir Mungo, though in all appearance reduced to the last stage of animal existence, no sooner heard this epithet applied to his plan, than his eyes gleamed like lightning; he sprung from his seat with the agility of a grasshopper, and, darting himself out at the door like an arrow from a bow, re-appeared in a moment with a long rusty weapon, which might have been shewn among a collection of rarities as the sword of Guy Earl of Warwick. This implement he brandished over the chevalier's head with the dexterity of an old prize-fighter, exclaiming, in the French language, "Thou art a profane wretch marked out for the vengeance of Heaven, whose unworthy minister I am; and here thou shalt fall by the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The chevalier, unterrified by this dreadful salutation, desired he would accompany him to a more convenient place; and the world might have been deprived of one or both knights-er-

rant, had not General Macleaver, at the desire of his majesty, interposed, and found means to bring matters to an accommodation.

In the afternoon the society was visited by the major's cousin and her daughters, who no sooner appeared than they were recognised by our adventurer; and his acquaintance with them renewed in such a manner as alarmed the delicacy of Captain Minikin, who in the evening repaired to the Count's apartment, and, with a very formal physiognomy, accosted him in these words: "Sir, I beg pardon for this intrusion; but I come to consult you about an affair in which my honour is concerned; and a soldier without honour, you know, is no better than a body without a soul. I have always admired that speech of Hotspur, in the first part of Henry the Fourth:

"By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks—"

"There is a boldness and ease in the expression, and the images are very picturesque. But, without any further preamble; pray, sir, give me leave to ask how long you have been acquainted with those ladies who drank tea with us this afternoon? You'll forgive the question, sir, when I tell you that Major Macleaver introduced Mrs Minikin to them as to ladies of character, and, I don't know how, sir, I have a sort of *presentiment* that my wife has been imposed upon. Perhaps I may be mistaken, and God grant I may. But there was a *je ne scai quoy* in their behaviour to-day, which begins to alarm my suspicion. Sir, I have nothing but my reputation to depend upon; and I hope you will excuse me, when I earnestly beg to know what rank they maintain in life."

Fathom, without minding the consequence, told him with a simper, that he knew them to be very good-natured ladies, who devoted themselves to the happiness of mankind. This explanation had no sooner escaped from his lips, than the captain's face began to glow with indignation, his eyes seemed bursting from their spheres, he swelled to twice his natural dimensions, and, raising himself on his tiptoes, pronounced, in a strain that emulated thunder, "Blood! sir, you seem to make very light of the matter; but it is no joke to me, I'll assure you; and Macleaver shall see that I am not to be affronted with impunity. Sir, I shall take it as a singular favour, if you will be the bearer of a billet to him, which I shall write in three words: nay, sir, you must give me leave to insist upon it, as you are the only gentleman of our mess whom I can intrust with an affair of this nature."

Fathom, rather than run the risk of disobliging such a punctilious warrior, after having in vain attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, undertook to carry the challenge, which was immediately penned in these words:—

"Sir,

"You have violated my honour, in imposing upon Mrs Minikin your pretended cousins as ladies of virtue and reputation; I therefore demand such satisfaction as a soldier ought to receive, and expect you will adjust with my friend Count Fathom the terms upon which you shall be met by the much-injured

"Goliah Minikin."

This morceau being sealed and directed, was forthwith carried by our adventurer to the lodgings of the major, who had by this time retired to rest, but, hearing the Count's voice, he got up and opened the door in *cuerpo*, to the astonishment of Ferdinand, who had never before seen such an Herculean figure. He made an apology for receiving the Count in his birthday suit, to which he said he was reduced by the heat of his constitution, though he might have assigned a more adequate cause, by owning that his shirt was in the hands of his washer-woman; then, shrouding himself in a blanket, desired to know what had procured him the honour of such an extraordinary visit. He read the letter with great composure, like a man accustomed to such intercourse; then, addressing himself to the bearer, "I will be after diverting the gentleman (said he), in any manner he shall think proper; but, by Jesus, this is no place for such amusements; because, as you well know, my dear Count, if both should be killed by the chance of war, neither of us will be able to escape, and after the breath is out of his body, he will make but a sorry excuse to his family and friends. But that is no concern of mine, and therefore I am ready to please him in his own way."

Fathom approved of his remarks, which he reinforced with sundry considerations to the same purpose, and begged the assistance of the major's advice, in finding some expedient to terminate the affair without bloodshed, that no troublesome consequences might ensue either to him or to his antagonist, who, in spite of this overstraining formality, seemed to be a person of worth and good-nature. "With all my heart (said the generous Hibernian), I have a great regard for the little man, and my own character is not to seek at this time of day. I have served a long apprenticeship to fighting, as this same carcass can testify, and if he compels me to run him through the body, by my shoul, I shall do it in a friendly manner."

So saying, he threw aside the blanket, and displayed scars and seams innumerable upon his body, which appeared like an old patched leathern doublet. "I remember (proceeded this champion), when I was a slave at Algiers, Murphy Macmorris and I happened to have some difference in the bagnio; upon which he bade me turn out. Arra, for what? said I, here are no weapons that a gentleman can use, and you would not be such a negro as to box like an English carman. After he had puzzled himself for some time, he proposed that we should retire into a corner, and funk one another with brimstone, till one of us should give out. Accordingly we crammed half a dozen of tobacco pipes with sulphur, and, setting foot to foot, began to smoke, and kept a constant fire, until Macmorris dropped down; then I threw away my pipe, and taking poor Murphy in my arms, 'What, are you dead? (said I), if you are dead, speak.' 'No, by Jesus! (cried he), I am't dead, but I'm speechless.' So he owned I had obtained the victory, and we were as good friends as ever. Now, if Mr Minikin thinks proper to put the affair upon the same issue, I will smoke a pipe of brimstone with him to-morrow morning, and if I cry out first, I will be after asking pardon for this supposed affront."

Fathom could not help laughing at the proposal, to which, however, he objected on account of Minikin's delicate constitution, which might suffer more detriment from breathing in an atmosphere of sulphur than from the discharge of a pistol, or the thrust of a small sword. He therefore suggested another expedient in lieu of the sulphur, namely, the gum called *assa fœtida*, which, though abundantly nauseous, could have no effect upon the infirm texture of the lieutenant's lungs. This hint being relished by the major, our adventurer returned to his principal, and having repeated the other's arguments against the use of mortal instruments, described the succedaneum which he had concerted with Macleaver. The captain at first believed the scheme was calculated for subjecting him to the ridicule of his fellow-prisoners, and began to storm with great violence; but, by the assurances and address of Fathom, he was at length reconciled to the plan, and preparations were made on each side for this duel, which was actually smoaked next day, about noon, in a small closet, detached from the challenger's apartment, and within hearing of his majesty, and all his court, assembled as witnesses and umpires of the contest.

The combatants, being locked up together, began to ply their engines with great fury, and it was not long before Captain Minikin perceived he had a manifest advantage over his antagonist. For his organs were familiarized to the effluvia of this drug, which he had frequently used in the course of an hypochondriac disorder; whereas Macleaver, who was a stranger to all sorts of medicine, by his wry faces and attempts to puke, expressed the utmost abhorrence of the smell that invaded his nostrils. Nevertheless, resolved to hold out to the last extremity, he continued in action until the closet was filled with such an intolerable vapour as discomposed the whole economy of his intrails, and compelled him to disgorge his breakfast in the face of his opponent, whose nerves were so disconcerted by this disagreeable and unforeseen discharge, that he fell back into his chair in a swoon, and the major bellowed aloud for assistance. The door being opened, he ran directly to the window, to inhale the fresh air, while the captain, recovering from his fit, complained of Macleaver's unfair proceeding, and demanded justice of the arbitrators, who decided in his favour; and the major, being prevailed upon to ask pardon for having introduced Mrs Minikin to women of rotten reputation, the parties were reconciled to each other, and peace and concord re-established in the mess.

Fathom acquired universal applause for his discreet and humane conduct upon this occasion; and that same afternoon had an opportunity of seeing the lady in whose cause he had exerted himself. He was presented to her as the husband's particular friend, and when she understood how much she was indebted to his care and concern for the captain's safety, she treated him with uncommon marks of distinction; and he found her a genteel well-bred woman, not without a good share of personal charms, and a well-cultivated understanding.

CHAP. XLIII.

An unexpected rencounter, and an happy revolution in the affairs of our Adventurer.

As she did not lodge within the precincts of this garrison, she was one day, after tea, conducted to the gate by the captain and the Count, and just as they approached the turnkey's lodge, our hero's eyes were struck with the apparition of his old companion Renaldo, son of his benefactor and patron, Count de Melvil. What were the emotions of his soul, when he saw that young gentleman enter the prison, and advance towards him, after having spoke to the gaoler! He never doubted that, being informed of his confinement, he was come to upbraid him with his villainy and ingratitude, and he in vain endeavoured to recollect himself from that terror and guilty confusion which his appearance had inspired; when the stranger, lifting up his eyes, started back with signs of extreme amazement, and, after a considerable pause, exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! Sure my eyes do not deceive me! is not your name Fathom?

It is, it must be my old friend and companion, the loss of whom I have so long regretted!" With these words he ran towards our adventurer, and, while he clasped him in his arms, with all the eagerness of affection, protested that this was one of the happiest days he had ever seen.

Ferdinand, who, from this salutation, concluded himself still in possession of Renaldo's good opinion, was not deficient in expressions of tenderness and joy; he returned his embraces with equal ardour, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and that perturbation, which proceeded from conscious perfidy and fear, was mistaken by the unsuspecting Hungarian for the sheer effects of love, gratitude, and surprise. These first transports having subsided, they adjourned to the lodgings of Fathom, who soon re-collected his spirits and invention so well as to amuse the other with a feigned tale of his having been taken by the French, sent prisoner into Champaigne, from whence he had written many letters to Count Melvil and his son, of whom he could hear no tidings; of his having contracted an intimacy with a young nobleman of France, who died in the flower of his age, after having, in token of friendship, bequeathed to him a considerable legacy; by this he had been enabled to visit the land of his forefathers in the character of a gentleman, which he had supported with some figure, until he was betrayed into a misfortune that exhausted his funds, and drove him to the spot where he was now found: and he solemnly declared, that, far from forgetting the obligation he owed to Count Melvil, or renouncing the friendship of Renaldo, he had actually resolved to set out for Germany on his return to the house of his patron in the beginning of the week posterior to that in which he had been arrested.

Young Melvil, whose own heart had never known the instigations of fraud, implicitly believed the story and protestations of Fathom; and though he would not justify that part of his conduct by which the term of his good fortune was abridged, he could not help excusing an indiscretion into which he had been hurried by the precipitancy of youth, and the allurements of an artful woman: nay, with the utmost warmth of friendship, he undertook to wait upon Trapwell, and endeavour to soften him into some reasonable terms of composition.

Fathom seemed to be quite overwhelmed with a deep sense of all his goodness, and affected the most eager impatience to know the particulars of Renaldo's fate, since their unhappy separation, more especially his errand to this uncomfortable place, which he should henceforth revere as the providential scene of their re-union: nor did he forget to inquire, in the most affectionate and dutiful manner, about the situation of his noble parents and amiable sister.

At mention of these names, Renaldo, fetching a deep sigh, "Alas! my friend (said he), the Count is no more; and, what aggravates my affliction for the loss of such a father, it was my misfortune to be under his displeasure at the time of his death. Had I been present on that melancholy occasion, so well I knew his generosity and paternal tenderness, that, sure I am, he would in his last moments have forgiven an only son, whose life had been a continual effort to render himself worthy of such a parent, and whose crime was no other than an honourable passion for the most meritorious of her sex. But I was removed at a fatal distance from him, and doubtless my conduct must have been invidiously misrepresented. Be that as it will, my mother has again given her hand in wedlock to Count Trevasi; by whom I have the mortification to be informed, that I am totally excluded from my father's succession; and I learn from other quarters, that my sister is barbarously treated by this inhuman father-in-law. Grant, Heaven, I may soon have an opportunity of expostulating with the tyrant upon that subject."

So saying, his cheeks glowed, and his eyes lightened with resentment. Then he thus proceeded:

"My coming hither to-day, was with a view to visit a poor female relation, from whom I yesterday received a letter describing her most deplorable situation, and soliciting my assistance: but the turnkey affirms, that there is no such person in the jail; and I was on my way to consult the keeper, when I was agreeably surprised with the sight of my dear Fathom."

Our adventurer, having wiped from his eyes the tears which were produced by the news of his worthy patron's death, desired to know the name of that afflicted prisoner in whose behalf he interested himself so much, and Renaldo produced the letter, subscribed your unfortunate cousin Helen Melvil. This pretended relation, after having explained the degree of consanguinity which she and the Count stood in to each other, and occasionally mentioned some anecdotes of the family in Scotland, gave him to understand, that she had married a merchant of London, who, by repeated losses in trade, had been reduced to indigence, and afterwards confined in prison, where he then lay a breathless corpse, having left her in the utmost extremity of wretchedness and want, with two young children in the small-pox, and an incurable cancer in one of her own breasts. Indeed, the picture she drew was so moving, and her expressions so sensibly pathetic, that no person, whose heart was not altogether callous, could peruse it without emotion. Renaldo had sent two guineas by the messenger whom she had represented as a trusty servant, whose fidelity had been proof against all the distress of her mistress; and he was now arrived, in order to reinforce his bounty.

Fathom, in the consciousness of his own practices, immediately comprehended the scheme of this letter, and confidently assured him, that no such person resided in the prison, or in any other place: and when his friend applied for information to the keeper, these assurances were confirmed; and that stern janitor told him he had been imposed upon by a stale trick, which was often practised upon strangers by a set of sharpers, who make it their business to pick up hints of intelligence relating to private families, upon which they build such superstructures of fraud and imposition.

However piqued the young Hungarian might be to find himself duped in this manner, he rejoiced at the occasion which had thrown Fathom in his way; and, after having made him a tender of his purse, took his leave, on purpose to wait upon Trapwell, who was not quite so untractable as an enraged cuckold commonly is; for, by this time, he had accomplished the best part of his aim, which was to be divorced from his wife, and was fully convinced that the defendant was no more than a needy adventurer, who in all probability would be released by an act of parliament for the benefit of insolvent debtors; in which case, he (the plaintiff) would reap no solid advantage from his imprisonment.

He therefore listened to the remonstrances of the mediator, and, after much canvassing, agreed to discharge the defendant in consideration of two hundred pounds, which were immediately paid by Count Melvil, who by this deduction was reduced to somewhat less than thirty.

Nevertheless he cheerfully beggared himself in behalf of his friend, for whose release he forthwith obtained an order: and next day our adventurer, having bid a formal adieu to his fellows in distress, and in particular to his majesty, for whose restoration his prayers were preferred, he quitted the jail, and accompanied his deliverer, with all the outward marks of unutterable gratitude and esteem.

Surely, if his heart had been made of *penetrable stuff*, it would have been touched by the circumstances of this redemption: but had not his soul been invincible to all such attacks, these memoirs would possibly never have seen the light.

When they arrived at Renaldo's lodgings, that young gentleman honoured him with other proofs of confidence and friendship, by giving him a circumstantial detail of all the adventures in which he had been engaged after Fathom's desertion from the imperial camp. He told him, that immediately after the war was finished, his father had pressed him to a very advantageous match, with which he would have complied, though his heart was not at all concerned, had not he been inflamed with the desire of seeing the world before he could take any step towards a settlement for life: that he had signified his sentiments on this head to the Count, who opposed them with unusual obstinacy, as productive of a delay which might be fatal to his proposal: for which reason he had retired *incognito* from his family, and travelled through sundry states and countries in a disguise, by which he eluded the inquiries of his parents.

That, in the course of these peregrinations, he was captivated by the irresistible charms of a young lady, on whose heart he had the good fortune to make a tender impression: that their mutual love had subjected both to many dangers and difficulties, during which they suffered a cruel separation; after the torments of which, he had happily found her in England, where she now lived entirely cut off from her native country and connexions, and destitute of every other resource but his honour, love, and protection. And, finally, that he was determined to combat his own desires, how violent soever they might be, until he should have made some suitable provision for the consequences of a stricter union with the mistress of his soul, that he might not, by a precipitate marriage, ruin the person whom he adored.

This end he proposed to attain, by an application to the court of Vienna, which he did not doubt would have some regard to his own service and that of his father; and thither he resolved to repair with the first opportunity, now that he had found a friend with whom he could intrust the inestimable jewel of his heart.

He likewise gave our hero to understand, that he had been eight months in England, during which he had lived in a frugal manner, that he might not unnecessarily exhaust the money he had been able to raise upon his own credit; that hitherto he had been obliged to defer his departure for Germany, on account of his attendance upon the mother of his mistress, who was lately dead of sorrow and chagrin; and that since he resided in London, he had often heard of the celebrated Count Fathom, though he never imagined that his friend Ferdinand could be distinguished by that appellation.

CHAP. XLIV.

Fathom justifies the proverb, "What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh."

Some circumstances of this conversation made a deep impression upon the mind of our adventurer, who nevertheless concealed his emotions from the knowledge of his friend, and was next day introduced to that hidden treasure of which Renaldo had spoke with such rapture and adoration. It was not without reason he had expatiated upon the personal attractions of this young lady, whom (for the present) we shall call Monimia, a name that implies her orphan

situation. When she entered the room, even Fathom, whose eyes had been sated with beauty, was struck dumb with admiration, and could scarce recollect himself so far as to perform the ceremony of his introduction.

She seemed to be about the age of eighteen. Her stature was tall; her motion graceful; a knot of artificial flowers restrained the luxuriancy of her fine black hair that flowed in shining ringlets a-down her snowy neck. The contour of her face was oval; her forehead remarkably high; her complexion clean and delicate, though not florid; and her eyes were so piercing as to strike the soul of every beholder: yet, upon this occasion, one half of their vivacity was eclipsed by a languishing air of melancholy concern; which, while it in a manner sheathed the edge of her beauty, added a most engaging sweetness to her looks. In short, every feature was elegantly perfect; and the harmony of the whole ravishing and delightful.

It was easy to perceive the mutual sentiments of the two lovers at meeting, by the pleasure that sensibly diffused itself in the countenances of both. Fathom was received by her as the intimate friend of her admirer, whom she had often heard of in terms of the most sincere affection; and the conversation was carried on in the Italian language, because she was a foreigner who had not as yet made great proficiency in the knowledge of the English tongue. Her understanding was such as, instead of diminishing, reinforced the prepossession which was inspired by her appearance; and if the sum total of her charms could not melt the heart, it at least excited the appetite of Fathom to such a degree, that he gazed upon her with such violence of desire, as had never transported him before; and instantly began to harbour thoughts not only destructive to the peace of his generous patron, but also to the prudential maxims he had adopted on his first entrance into life.

We have already recorded divers instances of his conduct, to prove that there was an intemperance in his blood, which often interfered with his caution: and although he had found means to render this heat sometimes subservient to his interest, yet, in all probability, Heaven mingled the ingredient in his constitution, on purpose to counteract his consummate craft, defeat the villainy of his intention, and at last expose him to the justice of the law, and the contempt of his fellow-creatures.

Stimulated as he was by the beauty of the incomparable Monimia, he foresaw that the conquest of her heart would cost him a thousand times more labour and address than all the victories he had ever achieved: for, besides her superior understanding, her sentiments of honour, virtue, gratitude, religion, and pride of birth, her heart was already engaged by the tenderest ties of love and obligation, to a man whose person and acquired accomplishments at least equalled his own; and whose connexion with him was of such a nature, as raised an almost insurmountable bar to his design: because, with what face could he commence rival to the person whose family had raised him from want and servility, and whose own generosity had rescued him from the miseries of a dreary jail?

Notwithstanding these reflections, he would not lay aside an idea which so agreeably flattered his imagination. He, like every other projector in the same circumstances, was so partial to his own qualifications, as to think the lady would soon perceive a difference between him and Renaldo that could not fail to turn to his advantage in her opinion. He depended a good deal on the levity and inconstancy of the sex; and did not doubt, that, in the course of their acquaintance, he should profit by that languor which often creeps upon and flattens the intercourse of lovers cloyed with the sight and conversation of each other.

This way of arguing was very natural to a man who had never known other motives than those of sensuality and convenience; and perhaps, upon these maxims, he might have succeeded with nine-tenths of the fair sex: but, for once, he erred in his calculation; Monimia's soul was perfect, her virtue impregnable. His first approaches were, as usual, performed by the method of insinuation, which succeeded so well, that, in a few days, he actually acquired a very distinguished share of her favour and esteem. To this he had been recommended, in the warmest strain of exaggerating friendship, by her dear Renaldo: so that, placing the most unreserved confidence in his honour and integrity, and being almost quite destitute of acquaintance, she made no scruple of owning herself pleased with his company and conversation; and therefore he was never abridged in point of opportunity. She had too much discernment to overlook his uncommon talents and agreeable address, and too much susceptibility to observe them with indifference. She not only regarded him as the confidant of her lover, but admired him as a person whose attachment did honour to Count Melvil's choice: she found his discourse remarkably entertaining, his politeness dignified with an air of uncommon sincerity, and she was ravished with his skill in music, —an art of which she was deeply enamoured.

While he thus ingratiated himself with the fair Monimia, Renaldo rejoiced at their intimacy, being extremely happy in the thought of having found a friend who could amuse and protect the dear creature in his absence. That she might be the better prepared for the temporary separation which he meditated, he began to be less frequent in his visits, or rather to interrupt, by gradual intermissions, the constant attendance he had bestowed upon her since her mother's death. This alteration she was enabled to bear by the assiduities of Fathom, when she

understood that her lover was indispensably employed in negotiating a sum of money for the purposes of his intended voyage. This was really the case: for, as the reader hath been already informed, the provision he had made for that emergency was expended in behalf of our adventurer; and the persons of whom he had borrowed it, far from approving of the use to which it was put, and accommodating him with a fresh supply, reproached him with his benevolence as an act of dishonesty to them, and, instead of favouring this second application, threatened to distress him for what he had already received. While he endeavoured to surmount these difficulties, his small reversion was quite exhausted, and he saw himself on the brink of wanting the common necessaries of life.

There was no difficulty which he could not have encountered with fortitude, had he alone been concerned; but his affection and regard for Monimia were of such a delicate nature, that, far from being able to bear the prospect of her wanting the least convenience, he could not endure that she should suspect her situation cost him a moment's perplexity; because he foresaw it would wring her gentle heart with unspeakable anguish and vexation. This therefore he endeavoured to anticipate, by expressions of confidence in the emperor's equity, and frequent declarations touching the goodness and security of that credit from which he derived his present subsistence.

CHAP. XLVI.

Anecdotes of poverty, and experiments for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

His affairs being thus circumstanced, it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in tranquillity. Every day ushered in new demands and fresh anxiety: for, though his economy was frugal, it could not be supported without money; and now not only his funds were drained, but also his private friends tired of relieving his domestic necessities; nay, they began to relinquish his company, which formerly they had coveted, and those who still favoured him with their company embittered that favour with disagreeable advice, mingled with impertinent reproof. They loudly exclaimed against the last instance of his friendship for Fathom, as a piece of wrong-headed extravagance, which neither his fortune could afford, nor his conscience excuse; and alleged, that such specimens of generosity are vicious in any man, let his finances be never so opulent, if he has any relations of his own who need his assistance; but altogether scandalous, not to say unjust, in a person who depends for his own support on the favour of his friends.

These expostulations did not even respect the beauteous, the accomplished, the gentle-hearted, the orphan Monimia. Although they owned her perfections, and did not deny that it would be highly meritorious in any man of fortune to make her happy, they disapproved of Renaldo's attachment to the fair beggar, made light of that intimate union of hearts which subsisted between the two lovers, and which no human consideration could dissolve; and some among them, in the consummation of their prudence, ventured to hint a proposal of providing for her in the service of some lady of fashion.

Any reader of sensibility will easily conceive how these admonitions were relished by a young gentleman whose pride was indomitable, whose notions of honour were scrupulously rigid and romantic, whose temper was warm, and whose love was intense. Every such suggestion was as a dagger to his soul; and what rendered the torture more exquisite, he lay under obligations to those very persons whose selfish and sordid sentiments he disdained; so that he was restricted by gratitude from giving vent to his indignation, and his forlorn circumstances would not permit him to renounce their acquaintance. While he struggled with these mortifications, his wants grew more and more importunate, and his creditors became clamorous.

Fathom, to whom all his grievances were disclosed, lamented his hard hap with all the demonstrations of sympathy which he could expect to find in such a zealous adherent: he upbraided himself incessantly as the cause of his patron's distress; took God to witness, that he would rather have perished in gaol, than have enjoyed his liberty, had he known it would have cost his dearest friend and benefactor one-tenth part of the anguish he now saw him suffer; and, in conclusion, the fervency of his affection glowed to such a degree, that he offered to beg, steal, or plunder on the highway, for Renaldo's assistance.

Certain it is, he might have recollected a less disagreeable expedient than any of these, to alleviate the pangs of this unhappy lover; for, at that very period, he was possessed of money and moveables to the amount of a much greater sum than that which was necessary to remove the severest pangs of the Count's misfortune. But, whether he did not reflect upon this resource, or was willing to let Melvil be better acquainted with adversity, which is the great school of life, I shall leave the reader to determine: yet, so far was he from supplying the wants of the young Hungarian, that he did not scruple to receive a share of the miserable pittance which that gentleman made shift to extort from the complaisance of a few companions, whose countenance he still enjoyed.

Renaldo's life was now become a sacrifice to the most poignant distress. Almost his whole time was engrossed by a double scheme, com-

prehending his efforts to render his departure practicable, and his expedients for raising the means of daily bread. With regard to the first, he exerted himself among a set of merchants, some of whom knew his family and expectations; and, for the last, he was fain to depend upon the assistance of a few intimates, who were not in a condition to furnish him with sums of consequence. These, however, gradually dropped off, on pretence of friendly resentment for his indiscreet conduct; so that he found himself naked and deserted by all his former companions, except one gentleman, with whom he had lived in the most unreserved correspondence, as with a person of the warmest friendship, and the most unbounded benevolence: nay, he had actually experienced repeated proofs of his generosity; and such were the Count's sentiments of the gratitude, love, and esteem, which were due to the author of these obligations, that he would have willingly laid down his own life for his interest and advantage. He had already been at different times accommodated by this benefactor with occasional supplies, amounting in the whole to about forty or fifty pounds; and so fearful was he of taking any step by which he might forfeit the good-will of this gentleman, that he struggled with unparalleled difficulty and vexation, before he could prevail upon himself to put his liberality to another proof.

What maxims of delicacy will not the dire calls of necessity infringe! Reduced to the alternative of applying once more to that beneficence which had never failed him, or of seeing Monimia starve, he chose the first, as of two evils the least, and intrusted Fathom with a letter explaining the bitterness of his case. It was not without trepidation that he received in the evening from his messenger an answer to this billet; but what were his pangs when he learned the contents! The gentleman, after having professed himself Melvil's sincere well-wisher, gave him to understand, that he was resolved for the future to detach himself from every correspondence which would be inconvenient for him to maintain; that he considered his intimacy with the Count in that light; yet, nevertheless, if his distress was really as great as he had described it, he would still contribute something towards his relief; and accordingly had sent by the bearer five guineas for that purpose; but desired him to take notice, that, in so doing, he laid himself under some difficulty.

Renaldo's grief and mortification at this disappointment were unspeakable: he now saw demolished the last screen betwixt him and the extremity of indigence and woe; he beheld the mistress of his soul abandoned to the bleakest scenes of poverty and want; and he deeply resented the lofty strain of the letter, by which he conceived himself treated as a worthless spendthrift and importunate beggar. Thoug his purse was exhausted to the last shilling though he was surrounded with necessities an demands, and knew not how to provide anothe meal for his fair dependant, he, in oppositio to all the suggestions and eloquence of Fathom despatched him with the money and anothe billet, intimating, in the most respectful term that he approved of his friend's new-adopte maxim, which, for the future, he should al ways take care to remember; and that he ha sent back the last instance of his bounty, as proof how little he was disposed to incommod his benefactor.

This letter, though sincerely meant, an written in a very serious mood, the gentlema considered as an ungrateful piece of irony, an in that opinion complained to several persons c the Count's acquaintance, who unanimously ex claimed against him as a sordid, unthankful and profligate knave, that abused and revile those very people who had generously befriend ed him, whenever they found it inconvenien to nourish his extravagance with further sup plies. Notwithstanding these accumulated op pressions, he still persevered with fortitude i his endeavours to disentangle himself from thi maze of misery. To these he was encourage by a letter which about this time he receive from his sister, importing, that she had goo reason to believe the real will of her father ha been suppressed for certain sinister views; an desiring him to hasten his departure for Hun gary, where he would still find some friend who were both able and willing to support hi cause. He had some trinkets left; the pawn broker's shop was still open; and hitherto h made shift to conceal from Monimia the exte of his affliction.

The money-broker whom he employed, aft having amused him with a variety of scheme which served no other purpose than that protracting his own job, at length undertook t make him acquainted with a set of monie men who had been very adventurous in lend ing sums upon personal security; he w therefore introduced to their club in the mo favourable manner, after the broker had en deavoured to prepossess them separately, wit magnificent ideas of his family and fortune.- By means of this anticipation he was receive with a manifest relaxation of that severit which people of this class mingle in their a pects to the world in general; and they eve vied with each other in their demonstrations hospitality and respect; for every one in pa ticular looked upon him as a young heir, wh would bleed freely, and mortgage at cent. pe cent.

Renaldo, buoyed up with these exterior ci vilities, began to flatter himself with hopes c success, which, however, were soon checked b the nature of the conversation; during whic

the chairman upbraided one of the members in open club, for having once lent forty pounds upon slight security: the person accused alleged in his own defence, that the borrower was his own kinsman, whose funds he knew to be sufficient; that he had granted his bond, and been at the expense of insuring his life for the money; and, in conclusion, had discharged it to the day with great punctuality. These allegations were not deemed exculpatory by the rest of the assembly, who, with one voice, pronounced him guilty of unwarrantable rashness and indiscretion, which, in time coming, must undoubtedly operate to the prejudice of his character and credit.

This was a bitter declaration to the young Count, who, nevertheless, endeavoured to improve the footing he had gained among them, by courting their company, conforming to their manners, and attentively listening to their discourse. When he had cultivated them with great assiduity for the space of some weeks, dined at their houses upon pressing invitations, and received repeated offers of service and friendship, believing that things were now ripe for the purpose, he one day, at a tavern to which he had invited him to dinner, ventured to disclose his situation to him whose countenance was the least unpromising; and as he introduced the business with a proposal of borrowing money, he perceived his eyes sparkle with a visible alacrity, from which he drew an happy presage. But, alas! this was no more than a transient gleam of sunshine, which was suddenly adumbrated by the sequel of his explanation; insomuch, that, when the merchant understood the nature of the security, his visage was involved in a most disagreeable gloom, and his eyes distorted into a most hideous obliquity of vision: indeed he squinted so horribly, that Renaldo was amazed and almost affrighted at his looks, until he perceived that this distortion proceeded from concern for a silver tobacco-box which he had laid down by him on the table, after having filled his pipe: as the youth proceeded to unfold his necessities, the other became gradually alarmed for this utensil, to which he darted his eyes askance in this preternatural direction, until he had slyly secured it in his pocket.

Having made this successful conveyance, he shifted his eyes alternately from the young gentleman to the broker for a considerable pause, during which he in silence reproached the last for introducing such a beggarly varlet to his acquaintance; then taking the pipe from his mouth, "Sir (said he, addressing himself to the Count), if I had all the inclination in the world to comply with your proposal, it is really not in my power: my correspondents abroad have remitted such a number of bad bills of late, that all my running cash hath been exhausted in supporting their credit. Mr Ferret, sure I am, you was not ignorant of my situation; and I'm not a little surprised that you should bring the gentleman to me on business of this kind; but, as the wise man observes, "*Bray a fool in a mortar, and he'll never be wise.*" So saying, with a most emphatic glance directed to the broker, he rung the bell, and called for the reckoning; when, finding that he was to be the guest of Renaldo, he thanked him dryly for his good cheer, and in an abrupt manner took himself away.

Though baffled in this quarter, the young gentleman would not despair; but forthwith employed Mr Ferret in an application to another of the society; who, after having heard the terms of his commission, desired him to tell his principal, that he could do nothing, without the concurrence of his partner, who happened to be at that time in one of our American plantations: a third being solicited, excused himself on account of an oath which he had lately taken on the back of a considerable loss: a fourth being tried, made answer, that it was not in his way: and a fifth candidly owned, that he never lent money without proper security.

Thus the forlorn Renaldo tried every experiment without success, and now saw the last ray of hope extinguished. Well nigh destitute of present support, and encompassed with unrelenting duns, he was obliged to keep within doors, and seek some comfort in the conversation of his charming mistress, and his faithful friend; yet, even there, he experienced the extremest rigour of adverse fate. Every rap at the door alarmed him with the expectation of some noisy tradesman demanding payment. When he endeavoured to amuse himself with drawing, some unlucky feature of the occasional portrait recalled the image of an obdurate creditor, and made him tremble at the work of his own hands. When he fled for shelter to the flattering creation of fancy, some abhorred idea always started up amidst the gay vision, and dissolved the pleasing enchantment. Even the seraphic voice of Monimia had no longer power to compose the anxious tumults of his mind: every song she warbled, every tune she played, recalled to his remembrance some scene of love and happiness elapsed; and overwhelmed his soul with the woeful comparison of past and present fate. He saw all that was amiable and perfect in woman, all that he held most dear and sacred upon earth, tottering on the brink of misery, without knowing the danger of her situation, and found himself unable to prevent her fall, or even to forewarn her of the peril; for, as we have already observed, his soul could not brook the thought of communicating the tidings of distress to the tender-hearted Monimia.

CHAP. XLVII.

Renaldo's distress deepens, and Fathom's plot thickens.

Such aggravated misfortune could not fail to affect his temper and deportment: the continual efforts he made to conceal his vexation produced a manifest distraction in his behaviour and discourse. He began to be seized with horror at the sight of poor Monimia, whom he therefore shunned as much as the circumstances of their correspondence would allow; and every evening he went forth alone to some solitary place, where he could, unperceived, give a loose to the transports of his sorrow, and in silence meditate some means to lighten the burden of his woe. His heart was sometimes so savaged by despair, which represented mankind as his inveterate enemies, that he entertained thoughts of denouncing war against the whole community, and supplying his own wants with the spoils he should win: at other times he was tempted with the desire of putting an end to his miseries and life together: yet these were but the transitory suggestions of temporary madness, that soon yielded to the dictates of reason. From the execution of the first he was restrained by his own notions of honour and morality; and, from using the other expedient, he was deterred by his love for Monimia, together with the motives of philosophy and religion.

While in this manner he secretly nursed the worm of grief that preyed upon his vitals, the alteration in his countenance and conduct did not escape the eyes of that discerning young lady. She was alarmed at the change, yet afraid to inquire into the source of it; for, being ignorant of his distress, she could impute it to no cause in which her happiness was not deeply interested. She had observed his strained complaisance and extraordinary emotion: she had detected him in repeated attempts to avoid her company, and taken notice of his regular excursions in the dark. These were alarming symptoms to a lover of her delicacy and pride: she strove in vain to put the most favourable construction on what she saw; and, finally, imputed the effects of his despondence to the alienation of his heart. Made miserable beyond expression by these suspicions, she imparted them to Fathom, who, by this time, was in full possession of her confidence and esteem, and implored his advice touching her conduct in such a nice conjuncture.

This artful politician, who rejoiced at the effect of her penetration, no sooner heard himself questioned on this subject, than he gave tokens of surprise and confusion, signifying his concern to find she had discovered what (for the honour of his friend) he wished had never come to light. His behaviour on this occasion confirmed her fatal conjecture; and she conjured him, in the most pathetic manner, to tell her if he thought Renaldo's heart had contracted any new engagement. At this question, he started with signs of extreme agitation, and stifling an artificial sigh, "Sure, madam (said he), you cannot doubt the Count's constancy—I am confident—he is certainly—I protest, madam, I am so shocked"—

Here he made a full pause, as if the conflict between his integrity and his friendship would not allow him to proceed, and summoned the moisture into either eye—"Then are my doubts removed (cried the afflicted Monimia): I see your candour in the midst of your attachment to Renaldo; and will no longer torment you with impertinent interrogations and vain complaints." With these words, a flood of tears gushed from her enchanting eyes, and she instantly withdrew into her own apartment, where she indulged her sorrow to excess. Nor was her grief unanimated with resentment.—She was by birth, nature, and education, inspired with that dignity of pride which ennobles the human heart; and this, by the circumstance of her present dependence, was rendered extremely jealous and susceptible; insomuch that she could not brook the least shadow of indifference, much less an injury of such a nature, from the man whom she had honoured with her affections, and for whom she had disobliged and deserted her family and friends.

Though her love was so unalterably fixed on this unhappy youth, that, without the continuation of reciprocal regard, her life would have become an insupportable burden, even amidst all the splendour of affluence and pomp; and although she foresaw, that, when his protection should cease, she must be left a wretched orphan in a foreign land, exposed to all the miseries of want; yet, such was the loftiness of her displeasure, that she disdained to complain, or even demand an explanation from the supposed author of her wrongs.

While she continued undetermined in her purpose, and fluctuating on this sea of torture, Fathom, believing that now was the season for working upon her passions, while they were all in commotion, became, if possible, more assiduous than ever about the fair mourner, modelled his features into a melancholy cast, pretended to share her distress with the most emphatic sympathy, and endeavoured to keep her resentment glowing by cunning insinuations, which, though apparently designed to apologize for his friend, served only to aggravate the guilt of his perfidy and dishonour.—This pretext of friendly concern is the most effectual vehicle for the conveyance of malice and slander; and a man's reputation is never so mortally stabbed, as when the assassin begins with the preamble of, "For my own part, I can safely say, that no man upon earth has a

greater regard for him than I have; and it is with the utmost anguish and concern that I see him misbehave in such a manner." Then he proceeds to mangle his character, and the good-natured hearers, concluding he is even blacker than he is represented, on the supposition that the most atrocious circumstances are softened or suppressed by the tenderness or friendship of the accuser, exclaim, "Good lack! what a wretch he must be, when his best friends will no longer attempt to defend him!" Nay, sometimes those well-wishers undertake his defence, and treacherously betray the cause they have espoused, by omitting the reasons that may be urged in his vindication.

Both these methods were practised by the wily Ferdinand, according to the predominant passion of Monimia: when her indignation prevailed, he expatiated upon his love and sincere regard for Renaldo, which, he said, had grown up from the cradle, to such a degree of fervour, that he would willingly part with life for his advantage. He shed tears for his apostacy; but every drop made an indelible stain upon his character; and, in the bitterness of his grief, swore, notwithstanding his fondness for Renaldo, which had become a part of his constitution, that the young Hungarian deserved the most infamous destiny for having injured such perfection. At other times, when he found her melted into silent sorrow, he affected to excuse the conduct of his friend. He informed her, that the young gentleman's temper had been uneven from his infancy; that frailty was natural to man; that he might in time be reclaimed by self-conviction; he even hinted, that she might have probably ascribed to inconstancy, what was really the effect of some chagrin which he industriously concealed from his participation: but, when he found her disposed to listen to this last suggestion, he destroyed the force of it, by recollecting the circumstances of his nocturnal rambles, which, he owned, would admit of no favourable construction.

By these means he blew the coals of her jealousy, and enhanced the value of his own character at the same time; for she looked upon him as a mirror of faith and integrity, and the mind being overcharged with woe, naturally seeks some confidant, upon whose sympathy it can repose itself: indeed his great aim was to make himself necessary to her affliction, and settle a gossiping correspondence, in the familiarity of which he hoped his purpose would certainly be answered.

Yet the exertion of these talents was not limited to her alone. While he laid these trains for the hapless young lady, he was preparing snares of another kind for her unsuspecting lover, who (for the completion of his misery) about this time began to perceive marks of disquiet and displeasure in the countenance and deportment of his adored Monimia: for that young lady, in the midst of her grief, remembered her origin, and over her vexation affected to throw a veil of tranquillity, which served only to give an air of disgust to her internal disturbance.

Renaldo, whose patience and philosophy were barely sufficient to bear the load of his other evils, would have been quite overwhelmed with the additional burden of Monimia's woe, if it had not assumed this appearance of disesteem, which, as he knew he had not deserved it, brought his resentment to his assistance: yet this was but a wretched cordial to support him against the baleful reflections that assaulted him from every quarter; it operated like those desperate remedies, which, while they stimulate exhausted nature, help to destroy the very fundamentals of the constitution. He reviewed his own conduct with the utmost severity, and could not recollect one circumstance which could justly offend the idol of his soul. The more blameless he appeared to himself in this examination, the less excusable did her behaviour appear: he tasked his penetration to discover the cause of this alteration; he burned with impatience to know it; his discernment failed him, and he was afraid (though he knew not why) to demand an explanation. His thoughts were so circumstanced, that he durst not even unbosom himself to Fathom, though his own virtue and friendship resisted those sentiments that began to intrude upon his mind, with suggestions to the prejudice of our adventurer's fidelity.

Nevertheless, unable to endure the torments of such interesting suspense, he at length made an effort to expostulate with the fair orphan; and, in an abrupt address, the effect of his fear and confusion, begged to know if he had inadvertently done any thing to incur her displeasure. Monimia hearing herself bluntly accosted in this unusual strain, after repeated instances of his reserve and supposed inconstancy, considered the question as a fresh insult, and, summoning her whole pride to her assistance, replied, with affected tranquillity, or rather with an air of scorn, that she had no title to judge, neither did she pretend to condemn his conduct. This answer, so wide of that tenderness and concern which had hitherto manifested itself in the disposition of his amiable mistress, deprived him of all power to carry on the conversation, and he retired with a low bow, fully convinced of his having irretrievably lost the place he had possessed in her affection; for, to his imagination, warped and blinded by his misfortunes, her demeanour seemed fraught, not with a transient gleam of anger, which a respectful lover would soon have appeased, but with that contempt and indifference which denote a total absence of affection and esteem. She, on the other hand, misconstrued his sudden retreat; and now they beheld the actions of each other

through the false medium of prejudice and resentment. To such fatal misunderstandings the peace and happiness of whole families often fall a sacrifice.

CHAP. XLVI.

Our Adventurer becomes absolute in his power over the passions of his friend, and effects one-half of his aim.

INFLUENCED by this dire mistake, the breasts of those unhappy lovers began to be invaded with the horrors of jealousy: the tender-hearted Monimia endeavoured to devour her griefs in silence; she in secret bemoaned her forlorn fate without ceasing; her tears flowed without intermission from night to morn, and from morn to night: she sought not to know the object for which she was forsaken; she meant not to upbraid her undoer; her aim was to find a sequestered corner, in which she could indulge her sorrow; where she could brood over the melancholy remembrance of her former felicity; where she could recollect those happy scenes she had enjoyed under the wings of her indulgent parents, when her whole life was a revolution of pleasures, and she was surrounded with affluence, pomp, and admiration; where she could, unmolested, dwell upon the wretched comparison between her past and present condition, and paint every circumstance of her misery in the most aggravating colours, that they might make the deeper impression upon her mind, and the more speedily contribute to that dissolution for which she ardently wished, as a total release from woe.

Amidst these pinings, she began to loathe all sustenance; her cheeks grew wan, her bright eyes lost their splendour, the roses vanished from her lips, and her delicate limbs could hardly support their burden; in a word, her sole consolation was limited to the prospect of depositing her sorrows in the grave; and her only wish was to procure a retreat in which she might wait with resignation for that happy period. Yet this melancholy comfort she could not obtain without the advice and mediation of Fathom, whom she therefore still continued to see and consult. While these consultations were held, Renaldo's bosom was ravaged with tempests of rage and distraction. He believed himself superseded in the affection of his mistress, by some favoured rival, whose success rankled at his soul; and though he scarce durst communicate the suspicion to his own heart, his observation continually whispered to him, that he was supplanted by his friend Fathom; for Monimia was totally detached from the conversation of every other man, and he had of late noted their intercourse with distempered eyes.

These considerations sometimes transporte him to such a degree of frenzy, that he wa tempted to sacrifice them both as traitors t gratitude, friendship, and love; but such deli riums soon vanished before his honour and hu manity. He would not allow himself to thin amiss of Ferdinand, until some undoubted mar of his guilt should appear; and this was so fa from being the case, that hitherto there wa scarce a presumption. On the contrary (sai he to himself), I am hourly receiving proofs c his sympathy and attachment: not but that h may be the innocent cause of my mishap. Hi superior qualifications may have attracted th eye, and engaged the heart of that inconstan fair, without his being sensible of the victor he has won; or, perhaps, shocked at the con quest he hath unwillingly made, he discourage her advances, tries to reason down her unjusti fiable passion, and, in the mean time, conceal from me the particulars, out of regard to m happiness and quiet.

Under cover of these favourable conjecture our adventurer securely prosecuted his schem upon the unfortunate Monimia. He dedicate himself wholly to her service and conversation except at those times when his company wa requested by Renaldo, who now very seldom exacted his attendance: in his ministry abou the person of the beauteous orphan, this cun ning incendiary mingled such awful regard such melting compassion, as effectually screene him from the suspicion of treachery, while h widened the fatal breach between her and he lover by the most diabolical insinuations. H represented his friend as a voluptuary, wh gratified his own appetite without the least re gard to honour or conscience; and, with a she of infinite reluctance, imparted some anecdote of his sensuality, which he had feigned for th purpose; then he would exclaim in an affecte transport, "Gracious Heaven! is it possible fo any man, who has the least title to perception o humanity, to injure such innocence and perfec tion! For my own part, had I been so unde servedly happy—Heaven and earth! Forgiv my transports, madam; I cannot help seein and admiring such divine attractions. I can not help resenting your wrongs; it is the caus of virtue I espouse; it ought to be the cause c every honest man."

He had often repeated such apostrophes a these, which she ascribed to nothing else tha sheer benevolence and virtuous indignation and actually began to think he had made som impression upon her heart; not that he no entertained the hope of an immediate triump over her chastity. The more he contemplate her character, the more difficult the conques seemed to be; he therefore altered his plan and resolved to carry on his operations unde the shelter of honourable proposals, foreseein that a wife of her qualifications, if proper

managed, would turn greatly to the account of the husband; or, if her virtue should prove refractory, that he could at any time rid himself of the incumbrance, by decamping without beat of drum, after he should be cloyed with possession.

Elevated by these expectations, he, one day, in the midst of a preconcerted rhapsody, imparting, that he could no longer conceal the fire that preyed upon his heart, threw himself on his knees before the lovely mourner, and imprinted a kiss on her fair hand. Though he did not presume to take this liberty till after such preparation as he thought had altogether extinguished her regard for Melvil, and paved the way for his own reception in room of that discarded lover, he had so far overshot his mark, that Monimia, instead of favouring his declaration, started up, and retired in silence, her cheeks glowing with shame, and her eyes glowing with indignation.

Ferdinand no sooner recovered from the confusion produced by this unexpected repulse, than he saw the necessity of coming to a speedy determination, lest the offended fair one should appeal to Renaldo, in which case they might be mutually undeceived, to his utter shame and confusion: he therefore resolved to deprecate her anger by humble supplications, and by protesting, that, whatever tortures he might suffer by suppressing his sentiments, she should never again be offended with a declaration of his passion.

Having thus appeased the gentle Monimia, and discovered, that, in spite of her resentment, his friend still kept possession of her heart, he determined to work an effectual separation, so as that the young lady, being utterly deserted by Melvil, should be left altogether in his power. With this Christian intention, he began to sadden his visage with a double shade of pensive melancholy, in the presence of Renaldo, to stifle a succession of involuntary sighs, to answer from the purpose, to be incoherent in his discourse, and, in a word, to act the part of a person wrapt up in sorrowful cogitation.

Count Melvil, soon as he perceived these symptoms, very kindly inquired into the cause of them, and was not a little alarmed to hear the artful and evasive answers of Ferdinand, who, without disclosing the source of his disquiet, earnestly begged leave to retire into some other corner of the world. Roused by this entreaty, the Hungarian's jealousy awoke, and, with violent agitation, he exclaimed, "Then are my fears too true—My dear Fathom, I comprehend the meaning of your request. I have for some time perceived an host of horrors approaching from that quarter. I know your worth and honour. I depend upon your friendship, and conjure you, by all the ties of it, to free me at once from the most miserable suspense, by owning you have involuntarily captivated the heart of that unhappy maiden."

To this solemn interrogation he made no reply; but, shedding a flood of tears (of which he had always a magazine at command), he repeated his desire of withdrawing, and took God to witness, that what he proposed was solely for the quiet of his honoured patron and beloved friend. "Enough (cried the unfortunate Renaldo), the measure of my woes is now filled up." So saying, he fell backwards in a swoon, from which he was with difficulty recovered to the sensation of the most exquisite torments. During this paroxysm, our adventurer nursed him with infinite care and tenderness; he exhorted him to summon all his fortitude to his assistance; to remember his forefathers, and exert himself in the imitation of their virtues; to fly from those bewitching charms which had enslaved his better part; to retrieve his peace of mind, by reflecting on the inconstancy and ingratitude of woman; and amuse his imagination in the pursuit of honour and glory.

After these admonitions, he abused his ears with a forged detail of the gradual advances made to him by Monimia, and the steps he had taken to discourage her addresses, and re-establish her virtue; poisoning the mind of that credulous youth to such a degree, that, in all probability, he would have put a fatal period to his own existence, had not Fathom found means to allay the rage of his ecstasy, by the cunning arrangement of opposite considerations. He set his pride against his love, he opposed his resentment to his sorrow, and his ambition to his despair. Notwithstanding the balance of power so settled among these antagonists, so violent were the shocks of their successive conflicts, that his bosom fared like a wretched province, harassed, depopulated, and laid waste, by two fierce contending armies. From this moment, his life was nothing but an alternation of starts and reveries: he wept and raved by turns, according to the prevailing gust of passion; food became a stranger to his lips, and sleep to his eye-lids; he could not support the presence of Monimia; her absence increased the torture of his pangs, and, when he met her by accident, he started back with horror, like a traveller who chances to tread upon a snake.

The poor afflicted orphan, worn to a shadow with self-consuming anguish, eager to find some lowly retreat, where she could breathe out her soul in peace, and, terrified at the frantic behaviour of Renaldo, communicated to Fathom her desire of removing; and begged that he would take a small picture of her father, decorated with diamonds, and convert them into money, for the expense of her subsistence. This was the last pledge of her family, which she had received from her mother, who had preserved it

in the midst of numberless distresses; and no other species of misery but that which she groaned under could have prevailed upon the daughter to part with it: but, exclusive of other motives, the very image itself, by recalling to her mind the honours of her name, upbraided her with living in dependence upon a man who had treated her with such indignity and ingratitude; besides, she flattered herself with the hope that she should not long survive the loss of this testimonial.

Our adventurer, with many professions of sorrow and mortification at his own want of capacity to prevent such an alienation, undertook to dispose of it to the best advantage, and to provide her with a cheap and retired apartment, to which he would conduct her in safety, though at the hazard of his life. In the mean time, however, he repaired to his friend Renaldo; and, after having admonished him to arm his soul with patience and philosophy, declared that Monimia's guilty passion for himself could no longer be kept within bounds; that she had conjured him, in the most pressing manner, to assist her in escaping from an house which she considered as the worst of dungeons, because she was in it daily exposed to the sight and company of a man whom she detested; and that she had bribed him to compliance with her request, not only with repeated promises of eternal love and submission, but also with the picture of her father set with diamonds, which she had hitherto reserved as the last and greatest testimony of her affection and esteem.

With these words he presented the fatal pledge to the eyes of the astonished youth, upon whom it operated like the poisonous sight of the basilisk; for, in an instant, the whole passions of his soul were in the most violent agitation. "What! (cried he, in an ecstasy of resentment) is she so abandoned to perfidy, so lost to shame, so damned to constancy, to gratitude, and virtuous love, as to meditate the means of leaving me without decency, without remorse! to forsake me in my adversity, when my hapless fortune can no longer flatter the pride and vanity of her expectation! O woman! woman! woman! what simile shall I find to illustrate the character of the sex? But I will not have recourse to vain complaints and feeble exclamations. By Heaven! she shall not 'scape; she shall not triumph in her levity; she shall not exult in my distress: no! I will rather sacrifice her to my just resentment, to the injured powers of love and friendship. I will act the avenging minister of Heaven! I will mangle that fair bosom, which contains so false an heart! I will tear her to pieces, and scatter those beauteous limbs, as a prey to the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air!"

Fathom, who expected this storm, far from attempting to oppose its progress, waited with patience until its first violence was overblown; then, assuming an air of condolence, animated with that resolution which a friend ought to maintain on such occasions, "My dear Count (said he), I am not at all surprised at your emotion, because I know what an heart, susceptible as yours, must feel from the apostacy of one who has reigned so long the object of your love, admiration, and esteem. Your endeavours to drive her from your thoughts must create an agony much more severe than that which divorces the soul from the body. Nevertheless, I am so confident of your virtue and your manhood, as to foresee, that you will allow the frail Monimia to execute that resolution which she hath so unwisely taken, to withdraw herself from your love and protection. Believe me, my best friend and benefactor, this is a step, in consequence of which you will infallibly retrieve your peace of mind. It may cost you many bitter pangs, it may probe your wounds to the quick; but those pangs will be soothed by the gentle and salutary wing of time, and that probing will rouse you to a due sense of your own dignity and importance, which will enable you to convert your attention to objects far more worthy of your contemplation. All the hopes of happiness you had cherished in the possession of Monimia are now irrecoverably blasted; her heart is now debased beneath your consideration; her love is, without all doubt, extinguished, and her honour irretrievably lost; insomuch, that, were she to profess sorrow for her indiscretion, and implore your forgiveness, with the most solemn promises of regarding you for the future with unalterable fidelity and affection, you ought not to restore her to that place in your heart which she hath so meanly forfeited, because you could not at the same time reinstate her in the possession of that delicate esteem without which there is no harmony, no rapture, no true enjoyment in love. No, my dear Renaldo, expel the unworthy tenant from your bosom; allow her to fill up the measure of her ingratitude, by deserting her lover, friend, and benefactor. Your glory demands her dismission; the world will applaud your generosity, and your own heart approve of your conduct: so disincumbered, let us exert ourselves once more in promoting your departure from this island, that you may revisit your father's house, do justice to yourself and amiable sister, and take vengeance on the author of your wrongs; then dedicate yourself to glory, in imitation of your renowned ancestors, and flourish in the favour of your imperial patron."

These remonstrances had such effect upon the Hungarian, that his face was lighted up with a transient gleam of satisfaction. He embraced Ferdinand with great ardour, calling him his pride, his Mentor, his good genius, and entreated him to gratify the inclination of that fickle creature so far, as to convey her to another lodging, without loss of time, while he

would, by absenting himself, favour their retreat.

Our hero, having obtained this permission, went immediately to the skirts of the town, where he had previously bespoke a small though neat apartment, at the house of an old woman, widow of a French refugee. He had already reconnoitred the ground, by sounding his landlady, from whose poverty and complaisance he found reason to expect all sorts of freedom and opportunity for the accomplishment of his aim upon Monimia's person. The room being prepared for her reception, he returned to that disconsolate beauty, to whom he presented ten guineas, which he pretended to have raised by pledging the picture, though he himself acted as the pawnbroker on this occasion, for a very plain and obvious reason.

The fair orphan was overjoyed to find her wish so speedily accomplished: she forthwith packed up her necessaries in a trunk; and an hackney coach was called in the dusk of the evening, in which she embarked with her baggage and conductor.

Yet she did not leave the habitation of Renaldo without regret. In the instant of parting, the idea of that unfortunate youth was associated with every well-known object that presented itself to her eyes; not as an inconstant, ungenerous, and perjured swain, but as the accomplished, the virtuous, the melting lover, who had captivated her virgin heart. As Fathom led her to the door, she was met by Renaldo's dog, which had long been her favourite, and the poor animal fawning upon her as she passed, her heart was overwhelmed with such a gush of tenderness, that a flood of tears streamed down her cheeks, and she had well nigh sunk upon the floor.

Ferdinand, considering this emotion as the last tribute she would pay to Renaldo, hurried her into the coach, where she soon recovered her composure; and in a little time he ushered her into the house of Madam la Mer, by whom she was received with great cordiality, and conducted to her apartment, with which she found no other fault than that of its being too good for one in her forlorn situation. Here, while the tear of gratitude started in either eye, she thanked our adventurer for his benevolence and kind concern, assuring him, that she would not fail daily to beseech the most High to shower down blessings upon him, as the orphan's friend and protector.

Fathom was not deficient in those expressions that were best adapted to her present turn of mind. He observed, that what he had done was in obedience to the dictates of common humanity, which would have prompted him to assist any fellow-creature in distress; but that her peculiar virtue and qualifications were such as challenged the utmost exertion of his faculties in her service. He said, that surely Heaven had not created such perfection in vain; that she was destined to receive as well as to communicate happiness; and that the Providence which she so piously adored, would not fail, in due season, to raise her from distress and affliction, to that honour and felicity for which she was certainly ordained. In the mean time, he entreated her to depend upon his service and fidelity, and the article of her board being settled, he left her to the company and consolation of her discreet hostess, who soon insinuated herself into the good opinion of her beauteous lodger.

While our hero was employed in this transaction, Renaldo sallied forth in a sort of intoxication, which Fathom's admonitions had inspired; and, repairing to a certain noted coffee-house, engaged at chess with an old French refugee, that his attention, by being otherwise employed, might not stray towards that fatal object which he ardently wished to forget. But, unluckily for him, he had scarce performed three moves of the game, when his ears were exposed to a dialogue between two young gentlemen, one of whom asked the other if he would go and see the orphan acted at one of the theatres; observing, as a farther inducement, that the part of Monimia would be performed by a young gentlewoman who had never appeared on the stage. At mention of that name, Renaldo started; for, though it did not properly belong to his orphan, it was the appellation by which she had been distinguished ever since her separation from her father's house, and therefore it recalled her to his imagination in the most interesting point of view. Though he endeavoured to expel the image, by a closer application to his play, every now and then it intruded upon his fancy, and at each return made a stronger impression; so that he found himself in the situation of an unfortunate bark stranded upon some hidden rock, which, when the wind begins to blow, feels every succeeding wave more boisterous than the former, until, with irresistible fury, they surmount her decks, sweep every thing before them, and dash her all to pieces.

The refugee had observed his first emotion, which he attributed to an unforeseen advantage he himself had gained over the Hungarian; but seeing him, in the sequel, bite his lip, roll his eyes, groan, writhe his body, ejaculate incoherent curses, and neglect his game, the Huguenot concluded that he was mad, and, being seized with terror and dismay, got up and scampered off, without ceremony or hesitation.

Melvil, thus left to the horrors of his own thought, which tortured him with the apprehension of losing Monimia for ever, could no longer combat that suggestion, but ran homewards with all the speed he could exert, in order to prevent her retreat. When he crossed the threshold, he was struck with such a damp

of presaging fear, that he durst not in person approach her apartment, nor even, by questioning the servant, inform himself of the particulars he wanted to know: yet his suspense becoming more insupportable than his fear, he rushed from room to room in quest of that which was not to be found; and, seeing Monimia's chamber-door open, entered the deserted temple in a state of distraction, calling aloud upon her name. All was silent, solitary, and woeful, "She is gone—(he cried, shedding a flood of tears)—she is for ever lost; and all my hopes of happiness are fled!"

So saying, he sunk upon that couch on which Monimia had oft reposed, and abandoned himself to all the excess of grief and despondence. In this deplorable condition he was found by our adventurer, who gently chid him for his want of resolution, and again repelled his sorrow, by arousing his resentment against the innocent cause of his disquiet, having before-hand forged the particulars of provocation. "Is it possible (said he), that Renaldo can still retain the least sentiment of regard for a fickle woman, by whom he has been so ungratefully forsaken and so unjustly scorned? Is it possible he can be so disturbed by the loss of a creature who is herself lost to all virtue and decorum?—Time and reflection, my worthy friend, will cure you of that inglorious malady: and the future misconduct of that imprudent damsel will, doubtless, contribute to the recovery of your peace. Her behaviour, at leaving the house where she had received so many marks of the most delicate affection, was in all respects so opposite to honour and decency, that I could scarce refrain from telling her I was shocked at her deportment, even while she loaded me with protestations of love. When a woman's heart is once depraved, she bids adieu to all restraint;—she preserves no measures. It was not simply contempt which she expressed for Renaldo; she seems to resent his being able to live under her disdain; and that resentment stoops to objects unworthy of indignation. Even your dog was not exempted from the effects of her displeasure: for, in her passage to the door, she kicked the poor animal as one of your dependants; and, in our way to the apartment I had provided for her, she entertained me with a ludicrous comment upon the manner in which you first made her acquainted with your passion. All that modesty of carriage, all that chastity of conversation, all that dignity of grief, which she knew so well how to affect, is now entirely laid aside, and when I quitted her, she seemed the most gay, giddy, and impertinent of her sex."

"Gracious powers! (exclaimed Renaldo, starting from the couch) am I under the delusion of a dream; or are these things really so, as my friend has represented them? Such a total and sudden degeneracy is amazing! is monstrous and unnatural!"—"Such, my dear Count (replied our hero), is the caprice of a female heart, fickle as the wind, uncertain as a calm at sea, fixed to no principle, but swayed by every fantastic gust of passion, or of whim. Congratulate yourself, therefore, my friend, upon your happy deliverance from such a domestic plague—upon the voluntary exile of a traitor from your bosom:—Recollect the dictates of your duty, your discretion, and your glory, and think upon the honours and elevated enjoyment for which you are certainly ordained. To-night let us, over a cheerful bottle, anticipate your success; and to-morrow I will accompany you to the house of an usurer, who, I am informed, fears no risk, provided twenty per cent. be given, and the borrower's life insured."

CHAP. XLVII.

The art of borrowing further explained, and an account of a strange phenomenon.

In this manner did the artful incendiary work upon the passions of the credulous unsuspecting Hungarian, who pressed him to his breast with the most cordial expressions of friendship, calling him his guardian, his saviour, his second father, and gave himself up wholly to his advice.

Next morning, according to the plan they had laid over night, they repaired to a tavern in the neighbourhood of the person to whom our adventurer had been directed, and were fortunate enough to find him in the house, transacting a money affair with a young gentleman who treated him with his morning's whet.

That affair being negotiated, he adjourned into another room with Renaldo and his companion, who were not a little surprised to see this minister of Plutus in the shape of a young sprightly beau, trimmed up in all the foppery of the fashion; for they had hitherto always associated with the idea of an usurer old age and rusty apparel. After divers modish congees, he begged to know to what he should attribute the honour of their message; when Ferdinand, who acted the orator, told him, that his friend, Count Melvil, having occasion for a sum of money, had been directed to a gentleman of his name, "and, I suppose (added he), you are the son of the person with whom the affair is to be negotiated?"

"Sir (said this *petit maitre*, with a smile), I perceive you are surprised to see one of my profession in the appearance of a gentleman; and perhaps your wonder will not cease, when I tell you, that my education was liberal, and that I once had the honour to bear a commission in the British army. I was indeed a first lieutenant of marines, and will venture to say, that no officer in the service was more delicate than

myself in observing all the punctilios of honour. I entertained the utmost contempt for all the trading part of the nation, and suffered myself to be run through the body in a duel, rather than roll with a brother-lieutenant, who was a broker's son: but, thank Heaven! I have long ago conquered all those ridiculous prejudices. I soon observed, that without money there was no respect, honour, or convenience, to be acquired in life; that wealth amply supplied the want of wit, merit, and pedigree, having influence and pleasure ever at command; and that the world never failed to worship the flood of affluence, without examining the dirty channels through which it commonly flowed.

"At the end of the war, finding my appointments reduced to two shillings and four-pence per day, and being addicted to pleasures which I could not possibly purchase from such a fund, I sold my half-pay for two hundred pounds, which I lent upon bond to a young officer of the same regiment, on condition that he should insure his life, and restore one-fourth part of the sum by way of premium. I happened to be lucky in this first essay: for the borrower, having in six weeks expended the money, made an excursion on the highway, was apprehended, tried, convicted of felony, and cut his own throat, to prevent the shame of a public execution; so that his bond was discharged by the insurers.

"In short, gentlemen, when I engaged in this business, I determined to carry it on with such spirit, as would either make my fortune, or entirely ruin me in a little time; and hitherto my endeavours have been tolerably successful: nor do I think my proceedings a whit more criminal or unjust than those of other merchants, who strive to turn their money to the best account. The commodity I deal in is cash; and it is my business to sell it to the best advantage. A London factor sends a cargo of goods to market, and if he gets two hundred per cent. upon the sale, he is commended for his industry and address. If I sell money for one-fourth part of that profit, certain persons will be so unjust as to cry, Shame upon me, for taking such advantage of my neighbour's distress; not considering, that the trader took four times the same advantage of those people who bought his cargo, though his risk was not half so great as mine, and although the money I sold perhaps retrieved the borrower from the very jaws of destruction: for example, it was but yesterday I saved a worthy man from being arrested for a sum of money, for which he had bailed a friend who treacherously left him in the lurch: as he did not foresee what would happen, he had made no provision for the demand, and his sphere of life secluding him from all sorts of monied intercourse, he could not raise the cash by his credit in the usual way of borrowing; so that, without my assistance, he must have gone to gaol,—a disgrace which would have proved fatal to the peace of his family, and utterly ruined his reputation.—Nay, that very young gentleman, from whom I am just now parted, will, in all probability, be indebted to me for a very genteel livelihood. He had obtained the absolute promise of being provided for by a great man, who sits at the helm of affairs in a neighbouring kingdom; but, being destitute of all other resources, he could not have equipped himself for the voyage, in order to profit by his lordship's intention, unless I had enabled him to pursue his good fortune."

Renaldo was not a little pleased to hear this harangue, to which Fathom replied with many florid encomiums upon the usurer's good sense and humane disposition: then he explained the errand of his friend, which was to borrow three hundred pounds, in order to retrieve his inheritance, of which he had been defrauded in his absence.

"Sir (said the lender, addressing himself to Count Melvil), I pretend to have acquired by experience some skill in physiognomy; and though there are some faces so deeply disguised as to baffle all the penetration of our art, there are others, in which the heart appears with such nakedness of integrity, as at once to recommend it to our good-will. I own your countenance prepossesses me in your favour; and you shall be accommodated, upon those terms from which I never deviate, provided you can find proper security, that you shall not quit the British dominions, for that, with me, is a condition *sine qua non*."

This was a very disagreeable declaration to Renaldo, who candidly owned, that, as his concerns lay upon the continent, his purpose was to leave England without delay. The usurer professed himself sorry that it was not in his power to oblige him; and, in order to prevent any farther importunity, assured them, he had laid it down as a maxim, from which he would never swerve, to avoid all dealings with people whom (if need should be) he could not sue by the laws of this realm.

Thus the intervention of one unlucky and unforeseen circumstance blasted in an instant the budding hopes of Melvil, who, while his visage exhibited the most sorrowful disappointment, begged to know, if there was any person of his acquaintance who might be less scrupulous in that particular.

The young gentleman directed them to another member of his profession, and, wishing them success, took his leave with great form and complaisance. This instance of politeness was, however, no more than a shift to disengage himself the more easily from their entreaties; for, when the case was opened to the second usurer, he blessed himself from such customers, and dismissed them with the most mortifying and boorish refusal. Notwithstanding these repulses, Renaldo resolved to make one desperate push; and, without al-

lowing himself the least respite, solicited, one by one, not fewer than fifteen persons who dealt in this kind of traffic, and his proposals were rejected by each. At last, fatigued by the toil, and exasperated at the ill success of his expedition, and half mad with the recollection of his finances, which were now drained to half a crown, "Since we have nothing to expect (cried he) from the favour of Christians, let us have recourse to the descendants of Judah. Though they lie under the general reproach of nations, as a people dead to virtue and benevolence, and wholly devoted to avarice, fraud, and extortion, the most savage of their tribe cannot treat me with more barbarity of indifference, than I have experienced among those who are the authors of their reproach."

Although Fathom looked upon this proposal as an extravagant symptom of despair, he affected to approve of the scheme, and encouraged Renaldo with the hope of succeeding in another quarter, even if this expedition should fail: for, by this time, our adventurer was half resolved to export him at his own charge, rather than he should be much longer restricted in his designs upon Monimia.

Meanwhile, being resolved to try the experiment upon the children of Israel, they betook themselves to the house of a rich Jew, whose wealth they considered as a proof of his rapaciousness; and, being admitted into his counting-house, they found him in the midst of half a dozen clerks, when Renaldo, in his imagination, likened him unto a minister of darkness surrounded by his familiars, and planning schemes of misery to be executed upon the hapless sons of men. In spite of these suggestions, which were not at all mitigated by the forbidding aspect of the Hebrew, he demanded a private audience; and, being ushered into another apartment, he explained his business with manifest marks of disorder and affliction. Indeed his confusion was in some measure owing to the looks of the Jew, who, in the midst of his exordium, pulled down his eyebrows, which were surprisingly black and bushy, so as, in appearance, totally to extinguish his visage, though he was all the time observing our youth from behind those almost impenetrable thickets.

Melvil, having signified his request, "Young gentleman (said the Israelite, with a most discordant voice), what in the name of goodness could induce you to come to me upon such an errand? Did you ever hear that I lent money to strangers without security?" "No (replied Renaldo), nor did I believe I should profit by my application: but my affairs are desperate; and my proposals having been rejected by every Christian to whom they were offered, I was resolved to try my fate among the Jews, who are reckoned another species of men."

Fathom, alarmed at this abrupt reply, which he supposed could not fail to disgust the merchant, interposed in the conversation, by making an apology for the plain dealing of his friend, who, he said, was soured and ruffled by his misfortunes: then, exerting that power of eloquence which he had at command, he expostulated upon Renaldo's claim and expectations, described the wrongs he had suffered, extolled his virtue, and drew a most patethic picture of his distress.

The Jew listened attentively for some time; then his eyebrows began to rise and fall alternately; he coughed, sneezed, and winking hard, "I'm plagued (said he), with a salt rheum that trickles from my eyes without intermission." So saying, he wiped the moisture from his face, and proceeded in these words: "Sir, your story is plausible; and your friend is a good advocate: but, before I give an answer to your demand, I must beg leave to ask if you can produce undeniable evidence of your being the identical person you really assume. If you are really the Count de Melvil, you will excuse my caution: we cannot be too much on our guard against fraud; though I must own you have not the air of an impostor."

Renaldo's eyes began to sparkle at this preliminary question; to which he replied, that he could procure the testimony of the emperor's minister, to whom he had occasionally paid his respects since his first arrival in England.

"If that be the case (said the Jew), take the trouble to call here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and I will carry you in my own coach to the house of his excellency, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted; and, if he has nothing to object against your character or pretensions, I will contribute my assistance towards your obtaining justice at the imperial court."

The Hungarian was so much confounded at this unexpected reception, that he had not power to thank the merchant for his promised favour, but stood motionless and silent, while the streams of gratitude ran down his cheeks. This genuine emotion of the heart was of more weight with the Jew, than the eloquent acknowledgment which Ferdinand took the opportunity of making for his friend; and he was fain to dismiss them a little abruptly, in order to prevent a second discharge of that same rheum of which he had already complained.

Melvil recollected all that had happened as a dream, which had no foundation in truth, and was all day long in a sort of delirium, produced by the alternate gusts of hope and fear that still agitated his bosom; for he was not yet without apprehension of being again disappointed by some unlucky occurrence.

He did not, however, fail to be punctual to the hour of his appointment, when the Jew told him, there would be no occasion for visiting the ambassador, because Renaldo had been, the preceding day, recognised by one of the clerks

who had been employed as a purveyor in the imperial army; and who, knowing his family, confirmed every thing he had alleged. "After breakfast (continued this benevolent Israelite), I will give you an order upon my banker for five hundred pounds, that you may be enabled to appear at Vienna as the son and representative of Count Melvil; and you shall also be furnished with a letter of recommendation to a person of some influence at that court, whose friendship and countenance may be of some service to your suit: for I am now heartily engaged in your interest, in consequence of the fair and unblemished character which I find you have hitherto maintained."

The reader must appeal to his own heart, to acquire a just idea of Renaldo's feelings, when every tittle of these promises was fulfilled, and the merchant refused to take one farthing by way of premium, contenting himself with the slender security of a personal bond. He was, in truth, overwhelmed with the obligation, and certainly disposed to believe that his benefactor was something more than human. As for Fathom, his sentiments took a different turn; and he scrupled not to impute all this kindness to some deep-laid interested scheme, the scope of which he could not at present comprehend.

After the tumults of the young gentleman's joy had subsided, and he found himself eased of that burdensome poverty under which he had groaned so long, his thoughts, which before were dissipated upon the various circumstances of distress, began to collect themselves in a body, and to resume their deliberations upon a subject which they had been long accustomed to consider; this was no other than the forlorn Monimia, whose idea now emerged in his bosom, being disencumbered of one part of the load by which it had been depressed. He mentioned her name to Fathom with marks of the most melting compassion, deplored her apostacy; and, while he protested that he had divorced her for ever from his heart, expressed an inclination to see her once more before his departure, that he might in person exhort her to penitence and reformation.

Our adventurer, who dreaded such an interview as the infallible means of his own ruin, resisted the proposal with the whole power of his elocution. He affirmed, that Renaldo's desire was a manifest proof that he still retained part of the fatal poison which that enchantress had spread within his veins; and that the sight of her, softened by his reproaches into tears and affected contrition, would dispel his resentment, disable his manhood, and blow the embers of his former passion to such a rage, as would hurry him on to a reconciliation, which would debase his honour and ruin his future peace.—In a word, Ferdinand described the danger that would attend the meeting in such emphatic terms, that the Hungarian started with horror at the picture which he drew, and in this particular conformed with the admonition of his friend.

One hundred pounds of the Jew's money was immediately appropriated for the payment of his most urgent debts; the like sum he presented to his friend Fathom, with a solemn promise of sharing with him whatever good fortune might await him in Germany: and though Monimia had forfeited all title to his regard, so ill could he bear the prospect of her distress, that he intrusted his dear companion with the half of what remained, to be expended for her use, fully resolving to screen her from the shocks and temptations of want, as the circumstances of his future fate would allow.

Fathom, far from opposing, applauded his generosity with marks of extreme wonder and admiration, assuring him, that she should be put in possession of his bounty immediately after his departure, he being unwilling to make her acquainted with her good fortune before that period, lest, finding his affairs in a fair way of being retrieved, she should be base enough to worship his returning prosperity, and, by false professions, and artful blandishments, seek to ensnare his heart anew.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Count Fathom unmasks his battery; is repulsed; and varies his operations without effect.

Every necessary preparation being made, Renaldo, accompanied by our adventurer, took the road to Dover, where he embarked in a packet-boat for Calais, after having settled a correspondence with his dear Ferdinand, from whom he did not part without tears. He had before solicited him to be his fellow-traveller, that he might personally enjoy the benefit of his conversation and superior sagacity; but these entreaties he strenuously opposed, on pretence of his being determined to push his fortune in England, which he considered as his native country, and as the land in which (of all others) a man of merit has the best encouragement. Such were the reasons he alleged for refusing to attend his benefactor, who was himself eagerly desirous of attaining a settlement in the island of Great Britain: but our hero's real motives for staying were of a very different complexion.—The reader is already informed of his aim upon the fair orphan, which, at present, was the chief spring of his conduct: he may also recollect such passages of his life, as were sufficient to deter him from re-appearing at Presburg or Vienna: but, besides these reflections, he was detained by a full persuasion that Renaldo would sink under the power and influence of his antagonist, consequently be rendered incapable to provide for his friends; and that

he himself, fraught with wiles and experience as he was, could not fail to make himself amends for what he had suffered among a people equally rich and unthinking.

Melvil having embraced our adventurer, and with a deep sigh bid him take care of the unfortunate Monimia, committed himself to the sea, and, by the assistance of a favourable gale, was, in four hours, safely landed on the French shore; while Fathom took post-horses for London, where he arrived that same night, and next day, in the forenoon, went to visit the beauteous mourner, who had as yet received no intimation of Renaldo's departure or design. He found her in the attitude of writing a letter to her inconstant lover, the contents of which the reader will be acquainted with in due time. Her countenance, notwithstanding the veil of melancholy by which it was overcast, seemed altogether serene and composed; she was the picture of pious resignation, *and sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief*. After having paid the compliment of the morning, Fathom begged pardon for having omitted to visit her during three days, in which, he said, his time had been wholly engrossed in procuring a proper equipage for Count Melvil, who had at last bid an eternal adieu to the island of Great Britain.

At this information the hapless Monimia fell back in her chair, and continued some minutes in a swoon; from which, being recovered, "Excuse me, Mr Fathom (cried she, with a deep sigh); this, I hope, is the last agony I shall feel from my unhappy passion."—Then, wiping the tears from her lovely eyes, she retrieved her tranquillity, and desired to know by what means Renaldo had been enabled to undertake his journey into the empire. Our hero, upon this occasion, assumed the whole merit of having promoted the interest of his friend, by giving her to understand, that he, in consequence of an unforeseen windfall, had defrayed the expense of the Count's equipment; though he observed, that it was not without reluctance he saw Renaldo make a wrong use of his friendship.

"Although I was happy (proceeded this artful traitor) in being able to discharge my obligations to the house of Melvil, I could not help feeling the most sensible chagrin, when I saw my assistance rendered subservient to the triumphs of the youth's baseness and infidelity; for he chose, as the companion of his travels, the abandoned woman for whom he had forsaken the all-perfect Monimia, whose virtue and accomplishments did not preserve her sacred from his ungrateful sarcasms and unmannerly ridicule. Believe me, madam, I was so shocked at his conversation on that subject, and so much incensed at his want of delicacy, that my temper was scarce sufficient for the ceremony of parting: and now that my debt to his family is overpaid, I have solemnly renounced his correspondence."

When she heard that, instead of betraying the least symptom of regret or compassion for her unhappy fate, the perfidious youth had exulted over her fall, and even made her a subject for his mirth, the blood revisited her faded cheeks, and resentment restored to her eyes that poignancy which sorrow had before overcome. Yet she scorned to give speech to her indignation; but, forcing a smile, "Why should I repine (said she) at the mortifications of a life which I despise, and from which, I hope, Heaven speedily will set me free!"

Fathom, fired by her emotion, which had recalled all the graces of her beauty, exclaimed in a rapture, "Talk not so contemptuously of this life, which hath still a fund of happiness in store for the amiable, the divine Monimia. Though one admirer hath proved an apostate to his vows, your candour will not suffer you to condemn the whole sex. Some there are, whose bosoms glow with passion equally pure, unalterable, and intense. For my own part, I have sacrificed to a rigid punctilio of honour the dearest ideas of my heart. I beheld your unrivalled charms, and deeply felt their power: yet, while a possibility of Melvil's reformation remained, and while I was restrained by my niggard fortune from making a tender worthy of your acceptance, I combated with my inclinations, and bore without repining the pangs of hopeless love. But, now that my honour is disengaged, and my fortune rendered independent, by the last will of a worthy nobleman, whose friendship I was favoured with in France, I presume to lay myself at the feet of the adorable Monimia, as the most faithful of admirers, whose happiness or misery wholly depends upon her nod. Believe me, madam, these are not the professions of idle gallantry—I speak the genuine, though imperfect, language of my heart: words, even the most pathetic, cannot do justice to my love. I gaze upon your beauty with ravishment; but I contemplate the graces of your soul with such awful veneration, that I tremble while I approach you, as if my vows were addressed to some superior being."

During this declaration, which was pronounced in the most emphatic manner, Monimia was successively agitated with shame, anger, and grief; nevertheless, she summoned her whole philosophy to her aid, and with a tranquil, though determined air, begged he would not diminish the obligations he had already conferred, by disturbing, with such unseasonable addresses, a poor unhappy maid, who had detached all her thoughts from earthly objects, and waited impatiently for that dissolution which alone could put a period to her misfortunes.

Fathom, imagining that these were no other

then the suggestions of a temporary disappointment and despondence, which it was his business to oppose with all his eloquence and art, renewed his theme with redoubled ardour, and at last became so importunate in his desires, that Monimia, provoked beyond the power of concealing her resentment, said, she was heartily sorry to find herself under the necessity of telling him, that, in the midst of her misfortunes, she could not help remembering what she had been. Then rising from her seat, with all the dignity of displeasure, "Perhaps (added she) you have forgot who was the father of the once happy Monimia."

With these words she retired into another chamber, leaving our adventurer confounded by the repulse he had sustained. Not that he was discouraged from prosecuting his aim: on the contrary, this rebuff seemed to add fresh vigour to his operations. He now thought it high time to bring over Madam la Mer to his interest; and, to facilitate her conversion, took an opportunity of bribing her with some inconsiderable presents, after having amused her with a plausible tale of his passion for Monimia, with whom she undertook the office of his mediatrix, on the supposition that his intentions were honourable, and highly advantageous to her lodger.

She was, first of all, invested with the office of obtaining pardon for the offence he had given; and in this negotiation she succeeded so well as to become an advocate for his suit: accordingly, she took all occasions of magnifying his praise. His agreeable person was often the subject of her discourse to the fair mourner: her admiration dwelt upon his politeness, good sense, and winning deportment: and she every day retailed little stories of his benevolence and greatness of soul. The defect in his birth she represented as a circumstance altogether foreign from the consideration of his merit; especially in a nation where such distinctions are as little respected as they will be in a future state. She mentioned several persons of note, who basked in the sunshine of power and fortune, without having enjoyed the least hereditary assistance from their forefathers. One, she said, sprung from the loins of an obscure attorney, another was the grandson of a valet de chambre, a third was the issue of an accountant, and a fourth the offspring of a woollen-draper: all these were the children of their own good works, and had raised themselves upon their personal virtues and address,—a foundation certainly more solid and honourable than a vague inheritance derived from ancestors, in whose deserts they could not be supposed to have bore the least share.

Monimia listened to all these arguments with great patience and affability, though she at once dived into the source from which all such insinuations flowed: she joined in the commendations of Fathom, and owned herself a particular instance of that benevolence which the old lady had so justly extolled; but, once for all, to prevent the supplication which Madam la Mer was about to make, she solemnly protested, that her heart was altogether shut against any other earthly engagement; and that her thoughts were altogether employed upon her eternal salvation.

The assiduous landlady, perceiving the steadiness of her disposition, thought proper to alter her method of proceeding, and for the present suspended that theme by which she found her fair lodger disobliged. Resolved to reconcile Monimia to life, before she would again recommend Ferdinand to her love, she endeavoured to amuse her imagination, by recounting the occasional incidents of the day, hoping gradually to decoy her attention to those sublunary objects from which it had been industriously weaned: she seasoned her conversation with agreeable sallies; enlarged upon the different scenes of pleasure and diversion appertaining to this great metropolis; practised upon her palate with the delicacies of eating; endeavoured to shake her temperance with repeated proffers and recommendations of certain cordials and restoratives which she alleged were necessary for the recovery of her health; and pressed her to make little excursions into the fields that skirt the town, for the benefit of air and exercise.

While this auxiliary plied the disconsolate Monimia on one hand, Fathom was not remiss on the other: he now seemed to have sacrificed his passion to her quiet; his discourse turned upon more indifferent subjects; he endeavoured to dispel her melancholy with arguments drawn from philosophy and religion: on some occasions, he displayed all his fund of good humour, with a view to beguile her sorrow; he importuned her to give him the pleasure of 'squiring her to some place of innocent entertainment; and, finally, insisted upon her accepting a pecuniary reinforcement to her finances, which he knew to be in a most consumptive condition.

CHAP. XLIX.

Monimia's honour is protected by the interposition of Heaven.

With that complacency and fortitude which were peculiar to herself, this hapless stranger resisted all those artful temptations. Her sustenance was barely such as exempted her from the guilt of being accessory to her own death; her drink was the simple element: she encouraged no discourse but that which turned upon the concerns of her immortal part; she

never went abroad, except in visits to a French chapel in the neighbourhood; she refused the proffered assistance of our adventurer with equal obstinacy and politeness, and with pleasure saw herself wasting towards that period of mortality which was the consummation of her wish. Yet her charms, far from melting away with her constitution, seemed to triumph over the decays of nature: her shape and features still retained that harmony for which they had always been distinguished: a mixture of majesty and sweetness diffused itself in her looks, and her feebleness added to that soft and feminine grace which attracts the sympathy and engages the protection of every humane beholder. The associates, thus baffled in their attempts to excite her ideas of pleasure, again shifted their plan, and resolved to attack this forlorn beauty on the side of fear and mortification.

Our adventurer became less frequent in his visits, and more indifferent in his language and deportment; while Madam la Mer gradually relaxed in that complacency and respect with which she had hitherto behaved towards her fair lodger. She even began to drop hints of disapprobation and reproach against this pattern of innocence and beauty, and at length grew bold enough to tell her, that her misfortunes could be attributed to nothing but her own obstinacy and pride; that she had been at great pains to disoblige the only person who was able and willing to raise her above dependence; and that, if his protection should be withdrawn, she must be exposed to the utmost extremity of distress.

These insinuations, instead of producing the desired effect, inflamed the indignation of Monimia, who, in a most dignified style of rebuke, chid her for her indelicacy and presumption, observing, that she could have no title to take such freedoms with lodgers, whose punctuality and regular deportment left her no room to complain. Notwithstanding this animated reply, she underwent the most deplorable anguish, when she reflected upon the insolence of this woman, from whose barbarity she had no resource; and, seeing no other possibility of redress, than that of appealing to the good offices of Fathom, she conquered her reluctance so far, as to complain to him of Madam la Mer's incivility.

Pleased with this application, he gave her to understand, with very little ceremony or preamble, that it wholly depended upon herself, whether she should continue to be wretched, or be delivered at once from all her cares and perplexity; that, notwithstanding the disdain with which she had treated his addresses, he was still ready to lay himself and his fortune at her feet; and that, if she should again reject the disinterested proposal, the whole world and her own conscience would charge upon herself whatever calamities she might be subjected to in the sequel. Interpreting into a favourable hesitation her silence, which was the result of wrath and amazement, he proceeded to throw himself at her feet, and utter a romantic rhapsody; in the course of which, laying aside all that restraint which he had hitherto preserved, he seized her delicate hand, and pressed it to his lips; nay, so far did he forget himself on this occasion, that he caught the fair creature in his arms, and rudely ravished a kiss from those lips which he had before contemplated with the most distant reverence of desire.

Having thus broken down the fences of decorum, and being heated with transport, he, in all probability, would have acted the part of young Tarquin, and violated, by force, that sacred shrine of honour, beauty, and unblemished truth, had not the wrath kindled by such an unexpected outrage inspired her with strength and spirits sufficient to protect her virtue, and intimidate the ruffian who could offer violence to such perfection. She broke from his detested embrace with surprising agility, and called aloud to her landlady for assistance; but that discreet matron was resolved to hear nothing, and Fathom's appetite being whetted to a most brutal degree of eagerness, "Madam (said he), all opposition is vain: what you have refused to my entreaties you shall yield to my power; and I am determined to force you to your own advantage."

So saying, he sprung towards her, with the most savage and impious intent, when this amiable heroine snatching up his sword, which lay upon a by-table, and unsheathing it instantaneously, presented the point to his breast, and while her eyes glanced with intolerable keenness, "Villain! (cried she), the spirit of my father animates my bosom, and the vengeance of heaven shall not be frustrated." He was not so much affected by his bodily danger, as awestruck at the manner of her address, and the appearance of her aspect, which seemed to shine with something supernatural, and actually disordered his whole faculties, insomuch that he retreated without attempting to make the least reply; and she, having secured the door after his departure, sat down to ponder upon this shocking event.

Words are wanting to describe the accumulated horrors that took possession of her mind, when she thus beheld all her pressaging fears realized, and found herself at the mercy of two wretches, who had now pulled off the mask, after having lost all sentiments of humanity. Common affliction was an agreeable reverie to what she suffered, deprived of her parents, exiled from her friends and country, reduced to the brink of wanting the most indispensable necessaries of life, in a foreign land, where she knew not one person to whose protection she could have recourse, from the inexpressible woes that environed her: she complained to

heaven, that her life was protracted, for the augmentation of that misery which was already too severe to be endured; for she shuddered at the prospect of being utterly abandoned in the last stage of mortality, without one friend to close her eyes, or do the last offices of humanity to her breathless corse. These were dreadful reflections to a young lady who had been born to affluence and splendour, trained up in all the elegance of education, by nature fraught with that sensibility which refines the sentiment and taste, and so tenderly cherished by her indulgent parents, that *they suffered not the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly.*

Having passed the night in such agony, she rose at day-break, and, hearing the chapel bell toll for morning prayers, resolved to go to this place of worship, in order to implore the assistance of Heaven: she no sooner opened her chamber-door with this intent, than she was met by Madam la Mer, who, after having professed her concern for what had happened over night, and imputed Mr Fathom's rudeness to the spirit of intoxication, by which she had never before seen him possessed, she endeavoured to dissuade Monimia from her purpose, by observing, that her health would be prejudiced by the cold morning air; but, finding her determined, she insisted upon accompanying her to chapel, on pretence of respect, though, in reality, with a view to prevent the escape of her beauteous lodger. Thus attended, the hapless mourner entered the place, and, according to the laudable hospitality of England, which is the only country in Christendom where a stranger is not made welcome to the house of God, this amiable creature, emaciated and enfeebled as she was, must have stood in a common passage during the whole service, had not she been perceived by a humane gentlewoman, who, struck with her beauty and dignified air, and melted with sympathy at the ineffable sorrow which was visible in her countenance, opened the pew in which she sat, and accommodated Monimia and her attendant: if she was captivated by her first appearance, she was not less affected by the deportment of her fair guest, which was the pattern of genuine devotion.

In a word, this good lady, who was a merchant's widow in opulent circumstances, was inflamed with a longing desire to know and befriend the amiable stranger, who, after service, turning about to thank her for her civility, Madam Clement, with that frankness which is the result of true benevolence, told her, she was too much prepossessed in her favour, to let slip this opportunity of craving her acquaintance, and of expressing her inclination to alleviate (if possible) that affliction which was manifest in her looks.

Monimia, overwhelmed with gratitude and surprise at this unexpected address, gazed upon the lady in silence, and when she repeated her tenders of service, could make no other reply to her goodness, than by bursting into a flood of tears: this was a species of eloquence which did not pass unregarded by Madam Clement, who, while her own eyes were bedewed with the drops of sympathy and compassion, took the lovely orphan by the hand, and led her, without further ceremony, to her own coach, that stood waiting at the door, whither they were followed by Mrs la Mer, who was so much confounded at the adventure, that she made no objections to the proposal of the lady, who handed her lodger into the carriage; but retired, with all possible despatch, to make Fathom acquainted with this unforeseen event.

Meanwhile, the agitation of Monimia, at this providential deliverance, was such as had well nigh destroyed her tender frame: the blood flushed and forsook her cheeks by turns; she trembled from head to foot, notwithstanding the consolatory assurances of Madam Clement, and, without being able to utter one word, was conducted to the house of that kind benefactress, where the violence of her transports overpowered her constitution, and she sunk down upon a couch in a swoon, from which she was not easily recovered. This affecting circumstance augmented the pity and interested the curiosity of Madam Clement, who concluded there was something very extraordinary in the case of the stranger, to produce these agonies; and grew impatient to hear the particulars of her story.

Monimia no sooner retrieved the use of her faculties, than, looking around, and observing with what humane concern her new hostess was employed in effecting her recovery, "Is this (said she) a flattering illusion of the brain? or am I really under the protection of some beneficent being, whom Heaven hath inspired with generosity to rescue an hapless stranger from the most forlorn state of misery and woe?" Her voice was at all times ravishingly sweet; and this exclamation was pronounced with such pathetic fervour, that Madam Clement clasped her in her arms, and kissing her with all the eagerness of maternal affection, "Yes (cried she), fair creature, Heaven hath bestowed upon me an heart to compassionate, and power, I hope, to lighten the burden of your sorrows."

She then prevailed upon her to take some nourishment, and afterwards to recount the particulars of her fate,—a task she performed with such accuracy and candour, that Madam Clement, far from suspecting her sincerity, saw truth and conviction in every circumstance of her tale; and, having condoled her misfortunes, entreated her to forget them, or at least look upon herself as one sheltered under the care and tuition of a person whose study it would be to supply her want of natural parents. This would have been an happy vicissitude of fortune, had

it not arrived too late; but such a sudden and unlooked-for transition, not only disordered the faculties of poor Monimia's mind, but also overpowered the organs of her body, already fatigued and enfeebled by the distresses she had undergone; so that she was taken ill of a fever that same night, and became delirious before morning, when a physician was called to her assistance.

While this gentleman was in the house, Madam Clement was visited by Fathom, who, after having complained in the most insinuating manner, that she had encouraged his wife to abandon her duty, told her a plausible story of his first acquaintance with Monimia, and his marriage at the Fleet, which, he said, he was ready to prove by the evidence of the clergyman who joined them, and that of Mrs la Mer, who was present at the ceremony. The good lady, although a little staggered at the genteel appearance and engaging address of this stranger, could not prevail upon herself to believe that she had been imposed upon by her fair lodger, who, by this time, had given too convincing a proof of her sincerity; nevertheless, in order to prevent any dispute that might be prejudicial to the health or recovery of Monimia, she gave him to understand, that she would not at present enter upon the merits of the cause, but only assure him, that the young lady was actually bereft of her senses, and in imminent danger of her life; for the truth of which assertions she would appeal to his own observation, and the opinion of the physician, who was then employed in writing a prescription for the cure of her disease.

So saying, she conducted him into the chamber, where he beheld the hapless virgin stretched upon a sick bed, panting under the violence of a distemper too mighty for her weakly frame, her hair dishevelled, and discomposure in her looks; all the roses of her youth were faded, yet all the graces of her beauty were not fled: she retained that sweetness and symmetry, which death itself could not destroy; and though her discourse was incoherent, her voice was still musical, resembling those feathered songsters who *warble their native wood-notes wild.*

Fathom, as upon all other occasions, so on this, did behave like an inimitable actor; he ran to the bed-side, with all the trepidation of a distracted lover; he fell upon his knees, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks, imprinted a thousand kisses on the soft hand of Monimia, who regarding him with a lack-lustre and undistinguishing eye, "Alas! Renaldo (said she), we were born to be unhappy."—"Would to heaven! (cried Ferdinand, in a transport of grief) the wretch Renaldo had never been born! that is the villain who seduced the affection of this unfortunate woman. I admitted the traitor into my friendship and confidence, relieved him in his necessities; and, like the ungrateful viper, he hath stung the very bosom that cherished him in his distress." Then he proceeded to inform Madam Clement how he had delivered that same Renaldo from prison, maintained him afterwards at a great expense, and, at length, furnished him with a sum of money and proper credentials to support his interest at the court of Vienna.

Having finished this detail, he asked the physician's sentiments of his wife's distemper, and being told that her life was in extreme jeopardy, begged he would use his utmost endeavours in her behalf, and even made him a tender of an extraordinary fee, which was refused: he also thanked Madam Clement for her charity and benevolence towards a stranger, and took his leave with many polite professions of gratitude and esteem. He had no sooner quitted the house, than the physician, who was a humane man, and a foreigner, began to caution the lady against his insinuations, observing, that some circumstances of the story concerning Renaldo were, to his particular knowledge, contrary to truth; for that he himself had been applied to for letters of recommendation, in behalf of Count Melvil, by a Jew merchant of his acquaintance, who had supplied the young gentleman with money sufficient for his occasions, in consequence of a minute inquiry he had made into the character of Renaldo, who was, by all reports, a youth of strict honour and untainted morals.

Madam Clement, thus cautioned, entered into deliberation with her own thoughts, and, comparing the particulars of this account with those of Monimia's own story, she concluded that Fathom was the very traitor he himself had described; and that he had, by abusing the confidence of both, effected a fatal breach between two innocent and deserving lovers.—She accordingly looked upon him with horror and detestation; but nevertheless resolved to treat him with civility in the mean time, that the poor young lady might not be disturbed in her last moments; for she had now lost all hopes of her recovery. Yet the fever abated and in two days she retrieved the use of her reason, though the distemper had affected her lungs, and she was, in all appearance, doomed to linger a few weeks longer in a consumption.

Fathom was punctual in his visitation, though never admitted into her presence after the delirium vanished; and he had the opportunity of seeing her conveyed in a chariot to Kensington Gravel-pits, a place which may be termed the last stage of many a mortal peregrination. He now implicitly believed that death would in a few days baffle all his designs upon the unfortunate Monimia; and, foreseeing that, as he had owned himself her husband, he might be obliged to defray the expense incurred by

her sickness and burial, he very prudently intermitted in his visits, and had recourse to the intelligence of his auxiliary.

As for Monimia, she approached the goal of life, not simply with resignation, but with rapture: she enjoyed in tranquillity the conversation of her kind benefactress, who never stirred from her apartment; she was blessed with the spiritual consolation of a worthy clergyman, who removed all her religious scruples; and she congratulated herself on the near prospect of that land of peace where sorrow is not known.

At length Mrs la Mer gave notice to our adventurer of this amiable young lady's decease, and the time fixed for the interment: upon which these two virtuous associates took possession of a place, from whence they could, unperceived, behold the funeral. He must have a hard heart, who, without an emotion of pity, can see the last offices performed to a young creature cut off in the flower of youth and beauty, even though he knows not her name, and is an utter stranger to her virtues. How callous then must the soul of that wretch have been, who, without a symptom of remorse or concern, saw the sable hearse adorned with white plumes, as emblems of Monimia's purity, pass before him, while her incomparable merit stood full in his remembrance, and he knew himself the wicked cause of her untimely fate!

Perfidious wretch! thy crimes turn out so atrocious, that I half repent me of having undertaken to record thy memoirs; yet such monsters ought to be exhibited to public view, that mankind may be upon their guard against imposture; that the world may see how fraud is apt to overshoot itself; and that, as virtue, though it may suffer for a while, will triumph in the end, so iniquity, though it may prosper for a season, will at last be overtaken by that punishment and disgrace which are its due.

CHAP. L.

Fathom shifts the scene, and appears in a new character.

Fathom's expectations, with respect to the fair orphan, having thus proved abortive, he lost no time in bewailing his miscarriage, but had immediate recourse to other means of improving his small fortune, which, at this period, amounted to near two hundred pounds.—Whatever inclination he had to resume the character he had formerly bore in the polite world, he durst not venture to launch out again into the expense necessary to maintain that station, because his former resources were now stopped, and all the people of fashion by this time convinced of his being a needy adventurer. Nevertheless, he resolved to sound the sentiments of his old friends at a distance, and judge, from the reception he should meet with, how far he might presume upon their countenance and favour; for he rightly supposed, that, if he could in any shape contribute to their interest or amusement, they would easily forgive his former pretensions to quality, arrogant as they were, and still entertain him on the footing of a necessary acquaintance.

With this view, he one day presented himself at court in a gay suit of clothes, and bowed, at a distance, to many of his old fashionable friends of both sexes, not one of whom favoured him with any other notice, than that of a quarter curtsy, or slight inclination of the head: for, by this time, the few that remembered him knew from what retirement he now emerged, and avoided him accordingly as the gaol infection: but the greater part of those who had cultivated him in the zenith of his fortune, were now utter strangers to his person, which they had actually forgot, amidst the succession of novelties that surrounded them; or, if they did recollect his name, it was remembered as an old fashion which had been many months out of date.

Notwithstanding these mortifying discouragements, our hero, that same evening, effected a lodgement in a certain gaming-house not far from St James's; and, as he played pretty high, and made a parade of his ready money, he was soon recognized by divers persons of consequence, who cordially welcomed him to England, on pretence of believing he had been abroad, and with great complacency repeated their former professions of friendship. Though this was a certain way of retaining the favour of those worthies, while his finances continued to flourish, and his payments were prompt, he knew the weakness of his funds too well, to think they could bear the vicissitudes of play; and the remembrance of the two British knights who had spoiled him at Paris hung over his imagination with the most frightful presages: besides, he perceived that gaming was now managed in such a manner, as rendered skill and dexterity of no advantage: for the spirit of play having overspread the land, like a pestilence, raged to such a degree of madness and desperation, that the unhappy people who were infected, laid aside all thoughts of amusement, economy, or caution, and risked their fortunes upon issues equally extravagant, childish, and absurd.

The whole mystery of the art was reduced to the simple exercise of tossing up a guinea, and the lust of laying wagers, which they indulged to a surprising pitch of ridiculous intemperance.—In one corner of the room might be heard a pair of lordlings running their grandmothers against each other, that is, betting sums on the longest liver; in another, the success of the wager depended upon the sex of the landlady's

next child; and one of the waiters happening to drop down in an apoplectic fit, a certain noble peer exclaimed, "Dead for a thousand pounds!" The challenge was immediately accepted; and when the master of the house sent for a surgeon to attempt the cure, the nobleman, who set the price upon the patient's head, insisted upon his being left to the efforts of nature alone, otherwise the wager should be void: nay, when the landlord harped upon the loss he should sustain by the death of a trusty servant, his lordship obviated the objection, by desiring that the fellow might be charged in the bill.

In short, the rage of gaining seemed to have devoured all their other faculties, and to have equalled the rash enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Malacca, in the East Indies, who are so possessed with that pernicious spirit, that they sacrifice to it not only their fortunes, but also their wives and children; and then letting their hair down upon their shoulders, in imitation of the ancient Lacedemonians when they devoted themselves to death, those wretches unsheathe their daggers, and murder every living creature in their way. In this, however, they differ from the gamesters of our country, who never find their senses, until they have lost their fortunes, and beggared their families; whereas the Malayse never *run a muck*, but in consequence of misery and despair.

Such are the amusements, or rather such is the continual employment, of those hopeful youths who are destined by birth to be the judges of our property, and pillars of our constitution: such are the heirs and representatives of those patriots who planned, and those heroes who maintained, the laws and freedom of their country; who were the patrons of merit, the fathers of the poor, the terror of vice and immorality, and at once the ornaments and support of an happy nation.

Our adventurer considered all these circumstances with his wonted sagacity, and, seeing upon what precarious footing he must stand, should he rank himself with such society, he wisely came to the resolution of descending one step in the degrees of life, and of taking upon him the title of physician, under which he did not despair of insinuating himself into the pockets of his patients, and into the secrets of private families, so as to acquire a comfortable share of practice, or captivate the heart of some heiress, or rich widow, whose fortune would at once render him independent and happy.

After this determination, his next care was to concert measures for his first appearance in this new character; well knowing, that the success of a physician, in a great measure, depends upon the external equipage in which he first declares himself an adept in the healing art. He first of all procured a few books on the subject of medicine, which he studied with great attention during the remaining part of the winter and spring, and repaired to Tunbridge with the first of the season, where he appeared in the uniform of Æsculapius, namely, a plain suit full trimmed, with a voluminous tye periwig, believing, that, in this place, he might glide as it were imperceptibly into the functions of his new employment, and gradually accustom himself to the method and form of prescription.

A man so well known in the gay world could not be supposed to effect such a transformation without being observed; and therefore, in order to anticipate the censure and ridicule of those who might be tempted to make themselves merry at his expense, he, on his arrival at the wells, repaired to the shop of an apothecary, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote a prescription, which he desired might be immediately made up. While this was doing by the servant, he was invited into a parlour by the master, with whom he entered into conversation touching the properties of the Tunbridge-water, which seemed to have been his particular study; and indeed he had perused Rouzee's treatise on that subject with indefatigable assiduity. From this theme, he made digressions into other parts of medicine, upon which he spoke with such plausible elocution, that the apothecary, whose knowledge in that art was not very profound, looked upon him as a physician of great learning and experience, and hinted a desire of knowing his name and situation.

Fathom accordingly gave him to understand, that he had studied physic, and had taken his degrees at Padua, rather for his amusement, than with any view of exercising medicine, as he then could not possibly foresee the misfortunes which had since happened to his family, and by which he was now compelled to have recourse to a profession that was very much beneath the expectations of his birth. Yet he bore his disappointments with resignation, and even good humour; and blessed his stars for having inclined him to the study of any branch of knowledge by which he might be enabled to laugh at the vicissitudes of fortune. He then observed, that he had practised with some applause at the hot well near Bristol, before he thought he should be ever reduced to the necessity of taking a fee; and that, in all probability, his metamorphosis, when known, would furnish matter of surprise and merriment to some of his old acquaintance.

The apothecary was equally struck with his polite address, and pleased with his agreeable discourse: he consoled him for the misfortunes of his family, by assuring him, that in England nothing could be more honourable, or indeed profitable, than the character of a physician, provided he could once wriggle himself into practice; and insinuated, that, although he was restricted by certain engagements with other persons of the faculty, he should be glad of an

opportunity to shew his regard for Doctor Fathom. This was a very effectual method which our hero took to intimate his new character to the public. By the industry and communicative disposition of the apothecary, it was circulated in half a day through every family in the place; and, next morning, when Ferdinand appeared, the company forthwith assembled in separate groupes, and from each knot he heard his name reverberated in a whisper.

Having thus announced himself to all whom it might concern, and allowed the ladies two days to discuss the merit of his transfiguration, together with the novelty of the case, he ventured to salute, at a distance, a lady and her daughter, who had been his patients at the hot well; and, although they honoured his bow with the return of a slight curtsy, they gave him not the least encouragement to make a nearer approach. Notwithstanding this rebuff, he concluded, that, should the health of either come in question, they would renew their application to his skill, and what was refused by their pride would be granted by their apprehension. Here, however, he happened to be mistaken in his conjecture.

The young lady being seized with a violent headache and palpitation, her mother desired the apothecary to recommend a physician; and the person with whom he was contracted being at that time absent, he proposed Doctor Fathom as a man of great ability and discretion: but the good lady rejected the proposal with disdain, because she had formerly known him in the character of a Count—though that very character was the chief reason that had then induced her to crave his advice.

Such is the caprice of the world in general, that whatever bears the face of novelty captivates, or rather bewitches, the imagination, and confounds the ideas of reason and common sense. If, for example, a scullion, from the clinking of pewter, shall conceive a taste for the clinking of rhyme, and make shift to bring together twenty syllables, so as that the tenth and last shall have the like ending, the composition is immediately extolled as a miracle; and what appeals to the admiration is not the wit, the elegance, or poetry of the work, but the uncultivated talent and humble station of the author. A reader does not exclaim, "What a delicate sentiment! what a beautiful simile! what easy and musical versification!"—but cries in rapture, "Heavens! what a prodigy! a poet from the scullery! a muse in livery! or, Apollo with a trowel!"—The public is astonished into liberality—the scullion eats from those trenchers he scoured before—the footman is admitted into the coach behind which he was wont to stand—and the bricklayer, instead of plastering walls, bedaubs his *illustrious partner* with the mortar of his praise. Thus, lifted into an higher sphere, their talents receive cultivation; they become professed bards, and though their subsequent works bear evident marks of improvement, they are neglected among the rest of their brethren, because that novelty, which recommended them in the beginning, no longer remains.

So it fared with our adventurer in his new occupation. There was something so extraordinary in a nobleman's understanding medicine, and so uncommon in a physician's prescribing gratis, that the curiosity and admiration of the company at Bristol were engaged, and they followed his advice, as the direction of some supernatural intelligence: but, now that he professed himself one of the faculty, and might be supposed to have refreshed his memory, and reinforced his knowledge for the occasion, he was as much overlooked as any other physician unsupported by interest or cabal; or, at least, the notice he attracted was not at all to the advantage of his character, because it wholly regarded the decline of his fortune, which is a never-failing fund of disgrace.

These mortifications did not overcome the patience and perseverance of Fathom, who foresaw, that the soothing hand of time would cast a veil of oblivion over those scenes which were remembered to his prejudice; and that, in the mean time, though he was excluded from the private parties of the fair sex, in which his main hope of success was placed, he should be able to insinuate himself into some degree of favour and practice among the male patients; and some lucky cure, properly displayed, might be the means of propagating his fame, and banishing that reserve which at present interfered with his purpose. Accordingly, it was not long before he found means to break that spell of universal prejudice that hedged him in. At the ordinary which he frequented, his polite carriage, facetious remarks, and agreeable stories, soon conciliated the regard of his fellow guests, among whom he sometimes rallied his own transformation with singular good humour and success: he was even witty upon his want of employment, and used to observe, that a physician without practice had one comfort to which his brethren were strangers, namely, that the seldomer he had occasion to prescribe, the less he had upon his conscience on account of being accessory to the death of his fellow-creatures.

Nothing so effectually blunts the shafts of ridicule, and defeats the aims of slander, as this method of anticipation. In spite of the arrows that were levelled against his reputation from every tea-table at Tunbridge, he made his party good among almost all the gay young gentlemen that frequented the place: far from avoiding his company, they began to court his conversation, and he was commonly seen in the walks surrounded with a group of admirers.

Having thus paved the way for a total removal of the invidious prepossession that obstructed his views, he, one night, while every

person was lulled in the arms of repose, and universal silence prevailed, tuned his violin, and began to play some masterly airs, in a tone so uncommonly expressive, and with such ravishing dexterity of execution, that a certain lady, who lodged in the same house, being waked by the music, and ignorant of the source from which it flowed, listened with rapture, as to the harp of an angel, and, wrapping herself in a loose gown, rose and opened her chamber-door, in order to discover in what apartment the musician resided. She no sooner entered the passage, than she found her fellow-lodgers already assembled on the same occasion; and there they remained during the best part of the night, transported by the harmony which our hero produced.

Doctor Fathom was immediately known to be the author of this entertainment; and thus retrieved the benefit of that admiration which he had forfeited by appearing in the shape of a physician. For, as people had formerly wondered to see a Count skilled in medicine, they were now amazed to find a physician such a master in music.

The good effects of this stratagem were almost instantaneous. His performance became the topic of discourse among all the fashionable company: his male friends complimented him from the information of the other sex; and that lady whom he had regaled, instead of that shyness and disdain with which she used to receive his salutation, at their very next meeting in the thoroughfare, returned his bow with marks of profound respect. Nay, at midnight, she, with the rest, took post in the same place where they had been stationed before; and, by frequent tittering, and repeated whispers, gave intimation to Fathom, that they would be glad of a second serenade. But he was too well acquainted with the human passions to indulge this their desire: it was his interest to inflame their impatience, rather than to gratify their expectation; and therefore he tantalized them for some hours, by tuning his violin, and playing some flourishes, which, however, produced nothing to fulfil their wishes.

At the ordinary, he was accosted by a gentleman, a lodger in the same house, who assured him, that the ladies would take it as a great favour if he would let them know when he intended to amuse himself again with his instrument, that they might not, by falling asleep before-hand, deprive themselves of the pleasure of hearing his music. To this message, he replied, with an air of consequence and reserve, that, though music was not the art he professed, he should be always complaisant enough to entertain the ladies to the utmost of his power, when their commands were signified to him in a manner suited to his character; but that he would never put himself on the footing of an itinerant harper, whose music is tolerated through the medium of a board partition. The gentleman having reported this answer to his constituents, they empowered him to invite Doctor Fathom to breakfast, and he was next morning introduced with the usual ceremony, and treated with uncommon regard by all the females of the house, assembled for his reception.

Having thus broke the ice of their aversion in one part, so as that the beams of his personal accomplishments had room to operate, he soon effected a general thaw in his favour, and found himself growing once more into request among the most amiable part of the creation. His company was coveted, and his taste consulted in their balls, concerts, and private assemblies; and he recompensed the regard they paid him with an incessant exertion of his agreeable talents, politeness, and good humour.

CHAP. LI.

Triumphs over a medical rival.

Yet, in the midst of all this attention, his medical capacity seemed to be quite forgot. They respected his good breeding, were charmed with his voice, and admired the fine touches of his hand upon the violin; but, in cultivating the fiddler, they utterly neglected the physician; and in vain did he attempt to divide their regard, by taking all opportunities to turn the conversation into a more interesting channel. It was to little purpose he endeavoured to arouse the wonder of his audience with frequent descriptions of portentous maladies and amazing cures he had seen and performed in the course of his study and practice abroad; and to no effect did he publicly busy himself in making experiments on the mineral water, in which he pretended to have made several new and important discoveries. These efforts did not make a lasting impression upon the minds of the company; because they saw nothing surprising in a physician's being acquainted with all the mysteries of his art; and, as their custom was already bespoke for others of the profession, whom it was their interest to employ, our adventurer might have starved amidst the caresses of his acquaintance, had not he derived considerable advantage from a lucky accident in the course of his expectancy.

A gentlewoman's daughter, of a weakly constitution, by drinking the waters, had so far recovered her health and complexion, as to allure the affection of a young 'squire in the neighbourhood, who amused her for some time with his addresses, until his heart was seduced by the charms of another young lady lately arrived at the wells. The forsaken nymph, shocked at this disgrace and mortification, relapsed into her former languishing disorder, and was by

her mother put under the management and prescription of a physician, who had been an industrious enemy of Fathom from his first appearance at Tunbridge. The patient, though violently chagrined at the levity of her quondam admirer, was not altogether without hope, that the very same inconstancy, which had prompted him to leave her, might in time induce him to return, after the novelty of his new passion should be wore off; and this hope served to support her under the sorrow and disgrace of her disappointment. At length, however, the squire and his new mistress disappeared, and some busy body was officious enough to communicate this piece of news to the forlorn shepherdess, with this additional circumstance, that they were gone to a neighbouring parish to be joined in the bands of wedlock.

These fatal tidings were no sooner imparted to the abandoned Phillis, than she was seized with an hysteric fit; and, what rendered the accident more unfortunate, her physician had been called to the country, and was not expected at Tunbridge till next day. The apothecary was immediately summoned; and, being either puzzled by the symptoms, or afraid of encroaching upon the province of his superiors, advised the old lady to send for Dr Fathom without delay. She had no other objection to this expedient, but the enmity which she knew subsisted between the two leeches: yet, hearing that her own doctor would not consult with Fathom upon his return, but perhaps renounce the patient, by which means her daughter's health might be endangered, she would not solicit our hero's assistance, until the young lady had remained seven hours speechless and insensible; when, her fear prevailing over every other consideration, she implored the advice of our adventurer, who, having made the necessary interrogations, and felt the patient's pulse, which was regular and distinct, found reason to conclude, that the fit would not last much longer, and, after having observed that she was in a very dangerous way, prescribed some medicines for external application; and, to enhance their opinion of his diligence and humanity, resolved to stay in the room, and observe their effect.

His judgment did not fail him on this occasion. In less than half an hour after his embrocations had been applied, she recovered the use of her tongue, opened her eyes, and having, in delirious exclamations, upbraided her perfidious lover, became quite sensible and composed, though she continued extremely low and dejected: to remedy these sinkings, certain cordials were immediately administered, according to the prescription of Doctor Fathom, upon whom extraordinary encomiums were bestowed by all present, who believed he had actually rescued her from the jaws of death; and as he was by this time let into the secrets of the family, he found himself in a fair way of being an egregious favourite of the old gentlewoman; when unluckily his brother, having dismissed his country patient with uncommon despatch, entered the apartment, and eyed his rival with looks of inexpressible rage; then surveying the patient, and the vials that stood upon the table, by turns, "What, in the name of God! (cried he), is the meaning of all this trash?"

"Really, doctor (replied the mother, a little confounded at being thus taken by surprise), Biddy has been taken dangerously ill, and lain seven or eight hours in a severe fit, from which, I am confident, she would never have recovered without the help of a physician; and, as you were absent, we had recourse to this gentleman, whose prescription hath had an happy and surprising effect." "Effect! (cried this offended member of the faculty), pshaw! stuff, who made you judge of effects or causes? (then advancing to the patient) what has been the matter, Miss Biddy, that you could not wait till my return?"

Here Fathom interposing, "Sir (said he), if you will step into the next room, I will communicate my sentiments of the case, together with the method upon which I have proceeded, that we may deliberate upon the next step that is to be taken." Instead of complying with this proposal, he seated himself in a chair, with his back to our adventurer, and, while he examined Miss Biddy's pulse, gave him to understand, that he should not consult with him about the matter.

Fathom, not in the least disconcerted at this uncivil answer, walked round his antagonist, and, placing himself in his front, desired to know his reason for treating him with such supercilious contempt. "I am resolved (said the other) never to consult with any physician who has not taken his degrees at either of the English universities." "Upon the supposition (replied our adventurer) that no person can be properly educated for the profession at any other school?" "You are in the right (answered Doctor Looby), that is one of many reasons I have to decline the consultation."

"How far you are in the right (retorted Fathom), I leave the world to judge, after I have observed, that, in your English universities, there is no opportunity of studying the art; no, not so much as a lecture given on the subject: nor is there one physician of note in this kingdom, who has not derived the greatest part of his medical knowledge from the instructions of foreigners."

Looby, incensed at this asseveration, which he was not prepared to refute, exclaimed in a most infuriate accent, "Who are you? whence came you? where was you bred? you are one of those, I believe, who graduate themselves, and commence doctors the Lord knows how; an interloper, who, without license or authority, come hither to take the bread out of the

mouths of gentlemen who have been trained to the business in a regular manner, and bestowed great pains and expense to qualify themselves for the profession: for my own part, my education cost me fifteen hundred pounds."

"Never was money laid out to less purpose (said Ferdinand), for it does not appear that you have learned so much as the basis of medical acquirements, namely, that decorum and urbanity which ought to distinguish the deportment of every physician: you have even debased the noblest and most beneficial art that ever engaged the study of mankind, which cannot be too much cultivated, and too little restrained, in seeking to limit the practice of it to a set of narrow-minded illiberal wretches, who, like the lowest handicraftsmen, claim the exclusive privileges of a corporation: had you doubted my ability, you ought to have satisfied yourself in a manner consistent with decency and candour: but your behaviour on this occasion is such a malicious outrage upon good manners and humanity, that, were it not for my regard to these ladies, I would chastise you for your insolence on the spot. Meanwhile, madam (addressing himself to the mother), you must give me leave to insist upon your dismissing either that gentleman or me without hesitation."

This peremptory language had an instantaneous effect upon the hearers. Looby's face grew pale, and his nether lip began to tremble: the patient was dismayed, and the old gentlewoman concerned and perplexed: she earnestly besought the gentlemen to be reconciled to each other, and enter into a friendly consultation upon her daughter's distemper: but, finding both equally averse to accommodation, and Fathom becoming more and more importunate in his demand, she presented him with a double fee; and giving him to understand, that Doctor Looby had long attended the family, and was intimately acquainted with her own and Biddy's constitution, said, she hoped he would not take it amiss if she retained her old physician.

Though our hero was much mortified at this triumph of his rival, he made a virtue of necessity, and retired with great complaisance, wishing that Miss Biddy might never again be the subject of such a disagreeable dispute. Whether the patient was frighted at this altercation, or displeased with her mother's decision against an agreeable young fellow, who had, as it were, recalled her from the grave, and made himself master of the secret that rankled at her heart; or the disease had wound up her nerves for another paroxysm; certain it is, she all of a sudden broke forth into a violent peal of laughter, which was succeeded by the most doleful cries, and other expressions of grief; then she relapsed into a fit, attended with strong convulsions, to the unspeakable terror of the old gentlewoman, who entreated Doctor Looby to be expeditious in his prescription: according he seized the pen with great confidence, and whole magazine of anti-hysteric medicines we in different forms, externally and internally a plied.

Nevertheless, either nature was disturbed her own efforts by these applications, or t patient was resolved to disgrace the doctor; f the more remedies that were administered, h convulsions became the more violent; and spite of all his endeavours, he could not ove come the obstinacy of the distemper. Such miscarriage, upon the back of his rival's succe could not fail to overwhelm him with confi sion; especially as the mother baited him wi repeated entreaties to do something for the r covery of her daughter: at length, after havi exercised her patience in vain for several hour this affectionate parent could no longer suppre the suggestions of her concern, but, in an inc herent strain, told him, that her duty woul not suffer her to be longer silent in an affair o which depended the life of her dear child: th she had seen enough to believe he had mi taken the case of poor Biddy, and he could n blame her for recalling Doctor Fathom, whos prescription had operated in a miraculous man ner.

Looby, shocked at this proposal, proteste against it with great vehemence, as an expe dient highly injurious to himself. "My re medies (said he) are just beginning to take ef fect, and, in all probability, the fit will no last much longer; so that, by calling in anothe person at this juncture, you will defraud me o that credit which is my due, and deck my adversary with trophies to which he has no pretension." She was prevailed upon, by this remonstrance, to wait another half hour, when perceiving, as yet, no alteration for the better, and being distracted with her fears, which reproached her with want of natural affection, she sent a message to Doctor Fathom, desiring to see him with all possible despatch.

He was not slow in obeying the call, but, hastening to the scene of action, was not a little surprised to find Looby still in the apartment. This gentleman, since better might not be, resolved to sacrifice his pride to his interest, and, rather than lose his patient altogether, and run the risk of forfeiting his reputation at the same time, staid with intention to compromise his difference with Fathom, that he might not be wholly excluded from the honour of the cure, in case it could be effected: but he had reckoned without his host in his calculation of the Count's placability; for, when he put on his capitulating face, and, after a slight apology for his late behaviour, proposed that all animosity should subside in favour of the young lady, whose life was at stake, our hero rejected his advances with infinite disdain, and assured the mother, in a very solemn tone, that, far from

consulting with a man who had treated him so unworthily, he would not stay another minute in the house, unless he should see him discarded,—a satisfaction barely sufficient to atone for the affront he himself had suffered by the unjust preference she had before given to his rival.

There was no remedy: Looby was obliged to retreat in his turn: then our adventurer, approaching the bed-side, reconnoitred the patient, examined the medicines which had been administered, and, lifting up his eyes in expressive silence, detached the footman with a new order to the apothecary. It was well the messenger used expedition, otherwise Doctor Fathom would have been anticipated by the operation of nature; for, the fit having almost run its career, Miss Biddy was on the point of retrieving her senses, when the frontal prescribed by Fathom was applied; to the efficacy of this, therefore, was ascribed her recovery, when she opened her eyes, and began to pour forth unconnected ejaculations; and in a few moments after, she was persuaded to swallow a draught prepared for the purpose, her perception returned, and Ferdinand gained the reputation of having performed a second miracle.

But he was furnished with a piece of intelligence, of much more energy than all she had taken, and so soon as he concluded she was capable to bear the news without any dangerous emotion, he, among other articles of chit-chat called for her amusement, took the opportunity of telling the company, that 'Squire Stub (the cause of Miss Biddy's disorder) had, in his way to matrimony, been robbed of his bride, by a gentleman to whom she had been formerly engaged. He had waited for her on purpose at an inn on the road, where he found means to appease her displeasure, which he had, it seems, incurred, and to supersede her new lover, whom she quitted without ceremony; upon which the 'squire had returned to Tunbridge, cursing her levity, yet blessing his good stars for having so seasonably prevented his ruin, which would have infallibly been the consequence of his marrying such an adventurer.

It would be superfluous to observe, that these tidings operated like an admirable specific on the spirits of the young lady, who, while she affected to pity the 'squire, was so much overjoyed at his disappointment, that her eyes began to sparkle with uncommon vivacity, and in less than two hours after the last of those terrible attacks, she was restored to a better state of health than she had enjoyed for many weeks. Fathom was not forgot amidst the rejoicings of the family: besides an handsome gratuity for the effects of his extraordinary skill, the old lady favoured him with a general invitation to her house, and the daughter not only considered him as the restorer of her health, and angel of her good fortune, but also began to discover an uncommon relish for his conversation; so that he was struck with the prospect of succeeding 'Squire Stub in her affection,—a conquest which, if sanctioned by the approbation of the mother, would console him for all the disappointments he had sustained; for Miss Biddy was entitled to a fortune of ten thousand pounds, provided she would marry with the consent of her parent, who was the sole executrix of the father's will.

Animated with the hope of such an advantageous match, our adventurer missed no opportunity of improving the lodgment he had made, while the two ladies failed not to extol his medical capacity among all their female acquaintance. By means of this circulation, his advice was demanded in several other cases, which he managed with such an imposing air of sagacity and importance, that his fame began to spread, and before the end of the season, he had ravished more than one half of the business from his competitor. Notwithstanding these fortunate events, he foresaw, that he should find great difficulty in transplanting his reputation, so as to take root in London, which was the only soil in which he could propose to rise to any degree of prosperity and independence; and this reflection was grounded upon a maxim which universally prevails among the English people, namely, to overlook and wholly neglect, on their return to the metropolis, all the connexions they may have chanced to acquire during their residence at any of the medical wells: and this social disposition is so scrupulously maintained, that two persons who lived in the most intimate correspondence at Bath or Tunbridge, shall, in four-and-twenty hours, so totally forget their friendship, as to meet in St James's Park, without betraying the least token of recognition; so that one would imagine those mineral waters were so many streams issuing from the river Lethe, so famed of old for washing away all traces of memory and recollection.

Aware of this oblivious principle, Doctor Fathom collected all his qualifications, in order to make such an impression upon the heart of Miss Biddy, as would resist all her endeavours to shake him from her remembrance; and his efforts succeeded so well, that 'Squire Stub's advances to a reconciliation were treated with manifest indifference. In all probability, our hero would have made a very advantageous campaign, had not his good fortune been retarded by an obstruction, which (as he did not perceive it) he could not possibly surmount: in displaying his accomplishments to captivate the daughter, he had unwittingly made an absolute conquest of the mother, who superintended the conduct of Miss Biddy with such jealous vigilance, that he could find no opportunity of profiting by the progress he had made in her heart; for the careful matron would never lose sight of her, no, not for one moment.

Had the old lady given the least intimation to our adventurer of the sentiments she entertained in his behalf, his complaisance was of such a pliable texture, that he would have quitted his other pursuit, and made her the sole object of his attention: but she either depended upon the effect of his own good taste and discernment, or was too proud to disclose a passion which he had hitherto overlooked.

CHAP. LII.

Repairs to the metropolis, and enrols himself among the sons of Pæan.

Before this affair could be brought to a proper explanation, the season being almost ended, the ladies departed from Tunbridge, and in a little time Doctor Fathom followed them to London, having previously obtained permission to visit them in that metropolis. He had solicited the same favour of some other families, in which he hoped to take root, though he knew they were pre-engaged to different physicians; and, resolving to make his first medical appearance in London with some *eclat*, he not only purchased an old chariot, which was new painted for the purpose, but likewise hired a footman, whom he clothed in laced livery, in order to distinguish himself from the common run of his brethren.

This equipage, though much more expensive than his finances could bear, he found absolutely necessary to give him a chance for employment; as every shabby retainer to physic, in this capital, had provided himself with a vehicle, which was altogether used by way of a travelling sign-post, to draw in customers; so that a walking physician was considered as an obscure pedlar, trudging from street to street, with his pack of knowledge on his shoulders, and selling his remnants of advice by retail. A chariot was not now set up for the convenience of a man sinking under the fatigue of extensive practice, but as a piece of furniture every way as necessary as a large periwig with three tails; and a physician, let his merit, in other respects, be never so conspicuous, can no more expect to become considerable in business, without the assistance of this implement, than he can hope to live without food or breathe without a windpipe.

This requisite is so well understood, that, exclusive of those who profess themselve doctors, every raw surgeon, every idle apothecary, who can make interest with some foolhardy coachmaker, may be seen dancing the hays in all places of public resort, and grinning to one another from their respective carriages. Hence proceed many of those cruel accidents which are recorded in the daily papers. An apothecary's horses take fright, and run away with his chariot, which is heard of no more; an emine surgeon being overturned, is so terrified at t thoughts of mutilation, that he resolves to wa on foot all the days of his life; and the coac man of a physician of great practice, having t misfortune to be disabled by a fall from the bo his master can never find another to supply h place.

None of these observations escaped the pen trating eye of Fathom, who, before he preten ed to seat himself in his machine, had ma proper inquiry into all the other methods pra tised, with a view to keep the wheels in m tion. In his researches, he found that the gre world was wholly engrossed by a few pract tioners who had arrived at the summit of rep tation, consequently were no longer obliged t cultivate those arts by which they rose; an that the rest of the business was parcelled ou into small enclosures, occupied by differen groupes of personages, male and female, wh stood in rings, and tossed the ball from one t another, there being in each department tw sets, the individuals of which relieved one an other occasionally. Every knot was compose of a waiting-woman, nurse, apothecary, sur geon, and physician, and sometimes a midwif was admitted into the party; and in this man ner the farce was commonly performed.

A fine lady, fatigued with idleness, complain of the vapours, is deprived of her rest, thoug not so sick as to have recourse to medicine: he favourite maid, tired with giving her attendanc in the night, thinks proper, for the benefit o her own repose, to complain of a violent head ach, and recommends to her mistress a nurse o approved tenderness and discretion; at whos house (in all likelihood) the said chambermaid hath oft given the rendezvous to a male friend. The nurse, well skilled in the mysteries of he occupation, persuades the patient, that her ma lady, far from being slight or chimerical, may proceed to a very dangerous degree of the hyste rical affection, unless it be nipt in the bud by some very effectual remedy: then she recounts a surprising cure performed by a certain apothecary, and appeals to the testimony of the waiting-woman, who, being the gossip of his wife, confirms the evidence, and corroborates the proposal. The apothecary being summoned, finds her ladyship in such a delicate situation, that he declines prescribing, and advises her to send for a physician without delay. The nomination of course falls to him, and the doctor being called, declares the necessity of immediate venesection, which is accordingly performed by the surgeon of the association.

This is one way of beginning the game: though the commencement often varies, and sometimes the apothecary, and sometimes the physician opens the scene; but, be that as it will, they always appear in a string, like a flight of wild geese, and each confederacy maintains a

correspondence with one particular undertaker. Fathom, upon these considerations, set up his rest in the first floor of an apothecary in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross, to whom he was introduced by a letter from a friend at Tunbridge, and who, being made acquainted with his ability and scheme, promised to let slip no opportunity of serving him; and, indeed, seemed to espouse his interest with great alacrity. He introduced him to some of his patients, on the strength of a gratis visit, sounded forth his praise among all the good women of his acquaintance; and even prevailed upon him to publish advertisements, importing, that he would every day, at a certain time and place, give his advice to the poor for nothing; hoping, that, by means of some lucky cure, his fame might be extended, and his practice grow into request.

In the mean time, his chariot rolled along through all the most-frequented streets, during the whole forenoon, and, at the usual hour, he never failed to make his appearance at the medical coffeehouse, with all that solemnity of feature and address, by which the modern sons of *Paean* are distinguished; not but that he was often puzzled about the decision of his diurnal route: for the method of driving up one street and down another, without halting, was become such a stale expedient, that the very 'prentices used to stand at the shop doors, and ridicule the vain parade. At length, however, he perused the map of London with great diligence, and having acquired a distinct idea of its topography, used to alight at the end of long narrow thoroughfares, and paved courts, where the chariot was ordered to wait till his return; and, walking with great gravity through the different turnings of these alleys, regain his carriage by another passage, and resume his seat with an air of vast importance. With a view to protract the time of his supposed visits, he would, at one place, turn aside to the wall; at another, cheapen an urinal; at a third corner, read a quack advertisement, or lounge a few minutes in some bookseller's shop; and, lastly, glide into some obscure coffeehouse, and treat himself with a dram of usquebaugh.

The other means used to force a trade, such as ordering himself to be called from church, alarming the neighbourhood with knocking at his door in the night, receiving sudden messages in places of resort, and inserting his cures by way of news in the daily papers, had been so injudiciously hackneyed by every desperate sculler in physic, that they had lost their effect upon the public, and therefore were excluded from the plan of our adventurer, whose scheme, for the present, was to exert himself in winning the favour of those sage Sybils, who keep, as it were, the temple of medicine, and admit the young priest to the service of the altar; but this he considered as a temporary project only, until he should have acquired interest enough to erect an hospital, lock, or infirmary, by the voluntary subscription of his friends,—a scheme which had succeeded to a miracle with many of the profession, who had raised themselves into notice upon the carcasses of the poor.

Yet even this branch was already overstocked, insomuch that almost every street was furnished with one of these charitable receptacles, which, instead of diminishing the taxes for the maintenance of the poor, encouraged the vulgar to be idle and dissolute, by opening an asylum to them, and their families, from the diseases of poverty and intemperance: for it remains to be proved, that the parish rates are decreased, the bills of mortality lessened, the people more numerous, or the streets less infested with beggars, notwithstanding the immense sums yearly granted by individuals for the relief of the indigent.

But, waiving these reflections, Doctor Fathom hoped, that his landlord would be a most useful implement for extending his influence, and, for that reason, admitted him into a degree of partnership, after being fully convinced, that he was not under articles to any other physician. Nevertheless, he was very much mistaken in reckoning on the importance of his new ally, who was, like himself, a needy adventurer, settled upon credit, and altogether unemployed, except among the very refuse of the people, whom no other person would take the trouble to attend: so that our hero got little else than experience and trouble, excepting a few guineas, which he made shift to glean among sojourners, with whom he became occasionally acquainted, or young people, who had been unfortunate in their amours.

In the midst of these endeavours, he did not omit his duty to the old gentlewoman, whose daughter he had cured at Tunbridge; and was always received with particular complacency, which, perhaps, he, in some measure, owed to his genteel equipage, that gave credit to every door before which it was seen; yet Miss Biddy was as inaccessible as ever, while the mother became more and more warm in her civilities, till at length, after having prepared him with some extraordinary compliments, she gave him to understand, that Biddy was no better than a giddy-headed girl, far from being unexceptionable in her moral character, and particularly deficient in duty and gratitude to her, who had been always a tender and indulgent parent; she was therefore determined to punish the young minx for her levity and want of natural affection, by altering her own condition, could she find a worthy and agreeable man, on whom she could bestow her hand and fortune without a blush.

The film was instantly removed from Fathom's eyes by this declaration, which she uttered with such a significancy of look, as

thrilled to his soul with joyful presage, while he replied, it would, indeed, be a difficult task to find a man who merited such happiness and honour; but, surely, some there were, who would task their faculties to the uttermost, in manifesting their gratitude, and desire of rendering themselves worthy of such distinction. Though this answer was pronounced in such a manner as gave her to understand he had taken the hint, she would not cheapen her condescension so much as to explain herself further at that juncture, and he was very well contented to woo her on her own terms; accordingly he began to season his behaviour with a spice of gallantry, when he had opportunities of being particular with his new inamorata, and, in proportion to the returns she made, he gradually detached himself from Miss Biddy, by intermitting, and, at last, discontinuing those ardent expressions of love and admiration, which he had made shift to convey in private looks and stolen whispers, during the rancorous inspection of her mother.

Such alteration could not long escape the jealous eyes of the young lady, no more than the cause of this alienation, which, in a moment, converted all her love into irreconcileable hate, and filled her whole soul with the most eager desire of vengeance: for she now not only considered him as a mercenary wretch, who had slighted her attractions for the sordid gratifications of avarice, but also as an interloper, who wanted to intercept her fortune, in the odious character of a father-in-law. But, before she could bring her aim to any ripeness of contrivance, her mother having caught cold at church, was seized with a rheumatic fever, became delirious in less than three days, and, notwithstanding all the prescriptions and care of her admirer, gave up the ghost, without having retrieved the use of her senses, or been able to manifest, by will, the sentiments she entertained in favour of her physician, who, (as the reader will easily perceive) had more reasons than one to be mortally chagrined at this event.

Miss Biddy being thus put in possession of the whole inheritance, not only renounced all correspondence with Doctor Fathom, by forbidding him the house, but likewise took all opportunities of prejudicing his character, by hinting, that her dear mamma had fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance and presumption.

CHAP. LIII.

Acquires employment, in consequence of a lucky miscarriage.

These ill offices, however, far from answering her purpose, had a quite contrary effect: for, in consequence of her invectives, he was, in a few days, called to the wife of a merchant who piously hoped, that his practice would no give Miss Biddy the lie. The patient had lon lingered under a complication of distempers and being in no immediate danger of her life Doctor Fathom was in no hurry to strike a de cisive stroke; till, the husband growing impa tient of delay, and so explicit in his hints, tha it was impossible to misapprehend his meaning our adventurer resolved to do something effec tual for his satisfaction, and prescribed a me dicine of such rough operation, as, he thought must either oblige his employer, or produce change in the lady's constitution, that would make a noise in the world, and bring a new ac cession to his fame.

Proceeding upon these maxims, he could no be disappointed: the remedy played its par with such violence, as reduced the patient t extremity, and the merchant had actually be spoke an undertaker; when, after a series o swoonings and convulsions, nature so far pre vailed, as to expel, at once, the prescription and the disease; yet the good-natured husband wa so much affected with the agonies to which h saw the wife of his bosom exposed by this spe cific, that, although the effect of it was her per fect recovery, he could never bear the sigh of Fathom for the future, nor even hear hi name mentioned, without giving signs of horro and indignation: nay, he did not scruple t affirm, that, had our adventurer been endowe with the least tincture of humanity, he would have suffered the poor woman to depart in peace rather than restore her to health, at the expens of such anxiety and torture.

On the other hand, this extraordinary cur was blazoned abroad by the good lady and he gossips, with such exaggerations as roused th astonishment of the public, and concurred with the report of his last miscarriage, to bring hin upon the carpet, as the universal subject of dis course. When a physician becomes the tow talk, he generally concludes his business mor than half done, even though his fame should wholly turn upon his mal-practice; insomuch that some members of the faculty have bee heard to complain, that they never had the good fortune to be publicly accused of homicide; and it is well known, that a certain famous empyric, of our day, never flourished to any degree o wealth and reputation till after he had been attacked in print, and fairly convicted of having destroyed a good number of the human species. Success raised upon such a foundation would, by a disciple of Plato, and some modern moralists, be ascribed to the innate virtue and generosity of the human heart, which naturally espouses the cause that needs protection: but I, whose notions of human excellence are not quite so sublime, am apt to believe it is owing to that spirit of self-conceit and contradiction, which

is, at least, as universal, if not as natural, as the moral sense so warmly contended for by those ideal philosophers.

The most infamous wretch often finds his account in these principles of malevolence and self-love: for wheresover his character falls under discussion, there is generally some person present, who, either from an affectation of singularity, or envy to the accusers, undertakes his defence, and endeavours to invalidate the articles of his impeachment, until he is heated by altercation, and hurried into more effectual measures for his advantage. If such benefits accrue to those who have no real merit to depend upon, surely our hero could not but reap something extraordinary from the debates to which he now gave rise; as, by she miraculous cure he had effected, all his patient's friends, all the enemies of her husband, all those who envied his other adversary, were interested in his behalf, exclusive of such admirers as surprise and curiosity might engage in his cause.

Thus wafted upon the wings of applause, his fame soon diffused itself into all the corners of this great capital: the newspapers teemed with his praise; and, in order to keep up the attention of the public, his emissaries, male and female, separated into different coffeehouses, companies, and clubs, where they did not fail to comment upon these articles of intelligence. Such a favourable incident is, of itself, sufficient to float the bark of a man's fortune: he was, in a few days, called to another lady, labouring under the same disorder he had so successfully dispelled, and she thought herself benefited by his advice. His acquaintance naturally extended itself among the visitants and allies of his patients; he was recommended from family to family; the fees began to multiply; a variety of footmen appeared every day at his door; he discontinued his sham circuit, and, looking upon the present conjuncture as that tide in his affairs, which (according to Shakspeare) when taken at the full, leads on to fortune, he resolved that the opportunity should not be lost, and applied himself with such assiduity to his practice, that, in all likelihood, he would have carried the palm from all his contemporaries, had he not split upon the same rock which had shipwrecked his hopes before.

We have formerly descanted upon that venereal appetite which glowed in the constitution of our adventurer, and which all his philosophy and caution could hardly keep within bounds: the reader, therefore, will not be much surprised, to learn, that, in the exercise of his profession, he contracted an intimacy with a clergyman's wife, whom he attended as a physician, and whose conjugal virtue he subdued by a long and diligent exertion of his delusive arts, while her mind was enervated by sickness, and her husband abroad upon his necessary occasions.—This unhappy patient, who was a woman of an agreeable person and lively conversation, fell a sacrifice to her own security and self-conceit: her want of health had confined her to a sedentary life, and, her imagination being active and restless, she had spent those hours in reading, which other young women devote to company and diversion: but, as her studies were not superintended by any person of taste, she had indulged her own fancy without method or propriety. The Spectator taught her to be a critic and philosopher; from plays she learned poetry and wit; and derived her knowledge of life from books of history and adventures. Fraught with these acquisitions, and furnished by nature with uncommon vivacity, she despised her own sex, and courted the society of men, among whom she thought her talents might be more honourably displayed; fully confident of her own virtue and sagacity, which enabled her to set all their arts at defiance.

Thus qualified, she, in an evil hour, had recourse to the advice of our adventurer, for some ailment under which she had long laboured; and found such relief from his skill as very much prepossessed her in his favour: she was no less pleased with his obliging manners, than with his physic; and found much entertainment in his conversation, so that the acquaintance proceeded to a degree of intimacy; during which he perceived her weak side, and being enamoured of her person, flattered her out of all her caution. The privilege of his character furnished him with opportunities to lay snares for her virtue; and, taking advantage of that listlessness, languor, and indolence of the spirits, by which all the vigilance of the soul is relaxed, he, after a long course of attention and perseverance, found means to make shipwreck of her peace.

Though he mastered her chastity, he could not quiet her conscience, which incessantly upbraided her with breach of the marriage-vow; nor did her undoer escape without a share of the reproaches suggested by her penitence and remorse. This internal anxiety co-operating with her disease, and perhaps with the medicines he prescribed, reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her husband returned from a neighbouring kingdom, in consequence of her earnest request, joined to the information of her friends, who had written to him an account of the extremity in which she was. The good man was afflicted beyond measure, when he saw himself upon the verge of losing a wife whom he had always tenderly loved: but what were his emotions, when she, taking the first opportunity of his being alone with her, accosted him to this effect: "I am now hastening towards that dissolution from which no mortal is exempted; and though the prospect of futurity is altogether clouded and uncertain, my conscience will not allow me to plunge into eternity, without unburdening my mind, and,

by an ingenuous confession, making all the atonement in my power, for the ingratitude I have been guilty of, and the wrongs I have committed against a virtuous husband, who never gave me cause of complaint. You stand amazed at this preamble; but, alas! how will you be shocked when I own that I have betrayed you in your absence; that I have trespassed against God and my marriage-vow, and fallen from the pride and confidence of virtue to the most abject state of vice: yes, I have been unfaithful to your bed, having fallen a victim to the infernal insinuations of a villain, who took advantage of my weak and unguarded moments. Fathom is the wretch who hath thus injured your honour, and ruined my unsuspecting innocence. I have nothing to plead in alleviation of my crime, but the most sincere contrition of heart; and though, at any other juncture, I could not expect your forgiveness, yet, as I now touch the goal of life, I trust in your humanity and benevolence, for that pardon which will lighten the sorrows of my soul, and those prayers which I hope will entitle me to favour at the throne of grace."

The poor husband was so much overwhelmed with grief and confusion at this unexpected address, that he could not recollect himself till after a pause of several minutes, when uttering a hollow groan, "I will not (said he) aggravate your sufferings, by reproaching you with my wrongs; though your conduct hath been but an ill return for all my tenderness and esteem. I look upon it as a trial of my Christian patience, and bear my misfortune with resignation: meanwhile, I forgive you from my heart, and fervently pray, that your repentance may be acceptable to the Father of Mercy." So saying, he approached her bed-side, and embraced her in token of his sincerity. Whether this generous condescension diffused such a composure upon her spirits as tended to the ease and refreshment of nature, which had been almost exhausted by disease and vexation, certain it is, that from this day she began to struggle with her malady in surprising efforts, and hourly gained ground, until her health was pretty well re-established.

This recovery was so far beyond the husband's expectation, that he began to make very serious reflections on the event, and even to wish he had not been quite so precipitate in pardoning the backslidings of his wife; for, though he could not withhold his compassion from a dying penitent, he did not at all relish the thoughts of cohabiting, as usual, with a wife self-convicted of the violation of the matrimonial contract: he therefore considered his declaration as no more than a provisional pardon, to take place on condition of her immediate death; and, in a little time, not only communicated to her his sentiments on this subject, but also separated himself from her company, secured the evidence of her maid, who had been confidante in her amour with Fathom, and immediately set on foot a prosecution against our adventurer, whose behaviour to his wife he did not fail to promulgate, with all its aggravating circumstances. By these means the doctor's name became so notorious, that every man was afraid of admitting him into his house, and every woman ashamed of soliciting his advice.

CHAP. LIV.

His eclipse, and gradual declination.

Misfortunes seldom come single: upon the back of this hue and cry, he unluckily prescribed phlebotomy to a gentleman of some rank, who chanced to expire during the operation; and quarrelled with his landlord the apothecary, who charged him with having forgot the good offices he had done him in the beginning of his career; and desired he would provide himself with another lodging.

All these mishaps, treading upon the heels of one another, had a very mortifying effect upon his practice. At every tea-table his name was occasionally put to the torture, with that of the vile creature whom he had seduced; though it was generally taken for granted, by all those female casuists, that she must have made the first advances; for it could not be supposed, that any man would take much trouble in laying schemes for the ruin of a person whose attractions were so slender, especially considering the ill state of her health, a circumstance that seldom adds to a woman's beauty or good humour; besides, she was always a pert minx, that affected singularity, and a masculine manner of speaking; and many of them had foreseen, that she would, some time or other, bring herself into such a premunire. At all gossipings, where the apothecary or his wife assisted, Fathom's pride, ingratitude, and malpractice, were canvassed; in all clubs of married men, he was mentioned with marks of abhorrence and detestation; and every medical coffeehouse rung with his reproach. Instances of his ignorance and presumption were quoted, and many particulars feigned for the purpose of defamation; so that our hero was exactly in the situation of a horseman, who, in riding at full speed for the plate, is thrown from the saddle in the middle of the race, and left without sense or motion upon the plain. His progress, though rapid, had been so short, that he could not be supposed to have laid up store against such a day of trouble; and as he still cherished hopes of surmounting those obstacles which had so suddenly started up in his way, he would not resign his equipage, nor retrench his expenses; but appeared, as usual, in all public places, with that serenity and con-

fidence of feature which he had never deposited; and maintained his external pomp, upon the little he had reserved in the days of his prosperity, and the credit he had acquired by the punctuality of his former payments. Both these funds, however, failed in a very little time: his law-suit was a gulph that swallowed up all his ready money; and the gleanings of his practice were scarce sufficient to answer his pocket expenses, which now increased in proportion to the decrease of business; for, as he had more idle time, and was less admitted into private families, so he thought he had more occasion to enlarge his acquaintance among his own sex, who alone were able to support him in his disgrace with the other. He accordingly listed himself in several clubs, and endeavoured to monopolize the venereal branch of trade: though this was but an indifferent resource; for almost all his patients of this class were such as either could not or would not properly recompense the physician.

For some time he lingered in this situation, without going upwards or downwards, floating like a wisp of straw at the turning of the tide, until he could no longer amuse the person of whom he had hired his coach-horses, or postpone the other demands, which multiplied upon him every day. Then was his chariot overturned with a hideous crash, and his face so much wounded with the shivers of the glass, which went to pieces in the fall, that he appeared in the coffeehouse with half a dozen black patches upon his countenance, gave a most circumstantial detail of the risk he had run, and declared, that he did not believe he should ever hazard himself again in any sort of wheel carriage.

Soon after this accident, he took an opportunity of telling his friends, in the same public place, that he had turned away his footman on account of his drunkenness, and was resolved, for the future, to keep none but maids in his service, because the men servants are impudent, lazy, debauched, or dishonest; and, after all, neither so neat, handy, nor agreeable, as the other sex. In the rear of this resolution, he shifted his lodgings into a private court, being distracted with the din of carriages, that disturb the inhabitants who live towards the open street; and gave his acquaintance to understand, that he had a medical work upon the anvil, which he could not finish without being indulged in silence and tranquillity. In effect, he gradually put on the exteriors of an author. His watch, with an horizontal movement by Graham, which he had often mentioned, and shewn as a very curious piece of workmanship, began, about this time, to be very much out of order, and was committed to the care of a mender, who was in no hurry to restore it. His tye-wig degenerated into a major; he sometimes appeared without a sword, and was even observed in public with a second day's shirt: at last, his clothes became rusty; and, when he walked about the streets, his head turned round in a surprising manner, by an involuntary motion in his neck, which he had contracted by an habit of reconnoitring the ground, that he might avoid all dangerous or disagreeable encounters.

Fathom, finding himself descending the hill of fortune with an acquired gravitation, strove to catch at every twig, in order to stop or retard his descent. He now regretted the opportunities he had neglected, of marrying one of several women of moderate fortune, who had made advances to him in the zenith of his reputation; and endeavoured, by forcing himself into a lower path of life than any he had hitherto trod, to keep himself afloat, with the portion of some tradesman's daughter, whom he meant to espouse. While he exerted himself in this pursuit, he happened, in returning from a place about thirty miles from London, to become acquainted, in the stage coach, with a young woman, of a very homely appearance, whom, from the driver's information, he understood to be the niece of a country justice, and daughter of a soap-boiler, who had lived and died in London, and left her, in her infancy, sole heiress of his effects, which amounted to four thousand pounds. The uncle, who was her guardian, had kept her sacred from the knowledge of the world, resolving to effect a match betwixt her and his own son; and it was with much difficulty he had consented to this journey, which she had undertaken as a visit to her own mother, who had married a second husband in town.

Fraught with these anecdotes, Fathom began to put forth his gallantry and good humour, and, in a word, was admitted by the lady to the privilege of an acquaintance, in which capacity he visited her during the term of her residence in London; and, as there was no time to be lost, declared his honourable intentions. He had such a manifest advantage, in point of personal accomplishments, over the young gentleman who was destined for her husband, that she did not disdain his proposals; and, before she set out for the country, he had made such progress in her heart, that the day was actually fixed for their nuptials, on which he faithfully promised to carry her off in a coach and six. How to raise money for this expedition was all the difficulty that remained; for, by this time, his finances were utterly dried up, and his credit altogether exhausted. Upon a very pressing occasion, he had formerly applied himself to a certain wealthy quack, who had relieved his necessities by lending him a small sum of money, in return for having communicated to him a secret medicine, which he affirmed to be the most admirable specific that ever was invented. The nostrum had been used, and, luckily for him, succeeded in the trial; so that the empyric, in

the midst of his satisfaction, began to reflect, that this same Fathom, who pretended to be in possession of a great many remedies, equally efficacious, would certainly become a formidable rival to him in his business, should he ever be able to extricate himself from his present difficulties.

In consequence of these suggestions, he resolved to keep our adventurer's head under water, by maintaining him in the most abject dependence: accordingly, he had, from time to time, accommodated him with small trifles, which barely served to support his existence, and even for these had taken notes of hand, that he might have a scourge over his head, in case he should prove insolent or refractory. To this benefactor Fathom applied for a reinforcement of twenty guineas, which he solicited with the more confidence, as that sum would certainly enable him to repay all other obligations. The quack would advance the money upon no other condition, than that of knowing the scheme, which being explained, he complied with Ferdinand's request; but, at the same time, privately despatched an express to the young lady's uncle, with a full account of the whole conspiracy; so that, when the doctor arrived at the inn, according to appointment, he was received by his worship in person, who gave him to understand, that his niece had changed her mind, and gone fifty miles farther into the country, to visit a relation. This was a grievous disappointment to Fathom, who really believed his mistress had forsaken him through mere levity and caprice, and was not undeceived till several months after her marriage with her cousin, when, at an accidental meeting in London, she explained the story of the secret intelligence, and excused her marriage, as the effect of rigorous usage and compulsion.

Had our hero been really enamoured of her person, he might have, probably, accomplished his wishes, notwithstanding the steps she had taken. But this was not the case: his passion was of a different nature, and the object of it effectually without his reach. With regard to his appetite for women, as it was an infirmity of his constitution, which he could not overcome, and as he was in no condition to gratify it at a great expense, he had of late chosen a housekeeper from the hundreds of Drury, and, to avoid scandal, allowed her to assume his name. As to the intimation which had been sent to the country justice, he immediately imputed it to the true author, whom he marked for his vengeance accordingly, but, in the mean time, suppressed his resentment, because he, in some measure, depended upon him for subsistence. On the other hand, the quack, dreading the forwardness and plausibility of our hero, which might, one time or other, render him independent, put a stop to those supplies, on pretence of finding them inconvenient; but, out of his friendship and good-will to Fathom, undertook to procure for him such letters of recommendation as would infallibly make his fortune in the West Indies, and even to fit him out in a genteel manner for the voyage. Ferdinand perceived his drift, and thanked him for his generous offer, which he would not fail to consider with all due deliberation; though he was determined against the proposal, but obliged to temporize, that he might not incur the displeasure of this man, at whose mercy he lay. Meanwhile the prosecution against him in Doctors' Commons drew near a period, and the lawyers were clamorous for money, without which he foresaw he should lose the advantage which his cause had lately acquired by the death of his antagonist's chief evidence: he therefore, seeing every other channel shut up, began to doubt, whether the risk of being apprehended or slain in the character of a highwayman, was not overbalanced by the prospect of being acquitted of a charge which had ruined his reputation and fortune, and actually entertained thoughts of taking the air on Hounslow Heath, when he was diverted from this expedient by a very singular adventure.

CHAP. LV.

After divers unsuccessful efforts, he has recourse to the matrimonial noose.

Chancing to meet with one of his acquaintance at a certain coffeehouse, the discourse turned upon the characters of mankind, when, among other oddities, his friend brought upon the carpet a certain old gentlewoman of such a rapacious disposition, that, like a jackdaw, she never beheld any metalline substance without an inclination, and even an effort, to secrete it for her own use and contemplation: nor was this infirmity originally produced from indigence, inasmuch as her circumstances had been always affluent, and she was now possessed of a considerable sum of money in the funds; notwithstanding which, the avarice of her nature tempted her to let lodgings, though few people could live under the same roof with such an original, who, rather than be idle, had often filched pieces of her own plate, and charged her servants with the theft, or hinted suspicion of her lodgers. Fathom, struck with the description, soon perceived how this woman's disease might be converted to his advantage; and, after having obtained sufficient intelligence, on pretence of satisfying his curiosity, he visited the widow, in consequence of a bill at her door, and actually hired an apartment in her house, whither he forthwith repaired with his inamorata. It was not long before he perceived, that his landlady's character had not been misrepresented: he fe

her distemper with divers inconsiderable trinkets, such as copper medals, cork-screws, odd buckles, and a paltry seal set in silver, which were, at different times, laid as baits for her infirmity, and always conveyed away with remarkable eagerness, which he and his Dulcinea took pleasure in observing from an unsuspected place. Thus confirmed in his opinion, he, at length, took an opportunity of exposing a metal watch that belonged to his mistress, and saw it seized, with great satisfaction, in the absence of his help-mate, who had gone abroad on purpose. According to instruction, she soon returned, and began to raise a terrible clamour about the loss of her watch; upon which she was condoled by her landlady, who seemed to doubt the integrity of the maid, and even proposed that Mrs Fathom should apply to some justice of the peace for a warrant to search the servant's trunk. The lady thanked her for the good advice, in compliance with which she had immediate recourse to a magistrate, who granted a search warrant, not against the maid, but the mistress; and she, in a little time, returned with the constable at her back.

These precautions being taken, Doctor Fathom desired a private conference with the old gentlewoman, in which he gave her to understand, that he had undoubted proofs of her having secreted, not only the watch, but also several other odd things of less consequence, which he had lost since his residence in her house: he then shewed the warrant he had obtained against her, and asked if she had any thing to offer why the constable should not do his duty. Inexpressible were the anguish and confusion of the defendant, when she found herself thus entrapped, and reflected that she was on the point of being detected of felony; for she at once concluded, that the snare was laid for her, and knew, that the officer of justice would certainly find the unlucky watch in one of the drawers of her scrutoire.

Tortured with these suggestions, afraid of public disgrace, and dreading the consequence of legal conviction, she fell on her knees before the injured Fathom, and, after having imputed her crime to the temptations of necessity, implored his compassion, promised to restore the watch, and every thing she had taken, and begged he would dismiss the constable, that her reputation might not suffer in the eye of the world.

Ferdinand, with a severity of countenance purposely assumed, observed, that were she really indigent, he had charity enough to forgive what she had done; but, as he knew her circumstances were opulent, he looked upon this excuse as an aggravation of her guilt, which was certainly the effect of a vicious inclination; and he was therefore determined to prosecute her with the utmost severity of the law, as an example and terror to others, who might be infected with the same evil disposition. Finding him deaf to all her tears and entreaties, she changed her note, and offered him one hundred guineas, if he would compromise the affair, and drop the prosecution, so as that her character should sustain no damage. After much argumentation, he consented to accept of double the sum, which being instantly paid in East India bonds, Doctor Fathom told the constable that the watch was found; and for once her reputation was patched up. This seasonable supply enabled our hero to stand trial with his adversary, who was nonsuited, and also to mend his external appearance, which of late had not been extremely magnificent.

Soon after this gleam of good fortune, a tradesman, to whom he was considerably indebted, seeing no other probable means to recover his money, introduced Fathom to the acquaintance of a young widow who lodged at his house, and was said to be in possession of a considerable fortune. Considering the steps that were taken, it would have been almost impossible for him to miscarry in his addresses. The lady had been bred in the country, was unacquainted with the world, and of a very sanguine disposition, which her short trial of matrimony had not served to cool. Our adventurer was instructed to call at the tradesman's house, as if by accident, at an appointed time, when the widow was drinking tea with her landlady. On these occasions he always behaved to admiration. She liked his person, and praised his politeness, good humour, and good sense; his confederates extolled him as a prodigy of learning, taste, and good nature; they likewise represented him as a person on the eve of eclipsing all his competitors in physic. An acquaintance and intimacy soon ensued, nor was he restricted in point of opportunity. In a word, he succeeded in his endeavours, and, one evening, on pretence of attending her to the play, he accompanied her to the Fleet, where they were married, in presence of the tradesman and his wife, who were of the party.

This grand affair being accomplished to his satisfaction, he, next day, visited her brother, who was a counsellor of the Temple, to make him acquainted with the step his sister had taken; and though the lawyer was not a little mortified to find that she had made such a clandestine match, he behaved civilly to his new brother-in-law, and gave him to understand, that his wife's fortune consisted of a jointure of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and fifteen hundred pounds bequeathed to her during her widowhood, by her own father, who had taken the precaution of settling it in the hands of trustees, in such a manner as that any husband she might afterwards espouse should be restricted from encroaching upon the capital, which was reserved for the benefit of her heirs. This intimation was far from being agreeable to

our hero, who had been informed, that this sum was absolutely at the lady's disposal, and had actually destined the greatest part of it for the payment of his debts, for defraying the expense of furnishing an elegant house, and setting up a new equipage.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, he resolved to carry on his plan upon the credit of his marriage, which was published in a very pompous article of the newspapers; a chariot was bespoke, a ready-furnished house immediately taken, and Doctor Fathom began to reappear in all his former splendour.

His good friend the empiric, alarmed at this event, which not only raised our adventurer into the sphere of a dangerous rival, but also furnished him with means to revenge the ill office he had sustained at his hands on the adventure of the former match; for, by this time, Fathom had given him some hints, importing, that he was not ignorant of his treacherous behaviour; roused, I say, by these considerations, he employed one of his emissaries, who had some knowledge of Fathom's brother-in-law, to prejudice him againt our adventurer, whom he represented as a needy sharper, not only overwhelmed with debt and disgrace, but likewise previously married to a poor woman, who was prevented by nothing but want from seeking redress at law. To confirm these assertions, he gave him a detail of Fathom's incumbrances, which he had learned for the purpose, and even brought the counsellor in company with the person who had lived with our hero before marriage, and who was so much incensed at her abrupt dismission, that she did not scruple to corroborate these allegations of the informer.

The lawyer, startled at this intelligence, set on foot a minute inquiry into the life and conversation of the doctor, which turned out so little to the advantage of his character and circumstances, that he resolved, if possible, to disunite him from his family, and, as a previous step, repeated to his sister all that he had heard to the prejudice of her husband, not forgetting to produce the evidence of his mistress, who laid claim to him by a prior title, which, she pretended, could be proved by the testimony of the clergyman who joined them. Such an explanation could not fail to inflame the resentment of the injured wife, who, at the very first opportunity, giving a loose to the impetuosity of her temper, upbraided our hero with the most bitter invectives for his perfidious dealing.

Ferdinand, conscious of his own innocence, which he had not always to plead, far from attempting to sooth her indignation, assumed the authority and prerogative of an husband, and sharply reprehended her for her credulity and indecent warmth. This rebuke, instead of silencing, gave new spirit and volubility to her reproaches, in the course of which she plainly taxed him with want of honesty and affection, and said, that, though his pretence was lov his aim was no other than a base design upo her fortuue.

Fathom, stung with these accusations, whi he really did not deserve, replied, with uncom mon heat, and charged her in his turn wi want of sincerity and candour, in the false a count she had given of that same fortune befo marriage. He even magnified his own cond scension, in surrendering his liberty to a wom who had so little to recommend her to the a dresses of the other sex—a reflection which pr voked this mild creature to such a degree animosity, that, forgetting her duty and all giance, she lent him a box on the ear with su energy as made his eyes water; and he, for t honour of his manhood and sovereignty, havi washed her face with a dish of tea, withdre abruptly to a coffeehouse in the neighbourhoo where he had not long remained, when his pa sion subsided, and he then saw the expedien of an immediate reconciliation, which he r solved to purchase, even at the expense of a su mission.

It was pity that such a salutary resoluti had not been sooner taken: for, when he r turned to his own house, he understood, th Mrs Fathom had gone abroad in an hackn coach; and, upon examining her apartment, i lieu of her clothes and trinkets, which she h removed with admirable dexterity and despatc he found this billet in one of the drawers of h bureau: "Sir, being convinced that you are cheat and an impostor, I have withdrawn m self from your cruelty and machinations, wi a view to solicit the protection of the law and I doubt not but I shall soon be able prove, that you have no just title to or deman upon the person or effects of the unfortuna Sarah Muddy."

The time had been when Mr Fathom woul have allowed Mrs Muddy to refine at her le sure, and blessed God for his happy delive ance; but at present the case was quite altere Smarting as he was from the expense of law suits, he dreaded a prosecution for bigam which (though he had justice on his side) h knew he could not of himself support: beside all his other schemes of life were frustrated b this unlucky elopement. He therefore speed ly determined to anticipate, as much as in hi lay, the malice of his enemies, and to obtai without delay, authentic documents of his mar riage With this view, he hastened to th house of the tradesman, who, with his wif had been witness to the ceremony and consum mation; and, in order to interest them th more warmly in his cause, made a pathetic re cital of this unhappy breach, in which he ha suffered such injury and insult. But all hi rhetoric would not avail: Mrs Muddy ha been beforehand with him, and had proved th better orator of the two; for she had assaile

this honest couple with such tropes and figures of eloquence as were altogether irresistible. Nevertheless, they heard our hero to an end, with great patience. Then the wife, who was the common mouth upon all such occasions, contracting her features into a very formal disposition, "I'll assure you (said she), Doctor Fathom, my husband and I have been in a very great terrification and numplush, to hear such bad things of a person, whom, as one may say, we thought a worthy gentleman, and were ready to serve at all times, by day and by night, as the saying is. And, besides, for all that, you know, and God knows, as we are industrious people, and work hard for what we get, and we have served gentlemen to our own harm, whereby my husband was last Tuesday served with a siserary, being that he was bound for an officer that ran away: and I said to my husband, Timothy, says I, 'tis a very hard thing for one to ruin one's self for stranger people—There's Doctor Fathom, says I, his account comes to nine and forty pounds seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny; and you know, doctor, that was before your last bill began: but, howsomever, little did I think, as how, a gentleman of your learning would go to deceive a poor gentlewoman, when you had another wife alive."

In vain did our adventurer endeavour to vindicate himself from this aspersion; the good woman, like a great many modern disputants, proceeded with her declamation, without seeming to hear what was said on the other side of the question; and the husband was altogether neutral. At length, Ferdinand, finding all his protestations ineffectual, "Well (said he), though you are resolved, I see, to discredit all that I can say in opposition to that scandalous slander, of which I can easily acquit myself in a court of justice, surely you will not refuse to grant me a certificate, signifying that you were present at the ceremony of my marriage with this unhappy woman." "You shall excuse us (replied the female orator), people cannot be too wary in signing their names in this wicked world; many a one has been brought to ruination by signing his name, and my husband shall not, with my good-will, draw himself into such a primmineery."

Fathom, alarmed at this refusal, earnestly argued against the inhumanity and injustice of it, appealing to their own consciences for the reasonableness of his proposal; but, from the evasive answers of the wife, he had reason to believe, that, long before the time of trial, they would take care to have forgotten the whole transaction.

Though he was equally confounded and incensed at this instance of their perfidy, he durst not manifest his indignation, conscious of the advantage they had over him in divers respects; but repaired, without loss of time, to the lodging of the clergyman who had noosed him, resolved to consult his register, and secure his evidence. Here too his evil genius had got the start of him; for the worthy ecclesiastic not only could not recollect his features, or find his name in the register, but, when importuned by his pressing remonstrances, took umbrage at the freedom of his behaviour, and threatened, if he would not immediately take himself away, to raise the posse of the Fleet, for the safety of his own person.

Rather than put the pastor to the trouble of alarming his flock, he retreated with a heavy heart, and went in quest of his mistress, whom he had dismissed at his marriage, in hopes of effecting a reconciliation, and preventing her from joining in the conspiracy against him: but, alas! he met with such a reception as he had reason to expect from a slighted woman, who had never felt any real attachment for his person. She did not upbraid him with his cruelty in leaving her as a mistress, but, with a species of effrontery never enough to be admired, reproached him with his villainy, in abandoning her, who was his true and lawful wife, to go and ruin a poor gentlewoman, by whose fortune he had been allured.

When he attempted to expostulate with this virago, upon the barbarity of this assertion, she very prudently declined engaging in private conversation with such an artful and wicked man, and, calling up the people of the house, insisted upon his being conducted to the door.

CHAP. LVI.

In which his fortune is effectually strangled.

The last resource, and that upon which he least depended, was the advice and assistance of his old friend the empiric, with whom he still maintained a slight correspondence; and to whose house he steered his course, in great perplexity and tribulation. That gentleman, instead of consoling him with assurances of friendship and protection, faithfully recapitulated all the instances of his indiscretion and misconduct, taxed him with want of sincerity in the West India affair, as well as with want of honesty in this last marriage, while his former wife was alive; and, finally, reminded him of his notes, which he desired might be immediately taken up, as he (the quack) had present occasion for a sum of money.

Ferdinand, seeing it would be impracticable to derive any succour from this quarter, sneaked homewards, in order to hold a consultation with his own thoughts; and the first object that presented itself to his eyes, when he entered his apartment, was a letter from the tradesman, with his account enclosed, amounting to fifty-five pounds, which the writer desired might

be paid without delay. Before he had time to peruse the articles, he received a summons, in consequence of a bill of indictment for bigamy, found against him in Hicks's Hall, by Sarah Muddy, widow; and, while he was revolving measures to avert these storms, another billet arrived from a certain attorney, giving him to understand, that he had orders from Doctor Buffalo, the quack, to sue him for the payment of several notes, unless he would take them up in three days from the date of this letter.

Such a concurrence of sinister events made a deep impression upon the mind of our adventurer: all his fortitude was insufficient to bear him up against this torrent of misfortunes; his resources were all dried up, his invention failed, and his reflection began to take a new turn. "To what purpose (said he to himself) have I deserted the paths of integrity and truth, and exhausted a fruitful imagination, in contriving schemes to betray my fellow-creatures, if, instead of acquiring a splendid fortune, which was my aim, I have suffered such a series of mortifications, and at last brought myself to the brink of inevitable destruction? By a virtuous exertion of those talents I inherit from nature and education, I might, long before this time, have rendered myself independent, and, perhaps, conspicuous in life: I might have grown up like a young oak, which, being firmly rooted in its kindred soil, gradually raises up its lofty head, expands its leafy arms, projects a noble shade, and towers the glory of the plain: I should have paid the debt of gratitude to my benefactors, and made their hearts sing with joy for the happy effects of their benevolence; I should have been a bulwark to my friends, a shelter to my neighbours in distress; I should have run the race of honour, seen my fame diffused like a sweet-smelling odour, and felt the ineffable pleasure of doing good: whereas I am, after a vicissitude of disappointments, dangers, and fatigues, reduced to misery and shame, aggravated by a conscience loaded with treachery and guilt. I have abused the confidence and generosity of my patron; I have defrauded his family, under the mask of sincerity and attachment; I have taken the most cruel and base advantages of virtue in distress; I have seduced unsuspecting innocence to ruin and despair; I have violated the most sacred trust reposed in me by my friend and benefactor; I have betrayed his love, torn his noble heart asunder, by means of the most perfidious slander and false insinuations; and, finally, brought to an untimely grave the fairest pattern of human beauty and perfection. Shall the author of these crimes pass with impunity? Shall he hope to prosper in the midst of such enormous guilt? It were an imputation upon Providence to suppose it—Ah, no! I begin to feel myself overtaken by the eternal justice of Heaven! I totter on the edge of wretchedness and woe, without one friendly hand to save me from the terrible abyss."

These reflections, which perhaps the misery of his fellow-creatures would never have inspired, had he himself remained without the verge of misfortune, were now produced from the sensation of his own calamities; and, for the first time, his cheeks were bedewed with the drops of penitence and sorrow. Contraries, saith Plato, are productive of each other. Reformation is oftentimes generated from unsuccessful vice; and our adventurer was, at this juncture, very well disposed to turn over a new leaf, in consequence of those salutary suggestions; though he was far from being cured beyond the possibility of a relapse: on the contrary, all the faculties of his soul were so well adapted, and had been so long habituated to deceit, that, in order to extricate himself from the evils that environed him, he would not, in all probability, have scrupled to practise it upon his own father, had a convenient opportunity occurred.

Be that as it may, he certainly, after a tedious and fruitless exercise of his invention, resolved to effect a clandestine retreat from that confederacy of enemies which he could not withstand, and once more join his fortune to that of Renaldo, whom he proposed to serve, for the future, with fidelity and affection, thereby endeavouring to atone for the treachery of his former conduct. Thus determined, he packed up his necessaries in a portmanteau, attempted to amuse his creditors with promises of speedy payment, and, venturing to come forth in the dark, took a place in the Canterbury stage-coach, after having converted his superfluities into ready money. These steps were not taken with such privacy as to elude the vigilance of his adversaries; for, although he had been cautious enough to transport himself and his baggage to the inn on Sunday evening, and never doubted that the vehicle, which set out at four o'clock on Monday morning, would convey him out of the reach of his creditors, before they could possibly obtain a writ for securing his person, they had actually taken such precautions as frustrated all his finesse; and the coach being stopped in the borough of Southwark, Doctor Fathom was seized by virtue of a warrant obtained on a criminal indictment, and was forthwith conducted to the prison of the King's Bench; yet not before he had, by his pathetic remonstrances, excited the compassion, and even drawn tears from the eyes of his fellow-passengers.

He no sooner recollected himself from the shock which must have been occasioned by this sinister incident, than he despatched a letter to his brother-in-law the counsellor, requesting an immediate conference, in which he promised to make such a proposal as would save him all the expense of a law-suit and trial, and at the same

time effectually answer all the purposes of both. He was accordingly favoured with a visit from the lawyer, to whom, after the most solemn protestations of his own innocence, he declared, that, finding himself unable to wage war against such powerful antagonists, he had resolved even to abandon his indubitable right, and retire into another country, in order to screen himself from persecution, and remove all cause of disquiet from the prosecutrix, when he was unfortunately prevented by the warrant which had been executed against him. He said he was still willing, for the sake of his liberty, to sign a formal renunciation of his pretensions to Mrs Fathom and her fortune, provided the deeds could be executed and the warrant withdrawn, before he should be detained by his other creditors; and, lastly, he conjured the barrister to spare himself the guilt and the charge of suborning evidence for the destruction of an unhappy man, whose misfortune was his only fault.

The lawyer felt the force of his expostulations; and though he would by no means suppose him innocent of the charge of bigamy, yet, under the pretext of humanity and commiseration, he undertook to persuade his sister to accept of a proper release, which, he observed, would not be binding, if executed during the confinement of Fathom; he therefore took his leave, in order to prepare the papers, withdraw the action, and take such other measures as would hinder the prisoner from giving him the slip. Next day he returned with an order to release our hero, who, being formally discharged, was conducted by the lawyer to a tavern in the neighbourhood, where the releases were exchanged, and every thing concluded with amity and concord. This business being happily transacted, Fathom stepped into an hackney-coach with his baggage, and was followed by a bailiff, who told him, with great composure, that he was again a prisoner, at the suit of Dr Buffalo, and desired the coachman to re-conduct him to the lodging he had so lately discharged.

Fathom, whose fortitude had been hitherto of the pagan temper, was now fain to reinforce it with the philosophy of Christian resignation, though he had not as yet arrived to such a pitch of self-denial as to forgive the counsellor, to whose double-dealing he imputed this new calamity. After having received the compliments of the gaoler on his re-commitment, he took pen, ink, and paper, and composed an artful and affecting epistle to the empiric, imploring his mercy, flattering his weakness, and demonstrating the bad policy of cooping up an unhappy man in a gaol, where he could never have an opportunity of doing justice to his creditors; nor did he forget to declare his intention of retiring into another country, where he might have some chance of earning a subsistence, which he had so long toiled for to no purpose in England. This last declaration he made in consequence of the jealous disposition of the quack, who, he knew, had long looked upon him in the odious light of an interloping rival.—However, he reaped no benefit from this supplication, which served only to gratify the pride of Buffalo, who produced the extravagant encomiums which Fathom had bestowed upon him as so many testimonials of his foe's bearing witness to his virtue.

CHAP. LVII.

Fathom being safely housed, the reader is entertained with a retrospect.

But now it is high time to leave our adventurer to chew the cud of reflection and remorse in this solitary mansion, that we may trace Renaldo in the several steps he took to assert his right, and do justice to his family. Never man indulged a more melancholy train of ideas than that which accompanied him in his journey to the imperial court: for, notwithstanding the manifold reasons he had to expect an happy issue to his aim, his imagination was incessantly infected with something that chilled his nerves, and saddened his heart, recurring, with quick succession, like the unwearied wave that beats upon the bleak inhospitable Greenland shore. This, the reader will easily suppose, was no other than the remembrance of the forlorn Monimia, whose image appeared to his fancy in different attitudes, according to the prevalence of the passions which raged in his bosom. Sometimes he viewed her in the light of apostacy, and then his soul was maddened with indignation and despair: but these transitory blasts were not able to efface the impressions she had formerly made upon his heart; impressions which he had so often and so long contemplated with inconceivable rapture. These pictures still remained, representing her fair as the most perfect idea of beauty, soft and tender as an angel of mercy and compassion, warmed with every virtue of the heart, and adorned with every accomplishment of human nature: yet the alarming contrast came still in the rear of this recollection; so that his soul was by turns agitated by the tempests of horror and overwhelmed by the floods of grief.

He recalled the moment on which he first beheld her, with that pleasing regret which attends the memory of a dear deceased friend: then he bitterly cursed it, as the source of all his misfortunes and affliction: he thanked Heaven for having blessed him with a friend to detect her perfidy and ingratitude; then ardently wished he had still continued under the influence of her delusion. In a word, the loneliness of his situation aggravated every horror of his reflection; for, as he found himself with-

out company, his imagination was never solicited, or his attention diverted from these subjects of woe; and he travelled to Brussels in a reverie, fraught with such torments as must have entirely wrecked his reason, had not Providence interposed in his behalf. He was, by his postilion, conducted to one of the best inns of the place, where he understood the cloth was already laid for supper; and as the ordinary is open to strangers, in all these houses of entertainment, he introduced himself into the company, with a view to alleviate, in some measure, his sorrow and chagrin, by the conversation of his fellow-guests: yet he was so ill prepared to obtain the relief which he courted, that he entered the apartment, and sat down to table without distinguishing either the number or countenances of those who were present: though he himself did not remain so unregarded. His mien and deportment produced a prepossession in his favour; and the air of affliction, so remarkable in his visage, did not fail to attract their sympathy and observation.

Among the rest, was an Irish officer in the Austrian service, who having eyed Renaldo attentively, "Sir (said he rising), if my eyes and memory do not deceive me, you are the Count de Melvil, with whom I had the honour to serve upon the Rhine during the last war?" The youth, hearing his own name mentioned, lifted up his eyes, and at once recognizing the other to be a gentleman who had been a captain in his father's regiment, ran forwards and embraced him with great affection.

This was, in divers respects, a fortunate rencounter for young Melvil, as the officer was not only perfectly well acquainted with the situation of the Count's family, but also resolved, in a few days, to set out for Vienna, whither he promised to accompany Renaldo, as soon as he understood his route lay the same way. Before the day fixed for their departure arrived, this gentleman found means to insinuate himself so far into the confidence of the Count, as to learn the cause of that distress which he had observed in his features at their first meeting; and being a gentleman of uncommon vivacity, as well as sincerely attached to the family of Melvil, to which he had owed his promotion, he exerted all his good humour and good sense in amusing the fancy and reasoning down the mortification of the afflicted Hungarian. He, in particular, endeavoured to wean his attention from the lost Monimia, by engaging it upon his domestic affairs, and upon the wrongs of his mother and sister, who, he gave him to understand, were languishing under the tyranny of his father-in-law.

This was a note that effectually roused him from the lethargy of his sorrow; and the desire of taking vengeance on the oppressor, who had ruined his fortune, and made his nearest relations miserable, so entirely engrossed his thoughts as to leave no room for other considerations. During their journey to Austria, Major Farrel (that was the name of his fellow-traveller) informed him of many circumstances touching his father's house, to which he himself was an utter stranger.

"The conduct of your mother (said he), in marrying Count Trebasi, was not at all agreeable either to the friends of the Count de Melvil, or to her own relations, who knew her second husband to be a man of a violent temper and rapacious disposition, which the nature of his education and employment had served rather to inflame than allay; for you well know he was a partizan during the whole course of the late war. They were, moreover, equally surprised and chagrined, when they found she took no step to prevent his seizing upon that inheritance which of right belonged to you, and which, by the laws of Hungary, is unalienable from the heir of blood: nevertheless, they are now fully convinced, that she hath more than sufficiently atoned for her indiscretion, by the barbarity of her husband, who hath not only secluded her from all communication with her friends and acquaintance, but even confined her to the west tower of your father's house, where she is said to be kept close prisoner, and subjected to all sorts of inconvenience and mortification. This severity she is believed to have incurred in consequence of having expostulated to him upon his unjust behaviour to you and Mademoiselle, whom he hath actually shut up in some convent in Vienna, which your relations have not as yet been able to discover: but the memory of your noble father is so dear to all those who were favoured with his friendship and the sufferings of the Countess and Mademoiselle have raised such a spirit of resentment against her cruel gaoler, that nothing is wanted but your presence to begin the prosecution, and give a sanction to the measures of your friends which will in a little time restore your family to the fruition of its rights and fortune: for my own part, my dear Count, I consider myself as one wholly indebted to your house for the rank and expectation I now enjoy; and my finances, interest, and person, such as they are, I dedicate to your service."

Renaldo was not slow in making his acknowledgments to this generous Hibernian, whom he informed of his scheme, recounting to him his uncommon transaction with the benevolent Jew, and communicating the letters of recommendation he had received by his means to some of the first noblemen at the imperial court. Meanwhile, he burned with impatience to chastise Count Trebasi for his perfidious conduct to the widow and the fatherless, and would have taken the road to Presburg, without touching at Vienna, in order to call him to a severe account, had not he been strenuously opposed by Major Farrel, who represented the imprudence

of taking such a step before he had secured a proper protection from the consequences with which it might be attended.

"It is not (said he) your own life and fortune only which depend upon your behaviour in this emergency, but also the quiet and happiness of those who are most dear to your affection: not you alone, but likewise your mother and sister, would infallibly suffer by your temerity and precipitation. First of all, deliver your credentials at court, and let us join our endeavours to raise an interest strong enough to counterbalance that of Trebasi. If we succeed, there will be no necessity for having recourse to personal measures: he will be compelled to yield up your inheritance which he unjustly detains, and to restore your sister to your arms; and if he afterwards refuses to do justice to the Countess, you will always have it in your power to evince yourself the son of the brave Count de Melvil."

These just and salutary representations had a due effect upon Renaldo, who no sooner arrived at the capital of Austria, than he waited upon a certain prince of distinction, to whose patronage he was commended; and from whom he met with a very cordial reception, not only on account of his credentials, but also for the sake of his father, who was well known to his highness. He heard his complaints with great patience and affability, assured him of his assistance and protection, and even undertook to introduce him to the empress-queen, who would not suffer the weakest of her subjects to be oppressed, much less disregard the cause of an injured young nobleman, who, by his own services, and those of his family, was peculiarly entitled to her favour.

Nor was he the only person whose countenance and patronage Melvil solicited upon this occasion; he visited all the friends of his father, and all his mother's relations, who were easily interested in his behalf; while Major Farrel contributed all his efforts in strengthening the association. So that a law-suit was immediately commenced against Count Trebasi, who on his side was not idle, but prepared with incredible industry for the assault, resolving to maintain with his whole power the acquisition he had made.

The laws of Hungary, like those of some other countries I could name, afford so many subterfuges for the purposes of perfidy and fraud, that it is no wonder our youth began to complain of the slow progress of his affair; especially as he glowed with the most eager desire of redressing the grievances of his parent and sister, whose sufferings he did not doubt were doubled since the institution of his process against their tormentor. He imparted his sentiments on this head to his friend; and, as his apprehensions every moment increased, plainly told him he could no longer live without making some effort to see those with whom he was so nearly connected in point of blood and affection: he therefore resolved to repair immediately to Presburg, and, according to the intelligence he should procure, essay to see and converse with his mother, though at the hazard of his life.

CHAP. LVIII.

Renaldo abridges the proceedings at law, and approves himself the son of his father.

The major, finding him determined, insisted upon attending him in his expedition, and they set out together for Presburg, where they privately arrived in the dark, resolving to keep themselves concealed at the house of a friend, until they should have formed some plan for their future operations. Here they were informed that Count Trebasi's castle was altogether inaccessible; that all the servants who were supposed to have the least veneration or compassion for the Countess were dismissed; and that, since Renaldo was known to be in Germany, the vigilance and caution of that cruel husband was redoubled to such a degree, that nobody knew whether his unfortunate lady was actually alive or deed.

Farrel perceiving Melvil exceedingly affected with this intimation, and hearing him declare that he would never quit Presburg until he should have entered the house, and removed his doubts on that interesting subject, not only argued with great vehemence against such an attempt, as equally dangerous and indiscreet, but solemnly swore he would prevent his purpose, by discovering his design to the family, unless he would promise to listen to a more moderate and feasible expedient. He then proposed that he himself should appear in the equipage of one of the travelling Savoyards who stroll about Europe, amusing ignorant people with the effects of a magic lantern, and in that disguise endeavour to obtain admittance from the servants of Trebasi, among whom he might make such inquiries as would deliver Melvil from his present uneasy suspense.

This proposal was embraced, though reluctantly, by Renaldo, who was unwilling to expose his friend to the least danger or disgrace; and the major being next day provided with the habit and implements of his new profession, together with a ragged attendant who preceded him, extorting music from a paltry viol, approached the castle-gate, and proclaimed his shew so naturally in a yell partaking of the scream of Savoy and the howl of Ireland, that one would have imagined he had been conductor to Madam Catherina from his cradle. So far his stratagem succeeded; he had not long stood in waiting, before he was invited into the

court-yard, where the servants formed a ring, and danced to the efforts of his companion's skill; then he was conducted into the buttery, where he exhibited his figures on the wall and his princess on the floor; and while they regaled him in this manner with scraps and sour wine, he took occasion to inquire about the old lady and her daughter, before whom he said he had performed in his last peregrination. Though this question was asked with all that air of simplicity which is peculiar to these people, one of the domestics took the alarm, being infected with the suspicions of his master, and plainly taxed the major with being a spy, threatening at the same time that he should be stripped and searched.

This would have been a very dangerous experiment for the Hibernian, who had actually in his pocket a letter to the Countess from her son, which he hoped fortune might have furnished him with an opportunity to deliver. When he therefore found himself in this dilemma, he was not at all easy in his own mind: however, instead of protesting his innocence in an humble and beseeching strain, in order to acquit himself of the charge, he resolved to elude the suspicion by provoking the wrath of his accuser, and, putting on the air of vulgar integrity affronted, began to reproach the servant in very insolent terms for his unfair supposition, and, undressing himself in a moment to the skin, threw his tattered garments in the face of his adversary, telling him he would find nothing there which he would not be very glad to part with; at the same time raising his voice, he, in the gibberish of the clan he represented, scolded and cursed with great fluency; so that the whole house resounded with the noise. The valet's jealousy, like a smaller fire, was in a trice swallowed up in the greater flame of his rage enkindled by this abrupt address: in consequence of which, Farrel was kicked out at the gate, naked as he was to the waist, after his lantern had been broke to pieces on his head; and there he was joined by his domestic, who had not been able to recover his apparel and effect a retreat, without incurring marks of the same sort of distinction.

The major, considering the risk he must have run in being detected, thought himself cheaply quit for this moderate discipline, though he was really concerned for his friend Renaldo, who, understanding the particulars of the adventure, determined, as the last effort, to ride round the castle in the open day, on pretence of taking the air, when, peradventure, the Countess would see him from the place of her confinement, and favour him with some mark or token of her being alive.

Though his companion did not much relish this plan, which he foresaw would expose him to the insults of Trebasi, yet, as he could not contrive a better, he acquiesced in Renaldo's invention, with the proviso, that he would defer the execution of it until his father-in-law should be absent in the chace, which was a diversion he every day enjoyed.

Accordingly they set a proper watch, and lay concealed until they were informed of Trebasi's having gone forth, when they mounted their horses, and rode into the neighbourhood of the castle. Having made a small excursion in the adjoining fields, they drew nearer the walls, and at an easy pace had twice circled them, when Farrel descried, at the top of a tower, a white handkerchief waved by a woman's hand through the iron bars that secured the window. This signal being pointed out to Renaldo, his heart began to throb with great violence; he made a respectful obeisance towards the part in which it appeared, and, perceiving the hand beckoning him to approach, advanced to the buttress of the turret; upon which, seeing something drop, he alighted with great expedition, and took up a picture of his father in miniature, the features of which he no sooner distinguished, than the tears ran down his cheeks; he pressed the little image to his lips with the most filial fervour; then conveying it to his bosom, looked up to the hand, which waved in such a manner as gave him to understand it was high time to retire. Being by this time highly persuaded that this kind monitor was no other than the Countess herself, he pointed to his heart, in token of his filial affection, and laying his hand on his sword, to denote his resolution of doing her justice, he took his leave with another profound bow, and suffered himself to be reconducted to his lodging.

Every circumstance of this transaction was observed by the servants of Count Trebasi, who immediately despatched a messenger to their lord, with an account of what had happened. Alarmed at this information, from which he immediately concluded that the stranger was young Melvil, he forthwith quitted the chace, and, returning to the castle by a private postern, ordered his horse to be kept ready saddled, in hope that the son-in-law would repeat the visit to his mother. This precaution would have been to no purpose, had Renaldo followed the advice of Farrel, who represented the danger of returning to a place where the alarm was undoubtedly given by his first appearance; and exhorted him to return to Vienna for the prosecution of his suit, now that he was satisfied of his mother's being alive: in order to strengthen this admonition, he bade him recollect the signal for withdrawing, which was doubtless the effect of maternal concern, inspired by the knowledge of the Count's vigilance and vindictive disposition.

Notwithstanding these suggestions, Melvil persisted in his resolution of appearing once more below the tower, on the supposition that his mother, in expectation of his return, had

prepared a billet for his acceptance, from which he might obtain important intelligence. The major, seeing him lend a deaf ear to his remonstrances, was contented to attend him in this second expedition, which he pressed him to undertake that same afternoon, as Trebasi had taken care to circulate a report of his having gone to dine at the seat of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. Our knight-errant and his 'squire, deceived by this finesse, presented themselves again under the prison of the Countess, who no sooner beheld her son return, than she earnestly entreated him to be gone, by the same sign which she had before used; and he taking it for granted that she was debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and that he had nothing more to expect, consented to retire, and had already moved to some distance from the house, when, in crossing a small plantation that belonged to the castle, they were met by Count Trebasi and another person on horseback.

At sight of this apparition, the blood mounted into Renaldo's cheeks, and his eyes began to lighten with eagerness and indignation; which was not at all diminished by the ferocious address of the Count, who, advancing to Melvil, with a menacing air, "Before you proceed (said he), I must know with what view you have been twice to-day patroling round my enclosures, and reconnoitring the different avenues of my house: you likewise carry on a clandestine correspondence with some person in the family, of which my honour obliges me to demand an explanation."

"Had your actions been always regulated by the dictates of honour (replied Renaldo), I should never have been questioned for riding round that castle, which you know is my rightful inheritance; or excluded from the sight of a parent who suffers under your tyranny and oppression. It is my part, therefore, to expostulate; and, since fortune hath favoured me with an opportunity of revenging our wrongs in person, we shall not part until you have learned that the family of the Count de Melvil is not to be injured with impunity. Here is no advantage on either side in point of arms or number; you are better mounted than I am, and shall have the choice of the ground on which our difference ought to be brought to a speedy determination."

Trebasi, whose courage was not of the sentimental kind, but purely owing to his natural insensibility of danger, instead of concerting measures coolly for the engagement, or making any verbal reply to this defiance, drew a pistol, without the least hesitation, and fired it at the face of Renaldo, part of whose left eyebrow was carried off by the ball. Melvil was not slow in returning the compliment, which, as it was deliberate, proved the more decisive: for the shot entering the Count's right breast, made its way to the back-bone with such a shock, as struck him to the ground; upon which the other alighted, in order to improve the advantage he had gained.

During this transaction, Farrel had well nigh lost his life by the savage behaviour of Trebasi's attendant, who had been a hussar officer, and who, thinking it was his duty to imitate the example of his patron on this occasion, discharged a pistol at the major, before he had the least intimation of his design. The Hibernian's horse being a common hireling, and unaccustomed to stand fire, no sooner saw the flash of Trebasi's pistol, than, starting aside, he happened to plunge into a hole, and was overturned at the very instant when the hussar's piece went off, so that no damage ensued to his rider, who, pitching on his feet, flew with great nimbleness to his adversary, then laying hold on one leg, dismounted him in a twinkling, and, seizing his throat as he lay, would have soon despatched him without the use of fire-arms, had he not been prevented by his friend Renaldo, who desired him to desist, observing, that his vengeance was already satisfied, as the Count seemed to be in the agonies of death. The major was loth to quit his prey, as he thought his aggressor had acted in a treacherous manner; but, recollecting that there was no time to lose, because, in all probability, the firing had alarmed the castle, he took his leave of the vanquished hussar, with a couple of hearty kicks, and, mounting his horse, followed Melvil to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was kinsman to the Countess, and very well disposed to grant him a secure retreat, until the troublesome consequences of this rencounter should be overblown.

Trebasi, though to the young gentleman he seemed speechless and insensible, had neither lost the use of his reason nor of his tongue, but affected that extremity, in order to avoid any further conversation with the victor. He was one of those people who never think of Death until he knocks at the door, and then earnestly entreat him to excuse them for the present, and be so good as to call another time. The Count had so often escaped unhurt, in the course of his campaigns, that he looked upon himself as invulnerable, and set all danger at defiance. Though he had hitherto taken no care of the concerns of his soul, he had a large fund of superstition at bottom; and, when the surgeon who examined his wound declared it was mortal, all the terrors of futurity took hold on his imagination, and all the misdemeanors of his life presented themselves in aggravated colours to his recollection.

He implored the spiritual assistance of a good priest in the neighbourhood, who, in the discharge of his own conscience, gave him to understand, that he had little mercy to expect, unless he would, as much as lay in his power, redress the injuries he had done to his fellow-

creatures. As nothing lay heavier upon his soul than the cruelty and fraud he had practised upon the family of Count Melvil, he earnestly besought this charitable clergyman to mediate his pardon with the Countess, and at the same time desired to see Renaldo before his death, that he might put him in possession of his paternal estate, and solicit his forgiveness for the offence he had given.

His lady, far from waiting for the priest's intercession, no sooner understood the lamentable situation of her husband, and found herself at liberty, than she hastened to his apartment, expressed the utmost concern for his misfortune, and tended him with truly conjugal tenderness and fidelity. Her son gladly obeyed the summons, and was received with great civility and satisfaction by his father-in-law, who, in presence of the judge and divers gentlemen assembled for that purpose, renounced all right and title to the fortune he had so unjustly usurped; disclosed the name of the convent to which Mademoiselle de Melvil had been conveyed, dismissed all the agents of his iniquity, and being reconciled to his son-in-law, began to prepare himself in tranquillity for his latter end.

The Countess was overwhelmed with an excess of joy, while she embraced her long-lost son, who had proved himself so worthy of his father. Yet this joy was imbittered, by reflecting that she was made a widow by the hands of that darling son: for, though she knew his honour demanded the sacrifice, she could not lay aside that regard and veneration which is attached to the name of husband; and therefore resolved to retire into a monastery, where she could spend the remainder of her life in devotion, without being exposed to any intercourse which might interfere with the delicacy of her sentiments on that subject.

CHAP. LIX.

He is the messenger of happiness to his sister, who removes the film which had long obstructed his penetration, with regard to Count Fathom.

As the most endearing affection had always subsisted between Renaldo and his sister, he would not one moment deny himself the pleasure of flying to her embrace, and of being the glad messenger of her deliverance. Soon, therefore, as he understood the place of her retreat, and had obtained a proper order to the abbess, signed by Count Trebasi, he set out post for Vienna, still accompanied by his faithful Hibernian, and, arriving at the convent, found the abbess and the whole house so engrossed in making preparations for the ceremony of giving the veil next day to a young woman who had fulfilled the term of her probation, that he could not possibly see his sister with that leisure and satisfaction which he had flattered himself with enjoying at this meeting; and therefore he was fain to bridle his impatience for two days, and keep his credentials until the hurry should be over, that Mademoiselle might have no intimation of her good fortune, except from his own mouth.

In order to fill up this tedious interval, he visited his friends at court, who were rejoiced to hear the happy issue of his excursion to Presburg; the prince, who was his particular patron, desired he would make himself perfectly easy with regard to the death of Count Trebasi, for he would take care to represent him in such a light to the empress queen, as would screen him from any danger or prosecution on that account. His highness, moreover, appointed the following day for performing the promise he had made of presenting him to that august princess, and in the mean time prepossessed her so much in his favour, that when he approached her presence, and was announced by his noble introductor, she eyed him with a look of peculiar complacency, saying, "I am glad to see you returned to my dominions. Your father was a gallant officer, who served our house with equal courage and fidelity; and, as I understand you tread in his footsteps, you may depend upon my favour and protection."

He was so much overwhelmed with this gracious reception, that, while he bowed in silence, the drops of gratitude trickled from his eyes; and her imperial majesty was so well pleased with this manifestation of his heart, that she immediately gave directions for promoting him to the command of a troop of horse.—Thus Fortune seemed willing and indeed eager to discharge the debt she owed him for the different calamities he had undergone. And as he looked upon the generous Hebrew to be the sole source of his success, he did not fail to make him acquainted with the happy effects of his recommendation and friendship, and to express, in the warmest terms, the deep sense he had of his uncommon benevolence, which, by the bye, was still greater, with regard to Renaldo, than the reader as yet imagines; for he not only furnished him with money for his present occasions, but also gave him an unlimited credit on a banker in Vienna, to whom one of his letters was directed.

The ceremony of the nun's admission being now performed, and the convent restored to its former quiet, Melvil hastened thither on the wings of brotherly affection, and presented his letter to the abbess, who having perused the contents, by which she learned that the family disquiets of Count Trebasi no longer subsisted, and that the bearer was the brother of Mademoiselle, she received him with great politeness, congratulated him on this happy event, and, begging he would excuse her staying with him

in the parlour, on pretence of business, withdrew, saying, she would immediately send in a young lady, who would console him for her absence. In a few minutes he was joined by his sister, who, expecting nothing less than to see Renaldo, no sooner distinguished his features, than she shrieked aloud with surprise, and would have sunk upon the floor, had not he supported her in his embrace.

Such a sudden apparition of her brother at any time, or in any place, after their long separation, would have strongly affected this sensible young lady; but to find him so abruptly in a place where she thought herself buried from the knowledge of all her relations, occasioned such commotions in her spirits as had well nigh endangered her reason: for it was not till after a considerable pause, that she could talk to him with connection or coherence. However, as those transports subsided, they entered into a more deliberate and agreeable conversation; in the course of which, he gradually informed her of what had passed at the castle; and inexpressible was the pleasure she felt in learning that her mother was released from captivity, herself restored to freedom, and her brother to the possession of his lawful inheritance, by the only means to which she had always prayed these blessings might be owing.

As she had been treated with uncommon humanity by the abbess, she would not consent to leave the convent until he should be ready to set out for Presburg; so that they dined together with that good lady, and passed the afternoon in that mutual communication with which a brother and sister may be supposed to entertain themselves on such an occasion. She gave him a detail of the insults and mortifications she had suffered from the brutality of her father-in-law, and told him, that her confinement in this monastery was owing to Trebasi's having intercepted a letter to her from Renaldo, signifying his intention to return to the empire, in order to assert his own right and redress her grievances. Then, turning the discourse upon the incidents of his peregrinations, she in a particular manner inquired about that exquisite beauty who had been the innocent source of all his distresses, and upon whose perfections he had often, in his letters to his sister, expatiated with indications of rapture and delight.

This inquiry in a moment blew up that scorching flame which had been well nigh stifled by other necessary avocations. His eyes gleamed, his cheeks glowed and grew pale alternately, and his whole frame underwent an immediate agitation; which being perceived by Mademoiselle, she concluded that some new calamity was annexed to the name of Monimia, and, dreading to rip up a wound which she saw was so ineffectually closed, she for the present suppressed her curiosity and concern, and industriously endeavoured to introduce some less affecting subject of conversation. He saw her aim, approved of her discretion, and, joining her endeavours, expressed his surprise at her having omitted to signify the least remembrance of her old favourite, Fathom, whom he had left in England. He had no sooner pronounced this name, than she suffered some confusion in her turn; from which, however, recollecting herself, "Brother (said she), you must endeavour to forget that wretch, who is altogether unworthy of retaining the smallest share of your regard."

Astonished, and indeed angry at this expression, which he considered as the effect of malicious misrepresentation, he gently chid her for her credulity in believing the envious aspersion of some person, who repined at the superior virtue of Fathom, whom he affirmed to be an honour to the human species.

"Nothing is more easy (replied the young lady) than to impose upon a person, who, being unconscious of guilt, suspects no deceit. You have been a dupe, dear brother, not to the finesse of Fathom, but to the sincerity of your own heart. For my own part, I assume no honour to my own penetration in having comprehended the villainy of that impostor, which was discovered, in more than one instance, by accidents I could not possibly foresee.

"You must know that Teresa, who attended me from my childhood, and in whose honesty I reposed such confidence, having disobliged some of the inferior servants, was so narrowly watched in all her transactions, as to be at last detected in the very act of conveying a piece of plate, which was actually found concealed among her clothes.

"You may guess how much I was astonished when I understood this circumstance: I could not trust to the evidence of my own senses, and should have still believed her innocent, in spite of ocular demonstration, had not she, in the terrors of being tried for felony, promised to make a very material discovery to the Countess, provided she would take such measures as would save her life.

"This request being complied with, she, in my hearing, opened up such an amazing scene of iniquity, baseness, and ingratitude, which had been acted by her and Fathom, in order to defraud the family to which they were so much indebted, that I could not have believed the human mind capable of such degeneracy, or that traitor endowed with such pernicious cunning and dissimulation, had not her tale been congruous, consistent, and distinct, and fraught with circumstances that left no room to doubt the least article of her confession; on consideration of which she was permitted to go into voluntary exile."

She then explained their combination in all the particulars, as we have already recounted them in their proper place, and finally observ-

ed, that the opinion she had hence conceived of Fathom's character, was confirmed by what she had since learned of his perfidious conduct towards that very nun who had lately taken the veil.

Perceiving her brother struck dumb with astonishment, and gaping with the most eager attention, she proceeded to relate the incidents of his double intrigue with the jeweller's wife and daughter, as they were communicated to her by the nun, who was no other than the individual Wilhelmina. After those rivals had been forsaken by their gallant, their mutual animosities and chagrin served to whet the attention and invention of each; so that in a little time the whole mystery stood disclosed to both. The mother had discovered the daughter's correspondence with Fathom, as we have already observed, by means of that unfortunate letter which he unwittingly committed to the charge of the old beldame; and, as soon as she understood he was without the reach of all solicitation or prosecution, imparted this billet to her husband, whose fury was so ungovernable, that he had almost sacrificed Wilhelmina with his own hands, especially when, terrified by his threats and imprecations, she owned that she had bestowed the chain on this perfidious lover. However, his dreadful purpose was prevented, partly, by the interposition of his wife, whose aim was not the death but immurement of his daughter, and partly by the tears and supplication of the young gentlewoman herself, who protested, that, although the ceremony of the church had not been performed, she was contracted to Fathom by the most solemn vows, to witness which he invoked all the saints in Heaven.

The jeweller, upon cooler consideration, was unwilling to lose the least spark of hope that glittered among the ruins of his despair, and resisted all the importunities of his wife, who pressed him to consult the welfare of his daughter's soul, in the fond expectation of finding some expedient to lure back the chain and its possessor. In the mean time, Wilhelmina was daily and hourly exposed to the mortifying animadversions of her mamma, who, with all the insolence of virtue, incessantly upbraided her with the backslidings of her vicious life, and exhorted her to reformation and repentance. This continual triumph lasted for many months, till at length, a quarrel happening between the mother and the gossip at whose house she used to give the rendezvous to her admirers, that incensed confidante, in the precipitation of her anger, promulgated the history of those secret meetings; and, among the rest, her interviews with Fathom were brought to light.

The first people who hear news of this sort are generally those to whom they are most unwelcome. The German was soon apprized of his wife's frailty, and considered the two females of his house as a couple of devils incarnate, sent from hell to exercise his patience: yet, in the midst of his displeasure, he found matter of consolation, in being furnished with a sufficient reason for parting with his help-mate, who had for many years kept his family in disquiet. He therefore, without hazarding a personal conference, sent proposals to her by a friend, which she did not think proper to reject; and, seeing himself restored to the dominion of his own house, exerted his sway so tyrannically, that Wilhelmina became weary of her life, and had recourse to the comforts of religion, of which she soon became enamoured, and begged her father's permission to dedicate the rest of her life to the duties of devotion. She was accordingly received in this convent, the regulations of which were so much to her liking, that she performed the task of probation with pleasure, and voluntarily excluded herself from the vanities of this life. It was here she had contracted an acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Melvil, to whom she communicated her complaints of Fathom, on the supposition that he was related to the Count, as he himself had often declared.

While the young lady rehearsed the particulars of this detail, Renaldo sustained a strange vicissitude of different passions. Surprise, sorrow, fear, hope, and indignation, raised a most tumultuous conflict in his bosom. Monimia rushed upon his imagination in the character of innocence betrayed by the insinuations of treachery. He with horror viewed her at the mercy of a villain, who had broken all the ties of gratitude and honour.

Affrighted at the prospect, he started from his seat, exclaiming, in the unconnected strain of distraction and despair, "Have I then nourished a serpent in my bosom! Have I listened to the voice of a traitor, who hath murdered my peace! who hath tore my heart-strings asunder, and perhaps ruined the pattern of all earthly perfection! It cannot be. Heaven would not suffer such infernal artifice to take effect. The thunder would be levelled against the head of the accursed projector."

From this transport, compared with his agitation when she mentioned Monimia, his sister judged that Fathom had been the occasion of a breach between the two lovers; and this conjecture being confirmed by the disjointed answers he made to her interrogations upon the affair, she endeavoured to calm his apprehensions, by representing that he would soon have an opportunity of returning to England, where the misunderstanding might be easily cleared up; and that, in the mean time, he had nothing to fear on account of the person of his mistress, in a country where individuals were so well protected by the laws and constitution of the realm. At length he suffered himself to be flattered with the fond hope of seeing Monimia's character triumph in the inquiry, of retrieving that lost jewel, and of renewing that ravishing in-

tercourse and exalted expectation which had been so cruelly cut off. He now wished to find Fathom as black as he had been exhibited, that Monimia's apostacy might be numbered among the misrepresentations of his treachery and fraud.

His love, which was alike generous and ardent, espoused the cause, and he no longer doubted her constancy and virtue. But when he reflected how her tender heart must have been wrung with anguish at his unkindness and cruelty, in leaving her destitute in a foreign land; how her sensibility must have been tortured, in finding herself altogether dependent upon a ruffian, who certainly harboured the most baleful designs upon her honour; how her life must be endangered, both by his barbarity and her own despair—I say, when he reflected on these circumstances, he shuddered with horror and dismay; and that very night despatched a letter to his friend the Jew, entreating him, in the most pressing manner, to employ all his intelligence in learning the situation of the fair orphan, that she might be protected from the villainy of Fathom, until his return to England.

CHAP. LX.

He recompenses the attachment of his friend; and receives a letter that reduces him to the verge of death and distraction.

This step being taken, his mind in some measure retrieved its former tranquillity: he soothed himself with the prospect of an happy reconciliation with the divine Monimia, and his fancy was decoyed from every disagreeable presage by the entertaining conversation of his sister, with whom in two days he set out for Presburg, attended by his friend the major, who had never quitted him since their meeting at Brussels. Here they found Count Trebasi entirely rid of the fever which had been occasioned by his wound, and in a fair way of doing well,—a circumstance that afforded unspeakable pleasure to Melvil, whose manner of thinking was such, as would have made him unhappy, could he have charged himself with the death of his mother's husband, howsoever criminal he might have been.

The Count's ferocity did not return with his health. His eyes were opened by the danger he had incurred, and his sentiments turned in a new channel: he heartily asked pardon of Mademoiselle for the rigorous usage she had suffered from the violence of his temper; thanked Renaldo for the seasonable lesson he had administered to him; and not only insisted upon being removed from the castle to an house of his own in Presburg, but proffered to make immediate restitution of all the rents which he had unjustly converted to his own use.

These things being settled in the most amicable manner, to the entire satisfaction of the parties concerned, as well as of the neighbouring noblesse, among whom the house of Melvil was in universal esteem, Renaldo resolved to solicit leave at the imperial court to return to England, in order to investigate that affair of Monimia, which was more interesting than all the points he had hitherto adjusted. But, before he quitted Presburg, his friend Farrel taking him aside one day, "Count (said he), will you give me leave to ask, if, by my zeal and attachment for you, I have had the good fortune to acquire your esteem?" "To doubt that esteem (replied Renaldo) were to suspect my gratitude and honour, of which I must be utterly destitute before I lose the sense of those obligations I owe to your gallantry and friendship—obligations which I long for a proper occasion to repay."

"Well then (resumed the major), I will deal with you like a downright Swiss, and point out a method by which you may shift the load of obligation from your own shoulders to mine. You know my birth, rank, and expectations in the service; but perhaps you do not know, that, as my expense has always unavoidably exceeded my income, I find myself a little out at elbows in my circumstances, and want to piece them up by matrimony. Of those ladies with whom I think I have any chance of succeeding, Mademoiselle de Melvil seems the best qualified to render my situation happy in all respects. Her fortune is more than sufficient to disembarrass my affairs; her good sense will be a seasonable check upon my vivacity; her agreeable accomplishments will engage a continuation of affection and regard: I know my own disposition well enough to think I shall become a most dutiful and tractable husband; and shall deem myself highly honoured in being more closely united to my dear Count de Melvil, the son and representative of that worthy officer under whom my youth was formed: if you will therefore sanction my claim, I will forthwith begin my approaches, and doubt not, under your auspices, to bring the place to a capitulation."

Renaldo was pleased with the frankness of this declaration, approved of his demand, and desired him to depend upon his good offices with his sister, whom he sounded that same evening upon the subject, recommending the major to her favour, as a gentleman well worthy of her choice. Mademoiselle, who had never been exercised in the coquettries of her sex, and was now arrived at those years when the vanity of youth ought to yield to discretion, considered the proposal as a philosopher, and, after due deliberation, candidly owned she had no objection to the match. Farrel was accordingly introduced in the character of a lover, after the permission of the Countess had been obtained; and he carried on his addresses in the usual form, so

much to the satisfaction of all concerned in the event, that a day was appointed for the celebration of his nuptials, when he entered into peaceable possession of his prize.

A few days after this joyful occasion, while Renaldo was at Vienna, where he had been indulged with leave of absence for six months, and employed in making preparations for his journey to Britain, he was one evening presented by his servant with a packet from London, which he no sooner opened, than he found enclosed a letter directed to him, in the hand-writing of Monimia. He was so much affected at sight of those well-known characters, that he stood motionless as a statue, eager to know the contents, yet afraid to peruse the billet. While he hesitated in this suspense, he chanced to cast his eye on the inside of the cover, and perceived the name of his Jewish friend at the bottom of a few lines, importing, that the enclosed was delivered to him by a physician of his acquaintance, who had recommended it in a particular manner to his care. This intimation served only to increase the mystery, and whet his impatience; and as he had the explanation in his hand, he summoned all his resolution to his aid, and, breaking the seal, began to read these words: "Renaldo will not suppose, that this address proceeds from interested motives, when he learns, that, before it can be presented to his view, the unfortunate Monimia will be no more."

Here the light forsook Renaldo's eyes, his knees knocked together, and he fell at full length insensible on the floor: his valet, hearing the noise, ran into the apartment, lifted him upon a couch, and despatched a messenger for proper assistance, while he himself endeavoured to recall his spirits by such applications as chance afforded: but before the Count exhibited any signs of life, his brother-in-law entered his chamber by accident, and as soon as he recollected himself from the extreme confusion and concern produced by this melancholy spectacle, he perceived the fatal epistle, which Melvil, though insensible, still kept within his grasp; justly suspecting this to be the cause of that severe paroxysm, he drew near the couch, and with difficulty read what is above rehearsed, and the sequel, to this effect:—

"Yes, I have taken such measures as will prevent it from falling into your hands, until after I shall have been released from a being embittered with inexpressible misery and anguish. It is not my intention, once loved, and, ah! still too fondly remembered youth, to upbraid you as the source of that unceasing woe which hath been so long the sole inhabitant of my lonely bosom. I will not call you inconstant or unkind. I dare not think you base or dishonourable; yet I was abruptly sacrificed to a triumphant rival, before I had learned to bear such mortification; before I had overcome the prejudices which I had imbibed in my father' house. I was all at once abandoned to despair to indigence, and distress; to the vile practice of a villain, who, I fear, hath betrayed us both What have not I suffered from the insults an vicious designs of that wretch, whom you che rished in your bosom! Yet to these I owe thi near approach to this goal of peace, where th canker-worm of sorrow will expire. Beware o that artful traitor; and, oh! endeavour to over come that levity of disposition, which, if in dulged, will not only stain your reputation, bu also debauch the good qualities of your heart I release you, in the sight of Heaven, from al obligations: if I have been injured, let not m wrongs be visited on the head of Renaldo, fo whom shall be offered up the last fervent prayers of the hapless Monimia."

This letter was a clue to the labyrinth o Melvil's distress: though the major had neve heard him mention the name of this beauty, h had received such hints from his own wife, a enabled him to comprehend the whole of th Count's disaster. By the administration of stimulating medicines, Renaldo recovered his perception: but this was a cruel alternative, considering the situation of his thoughts. The first word he pronounced was Monimia, with all the emphasis of the most violent despair: he perused the letter, and poured forth incoherent execrations against Fathom and himself. He exclaimed, in a frantic tone, "She is lost for ever! murdered by my unkindness! we are both undone by the infernal arts of Fathom! execrable monster! Restore her to my arms! If thou art not a fiend in reality, I will tear out thy false heart!"

So saying, he sprung upon his valet, who would have fallen a sacrifice to his undistinguishing fury, had not he been saved by the interposition of Farrel and the family, who disengaged him from his master's gripe by dint of force; yet, notwithstanding their joint endeavours, he broke from this restraint, leaped upon the floor, and, seizing his sword, attempted to plunge it in his own breast. When he was once more overcome by numbers, he cursed himself, and all those who withheld him; swore he would not survive the fair victim who had perished by his credulity and indiscretion; and the agitation of his spirits increased to such a degree, that he was seized with strong convulsions, which nature was scarce able to sustain: every medical expedient was used to quiet this perturbation, which at length yielded so far as to subside into a continual fever, and confirmed delirium, during which he ceased not to pour forth the most pathetic complaints, touching his ruined love, and to rave about the ill-starred Monimia. The major, half-distracted by the calamity of his friend, would have concealed it from the knowledge of his family, had not the physician, by despairing of his life, laid him under the

necessity of making them acquainted with his condition.

The Countess and Mrs Farrel were no sooner informed of his case, than they hastened to the melancholy scene, where they found Renaldo deprived of his senses, panting under the rage of an exasperated disease. They saw his face distorted, and his eyes glaring with frenzy: they heard him invoke the name of Monimia, with a tenderness of accent, which even the impulse of madness could not destroy. Then, with a sudden transition of tone and gesture, he denounced vengeance against her betrayer, and called upon the north wind to cool the fervour of his brain. His hair hung in dishevelled parcels, his cheeks were wan, his looks ghastly, his vigour was fled, and all the glory of his youth faded: the physician hung his head in silence, the attendants wrung their hands in despair, and the countenance of his friend was bathed in tears.

Such a picture would have moved the most obdurate heart: what impression then must it have made upon a parent and sister, melting with all the enthusiasm of affection! The mother was struck dumb, and stupified with grief; the sister threw herself on the bed in a transport of sorrow, caught her loved Renaldo in her arms, and was, with great difficulty, tore from his embrace. Such was the dismal reverse that overtook the late so happy family of Melvil: such was the extremity to which the treachery of Fathom had reduced his best benefactor!

Three days did nature struggle with surprising efforts, and then the constitution seemed to sink under the victorious fever; yet, as his strength diminished, his delirium abated, and on the fifth morning he looked round, and recognized his weeping friends. Though now exhausted to the lowest ebb of life, he retained the perfect use of speech, and his reason being quite unclouded, spoke to each with equal kindness and compassion. He congratulated himself upon the sight of shore, after the horrors of such a tempest; called upon the Countess and his sister, who were not permitted to see him at such a conjuncture, and, being apprized by the major of his reason for excluding them from his presence, he applauded his concern, bequeathed them to his future care, and took leave of that gentleman with a cordial embrace. Then he desired to be left in private with a certain clergyman, who regulated the concerns of his soul; and he being dismissed, turned his face from the light, in expectation of his final discharge. In a few minutes all was still and dreary; he was no longer heard to breathe; no more the stream of life was perceived to circulate; he was supposed to be absolved from all his cares, and an universal groan from the by-standers announced the decease of the gallant, generous, and tender-hearted Renaldo.

"Come hither, ye whom the pride of youth and health, of birth and affluence inflames, who tread the flowery maze of pleasure, trusting to the fruition of ever-circling joys; ye who glory in your accomplishments, who indulge the views of ambition, and lay schemes for future happiness and grandeur; contemplate here the vanity of life: behold how low this excellent young man is laid! mowed down even in the blossom of his youth, when Fortune seemed to open all her treasures to his worth."

Such were the reflections of the generous Farrel, who, while he performed the last office of friendship, in closing the eyes of the much-lamented Melvil, perceived a warmth on the skin, which the hand of death seldom leaves unextinguished. This uncommon sensation he reported to the physician, who, though he could feel no pulsation in the heart or arteries, conjectured, that life still lingered in some of its interior haunts, and immediately ordered such applications to the extremities and surface of the body, as might help to concentrate and reinforce the natural heat.

By these prescriptions, which, for some time, produced no sensible effect, the embers were, in all probability, kept glowing, and the vital power revived; for, after a considerable pause, respiration was gradually renewed at long intervals, a languid motion was perceived at the heart, a few feeble and irregular pulsations were felt at the wrist; the clay-coloured livery of death began to vanish from his face; the circulation acquired new force, and he opened his eyes with a sigh, which proclaimed his return from the shades of death.

When he recovered the faculty of swallowing, a cordial was administered; and whether the fever abated, in consequence of the blood's being cooled and condensed during the recess of action in the solids, or nature, in that agony, had prepared a proper channel for the expulsion of the disease, certain it is, he was, from this moment, rid of all bodily pain, he retrieved the animal functions, and nothing remained of his malady but extreme weakness and languor, the effect of Nature's being fatigued in the battle she had won.

Unutterable was the joy that took possession of his mother and sister, when Farrel flew into their apartment, to intimate this happy turn.—Scarce could they be restrained from pouring forth their transports in the presence of Renaldo, who was still too feeble to endure such communication: indeed, he was extremely mortified and dejected at this event, which had diffused such pleasure and satisfaction among his friends; for though his distemper was mastered, the fatal cause of it still rankled at his heart, and he considered this respite from death as a protraction of his misery.

When he was congratulated by the major on the triumph of his constitution, he replied, with a groan, "I would to heaven it had been

otherwise; for I am reserved for all the horrors of the most poignant sorrow and remorse. O, Monimia! Monimia! I hoped by this time to have convinced thy gentle shade, that I was, at least intentionally, innocent of that ruthless barbarity which hath brought thee to an untimely grave. Heaven and earth! do I still survive the consciousness of that dire catastrophe! and lives the atrocious villain who hath blasted all our hopes!"

With these last words, the fire darted from his eyes, and his brother, snatching this occasional handle for reconciling him to life, joined in his exclamations against the treacherous Fathom, and observed, that he should not, in point of honour, wish to die, until he should have sacrificed that traitor to the manes of the beauteous Monimia. This incitement acted as a spur upon exhausted nature, causing the blood to circulate with fresh vigour, and encouraging him to take such sustenance as would recruit his strength, and repair the damage which his health had sustained.

His sister assiduously attended him in his recovery, flattering his appetite, and amusing his sorrow at the same time; the clergyman assailed his despondence with religious weapons, as well as with arguments drawn from philosophy; and the fury of his passions being already expended, he became so tractable as to listen to his remonstrances: but, notwithstanding the joint endeavours of all his friends, a deep fixed melancholy remained, after every consequence of his disease had vanished. In vain they essayed to elude his grief by gaiety and diversions; in vain they tried to decoy his heart into some new engagement.

These kind attempts served only to feed and nourish that melancholy which pined within his bosom. Monimia still haunted him in the midst of these amusements, while his reflection whispered to him, "Pleasures like these I might have relished with her participation." That darling idea mingled in all the female assemblies at which he was present, eclipsing their attractions, and enhancing the bitterness of his loss; for absence, enthusiasm, and even his despair had heightened the charms of the fair orphan into something supernatural and divine.

Time, that commonly weakens the traces of remembrance, seemed to deepen its impressions in his breast: nightly, in his dreams, did he converse with his dear Monimia: sometimes on the verdant bank of a delightful stream, where he breathed, in soft murmurs, the dictates of his love and admiration: sometimes reclined within the tufted grove, his arm encircled and sustained her snowy neck, whilst she, with looks of love ineffable, gazed on his face, invoking Heaven to bless her husband and her lord. Yet, even in these illusions, was his fancy oft alarmed for the ill-fated fair. Sometimes he viewed her tottering on the brink of a steep precipice, far distant from his helping hand. At other times she seemed to sail along the boisterous tide, imploring his assistance;—then would he start with horror from his sleep, and feel his sorrows more than realized:—he deserted his couch—he avoided the society of mankind—he courted sequestered shades, where he could indulge his melancholy; there his mind brooded over his calamity, until his imagination became familiar with all the ravages of death: it contemplated the gradual decline of Monimia's health; her tears, her distress, her despair at his imagined cruelty; he saw, through that perspective, every blossom of her beauty wither, every sparkle vanish from her eyes: he beheld her faded lips, her pale cheek, and her inanimated features, the symmetry of which not death itself was able to destroy. His fancy conveyed her breathless corse to the cold grave, o'er which, perhaps, no tear humane was shed, where her delicate limbs were consigned to dust, where she was dished out a delicious banquet to the unsparing worm.

Over these pictures he dwelt with a sort of pleasing anguish, until he became so enamoured of her tomb, that he could no longer resist the desire which compelled him to make a pilgrimage to the dear hallowed spot, where all his once gay hopes lay buried; that he might nightly visit the silent habitation of his ruined love, embrace the sacred earth with which she was now compounded, moisten it with his tears, and bid the turf lie easy on her breast. Besides the prospect of this gloomy enjoyment, he was urged to return to England, by an eager desire of taking vengeance on the perfidious Fathom, as well as of acquitting himself of the obligations, he owed in that kingdom, to those who had assisted him in his distress. He therefore communicated his intention to Farrel, who would have insisted upon attending him in the journey, had not he been conjured to stay and manage Renaldo's affairs in his absence. Every previous step being taken, he took leave of the Countess and his sister, who had, with all their interest and elocution, opposed his design, the execution of which, they justly feared, would, instead of dissipating, augment his chagrin; and now, seeing him determined, they shed a flood of tears at his departure, and he set out for Vienna in a post-chaise, accompanied by a trusty valet-de-chambre on horseback.

CHAP. LXI.

Renaldo meets with a living monument of justice, and encounters a personage of some note in these memoirs.

As this domestic was very well qualified for making all the proper dispositions, and adjust-

ing every necessary article on the road, Renaldo totally abstracted himself from earthly considerations, and mused without ceasing on that theme which was the constant subject of his contemplation. He was blind to the objects that surrounded him; he scarce ever felt the importunities of nature; and had not they been reinforced by the pressing entreaties of his attendant, he would have proceeded without refreshment or repose. In this absence of mind did he traverse a great part of Germany, in his way to the Austrian Netherlands, and arrived at the fortress of Luxemburg, where he was obliged to tarry a whole day on account of an accident which had happened to his chaise. Here he went to view the fortifications; and as he walked along the ramparts, his ears were salated with these words: "Heaven bless the noble Count de Melvil! will not he turn the eyes of compassion upon an old fellow-soldier reduced to misfortune and disgrace!"

Surprised at this address, which was attended with the clanking of chains, Renaldo lifted up his eyes, and perceived the person who spoke to be one of two malefactors shackled together, who had been sentenced for some crime to work as labourers on the fortifications: his face was so covered with hair, and his whole appearance so disguised by the squalid habit which he wore, that the Count could not recollect his features, until he gave him to understand that his name was Ratchkali. Melvil immediately recognized his fellow-student at Vienna, and his brother volunteer upon the Rhine, and expressed equal surprise and concern at seeing him in such a deplorable situation.

Nothing renders the soul so callous and insensible as the searing brands of infamy and disgrace. Without betraying the least symptoms of shame or confusion, "Count (says he), this is the fate of war, at least of the war in which I have been engaged, ever since I took leave of the imperial army, and retreated with your old companion Fathom. Long life to that original genius! If he is not unhappily eclipsed by some unfortunate interposition, before his terrene parts are purified, I foresee that he will shine a star of the first magnitude in the world of adventure."

At mention of this detested name, Renaldo's heart began to throb with indignation; yet he suppressed the emotion, and desired to know the meaning of that splendid encomium, which he had bestowed upon his confederate. "It would be quite unnecessary (replied Ratchkali) for a man in my present situation to equivocate or disguise the truth: the nature of my disgrace is perfectly well known. I am condemned to hard labour for life; and unless some lucky accident, (which I cannot now foresee) shall intervene, all I can expect is some alleviation of my hard lot from the generosity of such gentlemen as you, who compassionate the sufferings of your fellow-creatures. In order to engage your benevolence the more in my behalf, I shall (if you will give me the hearing) faithfully inform you of some particulars, which it may import you to know, concerning my old acquaintance Ferdinand Count Fathom, whose real character hath perhaps hitherto escaped your notice."

Then he proceeded to give a regular detail of all the strokes of finesse which he, in conjunction with our adventurer, had practised upon Melvil and others, during their residence at Vienna, and the campaigns they had made upon the Rhine: he explained the nature of the robbery which was supposed to have been done by the Count's valet, together with the manner of their desertion: he described his separation from Fathom, their meeting at London, the traffic they carried on in copartnership, and the misfortune that reduced Ferdinand to the condition in which he was found by Melvil.

"After having gratified the honest lawyer (said he), with a share of the unfortunate Fathom's spoils, and packed up all my own valuable effects, my new auxiliary Maurice and I posted to Harwich, embarked in the packet-boat, and next day arrived at Helvoetsluys; from thence we repaired to the Hague, in order to mingle in the gaieties of the place, and exercise our talents at play, which is there cultivated with universal eagerness: but chancing to meet with an old acquaintance, whom I did not at all desire to see, I found it convenient to withdraw softly to Rotterdam; from whence we set out for Antwerp; and having made a tour of the Austrian Netherlands, set up our rest at Brussels, and concerted a plan for laying the Flemings under contribution.

"From our appearance we procured admission into the most polite assemblies, and succeeded to a wonder in all our operations; until our career was unfortunately checked by the indiscretion of my ally, who, being detected in the very act of conveying a card, was immediately introduced to a magistrate; and this minister of justice was so curious, inquisitive, and clear-sighted, that Count Maurice, finding it impossible to elude his penetration, was fain to stipulate for his own safety, by giving up his friend to the cognizance of the law. I was accordingly apprehended, before I knew the cause of my arrest; and being unhappily known by some soldiers of the prince's guard, my character turned out so little to the approbation of the inquisitors, that all my effects were confiscated for the benefit of the state, and I was by a formal sentence condemned to labour on the fortifications all the days of my life; while Maurice escaped at the expense of five hundred stripes, which he received in public from the hands of the common executioner.

"Thus have I, without evasion or mental

reservation, given a faithful account of the steps by which I have arrived at this barrier, which is likely to be the *ne plus ultra* of my peregrinations, unless the generous Count de Melvil will deign to interpose his interest in behalf of an old fellow-soldier, who may yet live to justify his mediation."

Renaldo had no reason to doubt the truth of this story, every circumstance of which tended to corroborate the intelligence he had already received touching the character of Fathom, whom he now considered with a double portion of abhorrence, as the most abandoned miscreant that nature had ever produced. Though Ratchkali did not possess a much higher place in his opinion, he favoured him with marks of his bounty, and exhorted him, if possible, to reform his heart; but he would by no means promise to interpose his credit in favour of a wretch self-convicted of such enormous villainy and fraud. He could not help moralizing upon this rencounter, which inspired him with great contempt for human nature: and next day he proceeded on his journey with a heavy heart, ruminating on the perfidy of mankind, and, between whiles, transported with the prospect of revenging all the calamities upon the accursed author.

While he was wrapped up in these reveries, his carriage rolled along, and had already entered a wood between Mons and Tournay, when his dream was suddenly interrupted by the explosion of several pistols that were fired among the thickets at a little distance from the road. Roused at this alarm, he snatched his sword, that stood by him, and, springing from the chaise, ran directly towards the spot, being close followed by his valet, who had alighted and armed himself with a pistol in each hand. About forty yards from the highway they arrived in a little glade or opening, where they saw a single man standing at bay against five banditti, after having killed one of their companions, and lost his own horse, that lay dead upon the ground.

Melvil seeing this odds, and immediately guessing their design, rushed among them without hesitation, and in an instant ran his sword through the heart of one whose hand was raised to smite the gentleman behind, while he was engaged with the rest in front. At the same time the valet disabled another by a shot in the shoulder; so that the number being now equal on both sides, a furious combat ensued, every man being paired with an antagonist, and each having recourse to swords, as all their pieces had been discharged. Renaldo's adversary, finding himself pressed with equal fury and skill, retreated gradually among the trees, until he vanished altogether into the thickest of the wood; and his two companions followed his example with great ease, the valet-de-chambre being hurt in the leg, and the stranger so much exhausted by the wounds he had received b fore Renaldo's interposition, that, when t young gentleman approached to congratula him on the defeat of the robbers, he, in advan ing to embrace his deliverer, dropped dov motionless on the grass.

The Count, with that warmth of sympat and benevolence which was natural to his hea lifted up the wounded cavalier in his arms, a carried him to the chaise, in which he was d posited, while the valet-de-chambre reload his pistols, and prepared for a second attack, they did not doubt that the banditti would r turn with a reinforcement. However, befo they re-appeared, Renaldo's driver disengag him from the wood, and in less than a quart of an hour they arrived at a village, where th halted for assistance to the stranger, who, thoug still alive, had not recovered the use of h senses.

After he was undressed and laid in a war bed, a surgeon examined his body, and found wound in his neck by a sword, and another i his right side occasioned by a pistol-shot; that his prognostic was very dubious: mea while, he applied proper dressings to both; an in half an hour after this administration, th gentleman gave some tokens of perception. H looked around him with a wildness of fury i his aspect, as if he had thought himself in th hands of the robbers by whom he had been a tacked: but, when he saw the assiduity wit which the by-standers exerted themselves i his behalf, one raising his head from the pillow while another exhorted him to swallow a litt wine which was warmed for the purpose; whe he beheld the sympathising looks of all presen and heard himself accosted in the most cordi terms by the person whom he recollected as hi deliverer, all the severity vanished from hi countenance; he took Renaldo's hand and pres ed it to his lips; and, while the tears gushe from his eyes, "Praised be God (said he), th virtue and generosity are still to be found amon the sons of men!"

Every body in the apartment was affected b this exclamation; and Melvil, above all th rest, felt such emotions as he could scarcely re strain. He entreated the gentleman to believ himself in the midst of such friends as woul effectually secure him from all violence an mortification; he conjured him to compose th perturbation of his spirits, and quiet the appre hensions of his mind with that reflection; an protested, that he himself would not quit th house while his attendance should be deme necessary for the stranger's cure, or his conver sation conducive to his amusement.

These assurances, considered with the heroi part which the young Hungarian had alread acted in his behalf, inspired the cavalier wit such a sublime idea of Melvil, that he gaze upon him with silent astonishment, as an ange

sent from heaven for his succour; and, in the transport of his gratitude, could not help exclaiming, "Sure Providence hath still something in reserve for this unfortunate wretch, in whose favour such a miracle of courage and generosity hath interposed!"

Being accommodated with proper care and attendance, his constitution in a little time overcame the fever; and, at the third dressing, the surgeon declared him out of all danger from his wounds. Then was Renaldo indulged with opportunities of conversing with the patient, and of inquiring into the particulars of his fortune and designs in life, with a view to manifest the inclination he felt to serve him in his future occasions.

The more this stranger contemplated the character of the Count, the more his amazement increased, on account of his extraordinary benevolence in favour of a person whose merit he could not possibly know; he even expressed his surprise on this subject to Renaldo, who at length told him, that, although his best offices should always be ready for the occasions of any gentleman in distress, his particular attachment and regard to him was improved by an additional consideration: "I am no stranger (said he) to the virtues and honour of the gallant Don Diego de Zelos."

"Heaven and earth! (cried the stranger, starting from his seat with extreme emotion), do I then live to hear myself addressed by that long-lost appellation! my heart glows at the expression! my spirits are kindled with a flame that thrills through every nerve! Say, young gentleman, if you are really an inhabitant of earth, by what means are you acquainted with the unhappy name of Zelos?"

In answer to this eager interrogation, Renaldo gave him to understand, that, in the course of his travels, he had resided a short time at Seville, where he had frequently seen Don Diego, and often heard his character mentioned with uncommon esteem and veneration. "Alas! (replied the Castilian), that justice is no longer done to the wretched Zelos; his honours are blasted, and his reputation canker-bitten by the venomous tooth of slander."

He then proceeded to unfold his misfortunes, as they have already been explained in the former part of these memoirs; at the recapitulation of which, the heart of Melvil, being intendered by his own calamities, was so deeply affected, that he re-echoed the groans of Don Diego, and wept over his sufferings with the most filial sympathy. When he repeated the story of that cruel fraud which was practised upon him by the faithless Fadini, Melvil, whose mind and imagination teemed with the villainies of Fathom, was immediately struck with the conjecture of his being the knave; because, indeed, he could not believe that any other person was so abandoned by principle and humanity, as to take such a barbarous advantage of a gentleman in distress.

CHAP. XLII.

His return to England, and midnight pilgrimage to Monimia's tomb.

He considered the date of that unparalleled transaction, which agreed with his conjecture, and from the inquiries he made concerning the person of the traitor, gathered reasons sufficient to confirm his supposition. Thus certified, "That is the villain (cried the Count), whose infernal arts have overwhelmed me with such misery as Heaven itself hath no remedy to dispel! To revenge my wrongs on that perfidious miscreant, is one of the chief reasons for which I deign to drag about an hateful being. O, Don Diego! what is life, when all its enjoyments are so easily poisoned by the machinations of such a worm!" So saying, he smote his breast in all the agony of woe, and besought the Spaniard to relate the steps he took in consequence of this disaster.

The Castilian's cheeks reddened at this information, which reinforced his own resentment, and casting up his eyes to heaven, "Sacred powers! (cried he) let him not perish, before you bring him within my reach. You ask me, noble cavalier, what measures I took in this abyss of misery. For the first day, I was tortured with apprehensions for the friendly Fadini, fearing that he had been robbed and murdered for the jewels which he had perhaps too unwarily exposed to sale; but this terror soon vanished before the true presages of my fate, when, on the morrow, I found the whole family in tears and confusion, and heard my landlord pour forth the most bitter imprecations against the fugitive, who had deflowered his daughter, and even robbed the house. You will ask, which of the passions of my heart were interested on this occasion; they were shame and indignation: all my grief flowed in another channel: I blushed to find my judgment deceived: I scorned to complain; but in my heart denounced vengeance against my base betrayer. I silently retired to my apartment, in order to commune with my own thoughts.

"I had bore greater calamities without being driven to despair: I summoned all my fortitude to my assistance, and resolved to live in spite of affliction. Thus determined, I betook myself to the house of a general officer whose character was fair in the world; and having obtained admission in consequence of my oriental appearance, "To a man of honour (said I) the unfortunate need no introduction: my habit proclaims me a Persian; this passport from the States of Holland will confirm that supposition. I have been robbed of jewels to a considerable

value, by a wretch whom I favoured with my confidence; and now, reduced to extreme indigence, I come to offer myself as a soldier in the armies of France. I have health and strength sufficient to discharge that duty: nor am I unacquainted with a military life, which was once my glory and occupation. I therefore sue for your protection, that I may be received, though in the lowest order of them that serve the king; and that your future favour may depend upon my behaviour in that capacity."

"The general, surprised at my declaration, surveyed me with uncommon attention; he perused my certificate, asked divers questions concerning the art of war, to which I returned such answers as convinced him that I was not wholly ignorant in that particular. In short, I was inlisted as a volunteer in his own regiment, and soon after promoted to the rank of a subaltern, and the office of equerry to his own son, who at that time had attained to the degree of colonel, though his age did not exceed eighteen years.

"This young man was naturally of a ferocious disposition, which had been rendered quite untractable by the pride of birth and fortune, together with the license of his education. As he did not know the respect due to a gentleman, so he could not possibly pay it to those who were unfortunately under his command. Divers mortifications I sustained with that fortitude which became a Castilian who lay under obligations to the father; till at length, laying aside all decorum, he smote me. Sacred Heaven! he smote Don Diego de Zelos, in presence of his whole household.

"Had my sword been endowed with sensation, it would of itself have started from the scabbard, at this indignity offered to its master. I unsheathed it without deliberation, saying, 'Know, insolent boy, he is a gentleman whom thou hast thus outraged; and thou hast cancelled the ties which have hitherto restrained my indignation.' His servants would have interposed, but he commanded them to retire; and, flushed with that confidence which the impetuosity of his temper inspired, he drew, in his turn, and attacked me with redoubled rage; but his dexterity being very unequal to his courage, he was soon disarmed and overthrown; when, pointing my sword to his breast, 'In consideration of thy youth and ignorance (said I), I spare that life which thou hast forfeited by thy ungenerous presumption.'

"With these words I put up my weapon, retired through the midst of his domestics, who, seeing their master safe, did not think proper to oppose my passage, and, mounting my horse, in less than two hours entered the Austrian dominions, resolving to proceed as far as Holland, that I might embark in the first ship for Spain, in order to wash away, with my own blood, or that of my enemies, the cruel stain which hath so long defiled my reputation.

"This was the grievance that still corroded my heart, and rendered ineffectual the inhuman sacrifice I had made to my injured honour—this was the consideration that incessantly prompted, and still importunes me to run every risk of life and fortune, rather than leave my fame under such an ignominious aspersion. I propose to obey this internal call. I am apt to believe it is the voice of Heaven; of that Providence which manifested its care by sending such a generous auxiliary to my aid, when I was overpowered by banditti, on the very first day of my expedition."

Having in this manner gratified the curiosity of his deliverer, he expressed a desire of knowing the quality of him to whom he was so signally obliged; and Renaldo did not scruple to make the Castilian acquainted with his name and family: he likewise communicated the story of his unfortunate love, with all the symptoms of unutterable woe, which drew tears from the noble-hearted Spaniard, while with a groan that announced the load which overwhelmed his soul, "I had a daughter (said he), such as you describe the peerless Monimia; had Heaven decreed her for the arms of such a lover, I, who am now the most wretched, should have been the most happy parent upon earth."

Thus did these new friends alternately indulge their mutual sorrow, and concert measures for their future operations. Melvil earnestly solicited the Castilian to favour him with his company to England, where, in all probability, both would enjoy the gloomy satisfaction of being revenged upon their common betrayer Fathom; and, as a farther inducement, he assured him, that as soon as he should have accomplished the melancholy purposes of his voyage, he would accompany Don Diego to Spain, and employ his whole interest and fortune in his service. The Spaniard, thunderstruck at the extravagant generosity of this proposal, could scarce believe the evidence of his own senses, and, after some pause, replied, "My duty would teach me to obey any command you should think proper to impose; but here my inclination and interest are so agreeably flattered, that I should be equally ungrateful and unwise, in pretending to comply with reluctance."

This point being settled, they moved forwards to Mons, as soon as Don Diego was in a condition to bear the shock of such a removal; and there remaining until his wounds were perfectly cured, they hired a post-chaise for Ostend, embarked in a vessel at that port, reached the opposite shore of England, after a short and easy passage, and arrived in London without having met with any sinister accident on the road.

As they approached this capital, Renaldo's

grief seemed to regurgitate with redoubled violence. His memory was waked to the most minute and painful exertion of its faculties; his imagination teemed with the most afflicting images, and his impatience became so ardent, that never lover panted more eagerly for the consummation of his wishes, than Melvil for an opportunity of stretching himself upon the grave of the lost Monimia. The Castilian was astonished, as well as affected at the poignancy of his grief, which, as a proof of his susceptibility and virtue, endeared him still more to his affection; and though his own misfortunes had rendered him very unfit for the office of a comforter, he endeavoured, by soothing discourse, to moderate the excess of his friend's affliction.

Though it was dark when they alighted at the inn, Melvil ordered a coach to be called, and, being attended by the Spaniard, who would not be persuaded to quit him upon such an occasion, he repaired to the house of the generous Jew, whose rheum distilled very plentifully at his approach. The Count had already acquitted himself in point of pecuniary obligations to this benevolent Hebrew; and now, after having made such acknowledgments as might be expected from a youth of his disposition, he begged to know by what channel he had received that letter which he had been so kind as to forward to Vienna.

Joshua, who was ignorant of the contents of that epistle, and saw the young gentleman extremely moved, would have eluded his inquiry, by pretending he had forgot the circumstance; but when he understood the nature of the case, which was not explained without the manifestation of the utmost inquietude, he heartily condoled the desponding lover, telling him he had in vain employed all his intelligence about that unfortunate beauty, in consequence of Melvil's letter to him on that subject; and then directed him to the house of that physician, who had brought the fatal billet which had made him miserable.

No sooner did he receive this information than he took his leave abruptly, with promise of returning next day, and hied him to the lodgings of that gentleman, whom he was lucky enough to find at home. Being favoured with a private audience, "When I tell you (said he), that my name is Renaldo Count de Melvil, you will know me to be the most unfortunate of men. By that letter, which you committed to the charge of my worthy friend Joshua, the fatal veil was removed from my eyes, which had been so long darkened by the artifices of incredible deceit, and my own incurable misery fully presented to my view. If you were acquainted with the unhappy fair, who hath fallen a victim to my mistake, you will have some idea of the insufferable pangs which I now feel in recollecting her fate. If you have compassion for these pangs, you will not refuse to conduct me to the spot where the dear remains of Monimia are deposited; there let me enjoy a full banquet of woe; there let me feast that worm of sorrow that preys upon my heart: for such entertainment have I revisited this (to me) ill-omened isle; for this satisfaction I intrude upon your condescension at these unseasonable hours; for to such a degree of impatience is my affliction whetted, that no slumber shall assail mine eyelids, no peace reside within my bosom, until I shall have adored that earthly shrine where my Monimia lies! Yet would I know the circumstances of her fate. Did Heaven ordain no angel to minister to her distress? were her last moments comfortless? ha! was not she abandoned to indigence, to insults; left in the power of that inhuman villain who betrayed us both! Sacred Heaven! why did Providence wink at the triumph of such consummate perfidy!"

The physician having listened with complacency to this effusion, replied, "It is my profession, it is my nature, to sympathise with the afflicted. I am a judge of your feelings, because I know the value of your loss. I attended the incomparable Monimia in her last illness, and am well enough acquainted with her story, to conclude, that she fell a sacrifice to an unhappy misunderstanding, effected and fomented by that traitor who abused your mutual confidence."

He then proceeded to inform him of all the particulars which we have already recorded, touching the destiny of the beauteous orphan, and concluded with telling him he was ready to yield him any other satisfaction which it was in his power to grant. The circumstances of the tale had put Renaldo's spirits into such commotion, that he could utter nothing but interjections and unconnected words. When Fathom's behaviour was described, he trembled with fierce agitation, started from his chair, pronouncing, "Monster! fiend! but we shall one day meet."

When he was made acquainted with the benevolence of the French lady, he exclaimed, "O heaven-born charity and compassion! sure that must be some spirit of grace sent hither to mitigate the tortures of life! where shall I find her, to offer up my thanks and adoration?" Having heard the conclusion of the detail, he embraced the relater, as the kind benefactor of Monimia, shed a flood of tears in his bosom, and pressed him to crown the obligation, by conducting him to the solitary place where now she rested from all her cares.

The gentleman perceiving the transports of his grief were such as could not be opposed, complied with his request, attended him in the vehicle, and directed the coachman to drive to a sequestered field, at some distance from the city, where stood the church, within whose

awful aisle this scene was to be acted. The sexton being summoned from his bed, produced the keys, in consequence of a gratification, after the physician had communed with him apart, and explained the intention of Renaldo's visit.

During this pause, the soul of Melvil was wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiastic sorrow. The uncommon darkness of the night, the solemn silence, and lonely situation of the place, conspired with the occasion of his coming, and the dismal images of his fancy, to produce a real rapture of gloomy expectation, which the whole world would not have persuaded him to disappoint. The clock struck twelve, the owl screeched from the ruined battlement, the door was opened by the sexton, who, by the light of a glimmering taper, conducted the despairing lover to a dreary aisle, and stamped upon the ground with his foot, saying, " Here the young lady lies interred."

Melvil no sooner received this intimation, than falling on his knees, and pressing his lips to the hallowed earth, " Peace (cried he) to the gentle tenant of this silent habitation." Then turning to the bystanders, with a bloodshot eye, said, " Leave me to the full enjoyment of this occasion: my grief is too delicate to admit the company even of my friends: the rites to be performed require privacy: adieu then, here must I pass the night alone."

The doctor, alarmed at this declaration, which he was afraid imported some resolution fatal to his own life, began to repent of having been accessory to the visit, attempted to dissuade him from his purpose, and, finding him obstinately determined, called in the assistance of the sexton and coachman, and solicited the aid of Don Diego, to force Renaldo from the execution of his design.

The Castilian, knowing his friend was then very unfit for common altercation, interposed in the dispute, saying, " You need not be afraid that he will obey the dictates of despair: his religion, his honour, will baffle such temptations: he hath promised to reserve his life for the occasions of his friend; and he shall not be disappointed in his present aim." In order to corroborate this peremptory address, which was delivered in the French language, he unsheathed his sword, and the others retreating at sight of his weapon, " Count (said he), enjoy your grief in full transport: I will screen you from interruption, though at the hazard of my life; and while you give a loose to sorrow, within that ghastly vault, I will watch till morning in the porch, and meditate upon the ruin of my own family and peace."

He accordingly prevailed upon the physician to retire, after he had satisfied the sexton, and ordered the coachman to return by break of day.

Renaldo, thus left alone, prostrated himself upon the grave, and poured forth such lamentations as would have drawn tears from the most savage hearer. He called aloud upon Monimia's name: " Are these the nuptial joys to which our fate hath doomed us? Is this the fruit of those endearing hopes, that intercourse divine, that raptured admiration, in which so many hours insensibly elapsed? where now are those attractions, to which I yielded up my captive heart? quenched are those genial eyes that gladdened each beholder, and shone the planets of my happiness and peace! cold! cold and withered are those lips that swelled with love, and far outblushed the damask rose! and, ah! for ever silenced is that tongue, whose eloquence had power to lull the pangs of misery and care! no more shall my attention be ravished with the music of that voice, which used to thrill in soft vibrations to my soul! O sainted spirit! O unspotted shade of her whom I adored; of her whose memory I shall still revere with ever-bleeding sorrow and regret; of her whose image will be the last idea that forsakes this hapless bosom! now art thou conscious of my integrity and love; now dost thou behold the anguish that I feel. If the pure essence of thy nature will permit, wilt thou, ah! wilt thou, indulge this wretched youth with some kind signal of thy notice, with some token of thy approbation? wilt thou assume a medium of embodied air, in semblance of that lovely form, which now lies mouldering in this dreary tomb, and speak the words of peace to my distempered soul? Return, Monimia! appear, though but for one short moment, to my longing eyes! vouchsafe one smile; Renaldo will be satisfied; Renaldo's heart will be at rest; his grief no more will overflow its banks, but glide with equal current to his latest hour! Alas! these are the ravings of my delirious sorrow! Monimia hears not my complaints; her soul, sublimed far, far above all sublunary cares, enjoys that felicity, of which she was debarred on earth. In vain I stretch these eyes, environed with darkness undistinguishing and void: no object meets my view; no sound salutes mine ear, except the noisy wind that whistles through these vaulted caves of death."

In this kind of exclamation did Renaldo pass the night, not without a certain species of woeful enjoyment, which the soul is often able to conjure up from the depths of distress; insomuch, that when the morning intruded on his privacy, he could scarce believe it was the light of day, so fast had fleeted the minutes of his devotion.

His heart being thus disburdened, and his impatience gratified, he became so calm and composed, that Don Diego was equally pleased and astonished at the air of serenity with which he came forth, and embraced him with warm acknowledgments of his goodness and attachment: he frankly owned, that his mind was

now more at ease than he had ever found it, since he first received the fatal intimation of his loss; that a few such feasts would entirely moderate the keen appetite of his sorrow, which he would afterwards feed with less precipitation.

He also imparted to the Castilian the plan of a monument which he had designed for the incomparable Monimia; and Don Diego was so much struck with the description, that he solicited his advice in projecting another, of a different nature, to be erected to the memory of his own ill-fated wife and daughter, should he ever be able to re-establish himself in Spain.

CHAP. LXIII.

He renews the rites of sorrow, and is entranced.

While they amused themselves with this sort of conversation, the physician returned with the coach, and accompanied them back to their inn, where he left them to their repose, after having promised to call again at noon, and conduct Renaldo to the house of Madam Clement, the benefactress of Monimia, to whom he eagerly desired to be introduced.

The appointment was observed with all imaginable punctuality on both sides. Melvil had arrayed himself in a suit of deep mourning, and he found the good lady in the like habit, assumed upon the same occasion: the goodness of her heart was manifest in her countenance; the sensibility of the youth discovered itself in a flood of tears, which he shed at her appearance. His sensations were too full for utterance; nor was she, for some time, able to give him welcome: while she led him by the hand to a seat, the drops of sympathy rushed into either eye; and at length she broke silence, saying, "Count, we must acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence; and quiet the transports of our grief, with a full assurance that Monimia is happy."

This name was the key that unlocked the faculty of his speech. "I must strive (said he) to ease the anguish of my heart with that consolation. But say, humane, benevolent lady, to whose compassion and generosity that hapless orphan was indebted for the last peaceful moment she enjoyed upon earth; say, in all your acquaintance with human nature, in all your intercourse with the daughters of men, in all the exercise of your charity and beneficence, did you ever observe such sweetness, purity, and truth; such beauty, sense, and perfection, as that which was the inheritance of her whose fate I shall for ever deplore!"—"She was indeed (replied the lady) the best and fairest of our sex."

This was the beginning of a conversation touching that lovely victim, in the course of which he explained those wicked arts which Fathom practised to alienate his affections from the adorable Monimia; and she described the cunning hints and false insinuations by which that traitor had aspersed the unsuspecting lover, and soiled his character in the opinion of the virtuous orphan. The intelligence he obtained, on this occasion, added indignation to his grief. The whole mystery of Monimia's behaviour, which he could not before explain, now stood disclosed before him: he saw the gradual progress of that infernal plan which had been laid for their mutual ruin; and his soul was inflamed with such desire of vengeance, that he would have taken his leave abruptly, in order to set on foot an immediate inquiry about the perfidious author of his wrongs, that he might exterminate such a monster of iniquity from the face of the earth; but he was restrained by Madam Clement, who gave him to understand, that Fathom was already overtaken by the vengeance of Heaven; for she had traced him in all the course of his fortune, from his first appearance in the medical sphere, to his total eclipse. She represented the villain as a wretch altogether unworthy of his attention: she said, he was so covered with infamy, that no person could enter the lists against him, without bearing away some stain of dishonour; that he was at present peculiarly protected by the law, and sheltered from the resentment of Renaldo, in the cavern of his disgrace.

Melvil, glowing with rage, replied, that he was a venomous serpent, which it was incumbent on every foot to crush; that it was the duty of every man to contribute his whole power in freeing society from such a pernicious hypocrite; and that, if such instances of perfidy and ingratitude were suffered to pass with impunity, virtue and plain-dealing would soon be expelled from the habitations of men. "Over and above these motives (said he), I own myself so vitiated with the allay of human passion and infirmity, that I desire—I eagerly pant for an occasion of meeting him hand to hand, where I may upbraid him with his treachery, and shower down vengeance and destruction on his perfidious head."

Then he recounted the anecdotes of our adventurer which he had learned in Germany and Flanders, and concluded with declaring his unalterable resolution of releasing him from gaol, that he might have an opportunity of sacrificing him, with his own hand, to the manes of Monimia. The discreet lady, perceiving the perturbation of his mind, would not further combat the impetuosity of his passion; contenting herself with exacting a promise, that he would not execute his purpose, until he should have deliberated three days upon the consequences by which a step of that kind might be attended: before the expiration of that term, she thought measures might be taken to prevent the young

gentleman from exposing his life or reputation to unnecessary hazard.

Having complied with her request in this particular, he took his leave, after he had, by repeated entreaties, prevailed upon her to accept a jewel, in token of his veneration for the kind benefactress of his deceased Monimia; nor could his generous heart be satisfied, until he had forced a considerable present on the humane physician who had attended her in her last moments, and now discovered a particular sympathy and concern for her desponding lover. This gentleman attended him to the house of the benevolent Joshua, where they dined, and where Don Diego was recommended, in the most fervid terms of friendship, to the good offices of their host. Not that this duty was performed in presence of the stranger—Renaldo's delicacy would not expose his friend to such a situation: while the physician, before dinner, entertained that stranger in one apartment, Melvil withdrew into another, with the Jew, to whom he disclosed the affair of the Castilian, with certain circumstances, which shall, in due time, be revealed.

Joshua's curiosity being whetted by this information, he could not help eyeing the Spaniard at table with such a particular stare, that Don Diego perceived his attention, and took umbrage at the freedom of his regard. Being unable to conceal his displeasure, he addressed himself to the Hebrew, with great solemnity, in the Spanish tongue, saying, "Signior, is there any singularity in my appearance? or do you recollect the features of Don Diego de Zelos?"

"Signior Don Diego (replied the other in pure Castilian), I crave your pardon for the rudeness of my curiosity, which prompted me to survey a nobleman, whose character I revere, and to whose misfortunes I am no stranger: indeed, were curiosity alone concerned, I should be without excuse; but as I am heartily inclined to serve you, as far as my weak abilities extend, I hope your generosity will not impute any little involuntary trespass of punctillo to my want of cordiality or esteem."

The Spaniard was not only appeased by this apology, but also affected with the compliment, and the language in which it was conveyed. He thanked the Jew for his kind declaration, entreated him to bear with the peevishness of a disposition sore with the galling hand of affliction; and, turning up his eyes to heaven, "Were it possible (cried he) for fate to reconcile contradictions, and recall the irremediable current of events, I would now believe that there was happiness still in reserve for the forlorn Zelos; now that I tread the land of freedom and humanity, now that I find myself befriended by the most generous of men. Alas! I ask not happiness! If, by the kind endeavours of the gallant Count de Melvil, to whom I am already indebted for my life, and by the efforts of his friends, the honour of my name shall be purified and cleared from the poisonous stains of malice by which it is at present spotted, I shall then enjoy all that satisfaction which destiny can bestow upon a wretch whose woes are incurable.

Renaldo comforted him with the assurance of his being on the eve of triumphing over his adversaries; and Joshua confirmed the consolation, by giving him to understand, that he had correspondents in Spain of some influence in the state; that he had already written to them on the subject of Don Diego, in consequence of a letter which he had received from Melvil while he tarried at Mons, and that he, every post, expected a favourable answer on that subject.

After dinner, the physician took his leave, though not before he had promised to meet Renaldo at night, and accompany him in the repetition of his midnight visit to Monimia's tomb; for this pilgrimage the unfortunate youth resolved nightly to perform during the whole time of his residence in England: it was, indeed, a sort of pleasure, the prospect of which enabled him to bear the toil of living through the day, though his patience was almost quite exhausted before the hour of assignation arrived.

When the doctor appeared with the coach, he leaped into it with great eagerness, after he had, with much difficulty, prevailed with Don Diego to stay at home, on account of his health, which was not yet perfectly established. The Castilian, however, would not comply with his request, until he had obtained the Count's promise, that he should be permitted to accompany him next night, and take that duty alternately with the physician.

About midnight they reached the place, where they found the sexton in waiting, according to the orders he had received: the door was opened, the mourner conducted to the tomb, and left, as before, to the gloom of his own meditations. Again he laid himself on the cold ground; again he renewed his lamentable strain; his imagination began to be heated into an ecstasy of enthusiasm, during which he again fervently invoked the spirit of his deceased Monimia.

In the midst of these invocations, his ear was suddenly invaded with the sound of some few solemn notes, issuing from the organ, which seemed to feel the impulse of an invisible hand.

At this awful salutation, Melvil was roused to the keenest sense of surprise and attention: reason shrunk before the thronging ideas of his fancy, which represented this music as the prelude to something strange and supernatural; and, while he waited for the sequel, the place was suddenly illuminated, and each surround-

ing object brought under the cognizance of his eye.

What passed within his mind on this occasion is not easy to be described: all his faculties were swallowed up by those of seeing and of hearing: he had mechanically raised himself upon one knee, with his body advancing forwards; and in this attitude he gazed with a look through which his soul seemed eager to escape. To his view, thus strained upon vacant space, in a few minutes appeared the figure of a woman arrayed in white, with a veil that covered her face, and flowed down upon her back and shoulders: the phantom approached him with an easy step, and, lifting up her veil, discovered (believe it, O reader!) the individual countenance of Monimia.

At sight of these well-known features, seemingly improved with new celestial graces, the youth became a statue, expressing amazement, love, and awful adoration. He saw the apparition smile with meek benevolence, divine compassion, warmed and intendered by that fond pure flame which death could not extinguish. He heard the voice of his Monimia call Renaldo! Thrice he essayed to answer; as oft his tongue denied its office: his hair stood upright, and a cold vapour seemed to thrill through every nerve. This was not fear, but the infirmity of human nature, oppressed by the presence of a superior being.

At length his agony was overcome: he recollected all his resolution, and, in a strain of awe-struck rapture, thus addressed the heavenly visitant:—"Hast thou then heard, pure spirit! the wailings of my grief? hast thou descended from the realms of bliss, in pity to my woe? and art thou come to speak the words of peace to my desponding soul?—To bid the wretched smile, to lift the load of misery and care from the afflicted breast; to fill thy lover's heart with joy and pleasing hope, was still the darling task of my Monimia, ere yet refined to that perfection which mortality can never attain: no wonder then, blessed shade, that now, when reunited to thy native heaven, thou art still kind, propitious, and beneficent to us, who groan in this inhospitable vale of sorrow thou hast left:—Tell me, ah! tell me, dost thou still remember those fond hours we passed together? Doth that enlightened bosom feel a pang of soft regret, when thou recallest our fatal separation? Sure that meekened glance bespeaks thy sympathy! Ah! how that tender look o'erpowers me! Sacred Heaven! the pearly drops of pity trickle down thy cheeks! Such are the tears that angels shed o'er man's distress!—Turn not away—Thou beckonest me to follow! yes, I will follow thee, ætherial spirit, as far as these weak limbs, encumbered with mortality, will bear my weight: and would to Heaven I could, with ease, put off these vile corporeal shackles, and attend thy flight."

So saying, he started from the ground, and, in a transport of eager expectation, at awful distance, traced the footsteps of the apparition, which, entering a detached apartment, sunk down upon a chair, and with a sigh exclaimed, "Indeed this is too much!" What was the disorder of Renaldo's mind, when he perceived this phenomenon! Before reflection could perform its office, moved by a sudden impulse, he sprung forwards, crying, "If it be death to touch thee, let me die!" and caught in his arms, not the shadow, but the warm substance of the all-accomplished Monimia. "Mysterious powers of Providence! this is no phantom! this is no shade! this is the life! the panting bosom of her whom I have so long, so bitterly deplored! I fold her in my arms! I press her glowing breast to mine! I see her blush with virtuous pleasure and ingenuous love! She smiles upon me with enchanting tenderness! O let me gaze on that transcendent beauty, which, the more I view it, ravishes the more! These charms are too intense; I sicken while I gaze! Merciful Heaven! is not this a mere illusion of the brain? Was she not fled for ever? Had not the cold hand of death divorced her from my hope? This must be some flattering vision of my distempered fancy! perhaps some soothing dream—If such it be, grant, O ye heavenly powers! that I may never wake."

"O gentle youth! (replied the beauteous orphan, still clasped in his embrace) what joy now fills the bosom of Monimia, at this triumph of thy virtue and thy love! When I see these transports of thy affection, when I find thee restored to that place in my esteem and admiration, which thou hadst lost by the arts of calumny and malice—this is a meeting which my most sanguine hopes durst not presage!"

So entirely were the faculties of Renaldo engrossed in the contemplation of his restored Monimia, that he saw not the rest of the company, who wept with transport over this affecting scene: he was therefore amazed at the interposition of Madam Clement, who, while the shower of sympathetic pleasure bedewed her cheeks, congratulated the lovers upon this happy event, crying, "These are the joys which Virtue calls her own." They also received the compliments of a reverend clergyman, who told Monimia, she had reaped, at last, the fruits of that pious resignation to the will of Heaven, which she had so devoutly practised during the term of her affliction: and, lastly, they were accosted by the physician, who was not quite so hackneyed in the ways of death, or so callous to the finer sensations of the soul, but that he blubbered plentifully, while he petitioned Heaven in behalf of such an accomplished and deserving pair.

Monimia, taking Madam Clement by the hand, "Whatever joy (said she) Renaldo derives from this occasion is owing to the bounty,

the compassion, and maternal care of this incomparable lady, together with the kind admonitions and humanity of these two worthy gentlemen."

Melvil, whose passions were still in agitation, and whose mind could not yet digest the incidents that occurred, embraced them all by turns; but, like the faithful needle, which, though shaken for an instant from its poise, immediately regains its true direction, and points invariably to the pole, he soon returned to his Monimia; again he held her in his arms, again he drank enchantment from her eyes, and thus poured forth the effusions of his soul:—"Can I then trust the evidence of sense? And art thou really to my wish restored? Never, O never, did thy beauty shine with such bewitching grace, as that which now confounds and captivates my view! sure there is something more than mortal in thy looks!—Where hast thou lived?—where borrowed this perfection? whence art thou now descended?—Oh! I am all amazement, joy, and fear!—Thou wilt not leave me!—No! we must not part again: by this warm kiss, a thousand times more sweet than all the fragrance of the east, we never more will part. O! this is rapture, ecstasy, and what no language can explain!"

In the midst of these ejaculations, he ravished a banquet from her glowing lips, that kindled in his heart a flame which rushed through every vein, and glided to his marrow. This was a privilege he had never claimed before, and now permitted as a recompense for all the penance he had suffered: nevertheless, the cheeks of Monimia, who was altogether unaccustomed to such familiarities, underwent a total suffusion; and Madam Clement discreetly relieved her from the anxiety of her situation, by interfering in the discourse, and rallying the Count upon his endeavours to monopolize such a branch of happiness.

"O, my dear lady! (replied Renaldo, who by this time had, in some measure, recovered his recollection) forgive the wild transports of a fond lover, who hath so unexpectedly retrieved the jewel of his soul! Yet, far from wishing to hoard up his treasure, he means to communicate and diffuse his happiness to all his friends. O, my Monimia! how will the pleasure of this hour be propagated! As yet thou knowest not all the bliss that is reserved for thy enjoyment! Meanwhile, I long to learn by what contrivance this happy interview hath been effected: still am I ignorant how I was transported into this apartment, from the lonely vault in which I mourned over my supposed misfortune!"

CHAP. LXIV.

The mystery unfolded. Another recognition, which, it is to be hoped, the reader could not foresee.

The French lady then explained the whole mystery of Monimia's death, as a stratagem s had concerted with the clergyman and doct in order to defeat the pernicious designs of F thom, who seemed determined to support l false pretensions by dint of perjury and frau which they would have found it very diffic to elude. She observed, that the physician h actually despaired of Monimia's life, and it w not till after she herself was made acquaint with the prognostic, that she wrote the letter Renaldo, which she committed to the care Madam Clement, with an earnest entreaty, th it should not be sent till after her decease: b that lady, believing the Count had been ce tainly abused by his treacherous confidant, d spatched the billet without the knowledge Monimia, whose health was restored by the i defatigable care of the physician, and the sa exhortations of the clergyman, by which sh was reconciled to life.—In a word, the villain of Fathom had inspired her with some fai hope that Renaldo might still be innocent; an that notion contributed not a little to her cure.

The letter having so effectually answered thei warmest hopes, in bringing back Renaldo such pattern of constancy and love, the confederate in consequence of his enthusiastic sorrow, ha planned this meeting, as the most interestin way of restoring two virtuous lovers to the arm of each other; for which purpose the good cler gyman had pitched upon his own church, an indulged them with the use of the vestry, i which they now were presented with a smal but elegant collation.

Melvil heard this succinct detail with equa joy and admiration: he poured forth the dic tates of his gratitude to the preservers of hi happiness.—"This church (said he) shall hence-forth possess a double share of my veneration; this holy man will, I hope, finish the charitabl work he has begun, by tying those bands of ou happiness, which nought but death shall hav power to unbind." Then turning to that object which was the star of his regard, "Do I not over-rate (said he) my interest with the fai Monimia?" She made no verbal reply; but answered by an emphatic glance, more eloquent than all the power of rhetoric and speech. This language, which is universal in the world of love, he perfectly well understood, and, in token of that faculty, sealed the assent which she had smiled, with a kiss imprinted on her polished forehead.

In order to dissipate these interesting ideas, which, by being too long indulged, might have endangered his reason, Madam Clement entreated him to entertain the company with a detail of what had happened to him in his last journey to the empire, and Monimia expressed a desire of knowing, in particular, the issue of his contest with Count Trebasi, who, she knew, had usurped the succession of his father.

Thus solicited, he could not refuse to gratify

their curiosity and concern: he explained his obligations to the benevolent Jew; related the steps he had taken at Vienna for the recovery of his inheritance; informed them of his happy rencounter with his father-in-law; of his sister's deliverance and marriage; of the danger into which his life had been precipitated by the news of Monimia's death; and, lastly, of his adventure with the banditti, in favour of a gentleman, who (he afterwards understood) had been robbed in the most base and barbarous manner by Fathom. He likewise, to the astonishment of all present, and of his mistress in particular, communicated some circumstances, which shall appear in due season.

Monimia's tender frame being quite fatigued with the scene she had acted, and her mind overwhelmed with the prosperous tidings she had heard, after having joined the congratulations of the company, on the good fortune of her Renaldo, begged leave to retire, that she might by repose recruit her exhausted spirits; and the night being pretty far spent, she was conducted by her lover to Madam Clement's coach, that stood in waiting, in which also the rest of the company made shift to embark, and were carried to the house of that good lady, where, after they were invited to dine, and Melvil entreated to bring Don Diego and the Jew along with them, they took leave of one another, and retired to their respective lodgings in a transport of joy and satisfaction.

As for Renaldo, his rapture was still mixed with apprehension, that all he had seen and heard was no more than an unsubstantial vision, raised by some gay delirium of a disordered imagination. While his breast underwent those violent though blissful emotions of joy and admiration, his friend the Castilian spent the night in ruminating over his own calamities, and in a serious and severe review of his own conduct. He compared his own behaviour with that of the young Hungarian, and found himself so light in the scale, that he smote his breast with violence, exclaiming, in an agony of remorse,

"Count Melvil has reason to grieve; Don Diego to despair: his misfortunes flow from the villainy of mankind; mine are the fruit of my own madness: he laments the loss of a mistress, who fell a sacrifice to the perfidious arts of a crafty traitor: she was beautiful, virtuous, accomplished, and affectionate; he was fraught with sensibility and love. Doubtless his heart must have deeply suffered; his behaviour denotes the keenness of his woe; his eyes are ever-flowing fountains of tears; his bosom the habitation of sighs; five hundred leagues hath he measured in a pilgrimage to her tomb; nightly he visits the dreary vault where she now lies at rest; her solitary grave is his couch; he converses with darkness and the dead, until each lonely aisle re-echoes his distress. What would be his penance, had he my cause? Were he conscious of having murdered a beloved wife and darling daughter! Ah wretch!—ah cruel homicide!—what had those dear victims done to merit such a fate? Were they not ever gentle and obedient, ever aiming to give thee satisfaction and delight? Say, that Serafina was enamoured of a peasant; say, that she had degenerated from the honour of her race: the inclinations are involuntary; perhaps that stranger was her equal in pedigree and worth. Had they been fairly questioned, they might have justified, at least excused, that conduct which appeared so criminal; or had they owned the offence, and supplicated pardon—Oh barbarous monster that I am! was all the husband, was all the father, extinguished in my heart? How shall my own errors be forgiven, if I refused to pardon the frailties of my own blood—of those who are most dear to my affection? Yet nature pleaded strongly in their behalf!—My heart was bursting while I dismissed them to the shades of death. I was maddened with revenge! I was guided by that savage principle which falsely we call honour. Accursed phantom! that assumes the specious title, and misleads our wretched nation! Is it then honourable to sculk like an assassin, and plunge the secret dagger in the heart of some unhappy man, who hath incurred my groundless jealousy or suspicion, without indulging him with that opportunity which the worst criminal enjoys? Or is it honourable to poison two defenceless women—a tender wife, an amiable daughter, whom even a frown would almost have destroyed!—O! this is cowardice, brutality, hell-born fury and revenge! Heaven hath not mercy to forgive such execrable guilt. Who gave thee power, abandoned ruffian! over the lives of those whom God hath stationed as thy fellows of probation;—over those whom he had sent to comfort and assist thee; to sweeten all thy cares, and smooth the rough uneven paths of life? O! I am doomed to never-ceasing horror and remorse! If misery can atone for such enormous guilt, I have felt it in the extreme: like an undying vulture it preys upon my heart;—to sorrow I am wedded;—I hug that teeming consort to my soul;—never, ah never, shall we part; for soon as my fame shall shine unclouded by the charge of treason that now hangs over it, I will devote myself to penitence and woe. A cold damp pavement shall be my bed; my raiment shall be sackcloth; the fields shall furnish herbage for my food; the stream shall quench my thirst; the minutes shall be numbered by my groans; the night be privy to my strains of sorrow, till Heaven, in pity to my sufferings, release me from the penance I endure. Perhaps the saints whom I have murdered will intercede for my remission."

Such was the exercise of grief, in which the hapless Castilian consumed the night; he had not yet consigned himself to rest, when Renal-

do, entering his chamber, displayed such a gleam of wildness and rapture in his countenance, as overwhelmed him with amazement; for, till that moment, he had never seen his visage unobscured with woe. "Pardon this abrupt intrusion, my friend (cried Melvil), I could no longer withhold from your participation, the great, the unexpected turn, which hath this night dispelled all my sorrows, and restored me to the fruition of ineffable joy. Monimia lives!—the fair, the tender, the virtuous Monimia lives, and smiles upon my vows!—This night I retrieved her from the grave. I held her in these arms; I pressed her warm delicious lips to mine! O! I am giddy with intolerable pleasure."

Don Diego was confounded at this declaration, which he considered as the effect of a disordered brain. He never doubted that Renaldo's grief had at length overpowered his reason, and that his words were the effect of mere frenzy. While he mused on this melancholy subject, the Count composed his features, and, in a succinct and well-connected detail, explained the whole mystery of his happiness, to the inexpressible astonishment of the Spaniard, who shed tears of satisfaction, and straining the Hungarian to his breast, "O my son! (said he) you see what recompense Heaven hath in store for those who pursue the paths of real virtue; those paths from which I myself have been fatally misled by a faithless vapour, which hath seduced my steps, and left me darkling in the abyss of wretchedness. Such as you describe this happy fair, was once my Serafina, rich in every grace of mind and body which nature could bestow. Had it pleased Heaven to bless her with a lover like Renaldo! but no more, the irrevocable shaft is fled: I will not taint your enjoyment with my unavailing sighs!"

Melvil assured his disconsolate father, that no pleasure, no avocation should ever so entirely engross his mind, but that he should still find an hour for sympathy and friendship: he communicated the invitation of Madam Clement, and insisted upon his compliance, that he might have an opportunity of seeing and approving the object of his passion. "I can refuse nothing to the request of Count de Melvil (replied the Spaniard), and it were ungrateful in me to decline the honour you propose. I own myself inflamed with a desire of beholding a young lady, whose perfections I have seen reflected in your sorrow; my curiosity is, moreover, interested on account of that humane gentlewoman, whose uncommon generosity sheltered such virtue in distress; but my disposition is infectious, and will, I am afraid, hang like a damp upon the general festivity of your friends."

Melvil would take no denial, and having obtained his consent, repaired to the house of Joshua, whose countenance seemed to unbend gradually into a total expression of joy and surprise, as he learned the circumstances of this amazing event: he faithfully promised to attend the Count at the appointed hour, and, in the mean time, earnestly exhorted him to take some repose, in order to quiet the agitation of his spirits, which must have been violently hurried on this occasion. The advice was salutary, and Renaldo resolved to follow it.

He returned to his lodgings, and laid himself down; but, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone, sleep refused to visit his eyelids, all his faculties being kept in motion by the ideas that crowded so fast upon his imagination:—Nevertheless, though his mind continued in agitation, his body was refreshed, and he arose in the forenoon with more serenity and vigour than he had enjoyed for many months. Every moment his heart throbbed with new rapture, when he found himself on the brink of possessing all that his soul held dear and amiable; he put on his gayest looks and apparel; insisted upon the Castilian's doing the same honour to the occasion; and the alteration of dress produced such an advantageous change in the appearance of Don Diego, that when Joshua arrived at the appointed hour, he could scarcely recognize his features, and complimented him very politely on the improvement of his looks.

True it is, the Spaniard was a personage of a very prepossessing mien and noble deportment; and had not grief, by increasing his native gravity, in some measure discomposed the symmetry of his countenance, he would have passed for a man of a very amiable and engaging physiognomy. They set out in the Jew's coach for the house of Madam Clement, and were ushered into an apartment, where they found the clergyman and physician with that lady, to whom Don Diego and the Hebrew were by Melvil introduced.

Before they had seated themselves, Renaldo inquired about the health of Monimia, and was directed to the next room by Madam Clement, who permitted him to go thither, and conduct her to the company. He was not slow in availing himself of this permission: he disappeared in an instant, and, during his short absence, Don Diego was strangely disturbed: the blood flushed and forsook his cheeks by turns; a cold vapour seemed to shiver through his nerves; and at his breast he felt uncommon palpitation. Madam Clement observed his discomposure, and kindly inquired into the cause; when he replied, "I have such an interest in what concerns the Count de Melvil, and my imagination is so much prepossessed with the perfections of Monimia, that I am, as it were, agonized with expectation; yet never did my curiosity before raise such tumults as those that now agitate my bosom!"

He had scarce pronounced these words, when

the door re-opening, Renaldo led in this mirror of elegance and beauty, at sight of whom the Israelite's countenance was distorted into a stare of admiration. But if such was the astonishment of Joshua, what were the emotions of the Castilian, when, in the beauteous orphan, he beheld the individual features of his long-lost Serafina!

His feelings are not to be described: the fond parent, whose affection shoots even to a sense of pain, feels not half such transport, when he unexpectedly retrieves a darling child from the engulphing billows or devouring flame. The hope of Zelos had been totally extinguished: his heart had been incessantly torn with anguish and remorse, upbraiding him as the murderer of Serafina. His, therefore, were the additional transports of a father disburdened of the guilt of such enormous homicide. His nerves were too much overpowered by this sudden recognition, to manifest the sensation of his soul by external signs. He started not, nor did he lift an hand in token of surprise; he moved not from the spot on which he stood; but, rivetting his eyes to those of the lovely phantom, remained without motion, until she, approaching with her lover, fell at his feet, and clasping his knees, exclaimed, "May I yet call you father?"

This powerful shock aroused his faculties; a cold sweat bedewed his forehead; his knees began to totter; he dropped upon the floor, and, throwing his arms around her, cried, "Oh nature! O Serafina! Merciful Providence! thy ways are past finding out." So saying, he fell upon her neck, and wept aloud: the tears of sympathetic joy trickled down her snowy bosom, that heaved with rapture inexpressible.—Renaldo's eyes poured forth the briny stream: the cheeks of Madam Clement were not dry in this conjuncture; she kneeled by Serafina, kissed her with all the eagerness of maternal affection, and with uplifted hands adored the Power that pre-ordained this blessed event: the clergyman and doctor intimately shared the general transport; and as for Joshua, the drops of true benevolence flowed from his eyes, like the oil on Aaron's beard, while he skipped about the room in an awkward ecstasy, and in a voice resembling the hoarse notes of the long-eared tribe, cried, "O father Abraham! such a moving scene hath not been acted since Joseph disclosed himself unto his brethren in Egypt!"

Don Diego having found utterance to his passion, proceeded in this strain: "O! my dear child! to find thee thus again, after our last unhappy parting, is wonderful! miraculous! Blessed be the all-good, almighty Power, that saved thee for this hour of joy! Yet, while my heart yearns towards thee; while I pant with inconceivable affection, and thus review these living features, which were so long my study and delight, I dare not ask by what mysterious means this meeting is effected, lest, in the fond inquiry, I find my present bliss unreal, and awake to misery again!"

"O ever-honoured father! (she replied), if to see your Serafina at your feet, melting with filial love and veneration, can impart a gleam of satisfaction to your breast, enjoy that pleasure, and behold her now restored to your protection and paternal will, which she never more will disobey. Alas! had Heaven thought proper to reserve another parent for this interview, our joys had been complete; but she hath already paid her debt to nature, and from the seats of bliss looks down well pleased on this interesting scene."

"Ah, my Antonia! (cried the father, interrupting her), she is then at rest. Peace be to her unspotted soul! to have found her here had been too much: how my Serafina hath survived my blindfold rage, I know not; but sure the guilt of fair Antonia's death still hangs upon my soul."

"Dismiss that fatal thought (said Serafina), my mother quietly bade adieu to life in England; she peaceably expired within these arms, and with her latest breath prayed for her hapless husband." "Her mind was ever godlike (he resumed), she was a saint in virtue, ill bestowed on such a wretch as me; yet thy words have raised a dreadful burden from my conscience: I am not then the dire assassin, who sacrificed his wife and daughter to an infernal motive, falsely titled honour? though I am more and more involved in a mystery, which I long to hear explained."

"That shall be my task (cried Renaldo), but first permit me to implore your sanction to my passion for the incomparable Serafina. You already know our mutual sentiments; and though I own the possession of such inestimable worth and beauty would be a recompense that infinitely transcends the merit I can plead, yet, as it hath been my good fortune to inspire her with a mutual flame, I hope to reap from your indulgence here, what I could not expect from my own desert; and we present ourselves, in hope of your paternal assent and benediction."

"Were she more fair, and good, and gentle than she is (answered the Castilian), and to my partial observation, nought e'er appeared on earth more beauteous and engaging, I would approve your title to her heart, and recommend you to her smiles, with all a father's influence and power: yes, my daughter! my joy on this occasion is infinitely augmented by the knowledge of those tender ties of love that bind thee to this amiable youth; a youth, to whose uncommon courage and generosity I owe my life and my subsistence, together with the inexpressible delight that now revels in my bosom. Enjoy, my children, the happy fruits of your reciprocal attachment. May Heaven, which

hath graciously conducted you through a labyrinth of perplexity and woe, to this transporting view of blissful days, indulge you with that uninterrupted stream of pure felicity, which is the hope, and ought to be the boon, of virtue such as yours."

So saying, he joined their hands, and embraced them with the most cordial love and satisfaction, which diffused itself to every individual of the company, who fervently invoked the Almighty Power, in behalf of this enraptured pair. The tumult of these emotions having a little subsided, and the Castilian being seated betwixt Renaldo and his beauteous bride, he politely bespoke the indulgence of Madam Clement, begging she would permit him to demand the performance of the Count's promise, that he might be forthwith made acquainted with those circumstances of his own fate which he was so impatient to learn.

The lady having assured him, that she and all the company would take pleasure in hearing the recapitulation, the Spaniard, addressing himself to Melvil, "In the name of Heaven! (said he), how could you supplant that rival, who fell a sacrifice to my resentment, after he had bewitched the heart of Serafina? for, sure, the affection he had kindled in her breast must have long survived his death." That rival (replied the Count), who incurred your displeasure, was no other than Renaldo." With these words, he applied to one eye a patch of black silk provided for the purpose, and turning his face towards Don Diego, that gentleman started with astonishment, crying, "Good Heaven! the very countenance of Orlando, whom I slew! this is still more amazing!"

CHAP. LXV.

A retrospective link, necessary for the concatenation of these memoirs.

"Indulge me with a patient hearing (proceeded the Hungarian), and all these riddles soon will be explained. Inflamed with the desire of seeing foreign countries, I disobliged the will of an indulgent father, from whose house withdrawing privately, I set out for Italy, in disguise, by the way of Tyrol, visited Venice, Rome, Florence, and embarking at Naples, in an English ship, arrived at St Lucar, from whence I repaired to Seville; there, in a few days, was my curiosity engaged by the fame of the fair Serafina, who was justly deemed the most accomplished beauty in that part of Spain. Nay, blush not, gentle creature! for, by my hopes of heaven! thy charms were even injured by the cold applause of that report: nevertheless, I was warmly interested by the uncommon character, and eagerly longed to see this pattern of perfection. As Don Diego did not train her up in that restraint to which Spanish ladies are subjected, I soon found an opportunity of seeing her at church; and no person here present will, I presume, doubt that I was instantly captivated by her beauty and deportment. Had I thought that Don Diego's favour was unengaged, perhaps I should have followed the dictates of vanity and inexperience, and presented myself in my own character, among the crowd of her professed admirers. I knew her father had been an officer of distinguished rank and reputation, and did not doubt that he would have regarded a young soldier of unexceptionable pedigree, and I will even add, of untainted fame: nor did I suppose my own father could have objected against such an advantageous match; but, by dint of industrious inquiry, I learned, that the divine Serafina was already betrothed to Don Manuel de Mendoza, and this information overwhelmed me with despair.

"After having revolved a thousand projects for retarding and preventing that detested union, I resolved to avail myself of my talent for drawing, and professed myself a master of that science, in hope of being employed by the father of Serafina, who, I knew, let slip no opportunity of improving his daughter's education. Accordingly I had the good fortune to attract his notice, was invited to his house, honoured with his approbation, and furnished with unrestricted opportunities of conversing with the dear object of my love. The passion which her beauty had kindled was, by the perfection of her mind, inflamed to such a degree of transport, as could not be concealed from her penetration. She chanced to relish my conversation; I gradually acquired her friendship; pity was the next passion that she entertained in my favour. I then ventured to disclose myself, and the dear charmer did not disapprove of my presumption. She and her mother had been perplexed with some religious scruples, concerning which they appealed to my opinion; and I was happy enough to set their minds at ease.

"This sort of intercourse naturally created a mutual confidence among us; and, in a word, I was blessed with the daughter's love and mother's approbation. Don Diego will pardon those clandestine measures, which we took from a full persuasion that it was impossible to render him propitious to the views in which our hearts and hands were so deeply interested; I did not then know how little he was addicted to superstition.

"Without entering into a detail of the schemes we projected to delay the happiness of Mendoza, I shall only observe, that, knowing the fatal day was at length unalterably fixed, we determined to elude the purpose of Don Diego by flight, and every thing was actually prepared for our escape. When the hour of ap-

pointment arrived, I repaired to the place at which I proposed to enter the house, and stumbled, in the dark, over the body of a man still warm and bleeding. Alarmed at this occurrence, I darted myself through the window, and, rushing to the apartment of the ladies, (immortal powers!) beheld the peerless Serafina and her virtuous mother stretched on a couch, and in all appearance deprived of life.

"The company will easily conceive what agonies I felt at such a spectacle. I ran towards the spot in a transport of horror! I clasped my lovely mistress in my arms, and, finding her still breathing, endeavoured, but in vain, to wake her from the trance: Antonia was overwhelmed with the same lethargic power. My fancy was immediately struck with the apprehension of their being poisoned. Regardless of my own situation, I alarmed the family, called for assistance, and requested the servants to summon Don Diego to the dismal scene. I was informed that their master had rode forth in manifest confusion; and while I pondered on this surprising excursion, an apothecary in the neighbourhood entered the chamber, and, having examined the pulses of the ladies, declared that their lives were in no danger, and advised that they should be undressed and conveyed to bed. While their women were busied in this employment, I went into the court-yard, attended by some of the servants with lights, in order to view the body of the man which I had found at my arrival. His apparel was mean, his countenance ferocious, a long spado was buckled to his thigh, and in his belt were stuck a brace of loaded pistols; so that we concluded he was some thief, who had waited for an opportunity, and, seeing the casement open, intended to rob the house, but was prevented and slain by Don Diego himself, whose retreat, however, did not a little confound our conjecture. For my own part, I remained all night in the house, tortured with fear, vexation, and suspense.

"My hope was altogether disappointed by this unhappy accident, and I shuddered at the prospect of losing Serafina for ever, either by this mysterious malady, or by her marriage with Mendoza, which I now despaired of being able to defeat. The major-domo having waited several hours for his lord's return, without seeing him appear, thought proper to despatch a messenger to Don Manuel, with an account of what had happened; and that nobleman arriving in the morning, took possession of the house. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Serafina began to stir, and at five she and her mother were perfectly awake.

"They no sooner recovered the use of reflection, than they gave signs of equal sorrow and amazement, and earnestly called for Isabella, who was privy to our design, and who, after a very minute inquiry, was found in a lone and solitary chamber, where she had been confined. Such was the confusion of the house, that no person ever dreamed of asking how I had entered, each domestic, in all probability, supposing I had been introduced by his fellow: so that I tarried unquestioned, on pretence of concern for the distress of a family in which I had been so generously entertained; and by Isabella sent my respects and duty to her ladies: she was therefore not a little surprised, when, after every other servant had withdrawn, she heard the lovely Serafina exclaim, with all the violence of grief, "Ah! Isabella, Orlando is no more!" but their astonishment was still greater, when she assured them of my being alive, and in the house. They recounted to her the adventure of last night, which she explained by informing them of the letters which Don Diego had intercepted: and they immediately concluded, that he had, in the precipitation of his wrath, killed, by mistake, the person who was found dead in the court-yard. This conjecture alarming them on my account, they, by the medium of Isabella, conjured me to leave the house, lest Don Diego should return and accomplish his resentment; and I was persuaded to withdraw, after I had settled the channel of a correspondence with the confidante.

"Being now obliged to alter our measures, because our former intention was discovered by Don Diego, I secured a retreat for Serafina and her mother, at the house of the English consul in Seville, who was my particular friend; and next day, understanding from Isabella, that her lord had not yet re-appeared, and that Don Manuel was very urgent in his addresses, we concerted an assignation in the garden, and that same evening I was fortunate enough to convey my prize to the asylum I had prepared for their reception. Inexpressible was the rage of Mendoza, when he heard of their elopement: he raved like one deprived of reason, swore he would put all the servants of the family to the rack, and, in consequence of the intelligence he obtained by threats and promises, set on foot a very strict inquiry, in order to apprehend the fugitives and Orlando, who had by some means or other incurred his suspicion.

"We eluded his search by the vigilance and caution of our kind host; and while we remained in concealment, were extremely astonished to hear that the unfortunate Don Diego was proclaimed a traitor, and a price set upon his head. This information overwhelmed us all with the utmost affliction: Antonia lamented, without ceasing, the disgrace of her beloved lord, from whom she never would have withdrawn herself, but with the lively hope of a reconciliation, after the first transports of his ire should have subsided, and the real character of Orlando should have appeared: it was not long before we had reason to believe, that Mendoza was the accuser of Don Diego—

"Nay, stay not, Signior; Manuel was actually that traitor: this was the turn of his revenge; when he found himself disappointed in the hope of possessing the incomparable Serafina, he took a base advantage of your absence and retreat. He posted to Madrid, impeached you to the secretary of state, of having maintained a criminal correspondence with the enemies of Spain, included me in his accusation, as a spy for the house of Austria, and framed such a plausible tale from the circumstances of your distress, that Don Diego was outlawed, and Mendoza gratified with a grant of his estate.

"These melancholy incidents made a deep impression upon the mind of the virtuous Antonia, who, waiving every other consideration, would have personally appeared for the vindication of her husband's honour, had we not dissuaded her from such a rash undertaking, by demonstrating her inability to contend with such a powerful antagonist, and representing that her appearance would be infallibly attended with the ruin of Serafina, who would certainly fall into the hands of the villain to whom she had been contracted. We exhorted her to wait patiently for some happy revolution of fortune, and encouraged her with the hope of Don Diego's exerting himself effectually in his own defence.

Meanwhile our worthy landlord was suddenly cut off by death; and his widow being resolved to retire into her own country, we secretly embarked in the same ship, and arrived in England about eighteen months ago. Antonia still continued to pine over the ruin of her house; as she could hear no tidings of Don Diego, she concluded he was dead, and mourned with unabating sorrow. In vain I assured her that so soon as my own affairs should be adjusted, I would exert my whole endeavours to find and succour him. She could not imagine that a man of his spirit and disposition would live so long in obscurity: and her affliction derived new force from the death of the consul's widow, with whom she had lived in the most unbounded intimacy and friendship. From that day her health evidently declined: she foresaw her dissolution, and comforted herself with the hope of seeing her husband and her friend, in a place where no treachery is felt, and no sorrow is known; confident of my integrity, and the purity of my love, she, in the most pathetic terms, recommended Serafina to my care.

"Ha! weepest thou, fair excellence, at the remembrance of that tender scene, when the good Antonia, on the bed of death, joined thy soft hand to mine, and said, "Renaldo, I bequeath this orphan to your love; it is a sacred pledge which, if you cherish with due honour and regard, internal peace and happiness will ever smile within your bosom; but if you treat it with indifference, dishonour, or neglect, just Heaven will punish your breach of trust with everlasting disappointments and disquiet."

"Signior Don Diego, I see you are moved, and therefore will not dwell on such distressful circumstances. The excellent Antonia exchanged this life for a more happy state; and so exquisite was the sorrow of the tender-hearted Serafina, as to torture me with the apprehension that she would not long survive her pious mother. How I obeyed the injunctions of that departing saint, Monimia (for that name she now assumed) can testify, until that artful serpent, Fathom, glided into our mutual confidence, abused our ears, poisoned our unsuspecting faith, and effected that fatal breach, productive of all the misery and vexation which we have suffered, and which is now so happily expelled."

"Heaven (said the Castilian) hath visited me for the sins and errors of my youth; yet, such mercy hath been mingled with its chastisements, I dare not murmur or repine. The tears of penitence and sorrow shall water my Antonia's grave; as for Mendoza, I rejoice at his treachery, by which the obligation of my promise is cancelled, and my honour fully acquitted. He shall not triumph in his guilt: my services, my character, and innocence shall soon confront his perfidy, and, I hope, defeat his interest: the king is just and gracious, nor is my family and name unknown."

Here the Jew interposing, presented to him a letter from a person of consequence at Madrid, whom Joshua had interested in the cause of Don Diego; that nobleman had already found means to represent the case of Zelos to his majesty, who had actually ordered Don Manuel to be confined, until the injured person should appear to justify himself, and prosecute his accuser according to the terms of law: at the same time Don Diego was summoned to present himself before the king within a limited time, to answer to the charge which Mendoza had brought against him.

The Spaniard's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy, when he read this intimation; he embraced the Jew, who, before Zelos could give utterance to his thoughts, told him that the Spanish ambassador at London, having been prepossessed in his favour, craved the honour of seeing Don Diego; and that he, Joshua, was ready to conduct him to the house.

"Then is my heart at rest! (cried the Castilian) the house of Zelos once more shall lift up its head. I shall again revisit my native country with honour, and abase the villain who hath soiled my fame! O my children! this day is replete with such joy and satisfaction, as I did not think had been in the power of Heaven to grant, without the interposition of a miracle! To you, Renaldo, to you, illustrious lady, and to these worthy gentlemen, am I indebted for the restoration of that for which alone I wish to

live, and when my heart ceases to retain the obligation, may I forfeit the name of a Castilian, and scorn and dishonour be my portion."

Perhaps all Europe could not produce another company so happy as that which now sat down to dinner in the house of Madam Clement, whose own benevolent heart was peculiarly adapted for such enjoyment. The lovers feasted their eyes more than their appetite, by a tender intercourse of glances, which needed not the slow interpretation of speech; while the Spaniard regarded them alternately with looks of wonder and paternal joy, and every individual surveyed the all-deserving pair with admiration and esteem.

Serafina taking the advantage of this general satisfaction, when the heart, softened into complacency, deposites every violent thought, "I must now (said she) try my interest with Renaldo: the good company shall bear witness to my triumph or repulse. I do not ask you to forgive, but to withhold your vengeance from the wretched Fathom. His fraud, ingratitude, and villainy are, I believe, unrivalled: yet his base designs have been defeated; and Heaven perhaps hath made him the involuntary instrument for bringing our constancy and virtue to the test; besides, his perfidy is already punished with the last degree of human misery and disgrace: the doctor, who has traced him in all his conduct and vicissitudes of fortune, will draw a picture of his present wretchedness, which, I doubt not, will move your compassion, as it hath already excited mine."

The generous hostess was ready to enforce this charitable proposal with all her eloquence, when Melvil, with a look that well expressed his magnanimity of love, replied, "Such a boon becomes the gentle Serafina! O! every moment furnishes me with fresh matter to admire the virtues of thy soul: if thou, whose tender heart hath been so rent with misery and anguish, can'st intercede for thy tormentor, who now suffers in his turn, shall I refuse to pardon the miserable wretch! no, let me glory in imitating the great example, and solicit Don Diego in behalf of the same miscreant whose perfidious barbarity cost him such intolerable woe." Enough (cried the Castilian), I have disclaimed the vindictive principles of a Spaniard; and leave the miserable object to the sting of his own conscience, which, soon or late, will not fail to avenge the wrongs we have sustained from his deceit.

CHAP. LXVI.

The history draws near a period.

Universal was the applause which they acquired by this noble sacrifice of their resentment: the afternoon was spent in the utmost harmony and good humour; and at the earnest solicitation of Renaldo, whose fancy still harboured the apprehensions of another separation, Don Diego consented that the indissoluble knot should be tied between that young gentleman and Serafina in two days, and the place appointed for the ceremony was the very church where they had been restored to the arms of each other.

The lovely bride, with a silent blush that set her lover's heart on fire, submitted to this determination, in consequence of which, the company was bespoke for that auspicious hour, and the evening being pretty far advanced, they took leave of the ladies, and retired to their respective homes; Don Diego and his future son-in-law being reconducted to their lodgings in the coach of the Jew, who, taking an opportunity of being alone with Melvil, observed that it would be necessary on this occasion to supply the Castilian with a sum of money, in order to support his dignity and independence, in furnishing Serafina with every thing suitable to her rank and merit; and that he would willingly accommodate him, provided he knew how to propose it so as to give no offence to his punctilious disposition.

Renaldo, thanking him for this generous anticipation, advised him to solicit the Spaniard's correspondence in the way of business, and to put the whole on the footing of his own interest; by which means Don Diego's delicacy could sustain no affront. Fraught with this instruction, the Israelite desired a private audience of the Castilian, in which, after an apology for the freedom of his demand, "Signior Don Diego (said he), as your fortune hath been so long embezzled by your adversary in Spain, and your correspondence with that country entirely cut off, it is not to be supposed that your finances are at present in such a condition as to maintain the splendour of your family. Count de Melvil's whole fortune is at your command; and had not he been afraid of giving umbrage to the peculiar delicacy of your sentiments, he would have pressed you to use it for your convenience. For my own part, over and above the inclination I have to serve Don Diego, I consult my own private advantage in desiring you to accept my service on this occasion.—Money is the chief commodity in which I deal, and, if you honour me with your commands, I shall be a gainer by my obedience."

Don Diego replied, with a smile that denoted how well he understood the meaning of this address, "Surely, Signior, I am bound by the strongest ties to exert my utmost endeavours for your advantage; and I pray God this your proposal may have that issue: I am well acquainted with the Count's generosity and refined notions of honour; and too much obliged by him already, to hesitate with punctilious reserve in accepting his future assistance: never-

theless, since you have contrived a scheme for removing all scruples of that sort, I shall execute it with pleasure; and, in the form of business, you shall have all the security I can give for what shall be necessary to answer my present occasions."

The preliminaries being thus settled, Joshua advanced for his use a thousand pounds, for which he would take neither bond, note, nor receipt, desiring only that the Castilian would mark it in his own pocket-book, that the debt might appear, in case any accident should befall the borrower. Although the Spaniard had been accustomed to the uncommon generosity of Melvil, he could not help wondering at this nobleness of behaviour, so little to be expected from any merchant, much less from a Jewish broker.

While this affair was on the anvil, Renaldo, who could no longer withhold the communication of his happiness from his sister and relations in Germany, took up the pen, and, in a letter to his brother-in-law, recounted all the circumstances of the surprising turn of fate which he had experienced since his arrival in England. He likewise related the story of Don Diego, informed them of the day appointed for his nuptials, and entreated the major to make a journey to London with his wife; or, if that should be impracticable, to come as far as Brussels, where they should be met by him and his Serafina. There was now but one day between him and the accomplishment of his dearest wish, and that was spent in procuring a license, and adjusting the preparations for the grand festival. Don Diego in the forenoon visited Madam Clement, to whom he repeated his warm acknowledgments of her bounty and maternal affection to his daughter, and presented to Serafina bank-notes to the amount of five hundred pounds, to defray the necessary expense of her wedding ornaments.

All the previous steps being taken for the solemnization of this interesting event, and the hour of appointment arrived, the bridegroom, accompanied by his father-in-law, hastened to the place of rendezvous, which was the vestry-room of the church we have already described; where they were received by the good clergyman in his canonicals; and here they had not waited many minutes, when they were joined by Madam Clement and the amiable bride, escorted by the friendly physician, who had all along bore such a share in their concerns. Serafina was dressed in a sack of white satin, and the ornaments of her head were adjusted in the Spanish fashion, which gave a peculiar air to her appearance, and an additional spirit to those attractions which engaged the heart of each beholder. There was nothing remarkable in the habit of Renaldo, who had copied the plainness and elegance of his mistress; but when she entered the place, his features were animated with a double proportion of vivacity, and their eyes meeting, seemed to kindle a blaze which diffused warmth and joy through the countenances of all present.

After a short pause, her father led her to the altar, and gave her away to the transported Renaldo, before the priest who performed the ceremony, and bestowed the nuptial benediction on this enraptured pair. The sanction of the church being thus obtained, they withdrew into the vestry, where Melvil sealed his title on her rosy lips, and presented his wife to the company, who embraced her in their turns, with fervent wishes for their mutual happiness.

Though the scene of this transaction was remote from any inhabited neighbourhood, the church was surrounded by a crowd of people, who, with uncommon demonstration of surprise and admiration, petitioned Heaven to bless so fair a couple. Such indeed was their eagerness to see them, that some lives were endangered by the pressure of the crowd, which attended them with loud acclamations to the coach, after the bridegroom had deposited in the hands of the minister one hundred pounds for the benefit of the poor of that parish, and thrown several handfuls of money among the multitude. Serafina re-embarked in Madam Clement's convenience, with that good lady and Don Diego, while Renaldo, with the clergyman and doctor, followed in Joshua's coach, to a pleasant country house upon the Thames, at the distance of a few miles from London. This the Jew had borrowed from the owner, for a few days, and there they were received by that honest Hebrew, who had provided a very elegant entertainment for the occasion: he had also bespoke a small but excellent band of music, which regaled their ears while they sat at dinner; and the afternoon being calm and serene, he prevailed on them to take the air on the river in a barge which he had prepared for the purpose.

But, notwithstanding this diversity of amusement, Renaldo would have found it the longest day he had ever passed, had not his imagination been diverted by an incident which employed his attention during the remaining part of the evening. They had drunk tea, and engaged in a party at whist, when they were surprised with a noise of contention from a public house, that fronted the windows of the apartment in which they sat. Alarmed at this uproar, they forsook their cards, and, throwing up the casement, beheld a hearse surrounded by four men on horseback, who had stopped the carriage, and violently pulled the driver from his seat. This uncommon arrest had engaged the curiosity of the publican's family, who stood at the door to observe the consequence when all of a sudden appeared a person in canonicals, well mounted, who, riding up to those who maltreated the driver, bestowed upon one

of them such a blow with the but-end of his whip, as laid him sprawling on the ground; and, springing from his saddle upon the box, took the reins into his own hand, swearing with great vehemence, that he would murder every man who should attempt to obstruct the hearse.

The good priest who had married Renaldo was not a little scandalised at this ferocious behaviour in a clergyman, and could not help saying aloud, he was a disgrace to the cloth: when the horseman, looking up to the window, replied, "Sir, may I be d——n'd if any man in England has a greater respect for the cloth than I have; but at present I am quite distracted." So saying, he whipped up the horses, and had actually disentangled the hearse from those who surrounded it, when he was opposed by another troop, one of whom alighted with great expedition, and cut the harness so as that he could not possibly proceed: finding himself thus driven to bay, he leaped upon the ground, and exercised his weapon with such amazing strength and agility, that several of his antagonists were left motionless on the field, before he was overpowered and disarmed by dint of numbers, who assailed him on all sides.

The mad person being thus taken prisoner, an elderly person of a very prepossessing appearance, went up to the hearse, and unbolting the door, a young lady sprung out, and shrieking, ran directly to the public-house, to the infinite astonishment and affright of the whole family, who believed it was the spirit of the deceased person, whose body lay in the carriage. Renaldo, who was with difficulty restrained from interposing in behalf of the clergyman against such odds, no sooner perceived this apparition, than, supposing her to be some distressed damsel, his quixotism awoke, he descended in an instant, and rushed into the house, among those who pursued the fair phantom. Don Diego and the physician took the same road, while the real clergyman and Joshua tarried with the ladies, who were, by this time, very much interested in the event.

Melvil found the young lady in the hands of the old gentleman, who had released her from the hearse, and who now bitterly upbraided her for her folly and disobedience; while she protested, with great vivacity, that whatever she might suffer from his severity, she would never submit to the hateful match he had proposed, nor break the promise she had already made to the gentleman who had now attempted to rescue her from the tyranny of a cruel father. This declaration was followed by a plentiful shower of tears, which the father could not behold with unmoistened eyes, although he reviled her with marks of uncommon displeasure; and turning to the Count, "I appeal to you, sir (said he), whether I have not reason to curse the undutiful obstinacy of that pert baggage, and renounce her for ever as an alien to my blood. She has, for some months, been solicited in marriage by an honest citizen, a thirty-thousand-pound man; and, instead of listening to such an advantageous proposal, she hath bestowed her heart upon a young fellow not worth a groat. Ah! you degenerate hussy, this comes of your plays and romances: if thy mother were not a woman of an unexceptionable life and conversation, I should verily believe thou art no child of mine: run away with a beggar! for shame!"

"I suppose (replied Renaldo), the person to whom your daughter's affection inclines, is that clergyman who exerted himself so manfully at the door?" "Clergyman! (cried the other), adad! he has more of the devil than the church about him. A ruffian! he has, for aught I know, murdered the worthy gentleman whom I intended for my son-in-law; and the rogue, if I had not kept out of his way, would, I suppose, have served me with the same sauce: me! who have been his master for many years, and had resolved to make a man of him. Sir, he was my own clerk, and this is the return I have met with from the serpent which I cherished in my bosom."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of the citizen for whom he had expressed such concern: that gentleman had received a contusion upon one eye, by which the sight was altogether obstructed; so that he concluded he should never retrieve the use of that organ, and with great clamour took all the spectators to witness the injury he had sustained; he entered the room with manifest perturbation, demanded satisfaction of the father, and peremptorily declared it should not be a lost eye to him, if there was law in England. This unseasonable demand, and the boisterous manner in which it was made, did not at all suit the present humour of the old gentleman, who told him peevishly he owed him no eye, and bade him go and ask reparation of the person who had done him wrong.

The young lady, snatching this favourable occasion, earnestly entreated Melvil and his company to intercede with her father in behalf of her lover, who, she assured them, was a young gentleman of a good family and uncommon merit; and, in compliance with her request, they invited him and his daughter to the house in which they lodged, where they would be disencumbered of the crowd which this dispute had gathered together, and more at leisure to consult about the measures necessary to be taken. The old gentleman thanked them for their courtesy, which he did not think proper to refuse; and while he led, or rather hauled, Mademoiselle over the way, under the auspices of the Castilian, Renaldo set the lover at li-

berty, made him a tender of his good offices, and advised him to wait at the public-house for an happy issue of their negotiation.

The pseudo-parson was very much affected by this generous proffer, for which he made suitable acknowledgments, and protested before God he would die a thousand deaths rather than part with his dear Charlotte. Her father no sooner entered the apartment, than he was known by Joshua to be a considerable trader in the city of London, and the merchant was glad to find himself among his acquaintance. He was so full of the story which had brought him thither, that he had scarce sat down, when he began to complain of his hard fate, in having an only child, who was so mean, stubborn, and contumacious; and every sentence was concluded with an apostrophe of reproaches to the delinquent.

The Jew having allowed him to ring out his alarm, condoled his misfortune, and gravely counselled the young lady to wean her affections from such an unworthy object: for he supposed her favourite was a man of no principle, or liberal endowments, otherwise her father would not exclaim so bitterly against her conduct. Charlotte, who wanted neither beauty nor understanding, assured him, that her lover's character was, in all respects, unblemished; for the truth of which assertion she appealed to her papa, who owned, with reluctance, that the young man was a gentleman by birth, that he had served him with remarkable diligence and integrity, and that his accomplishments were far superior to his station in life. "But then (said he), the fellow has not a shilling of his own, and would you have me give away my daughter to a beggar?"

"God forbid! (cried the Jew), I always understood you possessed an ample fortune, and am sorry to find it otherwise." "Otherwise! (replied the citizen, with some acrimony), take care what you say, sir, a merchant's credit is not to be tampered with." "I beg your pardon (answered the Hebrew), I concluded that your circumstances were bad, because you objected to the poverty of the young man, after you had owned he was possessed of every other qualification to make your daughter happy: for it is not to be imagined, that you would thwart her inclinations, or seek to render an only child miserable, on account of an obstacle which you yourself could easily remove. Let us suppose you can afford to give with your daughter ten thousand pounds, which would enable this young man to live with credit and reputation, and engage advantageously in trade, for which you say he is well qualified: the alternative then will be, whether you would rather see her in the arms of a deserving youth, whom she loves, enjoying all the comforts of life, with a moderate fortune, which it will always be in your own power to improve, or tied for life to a monied man, whom she detests, cursing her hard fate, and despising that superfluity of wealth, in spite of which she finds herself so truly wretched."

The old gentleman seemed to be startled at this observation, which was reinforced by Renaldo's saying, that he would, moreover, enjoy the unutterable pleasure of giving happiness to a worthy man, whose gratitude would co-operate with his love, in approving himself a dutiful son, as well as an affectionate husband.—He then represented the family disquiets, and dismal tragedies, produced from such mercenary and compulsive matches; and, in conclusion, related the story of Don Diego and his daughter, which when the merchant heard, he started up with marks of terror in his countenance, and, throwing up the casement, called upon Valentine with great vociferation. This was the name of his daughter's admirer, who no sooner heard the summons, than he flew to the spot from whence it came; and the merchant, without any further preamble, seizing his hand, joined it with that of Charlotte, saying, with great trepidation, "Here take her in the name of God, and thank this honourable company for your good fortune."

The lovers were transported with exquisite joy at this sudden determination in their favour. Valentine having kissed the hand of his mistress with all the eagerness of rapture, and acknowledged the merchant's generosity, paid his respects to the ladies with a very polite address, and, with demonstrations of uncommon gratitude and sensibility, thanked the gentlemen, and the Count in particular, for the good offices, to which he attributed the happiness he now enjoyed. While Serafina and Madam Clement caressed the amiable Charlotte, the rest of the company congratulated her admirer upon his choice and success; though the clergyman could not help reprehending him for profaning the sacerdotal habit.

Valentine heartily asked pardon for having given such cause of offence, and hoped he should be forgiven, as it was a disguise which he thought absolutely necessary for the execution of a scheme upon which his happiness altogether depended. He then, at the request of Renaldo, unfolded the mystery of the hearse, by giving them to understand, that Charlotte's father having got an inkling of their mutual passion, had dismissed his clerk, and conveyed his daughter to a country house in the neighbourhood of London, in order to cut off their correspondence: notwithstanding these precautions, they had found means to communicate with each other by letters, which were managed by a third person; and his rival being very importunate in his solicitations, they had concerted the expedient of the hearse, which he provided, and conducted through a road contiguous to the end of the merchant's garden, where Charlotte, be

apprized of the design, waited for its approach, and embarked in it without hesitation. Valentine thought himself sufficiently screened from discovery by his disguise; but he was unfortunately met by a servant of the family, who recollected his features, and immediately gave the alarm, upon which the father and his friends took horse, and pursued them by two different roads, until they were overtaken at this place.

He had scarce finished this short relation, when his rival bluntly entering the apartment, with an handkerchief tied round his eye, committed Valentine to the charge of a constable, who attended him, by a warrant from a justice of the peace in that neighbourhood; and threatened to prosecute the merchant on an action of damages for the loss of an eye, which he said he had sustained in his service. The company endeavoured to appease this citizen, by representing, that his misfortune was no other than a common inflammation; nor was it owing to malice aforethought, but entirely to the precipitate passion of an incensed young man, who, by the bye, acted in his own defence. At the same time the merchant promised to make any reasonable satisfaction; upon which the other demanded an obligation, importing, that he would, in ten days from the date, bestow upon him his daughter in marriage, with a portion of fifteen thousand pounds, or, in case of failure, pay him double the sum.

The merchant, exasperated at this extravagant demand, told him flatly, he had already disposed of his daughter to Valentine, who, he believed, was a much more deserving man; and that he was ready to wait upon the magistrate who had granted the warrant, in order to give bail for his future son-in-law. This was a mortifying declaration to the plaintiff, though he condoled himself with the hope of being a gainer by the loss of his eye; and, now the pain was over, would have been very sorry to find his sight retrieved. The old gentleman, Joshua, and Renaldo, accompanied the prisoner to the house of the justice, where he was immediately admitted to bail. Upon their return, Valentine shifted his dress, and they supped together with great cordiality and mirth, maintained at the expense of the discarded lover.

After supper, Don Diego walked a minuet with Madam Clement, for whom, by this time, he had contracted an extraordinary degree of affection. Valentine had the honour to dance with the incomparable Serafina, whose beauty and attractions dazzled the eyes of the new comers, and struck her bashful partner with awe and confusion; and Melvil presented his hand to the agreeable Charlotte, who performed so much to the satisfaction of her father, that he could not help expressing his joy and pride: he praised God for throwing him in the way of our company, and engaged the clergyman to unite the young couple, after having appointed a day for the ceremony, and invited all present to the wedding. The evening having been insensibly consumed in these avocations, and the night pretty far advanced, the ladies withdrew without ceremony; and the retreat of Serafina filled Renaldo's breast with tumult and emotion: his blood began to flow in impetuous tides, his heart to beat with redoubled vigour and velocity, while his eyes seemed to flash with more than human splendour: now his imagination began to anticipate with the enthusiastic rage of an inspired Sybil; he was instantaneously transported from the conversation, and every nerve was braced to such a degree of impatience, that human nature could not long endure the tension.

He, therefore, having withstood the impulse about a quarter of an hour, at length gave way to his impetuosity, and, springing from his friends, found himself in a dark passage, at the farther end of which he perceived Madam Clement coming out of a chamber with a light, which, at sight of him, she set down, and vanished in a moment. This was the star that pointed to his paradise: he hailed the signal, entered the apartment, and, like a lion rushing on his prey, approached the nuptial bed, where Serafina, surrounded by all the graces of beauty, softness, sentiment, and truth, lay trembling as a victim at the altar, and strove to hide her blushes from his view—the door was shut, the light extinguished—He owned his lot was more than mortal could claim.

Here let me draw the decent veil that ought to shade the sacred mysteries of Hymen: away, unhallowed scoffers, who profane, with idle pleasantry, or immodest hint, these holy rites; and leave those happy lovers to enjoy in one another's arms, unutterable bliss, the well-earned palm of virtue and of constancy, which had undergone the most severe refinement—A more deserving pair night's curtain shrouds not in its dark extent.

The thoughts of Renaldo's felicity threw a damp on the spirits of Valentine, who saw the term of his probation protracted a few days longer, and could not help wishing in his heart, that he had achieved the adventure which would have abridged his expectation, though at the expense of the old gentleman's displeasure. He filled a bumper to the health of the bride and bridegroom, and, throwing up his eyes, with marks of admiration, exclaimed, "How happy is the Count! alas! five days longer must I rein my impatience!" "It is but reasonable, you rogue, that your betters should have the start of you," said the merchant, who did him justice in the glass, and counselled him to drown his impatience with good claret. The youth followed his advice, and it was late before the company retired to rest.

These citizens, however, resolved to seize an opportunity of rallying the new-married couple, according to custom, and with that view arose early in the morning, on the supposition of finding them still asleep; but they were not a little surprised, when they entered the breakfasting-room to see Renaldo, and his amiable bedfellow, already dressed, and waiting to do the honours of the house. The old gentleman would fain have cracked a joke upon their extraordinary despatch; but he was so much overawed by the dignity, and tamed by the sweetness of Serafina's carriage, that he durst not give utterance to his conception; and Valentine stood silent and abashed, as in the presence of a superior being. After breakfast, these gentlemen and Charlotte again expressed their sense of the obligations they owed to this happy family, repeated their invitation, and taking leave, returned to London in a coach that was provided over night.

Our friends being thus left to themselves, Don Diego turning towards Melvil, "Now (said he) that I have yielded to the impatience of your love, as well as to the eagerness of my own desire to make you happy, I must beg leave to interrupt, for a little while, the stream of your mutual pleasure, and propose a melancholy excursion, which, however, will not be wholly void of enjoyment. I have too long delayed the performance of my duty at Antonia's grave —Let us spend the forenoon in that pious pilgrimage:—I will drop a few tears to the memory of that excellent woman, and never afterwards shall my friends be troubled with my grief."

The proposal being universally approved, they set out for the place, which had oft been visited by the gentle Serafina, who conducted her father to a black marble stone, which Renaldo had ordered to be laid over the grave; and, as he kneeled to kiss the monument, he perceived this plain inscription in the Spanish tongue—*Antonia de Zelos primera en todo lo que es ser bueno, y sin segundo en todo lo que fue ser desdichado, quedad con Dios!* that is, *Antonia de Zelos, unmatched in virtue, and unequalled in misfortune, adieu!*—"O faithful record! (cried the Castilian, smiting his breast, while his tears distilled upon the marble), thy goodness was the gift of Heaven, but thy misfortunes were derived from the guilt of Don Diego; yet his sorrow shall expiate his offence, and his penitence find favour in the sight of Heaven:—Rest, rest, ill-fated virtue!—Eternal peace shall guard thy tomb, and angels minister to thy unspotted shade; nor shall thine ashes lie in dark obscurity: here will I raise a monument, more suited to thy excellence and name." Serafina melted with filial tenderness, nor were the rest unmoved at this affecting scene, which Don Diego did not quit without reluctance.

CHAP. LXVII.

The longest and the last.

The nature of this visit had softened every heart, and saddened every countenance; and they walked in solemn silence to the other side of the church-yard, in order to regain their carriages; when, at the turning of the stile, they saw a young woman, in wretched attire, running out of a poor habitation, wringing her hands in all the agony of despair. Notwithstanding the distraction in her countenance, and the meanness of her apparel, she discovered a regularity of features, and a delicacy of air, which did not at all correspond with the misery of her equipage. These exhibitions of extreme distress soon attracted the notice and compassion of our company, and Melvil's beauteous help-mate, accosting this forlorn damsel with a pity-breathing aspect, asked the cause of her disorder.

"Alas! dear lady (cried the other, with all the emphasis of woe), an unhappy gentleman now breathes his last, within this inhospitable hovel, amidst such excess of misery as would melt the most flinty bosom:—What then must I feel, who am connected with him by the strongest ties of love and conjugal affection!"—"Who is the unfortunate object?" (said the physician.)—"He was once well known in the gay world (replied the young woman)—his name is Fathom." Every individual of the company started at mention of that detested name. Serafina began to tremble with emotion, and Renaldo, after a short pause, declared he would go in, not with a view to exult over his misery, but in order to contemplate the catastrophe of such a wicked life, that the moral might be the more deeply engraved on his remembrance. The young Countess, whose tender heart could not bear the shock of such a spectacle, retired to the coach with Madam Clement and the Jew, while Renaldo, accompanied by the rest, entered a dismal apartment, altogether void of furniture and convenience, where they beheld the wretched hero of these memoirs, stretched almost naked upon straw, insensible, convulsed, and seemingly in the grasp of death. He was wore to the bone either by famine or distemper; his face was overshadowed with hair and filth; his eyes were sunk, glazed, and distorted; his nostrils dilated; his lips covered with a black slough; and his complexion faded into a pale clay-colour, tending to a yellow hue: in a word, the extremity of indigence, squalor, and distress, could not be more feelingly represented.

While Melvil perused this melancholy lesson and, groaning, cried, "Behold the fate of man," he perceived a letter in the right hand of the unfortunate Fathom, which lay fast clenched

across his breast. Curious to know the contents of this paper, which the young woman said he had kept in that position for several days, he drew nearer the wretched couch, and was not a little surprised to see it addressed to the Right Honourable Renaldo Count de Melvil, to the care of Mr Joshua Manasseh, merchant in London. When he attempted to disengage this billet from the author's hand, the sorrowing female fell on her knees, entreating him to desist, and telling him, she had promised, upon oath, to communicate the contents to no person upon earth, but to carry the letter, upon her husband's decease, to the gentleman to whose care it was directed.

Renaldo assured her, upon his honour, that he was the very Renaldo Count de Melvil, for whom it was intended; and the young creature was so much confounded at this information, that, before she could recollect herself, Melvil had opened the billet, and read these words—"If this paper should fall into the hands of the noble Renaldo, he will understand, that Fathom was the most execrable traitor that ever imposed upon unsuspecting benevolence, or attempted to betray a generous benefactor. His whole life was a series of fraud, perfidy, and the most abominable ingratitude: but, of all the crimes that lay heavy upon his soul, his being accessory to the death of the incomparable Serafina, whose father he had also robbed, was that for which he despaired of Heaven's forgiveness, notwithstanding the dreadful compunction and remorse which have long preyed upon his heart, together with the incredible misery and deplorable death which by this time he hath undergone. Though these sufferings and sorrows cannot atone for his enormous guilt, perhaps they will excite the compassion of the humane Count de Melvil; at least, this confession, which my conscience dictates under all the terrors of death and futurity, may be a warning for him to avoid henceforth a smiling villain, like the execrable Fathom, upon whose miserable soul Almighty God have mercy."

Renaldo was deeply affected with the contents of this scroll, which denoted such horror and despair. He saw there could be no dissimulation or sinister design in this profession of penitence: he beheld the condition of the writer, which put all his humane passions in commotion; so that he remembered nothing of Fathom but his present distress. He could scarce contain those indications which might have been justly deemed the effect of weakness and infirmity; and, having desired the physician and clergyman to contribute their assistance for the benefit of that wretch's soul and body, he ran to the coach, and communicated the letter to the ladies; at the same time drawing a picture of the object he had seen, which brought tears into the eyes of the gentle Serafina, who earnestly entreated her lord to use his endeavours for the relief and recovery of the unhappy man, that he might, if possible, live to enjoy the benefit of mature repentance, and not die in that dreadful despair which he manifested in the letter.

Renaldo, returning to the house, found the pious clergyman reading prayers with great fervency, while Don Diego stood with his right hand upon his breast, looking stedfastly upon the agonizing Fathom, and the young woman kneeled, with her streaming eyes lifted up to heaven, in an ecstasy of grief and devotion: the physician had run to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, from whence he soon returned with an assistant, who applied a large blister to the back of the miserable patient, while the female, by the doctor's direction, moistened his mouth with a cordial which he had prescribed.

These charitable steps being taken, Count de Melvil entreated the apothecary's servant to procure a tent-bed for the accommodation of the sick person with all imaginable despatch; and, in less than an hour, one was actually pitched, and Fathom lifted into it, after he had been shifted, and in some measure purified from the dregs of his indigence. During this transaction the ladies were conducted to a tavern not far off, where dinner was bespoke, that they might be at hand to see the effect of their charity, which was not confined to what we have already described, but extended so far, that, in a little time, the apartment was comfortably furnished, and the young creature provided with change of apparel, and money to procure the necessaries of subsistence.

Notwithstanding all their care, the wretched Fathom still remained insensible, and the doctor pronounced a very unfavourable prognostic, while he ordered a pair of additional vesicatories to be laid upon his arms, and other proper medicines to be administered. After dinner, the ladies ventured to visit the place, and when Serafina crossed the threshold, the weeping female fell at her feet, and, kissing her robe, exclaimed, "Sure you are an angel from heaven!"

The alteration in her dress had made a very agreeable change in her appearance, so that the Countess could now look upon her without shuddering at her distress: and, as Fathom was not in a condition to be disturbed, she took this opportunity of inquiring by what steps that unfortunate wretch was conveyed from the prison, in which she knew he had been confined, to the place where he now lay in such extremity; and by what occurrence he had found a wife in such an abyss of misfortune. Here the other's tears began to flow afresh. "I am ashamed (said she) to reveal my own folly; yet I dare not refuse a satisfaction of this kind to a person who has laid me under such signal obligations."

She then proceeded to relate her story, by which it appeared, she was no other than the

fair and unhappy Elinor, whom the artful Fathom had debauched upon his first arrival in town, in the manner already described in these memoirs. "Heaven (continued she) was pleased to restore the use of my reason, which I had lost when I found myself adandoned by the Count; but, all my connexion with my own family being entirely cut off, and every door shut against a poor creature who could procure no recommendation, except the certificate signed by the physician of bedlam, which, instead of introducing me to service, was an insurmountable objection to my character, I found myself destitute of all means of subsisting, unless I would condescend to live the infamous and wretched life of a courtezan, an expedient rendered palatable by the terrors of want co-operating with the reflection of the irretrievable loss I had already sustained. I ask pardon for offending your chaste ears with this impure confession of my guilt, which, Heaven knows, I then did, and now do, look upon with abhorrence and detestation. I had already forfeited my innocence, and wanted resolution to encounter misery and death. Nevertheless, before I could determine to embrace the condition of a prostitute, I was one day accosted in the park by an elderly gentleman who sat down by me upon a bench, and, taking notice of the despondence which was evident in my countenance, pressed me to make him acquainted with the nature of my misfortune. So much sympathy and good sense appeared in his deportment and conversation, that I gratified his request, and he, in return for my confidence, saved me from the most horrible part of my prospect, by taking me into his protection, and reserving me for his own appetite. In this situation I lived a whole year, until I was deprived of my keeper by an apoplectic fit, and turned out of doors by his relations, who did not, however, strip me of the clothes and moveables which I owed to his bounty. Far from being as yet reconciled to a vicious life, I resolved to renounce the paths of shame, and, converting my effects into ready money, hired a small shop, and furnished it with haberdashery ware, intending to earn an honest livelihood by the sale of these commodities, together with the plain work in which I hoped to be employed, so soon as my talents should be known. But this scheme did not answer my expectation. The goods spoiled upon my hands, and, as I was a stranger in the neighbourhood, nobody would intrust me with any other business: so that, notwithstanding the most parsimonious economy, I ran in debt to my landlord, who seized my effects; and an hosier, from whom I had received some parcels upon credit, took out a writ against me, by virtue of which I was arrested and imprisoned in the Marshalsea, where I found my first seducer. Good Heaven! what did I feel at this unexpected meeting, overwhelmed as I was before with my own distress! I, with a loud scream, fainted away, and when I recovered, found myself in the arms of Mr Fathom, who wept over me with great affliction. All his prospects of gaiety had now vanished, and his heart was softened by his own misfortunes to a feeling of another's woe, as well as to a due sense of his own guilt. He expressed the deepest sorrow for having been the occasion of my ruin, endeavoured to comfort me with promise of assistance, and, indeed, by practising medicine among the prisoners, made shift to keep us both from starving. But surely no sinner underwent such severe remorse as that which he suffered during his imprisonment. From the day of our meeting, I never once saw him smile; a melancholy cloud continually overhung his countenance. He numbered the minutes by his groans, he used to start with horror from his sleep, and, striking his breast, would exclaim, "O, Elinor! I am the worst of villains!" Sometimes he seemed disordered in his brain, and raved about Renaldo and Monimia: in a word, his mind was in a dreadful situation, and all his agonies were communicated to me, whom by this time he had married, in order to make some atonement for my wrongs. Wretched as he then was, I remembered the accomplished youth who had captivated my virgin heart, the old impressions still remained, I saw his penitence, pitied his misfortune, and, his wife being dead, consented to join his fate, the ceremony having been performed by a fellow-prisoner, who was in orders. Though his hard-hearted creditor had no other chance of being paid, than that of setting him at liberty, he lent a deaf ear to all our supplications; and this cruelty conspiring with the anguish of my husband's own reflection, affected his health and spirits to such a degree, that he could no longer earn the miserable pittance which had hitherto supported our lives. Then our calamities began to multiply. Indigence and famine stared us in the face; and it was with the utmost difficulty that we resisted their attacks, by selling or pledging our wearing apparel, until we were left almost quite naked, when we found ourselves discharged by an act passed for the relief of insolvent debtors. This charitable law, which was intended for a consolation to the wretched, proved to us the most severe disaster; for we were turned out into the streets, utterly destitute of food, raiment, and lodging, at a time when Mr Fathom was so weakened by his distemper, that he could not stand alone. I supported him from door to door, imploring the compassion of charitable Christians, and was at length permitted to shelter him in this miserable place, where, his disease gaining ground, he lay three days in that deplorable condition, from which he hath now been rescued (though I fear too late) by your humanity and benevolence."

She shed a flood of tears at the conclusion of

this mournful tale, which did not fail to affect the whole audience, especially Serafina, who assured her, that, whatever should happen to her husband, she might depend upon finding favour and protection, provided her conduct should correspond with her professions. While this grateful creature kissed the hand of her kind benefactress, Fathom uttered a groan, began to stir in the bed, and, with a languid voice, called Elinor, who, instantly withdrawing the curtain, presented the whole company to his view. He had now retrieved the use of his perception by the operation of the blisters, which began to torture him severely; he looked around him with amazement and affright, and, distinguishing the three persons against whom the chief arrows of his fraud and treachery had been levelled, he concluded that he was now arrived at the land of departed souls, and that the shades of those whom he had so grievously injured were come to see him tormented according to his demerits.

Fraught with this notion, which was confirmed by the bodily pain which he felt, and the appearance of the clergyman and Joshua, whom he mistook for the ministers of vengeance, he cried in a tone replete with horror, "Is there no mercy then for penitence! is there no pity due to the miseries I suffered upon earth! Save me, O bountiful Heaven! from the terrors of everlasting woe; hide me from these dreadful executioners, whose looks are torture: forgive me, generous Castilian. O Renaldo! thou hadst once a tender heart. I dare not lift my eyes to Serafina! that pattern of human excellence, who fell a victim to my atrocious guilt; yet her aspect is all mildness and compassion. Ha! are not these the drops of pity? Yes, they are tears of mercy: they fall like refreshing showers upon my drooping soul! Ah, murdered innocence! wilt thou not intercede for thy betrayer at the throne of grace!"

Here he was interrupted by Melvil, who, with a grave and solemn air, pronounced, "Great hath been thy guilt, unhappy Ferdinand, and great have been thy sufferings. Yet we come not to insult, but to alleviate thy distress. Providence hath kindly defeated thy dire intentions, which we therefore now forgive and transmit to oblivion, whether it be thy lot to yield up thy spirit immediately, or to survive the dangerous malady with which thou art at present overwhelmed. Suffer not thyself to despair; for the mercy of Heaven is infinite; and submit to the directions of this worthy gentleman, who will employ his skill for thy recovery, while we shall take care to furnish thee with necessary attendance: as too much speaking may be prejudicial to thy health, I dispense with thy reply, and exhort thee to compose thyself to rest." So saying, he drew the curtain, and the company retired, leaving Fathom entranced with wonder.

The next step which Renaldo took for the benefit of the wretched penitent, was to send for the apothecary, with whom he left a sum of money to be expended for the convenience of Fathom and his wife; then he laid injunctions upon the physician to repeat his visits; and that gentleman, together with the clergyman and Joshua, taking leave of the others till next day, the Count set out with the ladies and his father-in-law, to the house where they had lodged the preceding night.

The reader may well imagine the conversation of the evening turned wholly upon the strange occurrence of the day, which seemed to have been concerted by supernatural prescience, in order to satisfy the vengeance, and afford matter of triumph to the generosity of those who had been so grievously injured by the guilty Fathom. Though not one of them would say that such a miscreant ought to live, yet all concurred in approving the offices of humanity which had been performed, and even endeavoured to find specious pretexts for vindicating their compassion. Don Diego said, it would ill become a transgressor like him to withhold his forgiveness from a sinner who had wronged him: Madam Clement appealed to the approbation of Heaven, which had undoubtedly directed them that way, for the purpose they had fulfilled: Serafina observed, that the crimes of the delinquent were obliterated by his sorrow, misery, and repentance: Renaldo honestly owned, that, exclusive of other reasons, he could not deny himself the luxurious enjoyment of communicating happiness to his fellow-creatures in distress; and each fervently prayed, that their charity might not be disappointed by the death of the object.

While they amused themselves in these discussions, Fathom, after having lain some hours silent, in consequence of Renaldo's advice, could no longer suppress the astonishment of his mind, but, addressing himself to his wife, "O, Elinor! (said he) my delirium is now past; though I still remember the phantasies of my distempered brain: among other reveries, my imagination was regaled with a vision so perfect and distinct, as to emulate truth and reality. Methought Count de Melvil, Don Diego de Zelos, and the divine Serafina, the very persons who are now crying before the throne of Heaven for vengeance against the guilty Fathom, stood by my bedside, with looks of pity and forgiveness; and that Renaldo spoke peace to my despairing soul. I heard the words distinctly: I retain them in my memory. I saw the tears trickle from Serafina's eyes: I heard her father utter a compassionate sigh; and should actually believe that they were personally present, had not I long ago seen with my own eyes the funeral procession of that young lady, whose wrongs God pardon; and were I not convinced that such a meeting could not be effected without

the immediate and miraculous interposition of Heaven. Yet every thing I now see corresponds with the words of Renaldo, which still sound in my ears. When my perception forsook me, I lay in the most abject misery, among straw; and thou, poor injured innocence, wast naked and forlorn. Now, I find myself reposed in a warm, easy, comfortable bed: I see around me the marks of human charity and care, and the favourable change in thy appearance glads my poor dejected heart. Say, whence this happy alteration? Do I really awake from that dream of misery in which we have continued so long? or do I still utter the extravagant ravings of a distempered brain?"

Elinor was afraid of imparting at once all the particulars of the happy change he had undergone, lest they might leave a dangerous impression upon his fancy, which was not yet duly composed: she contented herself, therefore, with telling him, that he had been obliged to the humanity of a gentleman and lady, who chanced to pass that way by accident, and who, understanding his deplorable case, had furnished him with the conveniences which he now enjoyed: she then presented to him what the doctor had directed her to administer, and, admonishing him to commit his head to the pillow, he was favoured with a breathing sweat, fell fast asleep, and in a few hours waked again altogether cool and undisturbed.

It was upon this occasion that his wife explained the circumstances of that visit which had redeemed him from extremity of wretchedness and the jaws of death; upon which he started up, and, throwing himself upon his knees, exclaimed, "All-gracious Power! this was the work of thy own bounteous hand; the voice of my sorrow and repentance hath been heard. Thou hast inspired my benefactors with more than mortal goodness in my behalf; how shall I praise thy name! how shall I requite their generosity! O I am bankrupt to both! yet let me not perish until I shall have convinced them of my reformation, and seen them enjoying that felicity which ought to be reserved for such consummate virtue."

Next day, in the forenoon, he was visited by the physician, whom he now recollected to have seen at the house of Madam Clement; and, after having thanked that gentleman for his humanity and care, he earnestly begged to know by what means Serafina had been preserved.—When he was satisfied in this particular, and given to understand that she was now happy in the arms of Renaldo, "Blessed be God! (he cried), for having defeated the villainy of him who sought to part such lovers. Dear sir, will you add one circumstance to your charity, and bear to that couple, and the noble Don Diego, the respects and the remorse of a sincere penitent, whom their compassion hath raised to life. I have been such a traitor to them, that my words deserve no regard. I will not therefore use professions. I dare not hope to be admitted into their presence. I am indeed ashamed to see the light of the sun: how then could I bear the looks of that injured family! ah, no! let me hide myself in some obscure retreat, where I may work out my salvation with fear and trembling, and pray incessantly to Heaven for their prosperity."

The physician promised to represent his contrition to the Count and his Lady, and accordingly proceeded to their habitation, where he repeated these expressions, and pronounced his patient out of danger: so that their thoughts were now employed in concerting a scheme for his future subsistence, that he might not be exposed by indigence to a relapse in point of morals. Renaldo being still averse to any personal intercourse with such a wretch, until he should give some undoubted proofs of amendment, and as yet afraid of intrusting him with any office that required integrity, resolved, with the approbation of all present, to settle him in a cheap country in the north of England, where he and his wife could live comfortably on an annuity of sixty pounds, until his behaviour should entitle him to a better provision.

This resolution was just taken, when Joshua arrived with a gentleman whom he introduced to Don Diego as the secretary of the Spanish ambassador. After the first compliments, this stranger told the Castilian, that he waited upon him at the desire of his excellency, who would have come in person, had he not been confined by the gout. Then he put into his hand a letter from the court of Madrid, written by a nobleman of Diego's acquaintance, who informed him, that Don Manuel de Mendoza having made away with himself by poison, in order to avoid the disgrace of a legal conviction, his Catholic Majesty was now convinced of Don Diego's innocence, and granted him leave to return, and take possession of his honours and estate. This information was confirmed by the secretary, who assured him that the ambassador had orders to make him acquainted with this favourable decision of the king. The Castilian having first acquitted himself in the most polite terms to the secretary and the Jew, who, he said, had always been a messenger of glad tidings, communicated his happiness to the company; and this evening concluded the third day of their rejoicing.

Next morning Don Diego went to visit the ambassador, accompanied by Joshua and the secretary; while the physician, repairing to the habitation of Fathom, signified, by Renaldo's direction, the resolution which had been taken in his behalf; and the patient no sooner heard his doom, than, lifting up his hands, he cried, "I am unworthy of such tenderness and benevolence:" while Elinor shed a flood of tears in silence, unable to give utterance to her grateful

thought; Melvil's bounty having so far transcended her most sanguine hope.

The Spaniard having paid his devoirs to his excellency, returned before dinner; and, in the afternoon, desiring a private conference with Serafina, they retired into another apartment, and he expressed himself to this effect: "You have contracted, my dear child, an habit of calling Madam Clement your mother, and doubtless, by her maternal tenderness and regard, she hath acquired a just title to the appellation: yet I own I would fain strengthen it by a legal claim. I no sooner retrieved my daughter, than I gave her away to the most deserving youth that ever sighed with love. I rejoice in the gift which secured your happiness: but I left myself in a solitary situation, which even the return of my good fortune cannot render easy and supportable. When I revisit the castle of Zelos, every well-known object will recall the memory of my Antonia, and I shall want a companion to fill her place, and to sympathize with me in that sorrow which will be derived from my remembrance. Who is there so worthy to succeed your mother in the affection of Don Diego as she who interests her love for Serafina, and resembles her so strongly in every virtue of the sex? Similar attractions will produce similar effects. My heart is already attached to that good lady; and, provided Serafina shall approve of my choice, I will lay myself and fortune at her feet."

The fair Countess replied, with an enchanting smile, that, before this declaration, she had with pleasure perceived the progress which Madam Clement had made in his heart; and that she did not believe there was a person upon earth better qualified to repair the loss he had sustained; though she foresaw one obstacle to his happiness, which she was afraid would not easily be surmounted. "You mean, (answered the Castilian), "the difference of religion, which I am resolved to remove by adopting the protestant faith; though I am fully satisfied that real goodness is of no particular persuasion, and that salvation cannot depend upon belief, over which the will has no influence. I invest you therefore with the charge of declaring my passion and proposal, and empower you to satisfy her scruples with regard to the religion which I now profess, and which I shall not openly relinquish, until I shall have secured, in this country, effects sufficient to screen me from the ill consequences of my king's displeasure."

Serafina undertook this office with pleasure, because she had reason to think his addresses would not be disagreeable to Madam Clement; and that same night made the Count acquainted with the nature of her commission. Nor was her expectation disappointed: the French lady, with that frankness which is peculiar to virtue and good breeding, confessed that Don Diego was not indifferent to her choice, and did not hesitate in receiving him upon the footing of a lover.—As we have already dwelt circumstantially on the passion of love, so as perhaps even to have tired our readers, we shall not repeat the dialogue that passed, when the Spaniard was indulged with an opportunity to explain his sentiments. Suffice it to observe, that the lady's days of coquetry were now over, and that she was too wise to trifle with the time, which every moment became more and more precious. It was agreed then, that Don Diego should settle his affairs in Spain, and return to England, in order to espouse Madam Clement, with a view to fix his residence in this island, where Renaldo likewise proposed to enjoy the sweets of his fortune, provided he could draw hither his interests and connexions.

Meanwhile, having for some days enjoyed his bliss with all the fulness of rapture amidst this small but agreeable society, he shifted the scene, and conducted his dear partner to a ready-furnished house in town, which, together with an occasional equipage, his friend Joshua had hired for the accommodation of him and his father-in-law, who, during his stay in England, failed not to cultivate the mistress of his heart with the most punctual assiduity. Hitherto Serafina had been as a precious jewel locked up in a casket, which the owner alone has an opportunity to contemplate: but now the Count, who was proud of such a prize, resolved to let her shine forth to the admiration of the whole world. With this view he bespoke such ornaments as befitted her quality, and, while the mantuamakers were employed in her service, made a tour among his former acquaintance, and discharged the obligations under which he lay to some who had assisted him in his distress. He did not, however, introduce them to his charming Serafina; because not one of them had formerly treated her with that delicacy of regard which he thought her due; and some of them were much mortified at their neglect, when they saw what a dazzling figure she made in the beau monde.

She was visited by the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, and divers other foreigners of distinction, to whom Melvil had letters of recommendation: but her first public appearance was in a box at the opera, accompanied by Madam Clement, the Count, and Don Diego: the entertainment was already begun, so that her entrance had the greater effect upon the audience, whose attention was soon detached from the performance, and rivetted upon this amiable apparition, which seemed to be some bright being of another world dropped from the clouds among them. Then did the spirit of curiosity play its part: a thousand whispers circulated; as many glasses were exalted to reconnoitre this

box of foreigners, for such they concluded them to be from their appearance. Every male spectator acknowledged Serafina to be the paragon of beauty; and every female confessed, that Melvil was the model of a fine gentleman. The charms of the young Countess did not escape the eye and approbation of royalty itself; and when her rank was known, from the information of the ambassadors and other people of condition who were seen saluting her at a distance, that same evening a thousand bumpers were swallowed in honour of the Countess de Melvil. The fame of her beauty was immediately extended over this immense metropolis, and different schemes were concerted for bringing her into life. These, however, she resisted with unwearied obstinacy. Her happiness centered in Renaldo, and the cultivation of a few friends within the shade of domestic quiet: she did not even forget the concerns of the wretched Fathom and his faithful Elinor, who daily enjoyed fresh instances of her humanity and care: when his fever forsook him, he was supplied with nourishing food for the recovery of his health; and as soon as he found himself in a condition to travel, he gave notice to his benefactor, who desired Joshua to settle with him the manner in which he was to receive his allowance, and to pay the first half year's salary per advance.

This affair being adjusted, and the place of his retreat signified, the Jew told Elinor, that she might wait upon the Countess before their departure; and she did not fail to make use of this permission. After they had made the necessary preparations for their journey, and taken places in the York stage-coach, Mrs Fathom, clothing herself in decent apparel, went to the house of Count Melvil, and was immediately admitted to the presence of Serafina, who received her with her usual complacency, enriched her with salutary advice, comforted her with hope of better things, provided her conduct and that of her husband should henceforth be found irreproachable; and, wishing her peace and happiness, presented her with a box of linen, and twenty guineas in a purse. Such excessive goodness overpowered this sensible young woman to such a degree, that she stood before her in speechless awe and veneration; and the Countess, in order to relieve her from the confusion under which she suffered, quitted the room, leaving her to the care of her woman. It was not long, however, before her gratitude broke out in loud exclamations and a violent passion of tears, which all her efforts could not, for a good while, overcome. By this time the coach was brought up to the gate for the reception of Serafina, who took an airing every day at the same hour; when Renaldo, leading her to the vehicle, beheld a man plainly dressed standing within the court, with his head and body bent towards the earth, so that his countenance could not be perceived.

Melvil, who supposed him to be some unfortunate man come to implore his charity, turned towards him, and asked, with a humane accent, if he wanted to speak with any person in the house? To this interrogation the stranger replied, without lifting up his head, "Overwhelmed as I am with Count Melvil's generosity, together with a consciousness of my own unworthiness, it ill becomes a wretch like me to importune him for further favour; yet I could not bear the thought of withdrawing (perhaps for ever) from the presence of my benefactor, without soliciting his permission to see his face in mercy, to acknowledge my atrocious crimes, to hear my pardon confirmed by his voice, and that of his accomplished Countess, whom I dare not, even at a distance, behold; and to express my fervent wish for their prosperity."

Melvil, whose heart was but too tender, could not hear this address without emotion: he recognized the companion of his infancy and youth; he remembered the happy scenes he had enjoyed with Fathom, whose voice had always such an effect upon his ear as to excite the ideas of friendship and esteem; and he was disturbed by this unexpected meeting, which also discomposed the beauteous Serafina. Renaldo having paused a little, "It is with pain (said he) I recollect any thing to the prejudice of Fathom, whose future behaviour will, I hope, erase the memory of his offences, and justify what other steps I may take in his favour.—Meanwhile I heartily forgive what is past; and, in token of my sincerity, present my hand;" which our adventurer bathed with his tears. The Countess, whose mind was in unison with her husband, repeated her assurances of pardon and protection; at which the penitent rejoiced in silence, while he raised his head and took a parting view of those charms which had formerly enslaved his heart.

Having thus obeyed the dictates of his duty and inclination, he next morning embarked in the stage-coach, with his faithful Elinor, and in six days arrived at the place of his retreat, which he found extremely well adapted to the circumstances of his mind and fortune: for all his vice and ambition was now quite mortified within him, and his whole attention engrossed in atoning for his former crimes, by a sober and penitent life, by which alone he could deserve the uncommon generosity of his patrons.

While he thus accommodated himself to his new system, Renaldo received letters of congratulation from his sister, who with the major had come to Brussels, in order to meet her brother and Serafina according to his proposal. This intimation being communicated to Don

Diego, he resolved to accompany them to Flanders, in his way to Spain. Preparations were made for their departure; the clergyman and physician were honoured with valuable marks of friendship and esteem from the Countess, Renaldo, and the Castilian, who were convoyed to Deal by Madam Clement, to whom, at parting, Don Diego presented a diamond ring, as a pledge of his inviolable love.

Here the travellers hired a vessel for Ostend, which they reached in a few hours; in two days more they arrived at Brussels, where Mrs Farrel and her husband were struck with admiration at the surprising beauty and accomplishment of their sister-in-law, whom they caressed with equal tenderness and joy.—In a word, all parties were as happy as good fortune could make them; and Don Diego set out for Spain, after they had agreed to reside in the Low Countries till his return.

END OF THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

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SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

CHAP. I.

In which certain personages of this delightful History are introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

It was on the great northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travellers were, by a violent shower of rain, driven for shelter into a little public-house on the side of the highway, distinguished by a sign which is said to exhibit the figure of a black lion. The kitchen, in which they assembled, was the only room for entertainment in the house, paved with red bricks, remarkably clean, furnished with three or four Windsor chairs, adorned with shining plates of pewter, and copper saucepans nicely scoured, that even dazzled the eyes of the beholder; while a cheerful fire of sea-coal blazed in the chimney. Three of the travellers, who arrived on horseback, having seen their cattle properly accommodated in the stable, agreed to pass the time, until the weather should clear up, over a bowl of rumbo, which was accordingly prepared: but the fourth, refusing to join their company, took his station at the opposite side of the chimney, and called for a pint of twopenny, with which he indulged himself apart. At a little distance, on his left hand, there was another group, consisting of the landlady, a decent widow, her two daughters, the elder of whom seemed to be about the age of fifteen, and a country lad, who served both as waiter and ostler.

The social triumvirate was composed of Mr Fillet, a country practitioner in surgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew, Mr Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of some education, and a great deal of experience, shrewd, sly, and sensible. Captain Crowe had commanded a merchant ship in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and saved some money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent seaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and scrupulously honest; but as little acquainted with the world as a sucking child; whimsical, impatient, and so impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the conversation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that seemed to burst from him by involuntary impulse: when he himself attempted to speak, he never finished his period; but made such a number of abrupt transitions, that his discourse seemed to be an unconnected series of unfinished sentences, the meaning of which it was not easy to decipher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney, without blushing, though he had no reason to blush for his own practice, for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal, and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that sued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewh-

tine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleasure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations. His stature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

The solitary guest had something very forbidding in his aspect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were small and red, and so deep set in the sockets, that each appeared like the unextinguished snuff of a farthing candle, gleaming through the horn of a dark lantern. His nostrils were elevated in scorn, as if his sense of smelling had been perpetually offended by some unsavoury odour; and he looked as if he wanted to shrink within himself, from the impertinence of society. He wore a black periwig as straight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with an hat flapped, and fastened to his head by a speckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown frize, under which he seemed to conceal a small bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character distinguished by three peculiarities. He was never seen to smile; he was never heard to speak in praise of any person whatsoever; and he was never known to give a direct answer to any question that was asked; but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market-town; and, understanding that the distance was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be as he could have a tolerable *berth* in this here harbour. Mr Fillet, perceiving by his style that he was a seafaring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company; and expressed some surprise, that he, who had no doubt endured so many storms and hardships at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a horseback by moonlight. "For my part (said he), I ride in all weathers, and at all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkness. My constitution is so case-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With respect to this road, I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step; and if you have faith enough to put yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the best accommodation." "Thank you, brother (replied the captain); we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but, howsomever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and alow in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'ye see; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beasts have had a hard spell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have lost some of their sheathing, being as how I a'n't used to that kind of scrubbing.

The doctor, who had practised on board a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, assured him, that, if his bottom was damaged, he would *new-pay* it with an excellent salve, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road: but Tom Clarke, who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding farther without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled fifty miles since morning; and he was sure his uncle must be fatigued both in body and mind, from vexation, as well as from hard exercise, to which he had not been accustomed. Fillet then desisted, saying, he was sorry to find the captain had any cause for vexation; but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expression was accompanied with a look of curiosity, which Mr Clarke was glad of an occasion to gratify; for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his stomach interested him nearly.

"I'll assure you, sir (said he), this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly used by some of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ship on the Royal Exchange and has undergone a variety of hardships at sea. What d'ye think, now, of his bursting all his sinews, and making his eyes start out of his head, in pulling his ship off a rock, whereby he saved to his owners"—Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed, "Belay, Tom belay:—Pr'ythee, don't veer out such a deal of jaw. Clap a stopper on thy cable, and bring thyself up, my lad—What a deal of stuff thou hast pumped up concerning bursting, and starting, and pulling ships. Laud have mercy upon us!—Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind these poor crippled joints; two fingers on the starboard, and three on the larboard hand crooked, d'ye see, like the knees of a bilander I'll tell you what, brother, you seem to be a—ship deep laden—rich cargo—current setting into the bay—hard gale—lee-shore—all hands in the boat—tow round the headland—sel pulling for dear blood, against the whole crew—Snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks.—Bounce day-light—flash star-light—down I foundered, dark as hell—whizz went my ears, and my head spun like a whirligig.—That don't signify—I'm a Yorkshire boy, as the saying is—all my life at sea, brother, by reason of an old grandmother and maiden aunt a couple of old stinking—kept me these forty

years out of my grandfather's estate. Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came ashore, hired horses, and clapped on all my canvass, steering to the northward, to take possession of my—But it don't signify talking—these two old piratical—had held a palaver with a lawyer—an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an attorney—and by his assistance hove me out of my inheritance;—that is all, brother—hove me out of five hundred pounds a-year—that's all—what signifies—but such windfalls we don't every day pick up along shore. Fill about, brother—yes, by the Lord! those two smuggling harridans, with the assistance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a-year." "Yes, indeed, sir (added Mr Clarke), those two malicious old women docked the entail, and left the estate to an alien."

Here Mr Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the conversation with a "*pish*, what, do'st talk of docking the entail? Do'st not know that by the statute Westm. 2. 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor must be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* shall not alien after issue had, or before." "Give me leave, sir (replied Tom), I presume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know, that, in the case of a contingent *remainder*, the entail may be destroyed by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery; or otherwise destroying the particular estate, before the contingency happens. If *feoffees*, who possess an estate only during the life of a son, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are destroyed. Indeed, a person in *remainder* may have a writ of intrusion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a devise in *remainder*, after the death of a tenant in tail without issue."—"Spoke like a true disciple of Geber," cries Ferret. "No, sir (replied Mr Clarke), Counsellor Caper is in the conveyancing way—I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker."—"Ay, now you may set up for yourself (resumed the other), for you can prate as unintelligibly as the best of them."

"Perhaps (said Tom) I do not make myself understood: if so be as how that is the case, let us change the position; and suppose that this here case is a *tail after a possibility of issue extinct*. If a tenant in *tail*, after a possibility, make a *feoffment* of his land, he in reversion may enter for the forfeiture. Then we must make a distinction between *general tail* and *special tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *special*:—There must be a *body* in the *tail*, devised to heir male or female, otherwise it is a fee-simple, because it is not limited of what body. Thus a corporation cannot be seized in *tail*. For example; here is a young woman—What is your name, my dear? "Dolly," answered the daughter, with a curtsy. "Here's Dolly—I seize Dolly in *tail*—Dolly, I seize you in *tail*—"Sha't then," cried Dolly, pouting. "I am seized of land in fee—I settle on Dolly in *tail*"——

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illustration, understood him in a literal sense, and, in a whimpering tone, exclaimed, "Sha't then, I tell thee, cursed tuoad!" Tom, however, was so transported with this subject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly's mistake; but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *seisins*, when he was interrupted by a noise that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been succeeded by a storm of wind, that howled around the house with the most savage impetuosity; and the heavens were overcast in such a manner, that not one star appeared, so that all without was darkness and uproar. This aggravated the horror of divers loud screams, which even the noise of the blast could not exclude from the astonished ears of our travellers. Captain Crowe called out, "Avast, avast!" Tom Clarke sat silent, staring wildly, with his mouth still open; the surgeon himself seemed startled, and Ferret's countenance betrayed evident marks of confusion. The ostler moved nearer the chimney, and the good woman of the house, with her two daughters, crept close to the company.

After some pause, the captain starting up, "These (said he) be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering——Let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance." The landlady begged him, for Christ's sake, not to think of going out; for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced, observing, that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat; and Mr Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said, he would engage, with twelve pennyworth of phosphorus to frighten a whole parish out of their senses: then he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general; ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not, comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr Ferret had been a party writer, not from principle, but employ-

ment, and had felt the rod of power; in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with his person. Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner, that, even before strangers, whose principles and connexions he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth, without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating, that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulph of inevitable destruction; when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red-hot: the ostler pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof, over a flitch of bacon. Tom Clarke, perceiving the landlady and her children distracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar; and as for Mr Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But as a personage of great importance in this entertaining history was forced to remain some time at the door before he could gain admittance, so must the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will see the cause of this disturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAP. II.

In which the Hero of these adventures makes his first appearance on the stage of action.

The outward door of the Black Lion had already sustained two dreadful shocks; but at the third it flew open, and in stalked an apparition, that smote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a-pee, bearing on his shoulders a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that seemed to have been drowned, and fished up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having deposited his burden carefully on the floor, he addressed himself to the company in these words: "Be not surprised, good people, at this unusual appearance, which I shall take an opportunity to explain; and forgive the rude and boisterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced, admittance: the violence of my intrusion was the effect of necessity. In crossing the river, my 'squire and his horse were swept away by the stream; and, with some difficulty, I have been able to drag him ashore, though I am afraid my assistance reached him too late: for, since I brought him to land, he has given no signs of life."

Here he was interrupted by a groan, which issued from the chest of the 'squire, and terrified the spectators as much as it comforted the master. After some recollection, Mr Fillet began to undress the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from side to side by his direction. A considerable quantity of water being discharged from the mouth of this unfortunate 'squire, he uttered a hideous roar, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly around: then the surgeon undertook for his recovery; and his master went forth with the ostler in quest of the horses, which he had left by the side of the river. His back was no sooner turned than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing with a smile, or rather grin of contempt, "Hey-day! what precious mummery is this? What, are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghost?" "Adsooks (cried the captain), my kinsman Tom has dropped astern—hope in God a-has not bulged to, and gone to bottom." "Pish (exclaimed the misanthrope), there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail."

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar; and Clarke, appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning: but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference; and when questioned by her mother, replied, "A doan't maind what a-says, so a doan't, vor all his goalden jacket, then."

In the mean time the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the 'squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose; but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr Fillet could not help contemplating, with surprise, the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size; he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porker, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His cheeks were

shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat as it comes from the hands of the contractor: his nose bore a strong analogy in shape to a tennis-ball, and in colour to a mulberry; for all the water of the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper-jaw was furnished with two long white sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a crescent. His coat was of white cloth, faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion; and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were cased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature, known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended an instrument of war, which was something between a backsword and a cutlass; and a case of pistols were stuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now surveyed with admiration. After some pause, he seemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and, attentively surveying every individual, exclaimed, in a strange tone, "Bodikins! where's Gilbert?" This interrogation did not savour much of amity, especially when accompanied with a wild stare, which is generally interpreted as a sure sign of a disturbed understanding: nevertheless, the surgeon endeavoured to assist his recollection. "Come (said he), have a good heart.—How dost do, friend?" "Do! (replied the 'squire) do as well as I can:—that's a lie too: I might have done better. I had no business to be here." "You ought to thank God and your master (resumed the surgeon) for the providential escape you have had." "Thank my master! (cried the 'squire) thank the devil! Go and teach your grannum to crack filberds. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curse the longest day I have to live."

Here the Captain interposing, "Nay, brother (said he), you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your sheet-anchor; for, if so be as he had not cleared your stowage of the water you had taken in at your upper works, and lightened your veins, d'ye see, by taking away some of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye see." "What, then you would persuade me (replied the patient) that the only way to save my life was to shed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it shall not be lost blood to me.—I take you all to witness, that there surgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog-doctor, or whatsoever he may be, has robbed me of the balsam of life:—he has not left so much blood in my body as would fatten a starved flea.—O! that there was a lawyer here to serve him with a *siserari!*"

Then, fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded: "An't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a shew-man or a conjurer."—Ferret, nettled at this address, answered, "It would be well for you, that I could conjure a little common sense into that numbscull of yours." "If I want that commodity (rejoined the 'squire) I must go to another market, I trow.—You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than sense into our sculls.—Vor my own part, I was once cheated of vorty good shillings by one of your broother cups and balls." In all probability he would have descended to particulars, had he not been seized with a return of his nausea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being swallowed, the tumult in his stomach subsided. He desired he might be put to bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dressed for his supper.

He was accordingly led off the scene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr Ferret had just time to observe the fellow was a composition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool most predominated, when the master returned from the stable. He had taken off his helmet, and now displayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not seem to exceed thirty: he was tall, and seemingly robust; his face long and oval, his nose acquiline, his mouth furnished with a set of elegant teeth white as the drifted snow, his complexion clear, and his aspect noble. His chesnut hair loosely flowed in short natural curls; and his grey eyes shone with such vivacity, as plainly shewed that his reason was a little discomposed. Such an appearance prepossessed the greater part of the company in his favour: he bowed round with the most polite and affable address; inquired about his 'squire, and, being informed of the pains Mr Fillet had taken for his recovery, insisted upon that gentleman's accepting an handsome gratuity: then, in consideration of the cold bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the post of honour; namely, the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers, either overawed into silence by his presence, or struck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accosted them in these words, while an agreeable smile dimpled on his cheek:

"The good company wonders, no doubt, to

see a man cased in armour, such as hath been for above a whole century disused in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be still more surprised, when they hear that man profess himself a noviciate of that military order, which hath of old been distinguished in Great Britain, as well as through all Christendom, by the name of Knights-Errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honest fame; determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and assert the efforts of virtue; to combat vice in all her forms, redress injuries, chastise oppression, protect the helpless and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my best endeavours in the cause of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, such as they are, to the service of my country."

"What! (said Ferret) you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—The scheme is rather too stale and extravagant.—What was an humorous romance, and well-timed satire in Spain, near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England."

The knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn lofty tone, "He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote is an impostor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles, like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose, not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the divinity that is within him.—I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a wind-mill for a giant; nor mistaken this public-house for a magnificent castle: neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable; nor that worthy practitioner to be Master Elizabat, the surgeon recorded in Amadis de Gaul; nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of history or romance.—I see and distinguish objects as they are discerned and described by other men. I reason without prejudice, can endure contradiction, and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or resentment. I quarel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack as the natural enemies of mankind."

"But that war (said the cynic) may soon be brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Bridewell, provided you meet with some determined constable, who will seize your worship as a vagrant, according to the statute."—Heaven and earth! (cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword) do I live to hear myself insulted with such an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator!"

The tone in which these words were pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret to a temporary privation of all his faculties. His eyes retired within their sockets: his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition, and resumed his seat, saying, "I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects.—Friend, you have nothing to fear—the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made."

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead, while the other proceeded in these terms: "You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant: I am not so ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the description of those who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You must give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, stroller, gipsey, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practise subtle craft to deceive and impose upon the king's lieges; nor can I be held as an idle disorderly person, travelling from place to place, collecting monies by virtue of counterfeited passes, briefs, and other false pretences.—In what respect, therefore, am I to be deemed a vagrant? Answer boldly, without fear or scruple."

To this interrogation the misanthrope replied, with a faltering accent, "If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace." "But, instead of riding armed in affray of the peace (resumed the other), I ride in preservation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbusses, some with pistols, some with swords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers: perhaps I use them for exercise, in order to accustom myself to fatigue, and strengthen my constitution: perhaps I assume them for a frolic."

"But if you swagger armed and in disguise, assault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear, for the sake of the jest, the law will punish you in earnest," cried the other. "But my intention (answered the knight) is carefully to avoid all those occasions of offence." "Then (said Ferret) you may go unarmed, like other sober people." "Not so (answered the knight), as I propose to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me against the attempts of treachery; it may defend me in

combat against odds, should I be assaulted by a multitude, or have occasion to bring malefactors to justice."

"What, then (exclaimed the philosopher) you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thief-takers?" "I do purpose (said the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt) to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatise ingratitude: but the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I disclaim. I neither associate with robbers and pickpockets, knowing them to be such, that, in being intrusted with their secrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor shall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legislature to those by whom robbers are brought to conviction: but I shall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin, which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth—not but that an incorporated company of licensed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of service to the community."

Ferret, emboldened by the passive tameness with which the stranger bore his last reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outside, and gave a loose to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licensed thieves, "What else (cried he) is the majority of the nation? What is your standing-army at home, that eat up their fellow-subjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wise measure of a sagacious ministry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who steel sheep and poultry through mere idleness; and were they confronted with an enemy, would steal themselves away? What is your ..... but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themselves with the wreck of their country? When you consider the enormous debt of above an hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impositions under which we groan, and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulating, to support two German electorates, without our receiving any thing in return but the shews of triumph and shadows of conquest: I say, when you reflect on these circumstances, and at the same time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars, can you be so infatuated as to deny that the ministry is mad, or worse than mad; our wealth exhausted, our people miserable, our credit blasted, and our state on the brink of perdition? This prospect, indeed, will make the fainter impression, if we recollect that we ourselves are a pack of such profligate, corrupted, pusillanimous rascals as deserve no salvation."

The stranger raising his voice to a loud tone, replied, "Such indeed are the insinuations, equally false and insidious, with which the desperate emissaries of a party endeavour to poison the minds of his majesty's subjects, in defiance of common honesty and common sense. But he must be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not see and own that we are involved in a just and necessary war, which has been maintained on truly British principles, prosecuted with vigour, and crowned with success; that our taxes are easy in proportion to our wealth; that our conquests are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flourishes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to despair.—Is there a man who boasts a British heart, that repines at the success and prosperity of his country? Such there are, O shame to patriotism, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emissaries of France both in word and writing; who exaggerate our necessary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conquests, condemn the measures of our government, and scatter the seeds of dissatisfaction through the land. Such domestic traitors are doubly the objects of detestation; first, in perverting truth; and, secondly, in propagating falsehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have professed themselves members. One of these is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible instrument of sedition: happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithstanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caitiff inspires would probably impel me to some act of violence, and I should crush him like an ungrateful viper, that gnawed the bosom which warmed it into life!"

These last words were pronounced with a wildness of look, that even bordered upon phrenzy. The misanthrope once more retired to the pantry for shelter, and the rest of the guests were evidently disconcerted.

Mr Fillet, in order to change the conversation, which was likely to produce serious consequences, expressed uncommon satisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made, signified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken; declared himself happy in having seen such an accomplished cavalier; and observed, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant, but some celebrated beauty, the mistress of his heart, whose idea might animate his breast, and strengthen his arm to the utmost exertion of valour: he added, that love was the soul of chivalry.

The stranger started at this discourse. He turned his eyes on the surgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears gushed down his cheeks; his head sunk upon his bosom; he heaved a profound sigh; and remained in silence, with all the external

marks of unutterable sorrow. The company were in some measure infected by his despondence; concerning the cause of which, however, they would not venture to inquire.

By this time the landlady, having disposed of the squire, desired to know, with many curtsies, if his honour would not choose to put off his wet garments; assuring him, that she had a very good feather-bed at his service, upon which many gentlevolks of the virst quality had lain; that the sheets were well aired; and that Dolly would warm them for his worship with a pan of coals. This hospitable offer being repeated, he seemed to wake from a trance of grief; arose from his seat, and, bowing courteously to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whose faculty of speech had been all this time absorbed in amazement, now broke into the conversation with a volley of interjections: "Split my snatchblock!—Odd's firkin!—Splice my old shoes!—I have sailed the salt seas, brother, since I was no higher than the Triton's taffrel—east, west, north, and south, as the saying is—Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, and Seapoys;—but, smite my timbers! such a man of war—"

Here he was interrupted by his nephew Tom Clarke, who had disappeared at the knight's first entrance, and now produced himself with an eagerness in his look, while the tears started in his eyes.—"Lord bless my soul! (cried he), I know that gentleman, and his servant, as well as I know my own father.—I am his own godson, uncle; he stood for me when he was a boy—yes, indeed, sir, my father was steward to the estate—I may say I was bred up in the family of Sir Everhard Greaves, who has been dead these two years—this is the only son, Sir Launcelot; the best-natured, worthy, generous gentleman—I care not who knows it: I love him as well as if he was my own flesh and blood—"

At this period, Tom, whose heart was of the melting mood, began to sob and weep plenteously, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very subject to these tendernesses, damned him for a chicken-hearted lubber; repeating, with much peevishness, "What do'st cry for? what do'st cry for, noddy?" The surgeon, impatient to know the story of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr Clarke would compose himself, and relate it as circumstantially as his memory could retain the particulars; and Tom, wiping his eyes, promised to give him that satisfaction; which the reader, if he be so minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

Which the reader, on perusal, may wish were
CHAPTER THE LAST.

The doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the julep, and mixed the ingredients *secundum artem*; Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes; while the rest of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time administered to the knight, composed themselves into earnest and hushed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narrative to this effect:—

"I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here case to flourish and harangue like a—having never been called to—but what of that, d'ye see?—perhaps I may know as much as—facts are facts, as the saying is.—I shall tell, repeat, and relate a plain story—matters of fact, d'ye see, without rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or embellishment; without repetition, tautology, circumlocution, or going about the bush; facts which I shall aver, partly on the testimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of responsible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumstance known to the contrary notwithstanding:—for, as the law saith, if so be as how there is *an exception* to evidence, that *exception* is in its nature but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis, firmat regulam*, d'ye see.—But howsomever, in regard to this here affair, we need not be so scrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *sedente curia*.—"

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe he had just filled in pieces against the grate; and after having pronounced the interjection *pish!* with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself, "If (said he) impertinence and folly were felony by the statute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang such an eternal babbler." "Aman, babbler! (cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up), I'd have you to know, sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am so minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is; and, which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar."

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly's rosy cheeks assumed an ash-colour, while she ran between the disputants, crying, "Naay, naay—vor the love of God doan't then, doan't then!" But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying, "Avast, Tom, avast!—Snug's the word—we'll have no boarding, d'ye see.—Haul forward thy chair again, take thy birth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawing like a Dutch yanky."

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration. "I told

you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours, as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen, and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gemman was at that time in mourning for his mother; though, God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cause to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death:—for, among friends (here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen), she was very whimsical, expensive, ill-tempered, and, I'm afraid, a little—upon the—flighty order—a little touched or so;—but mum for that—the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The young 'squire was even then very handsome, and looked remarkably well in his weepers; but he had an awkward air and shambling gait, stooped mortally, and was so shy and silent, that he would not look a stranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he spied a horse or carriage at the gate, he would make his escape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where many is the good time and often he has been found sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

"Sir Everhard himself was no great scholar, and my father had forgot his classical learning; and so the rector of the parish was desired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the 'squire always gave him the slip.—At length the parson catched him in bed of a morning, and, locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What passed betwixt them the Lord in heaven knows; but, when the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had seen a ghost, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aspen-leaf. Parson (said the knight), what is the matter?—how do'st find my son? I hope he won't turn out a ninny, and disgrace his family." The doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied, with some hesitation, "he could not tell—he hoped the best—the 'squire was to be sure a very extraordinary young gentleman."—But the father, urging him to give an explicit answer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the son would turn out either a mirror of wisdom, or a monument of folly; for his genius and disposition were altogether preternatural. The knight was sorely vexed at this declaration, and signified his displeasure by saying, the doctor, like a true priest, dealt in mysteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards consulted my father, who had served as steward upon the estate for above thirty years, and acquired a considerable share of his favour. "Will. Clarke (said he, with tears in his eyes), what shall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born; for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the estate, and bring himself to infamy and ruin by keeping company with rooks and beggars.—O Will.! I could forgive extravagance in a young man; but it breaks my heart to see my only son give such repeated proofs of a mean spirit and sordid disposition!"

"Here the old gentleman shed a flood of tears, and not without some shadow of reason. By this time Launcelot was grown so reserved to his father, that he seldom saw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his bashfulness seemed every day to increase. On the other hand, he had formed some very strange connexions. Every morning he visited the stable, where he not only conversed with the grooms and helpers, but scraped acquaintance with the horses: he fed his favourites with his own hand, stroked, caressed, and rode them by turns; till at last they grew so familiar, that, even when they were a-field at grass, and saw him at a distance, they would toss their manes, whinny like so many colts at sight of the dam, and, galloping up to the place where he stood, smell him all over.

"You must know that I myself, though a child, was his companion in all these excursions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his godson, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with: he had always plenty of cash for the asking, as my father was ordered to supply him liberally, the knight thinking that a command of money might help to raise his thoughts to a proper consideration of his own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a state of infancy or of old age; but, in other respects, he made the guineas fly in such a manner as looked more like madness than generosity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with studied contempt, because forsooth they pretended to assume the dress and manners of the gentry.

"They kept their footmen, their saddle horses, and chaises: their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their silks, and their sattins, their negligees and trollopees: their clumsy shanks, like so many shins of beef, were cased in silk hose and embroidered slippers: their raw red fingers, gross as the pipes of a chamber-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, in twirling the mop or churn-staff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpsichord: nay, in every village

[illegible] and set up an assembly; and [illegible] was master of the [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Greaves ridicule them for [illegible] and awkward imitation; and, there[illegible] he avoided all concerns with [illegible] when they endeavoured to engage [illegible] It was the lower sort of people [illegible] he chiefly conversed, such as plough[illegible] ditchers, and other day-labourers. To [illegible] in the parish he was a bounteous [illegible] He was, in the literal sense of the word, a careful overseer of the poor; for he went from house to house, industriously inquiring into the distresses of the people. He repaired their huts, clothed their backs, filled their bellies, and supplied them with necessaries for exercising their industry and different occupations.

"I'll give you one instance now, as a specimen of his character. He and I, strolling one day on the side of a common, saw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges, one seemed to be about five, and the other a year older; they were both barefooted and ragged, but at the same time fat, fair, and in good condition. "Who do you belong to?" said Mr Greaves. "To Mary Stile (replied the oldest), the widow that rents one of them housen." "And how do'st live, my boy? Thou lookest fresh and jolly;" resumed the 'squire. "Lived well enough till yesterday," answered the child. "And pray what happened yesterday, my boy?" continued Mr Greaves. "Happened! (said he) why, mammy had a couple of little Welch keawes, that gi'en milk enough to fill all our bellies; mammy's and mine, and Dick's here, and my two little sisters at hoam: —yesterday the 'squire seized the keawes for rent, God rot'un! Mammy's gone to bed sick and sulky: my two sisters be crying at hoam vor vood; and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies."

"My godfather's face grew red as scarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the house, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Instead of avoiding the old gentleman, as usual, he brushed up to him with a spirit he had never shewn before, and presenting the two ragged boys, "Surely, sir (said he), you will not countenance that there ruffian your steward in oppressing the widow and fatherless? On pretence of distraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of these and other poor infant-orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole sustenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morsel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been so long mentioned as a blessing, be now detested as a curse by the poor, the helpless, and forlorn? The father of these babes was once your gamekeeper, who died of a consumption caught in your service.—You see they are almost naked—I found them plucking haws and sloes, in order to appease their hunger. The wretched mother is starving in a cold cottage, distracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food; and while her heart is bursting with anguish and despair, she invokes Heaven to avenge the widow's cause upon the head of her unrelenting landlord!"

"This unexpected address brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. Will. Clarke (said he to my father), how durst you abuse my authority at this rate? You who know I have always been a protector, not an oppressor, of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; instead of her own cows, let her have two of the best milch cows of my dairy; they shall graze in my parks in summer, and be foddered with my hay in winter.—She shall sit rent-free for life; and I shall take care of these her poor orphans."

"This was a very affecting scene. Mr Launcelot took his father's hand and kissed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his son with great tenderness, crying, "My dear boy! God be praised for having given you such a feeling heart." My father himself was moved, thof a practitioner of the law, and consequently used to distresses. —He declared, that he had given no directions to distrain; and that the bailiff must have done it by his own authority.—If that be the case (said the young 'squire), let the inhuman rascal be turned out of our service."

"Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately clothed and fed, and the poor widow had well nigh run distracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himself, was pleased to see such proofs of his son's generosity: he was not angry at his spending his money, but at squandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you must know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and set up young couples that came together without money, but he mingled in every rustic diversion, and bore away the prize in every contest. He excelled every swain of that district in feats of strength and activity; in leaping, running, wrestling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar; and was confessed to be, out of sight, the best dancer at all wakes and holidays: happy was the country-girl who could engage the young 'squire as her partner! To be sure, it was a comely sight for to see as how the buxom country-lasses, fresh and fragrant, and blushing like the rose, in their best apparel dight, their white hose, and clean short dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton; their top-knots and stomachers, bedizened with bunches of ribbons of various colours, green, pink, and yellow; to see them crowned with garlands, and assembled on May-

day, to dance before 'Squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progress through the village. Then all the young peasants made their appearance with cockades, suited to the fancies of their several sweethearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children sported about like flocks of frisking lambs, or the young fry swarming under the sunny bank of some meandering river. The old men and women, in their holiday garments, stood at the doors to receive their benefactor, and poured forth blessings on him as he passed: the children welcomed him with their shrill shouts, the damsels with songs of praise, and the young men, with the pipe and tabor, marched before him to the Maypole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom. There the rural dance began: a plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was bespoke at the White Hart: the whole village was regaled at the 'squire's expense, and both the day and the night was spent in mirth and pleasure.

"Lord help you! he could not rest if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole parish. Every paltry cottage was in a little time converted into a pretty, snug, comfortable habitation, with a wooden porch at the door, glass casements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well stored with greens, roots, and salads. In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle; and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkshire. But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to see his only son so wholly attached to these lowly pleasures, while he industriously shunned all opportunities of appearing in that superior sphere to which he was designed by nature and by fortune. He imputed his conduct to meanness of spirit, and advised with my father touching the properest expedient to wean his affections from such low-born pursuits. My father counselled him to send the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a student in the Temple, and recommended him to the superintendence of some person who knew the town, and might engage him insensibly in such amusements and connexions as would soon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto employed. This advice appeared so salutary, that it was followed without the least hesitation. The young 'squire himself was perfectly well satisfied with the proposal; and in a few days he set out for the great city: but there was not a dry eye in the parish at his departure, although he prevailed upon his father to pay in his absence all the pensions he had granted to those who could not live on the fruit of their own industry. In what manner he spent his time in London it is none of my business to inquire; thof I know pretty well what kind of lives are led by gemmen of your Inns of Court.—I myself once belonged to Serjeant's Inn, and was perhaps as good a wit and a critic as any Templar of them all. Nay, as for that matter, thof I despise vanity, I can aver with a safe conscience, that I had once the honour to belong to the society called *the Town*: we were all of us attorneys' clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings at an alehouse in Butcher Row, where we regulated the diversions of the theatre.

"But to return from this digression: Sir Everhard Greaves did not seem to be very well pleased with the conduct of his son at London. He got notice of some irregularities and scrapes into which he had fallen; and the 'squire seldom wrote to his father, except to draw upon him for money; which he did so fast, that in eighteen months the old gentleman lost all patience.

"At this period 'Squire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heiress of three thousand a year, under the guardianship of her uncle Anthony, whose brutal character all the world knows. The breath was no sooner out of his brother's body, than he resolved, if possible, to succeed him in parliament as representative for the borough of Ashenton. Now you must know, that this borough had been for many years a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel; and at length the difference was compromised by the interposition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and 'Squire Darnel should alternately represent the place in parliament. They agreed to this compromise for their mutual convenience; but they were never heartily reconciled. Their political principles did not tally; and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence: so that there was no intercourse between them, thof they lived in the same neighbourhood. On the contrary, in all disputes, they constantly headed the opposite parties. Sir Everhard understanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvass, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiæ* before mentioned, fell into a violent passion, that brought on a severe fit of the gout; by which he was disabled from giving personal attention to his own interest. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and address, and spared neither money, time, nor constitution, till at length he drank himself into a consumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a steward and a principal. Mr Darnel attended in *propria persona*, flattered and caressed the women, feasted the electors, hired mobs, made processions, and scattered about his money in such a manner, that our friends durst hardly shew their heads in public.

"At this very crisis our young 'squire, to whom his father had written an account of the transaction, arrived unexpectedly at Greavesbury-hall, and had a long private conference

with Sir Everhard. The news of his return spread like wild-fire through all that part of the country: bonfires were made, and the bells set a-ringing in several towns and steeples; and next morning above seven hundred people were assembled at the gate with music, flags, and streamers, to welcome their young 'squire, and accompany him to the borough of Ashenton. He set out on foot with his retinue, and entered one end of the town just as Mr Darnel's mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the same time at the market-place; but Mr Darnel, mounting first into the balcony of the town-house, made a long speech to the people in favour of his own pretensions, not without some invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

"We need not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpose; but we were in some pain for Mr Greaves, who had not been used to speak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony, and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the most engaging courtesy. He was dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overspread with a blush, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimson; and I dare say set many a female heart a palpitating. When he made his first appearance, there was just such a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the stage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we disappointed, when our young gentleman made such an oration as would not have disgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he spoke, all was hushed in admiration and attention; you could almost have heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modesty he recounted the services which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated upon the shameful infraction of the treaty subsisting between the two families; and with what keen and spirited strokes of satire he retorted the sarcasms of Darnel.

"He no sooner concluded his harangue, than there was such a burst of applause as seemed to rend the very sky. Our music immediately struck up; our people advanced with their ensigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have ensued, had not Mr Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon despatch. He never offered to make another public entrance, as he saw the torrent ran so violently against him; but sat down with his loss, and withdrew his opposition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incensed. Sir Everhard was unanimously elected, and appeared to be the happiest man upon earth; for, besides the pleasure arising from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully satisfied that his son, instead of disgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of stone, to see with what a tender transport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after having heard of his deportment and success at Ashenton; where, by the by, he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

"This joyous season was of short duration: in a little time all the happiness of the family was overcast by a sad incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impression upon the mind of the young gentleman, as, I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr Darnel's niece and ward, the great heiress, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole country; if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen; nor does it become me to delineate such excellence; but surely I may presume to repeat from the play,

"Oh! she is all that painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love!"

"At that time she might be about seventeen; tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dianas, your Nymphs, and Galateas; but if Praxiteles, and Roubillac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a complete pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection.—As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the rose, and bring in a parcel of similes of cowslips, carnations, pinks, and daisies.—There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion:—Indeed, she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lass;—but *parva componere magnis.*—Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity! Then the softness and expression of her fine blue eyes; her pouting lips of coral hue; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow.—I tell you what, gemmen, it don't signify talking; if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before some supernatural being. I'll tell you more: she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and an hermit in humility;—so void of all pride and affectation; so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane! Lord! I could tell such instances of her charity!

"Sure enough, she and Sir Launcelot were formed by nature for each other: howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and severed them for ever. Every soul that knew

them both, said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish in their happy union the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia Darnel and Mr Launcelot Greaves; and no doubt the parties were prepossessed, by this applause, in favour of each other. At length, Mr Greaves went one Sunday to her parish-church; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took the least notice of him; or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance. He afterwards had an opportunity of seeing her, more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, because he had that same day quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

"An old grudge, you know, gemmen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture. It was thought Mr Darnel came on purpose to shew his resentment. They differed about a bet upon Miss Cleverlegs, and, in the course of the dispute, Mr Darnel called him a petulant boy. The young 'squire, who was as hasty as gunpowder, told him he was man enough to chastise him for his insolence; and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion. In all probability they would have come to points immediately, had not the gentlemen interposed; so that nothing further passed, but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr Anthony, and a repeated defiance to single combat.

"Mr Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field; and in the evening danced at the assembly with a young lady from the Bishoprick, seemingly in good temper and spirits, without having any words with Mr Darnel, who was also present. But in the morning he visited that proud neighbour betimes; and they had almost reached a grove of trees on the north side of the town, when they were suddenly overtaken by half a dozen gentlemen, who had watched their motions. It was in vain for them to dissemble their design, which could not now take effect. They gave up their pistols, and a reconciliation was patched up by the pressing remonstrances of their common friends; but Mr Darnel's hatred still rankled at bottom, and soon broke out in the sequel. About three months after this transaction, his niece, Aurelia, with her mother, having been to visit a lady in the chariot, the horses being young, and not used to the traces, were startled at the braying of a jack-ass on the common, and, taking fright, ran away with the carriage like lightning. The coachman was thrown from the box, and the ladies screamed piteously for help. Mr Greaves chanced to be a horseback on the other side of an enclosure, when he heard their shrieks; and riding up to the hedge, knew the chariot, and saw their disaster. The horses were then running full speed in such a direction as to drive headlong over a precipice into a stone quarry, where they and the chariot, and the ladies, must be dashed to pieces.

"You may conceive, gemmen, what his thoughts were when he saw such a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, just plunging into eternity; when he saw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs must be mangled and tore asunder; when he perceived that, before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finished. The fence was so thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outside, that he could not hope to clear it, although he was mounted on Scipio, bred out of Miss Cowslip, the sire Muley, and his grandsire the famous Arabian Mustapha.—Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him from any other person but the young 'squire—Indeed, I have heard my poor father say—"

By this time Ferret's impatience was become so outrageous, that he exclaimed in a furious tone, "Damn your father, and his horse, and his colt into the bargain!"

Tom made no reply; but began to strip with great expedition. Captain Crowe was so choaked with passion, that he could utter nothing but disjointed sentences: he rose from his seat, brandished his horsewhip, and, seizing his nephew by the collar, cried, "Odd's heartlikins! sirrah, I have a good mind—Devil fire your running tackle, you land-lubber!—can't you steer without all this tacking hither and thither, and the Lord knows whither?—'Noint my block! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy supper, if it wan't—"

Dolly had conceived a sneaking kindness for the young lawyer, and, thinking him in danger of being roughly handled, flew to his relief. She twisted her hand in Crowe's neckcloth without ceremony, crying, "Sha't then, I tell thee, old coger—Who kears a vig vor thy voolish trantrums?"

While Crowe looked black in the face, and ran the risk of strangulation under the gripe of this amazon, Mr Clarke having disengaged himself of his hat, wig, coat, and waistcoat, advanced in an elegant attitude of manual offence towards the misanthrope, who snatched up a gridiron from the chimney corner, and Discord seemed to clap her sooty wings in expectation of battle. —But as the reader may have more than once already cursed the unconscionable length of this chapter, we must postpone to the next opportunity the incidents that succeeded this denunciation of war.

CHAP. IV.

In which it appears that the Knight, when heartily set in for sleeping, was not easily disturbed.

In all probability the kitchen of the Black Lion, from a domestic temple of society and good fellowship, would have been converted into a scene or stage of sanguinary dispute, had not Pallas or Discretion interposed in the person of Mr Fillet, and, with the assistance of the ostler, disarmed the combatants, not only of their arms, but also of their resentment.

The impetuosity of Mr Clarke was a little checked at sight of the gridiron, which Ferret brandished with uncommon dexterity,—a circumstance from whence the company were, upon reflection, induced to believe, that, before he plunged into the sea of politics, he had occasionally figured in the character of that facetious droll, who accompanies your itinerant physicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew, or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden stage entertains the populace with a solo on the salt-box, or a sonata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured, until it had shone bright as the shield of Achilles; or as the emblem of good old English fare, which hangs by a red ribbon round the neck of that thrice-honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the genial board, distinguished by the title of the *Beef-steak Club:* where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye, and, while they seem to cry, "Come cut me—come cut me," constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow: where the obliging and humorous Jemmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindness, and the generous Johnny B——d, respected and beloved by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and assist with culinary art the raw, unpractised, awkward guest.

But, to return from this digressive simile: the ostler no sooner stept between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his clothes, and Mr Ferret resigned the gridiron without farther question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of Captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neckcloth, "Damn thee, for a brimstone galley (cried he), I was never so grappled withal since I knew a card from a compass.—Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d'ye see, that I—Snatch my bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawser, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap set thee a-driving under thy bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, saucy—I will."

Dolly made no reply; but, seeing Mr Clarke sit down again with great composure, took her station likewise at the opposite side of the apartment. Then Mr Fillet requested the lawyer to proceed with his story, which, after three hems, he accordingly prosecuted in these words:

"I told you, gemmen, that Mr Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he saw Miss Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the spur, and at one spring he cleared five and twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obstruction. Then he rode full speed, in order to turn the coach-horses; and, finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive against the counter of the hither horse, which he missed, and staked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The shock was so great, that the coach-horses made a full stop within ten yards of the quarry, and Mr Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach-box, which, mounting with admirable dexterity, he seized the reins before the horses could recover of their fright. At that instant the coachman came running up, and loosed them from the traces with the utmost despatch. Mr Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well nigh distracted with fear. He no sooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildness of look, sprung into his arms, and, clasping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to guess, gemmen, what were his feelings at this instant. The mother was not so discomposed, but that she could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young 'squire still supported in his embrace. At length she retrieved the use of her senses, and, perceiving the situation in which she was, the blood revisited her face with a redoubled glow, while she desired him to set her down upon the turf.

"Mrs Darnel, far from being shy or reserved in her compliments of acknowledgements, kissed Mr Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks; she called him her dear son, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had saved her and her child from the most dismal fate that could be imagined.

"Mr Greaves was so much transported on this occasion, that he could not help disclosing a passion, which he had hitherto industriously concealed. "What I have done (said he) was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preservation of Miss Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time sacrifice

my life with pleasure." The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved: her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure: nor was the youth's confession disagreeable to the good lady her mother, who, at one glance, perceived all the advantages of such an union between the two families.

"Mr Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father's stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation; but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor; and, each taking him under the arm, supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domestics with astonishment. Mrs Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the house, where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia, saying, "But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance!" She kindly inquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation; and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those unhappy differences removed: in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

"Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Greavesbury-hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback, who, riding up to him with marks of surprise and resentment, saluted him with, "Your servant, sir.—Have you any commands for me?" The other replying with an air of indifference, "None at all"—Mr Darnel asked, what had procured him the honour of a visit: the young gentleman, perceiving by the manner in which he spoke, that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him; and that, if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. "So I shall (cried the uncle of Aurelia); and perhaps let you know my sentiments of the matter."—"Hereafter as it may be," said the youth; who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

"The old gentleman chid him for his rashness; but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt; and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

"Next day the son sent over a servant with a compliment, to inquire about their health; and the messenger, being seen by Mr Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not choose to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her spirits, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr Greaves, desiring that she might see him without delay; and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

"He found the old lady in bed, almost exhausted, and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story; she took him by the hand, and, fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears, in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pause, "My dear son (said she), Oh! that I could have lived to see you so indeed! you find me hastening to the goal of life."—Here the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out into a violent passion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently till she had thus given vent to her anguish, calmly entreated her to resign herself submissively to the will of Heaven: then turning to Mr Launcelot, "I had indulged (said she) a fond hope of seeing you allied to my family.—This is no time for me to insist upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world. Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than he threw himself on his knees before the young lady, and, pressing her hand to his lips, breathed the softest expressions which the most delicate love could suggest. "I know (resumed the mother) that your passion is mutually sincere; and I should die satisfied, if I thought your union would not be opposed; but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive. Mr Greaves, I have long admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour.—You shall give me your word, that when I am gone, you will take no steps in this affair without the concurrence of your father; and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquish the prejudices, and obtain the consent of her uncle: the rest we must leave to the dispensation of Providence."

"The 'squire promised, in the most solemn and fervent manner, to obey all her injunctions,

as the last dictates of a parent whom he should never cease to honour. Then she favoured them both with a great deal of salutary advice, touching their conduct before and after marriage; and presented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection; at the same time he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token. Finally, he took a last farewell of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview.

"In two days Mrs Darnel departed this life, and Aurelia was removed to the house of a relation, where her grief had like to have proved fatal to her constitution.

"In the mean time, the mother was no sooner committed to the earth, than Mr Greaves, mindful of her exhortations, began to take measures for a reconciliation with the guardian. He engaged several gentlemen to interpose their good offices; but they always met with the most mortifying repulse: and at last Anthony Darnel declared, that his hatred to the house of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable. He swore he would spend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel; and that, sooner than his niece should match with young Launcelot, he would sacrifice her with his own hand.

"The young gentleman, finding his prejudice so rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances; and, since he found it impossible to obtain his consent, resolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in despite of her implacable guardian. He found means to establish a literary correspondence with her, as soon as her grief was a little abated; and even to effect an interview, after her return to her own house: but he soon had reason to repent of this indulgence. The uncle entertained spies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting; in consequence of which she was suddenly hurried to some distant part of the country, which we never could discover.

"It was then we thought Mr Launcelot a little disordered in his brain, his grief was so wild and his passion so impetuous. He refused all sustenance, neglected his person, renounced his amusements, rode out in the rain, sometimes bare headed; strolled about the fields all night, and became so peevish, that none of the domestics durst speak to him, without the hazard of broken bones. Having played these pranks for about three weeks, to the unspeakable chagrin of his father, and the astonishment of all that knew him, he suddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned. But this, as your seafaring people say, was a deceitful calm, that soon ushered in a dreadful storm.

"He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some of Mr Darnel's servants, who could inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined; but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction; for the persons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domestics were privy to the transaction. All attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience, but, throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses; and one morning, before sun-rise, met on that very common where Mr Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia. The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect; but Mr Darnel's second wounded the young 'squire in the flank; nevertheless, having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life. The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword; and Mr Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example. The contest then became very hot, though of short continuance. Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young 'squire gave him back the sword, which he was base enough to use a second time against his conqueror. Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr Anthony with great fury, and at the first longe ran him up to the hilt, at the same time seising with his left hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain. Mr Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement, and, riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon to Anthony's assistance. He afterwards ingenuously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr Launcelot might have been convicted of murder.

"On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager entreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and despair, prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom, until such time as the storm should be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chose to travel; but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of seeing the old gentleman run distracted, would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less to quit the kingdom where she resided.

"Well then, gemmen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland, from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles, and there took a tar-

tan for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Meanwhile the surgeon's prognostic was not altogether verified. Mr Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were, in the arms of death, and even partly recovered; yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health; and is obliged every summer to attend the hot-well at Bristol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr Greaves seemed to revive with augmented violence; and he is now, if possible, more than ever determined against all reconciliation.

"Mr Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuse his imagination with a succession of curious objects, in a tour of Italy, took up his residence at a town called Pisa, and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him but the news of his father's death.

"The old gentleman (God rest his soul!) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehension: this was reinforced by the obstinate silence of the youth, and certain accounts of his disordered mind, which he had received from some of those persons who take pleasure in communicating disagreeable tidings. A complication of all these grievances, co-operating with a severe fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which, in a few days, brought Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had settled his affairs with heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll assure you, gemmen, he made a most edifying and Christian end: he died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony, and might be said to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

"When the son, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared so meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the servants hardly knew their young master. His first care was to take possession of his fortune, and settle accounts with the steward who had succeeded my father. These affairs being discussed, he spared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miss Darnel; and soon learned more of that young lady than he desired to know; for it was become the common talk of the country, that a match was agreed upon between her and young 'Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. These tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which she wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themselves; nevertheless, the effects were too visible, for, from that blessed moment, he spoke not one word to any living creature for the space of three days; but was seen sometimes to shed a flood of tears, and sometimes to burst out into a fit of laughing. At last he broke silence, and seemed to wake from his disorder. He became more fond than ever of the exercise of riding, and began to amuse himself again with acts of benevolence.

"One instance of his generosity and justice deserves to be recorded in brass or marble. You must know, gemmen, the rector of the parish was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promised the presentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot, chancing one Sunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horse saddled and bridled feeding on the side of a fence; and, casting his eyes around, beheld on the other side of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted, and, leaping into the field, descried a man at full length wrapped in a great-coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman, in his gown and cassock. When he inquired into the case, and offered his assistance, the stranger rose up, thanked him for his courtesy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was something mysterious in this incident, expressed a desire to know the cause of his rolling in the grass in that manner; and the clergyman, who knew his person, made no scruple in gratifying his curiosity. 'You must know, sir, (said he), I serve the curacy of your own parish, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a-year; but this sum being scarce sufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church, about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more: as I keep a horse, it was formerly an agreeable exercise rather than a toil; but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I consulted the most eminent operators in the kingdom; but I have no cause to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them assured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troublesome than ever, and often comes upon me so violently while I am on horseback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cause of the disorder can for the time be reduced.'

"Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but desired him to throw up the second cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a-year out of his own pocket. 'Your generosity confounds me, good sir, (replied the clergyman); and yet I ought not to be surprised at any instance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the fulness of my heart. I shall only observe, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman, who is to succeed the late incumbent, has given me notice to quit the premises, as he hath provided a friend of his

own for the curacy.' 'What! (cried the knight) does he mean to take your bread from you, without assigning any other reason?' 'Surely, sir (replied the ecclesiastic), I know of no other reason. I hope my morals are irreproachable; and that I have done my duty with a conscientious regard, I may venture an appeal to the parishioners among whom I have lived these seventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to strangers. As for me, I propose to try my fortune in the great city, and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones.'

"To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but, riding home, set on foot a strict inquiry into the character of this man, whose name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed scholar, equally remarkable for his modesty and good life; that he visited the sick, assisted the needy, compromised disputes among his neighbours, and spent his time in such a manner as would have done honour to any Christian divine. Thus informed, the knight sent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promised, and accosted him to this effect: 'Mr Tootle, I have a favour to ask of you. The person who serves the cure of this parish, is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I shall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy.' The other told him he was sorry he could not comply with his request, being that he had already promised the curacy to a friend of his own. No matter (replied Sir Launcelot), since I have not interest with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr Jenkins in some other way.'

"That same afternoon he walked over to the curate's house, and told him that he had spoken in his behalf to Dr Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thousand acknowledgments for the trouble his honour had taken; 'I have not interest sufficient to make you curate (said the knight), but I can give you the living itself, and that you shall have.' So saying, he retired, leaving Mr Jenkins incapable of uttering one syllable, so powerfully was he struck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The presentation was immediately made out, and in a few days Mr Jenkins was put in possession of his benefice, to the inexpressible joy of the congregation.

"Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced person commended the knight's conduct; but in a little time his generosity seemed to overleap the bounds of discretion, and even in some cases might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's son to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed it seems there was a promise of marriage in the case, though it could not be legally ascertained. The wench took on dismally, and her parents had recourse to Sir Launcelot, who, sending for the delinquent, expostulated with him severely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to save her life and reputation by performing his promise, in which case he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was something interested in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the consciousness of his father's wealth, he rejected the proposal with rustic disdain, and said, if so be as how the wench would swear the child to him, he would settle it with the parish; but declared, that no 'squire in the land should oblige him to buckle with such a cracked pitcher.—This resolution, however, he could not maintain; for, in less than two hours, the rector of the parish had direction to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

"Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species, for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

"The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first inquired into the foundation of the complaint, and if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horse-whipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several law-suits, that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression; and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assistance in the cause of a person, who he heard was by chicanery and oppression wronged of a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expense in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the House of Lords, and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim."

At this period Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of barratry.

"No, sir (resumed Mr Clarke), he cannot be convicted of barratry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other, a mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment stiled, *Communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium.*"

"Pr'ythee, truce with thy definitions (cried Ferret), and make an end of thy long-winded story. Thou hast no title to be so tedious, until thou comest to have a coif in the court of Common Pleas."

Tom smiled contemptuous, and had just opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were disturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that seemed to issue from the chamber in which the body of the 'squire was deposited. The landlady snatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the rest; and this accident naturally suspended the narration. In like manner we shall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digest what he has already heard.

CHAP. V.

In which this recapitulation draws to a close.

When the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, she found the 'squire lying on his back under the dominion of the nightmare, which rode him so hard that he not only groaned and snorted, but the sweat ran down his face in streams. The perturbation of his brain, occasioned by this pressure, and the fright he had lately undergone, gave rise to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himself apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was strong upon him, when he was suddenly awaked by a violent shock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, still perverted by fear, and bedimmed by slumber. His dream was now realized by a full persuasion that he was surrounded by the constable and his gang. The first object that presented itself to his disordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have passed for the finisher of the law; against him therefore the first effort of his despair was directed. He started upon the floor, and, seizing a certain utensil, that shall be nameless, launched it at the misanthrope with such violence, that, had he not cautiously slipped his head aside, it is supposed that actual fire would have been produced from the collision of two such hard and solid substances. All future mischief was prevented by the strength and agility of Captain Crowe, who, springing upon the assailant, pinioned his arms to his sides, crying, "O, damn ye, if you are for running a-head, I'll soon bring you to your bearings."

The 'squire thus restrained, soon recollected himself, and gazing upon every individual in the apartment, "Wounds! (said he) I've had an ugly dream, I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch coom to vetch me before my time."

Ferret, who was the person he had thus distinguished, eying him with a look of the most emphatic malevolence, told him, it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate; and that he hoped to see the day when this dream would be found a true prophecy, and the commonwealth purged of all such rogues and vagabonds: but it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honest and conscientious, while the great were distinguished by profligacy and corruption. The 'squire was disposed to make a practical reply to this insinuation, when Mr Ferret prudently withdrew himself from the scene of altercation. The good woman of the house persuaded his antagonist to take out his nap, assuring him that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, should be forthcoming in due season. The affair being thus fortunately adjusted, the guests returned to the kitchen, and Mr Clarke resumed his story to this effect:

"You'll please to take notice, gemmen, that, besides the instances I have alleged of Sir Launcelot's extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the same nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer.—I'm sorry that any such miscreant should belong to the profession. He was clerk of the assize, gemmen, in a certain town, not a great way distant, and having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favourable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow, who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad and earn his subsistence by his daily labour.

"Sir Launcelot, being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having some ground that bordered on the lawyer's estate, not only rendered him contemptible and infamous, by exposing him as often as they met on the grand jury, but also, being vested with the property of the great tithes, proved such a troublesome neighbour, sometimes by making waste among his hay and corn, sometimes by instituting suits against him for petty trespasses, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

"All these avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild scheme, which has carried his extravagance to such a pitch, that I am afraid, if a statute—you understand me, gemmen—were sued, the jury would —I don't choose to explain myself further on this circumstance. Be that as it may, the servants at Greaveshury-hall were not a little confounded when their master took down from the family armoury a complete suit of armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life

in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot, a certain knight, whom I don't choose to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants; and, on the eve of the festival of St George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone and without light, though it was confidently reported all over the country, that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-great uncle, who, being lunatic, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion table."

It was observed, that, while Mr Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed in a frightened tone, "Moother, moother, in the neame of God look to 'un! how a quakes! as I'm a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something." Tom forced a smile, and thus proceeded:

"While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon as day broke, he opened one of the doors, and, going into Sir Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry: then we heard a loud slap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounce with an audible and solemn voice, 'In the name of God, St Michael, and St George, I dub thee knight—be faithful, bold, and fortunate.' You cannot imagine, gemmen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were assembled. They gazed at one another in silent horror; and, when Sir Launcelot came forth completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd; and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a 'squire. He was so frightened that he could not rise, but lay roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his lance across the shoulders, which roused him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning; for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury-Lane, when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

"Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable, from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice the two knights, and the other two strangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto *Impleat orbem*. The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced with a loud voice, 'God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements; and may he long continue to press the sides of his now adopted steed, which I denominate Bronzomarte, hoping that he will rival in swiftness and spirit Bayardo, Brigliadoro, or any other steed of past or present chivalry!' After another flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses, Sir Launcelot couching his lance, and galloped to and fro, as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.

"What should have induced our knight to choose this here man for his 'squire is not easy to determine; for, of all the servants about the house, he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a ploughman and carter. To be sure the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him; but he was universally hated among the servants for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble; for though the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken—I say naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

"Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came snivelling to the knight, who ordered her to send the husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning piteously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the outward door was shut; and Sir Launcelot coming down stairs with a horsewhip in his hand, asked what was the matter with him that he complained so dismally? To this question he replied, 'that it was as common as duck-weed in his country, for a man to complain when his bones were broke.' 'What should have broke your bones?' said the knight. 'I cannot guess (answered the other), unless it was that delicate switch that your honour in your mad pranks handled so dexterously upon my carcass.' Sir Launcelot then told him, there was nothing so good for a bruise as a sweat, and he had the remedy in his hand.

Timothy, eyeing the horsewhip askance, observed that there was another still more speedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a sufficient dose of gunpowder. 'No, rascal, (cried the knight) that must be reserved for your betters.' So saying, he employed the instrument so effectually, that Crabshaw soon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

"When he had been disciplined in this manner to some purpose, the knight told him he might retire, but ordered him to return next morning, when he should have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himself capable of walking in an erect posture.

"The gate was no sooner thrown open than Timothy ran home with all the speed of a greyhound, and corrected his wife, by whose advice he had pretended to be so grievously damaged in his person.

"Nobody dreamed that he would next day present himself at Greavesbury-hall; nevertheless, he was there very early in the morning, and even closeted a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and several times slapped himself on the forehead, crying, 'Bodikins! thof he be crazy, I an't, that I an't!' When he was asked what was the matter, he said he believed the devil had got in him, and he should never be his own man again.

"That same day the knight carried him to Ashenton, where he bespoke those accoutrements which he now wears; and while these were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run distracted. He did nothing but growl, and curse, and swear to himself, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greavesbury-hall, and quarrel with the horses in the stable. At length his wife and family were removed into a snug farm-house that happened to be empty, and care taken that they should be comfortably maintained.

"These precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte, and Crabshaw, as his 'squire, ascended the back of a clumsy cart-horse, called Gilbert. This again was looked upon as an instance of insanity in the said Crabshaw; for, of all the horses in the stable, Gilbert was the most stubborn and vicious, and had often like to have done mischief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge as if the devil was in him. He once thrust Crabshaw into the middle of a quickset hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he stuck with his heels up, and must have perished, if people had not been passing that way; a third time he seized him in the stable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and swung him off the ground to the great danger of his life; and I'll be hanged if it was not owing to Gilbert that Crabshaw was now thrown into the river.

"Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his 'squire set out on their first excursion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting any thing worthy recounting: but, in the morning of the second day they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox, when Crabshaw, prompted by his own mischievous disposition, and neglecting the order of his master, who called aloud to him to desist, rode up to the hounds, and crossed them at full gallop. The huntsman, who was not far off, running towards the 'squire, bestowed upon his head such a memento with his pole, as made the landscape dance before his eyes; and in a twinkling he was surrounded by all the fox-hunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an easy pace, instead of assisting the disastrous 'squire, exhorted his adversaries to punish him severely for his insolence, and they were not slow in obeying this injunction. Crabshaw, finding himself in this disagreeable situation, and that there was no succour to be expected from his master, on whose prowess he had depended, grew desperate; and, clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for he, having received some of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with his teeth and kicked with his heels; and at last made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broke the huntsman's leg, lamed one of the best horses on the field, and killed half a score of the hounds.

"Crabshaw, seeing himself clear of the fray, did not tarry to take leave of his master, but made the most of his way to Greavesbury-hall, where he appeared hardly with any vestige of the human countenance, so much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raise a great clamour against Sir Launcelot, whom he cursed as a coward in plain terms, swearing he would never serve him another day: but whether he altered his mind on cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well understood her own interest, he rose with the cock, and went again in quest of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterprise.

"In the midst of a lane the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a serjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which last had his drum slung at his back; but seeing such a strange figure mounted on a high-spirited horse, he was seized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view he braced his drum, and, hanging it in its

proper position, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very nose of Bronzomarte; while the corporal exclaimed, "Damn my eyes, who have we got here? old King Stephen from the horse-armoury in the Tower; or the fellow that rides armed at my lord mayor's shew?" The knight's steed seemed at least as well pleased with the sound of the drum as were the recruits that followed it; and signified his satisfaction in some curvettings and caprioles, which did not at all discompose the rider, who, addressing himself to the serjeant, 'Friend (said he), you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chastise the fellow on the spot for his insolence, were it not out of the respect I bear to his majesty's service.' 'Respect mine a——! (cried this ferocious commander) what, d'ye think to frighten us with your pewter piss-pot on your scull, and your lacquered pot-lid on your arm? get out of the way and be damned, or I'll raise with my halbert such a clutter upon your target, that you'll remember it the longest day you have to live.' At that instant, Crabshaw arriving upon Gilbert, 'So, rascal (said Sir Launcelot), you are returned. Go and beat in that scoundrel's drum-head.'

"The 'squire, who saw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a sword, which he hoped the owner durst not draw, and being resolved to exert himself in making atonement for his desertion, advanced to execute his master's orders; but Gilbert, who liked not the noise, refused to proceed in the ordinary way. Then the 'squire turning his tail to the drummer, he advanced in a retrograde motion, and with one kick of his heels, not only broke the drum into a thousand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire, with such a blow upon his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits, perceiving the discomfiture of their leader, armed themselves with stones; the serjeant raised his halbert in a posture of defence, and immediately a severe action ensued. By this time, Crabshaw had drawn his sword, and begun to lay about him like a devil incarnate; but, in a little time, he was saluted by a volley of stones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had like to have found no quarter; for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandished; and perhaps he owed his preservation to their pressing so hard that they hindered one another from using their weapons.

"Sir Launcelot, seeing with indignation the unworthy treatment his 'squire had received, and scorning to stain his lance with the blood of plebeians, instead of couching it in the rest, seized it by the middle, and fetching one blow at the serjeant, broke in twain the halbert which he had raised as a quarter-staff for his defence. The second stroke encountered his pate, which, being the hardest part about him, sustained the shock without damage; but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate prostration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabshaw, and handled his weapon so effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were disabled or routed, before one cudgel had touched the carcass of the fallen 'squire. As for the corporal, instead of standing by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the constable of an adjoining village for assistance. Accordingly, before Crabshaw could be properly remounted, the peace-officer arrived with his posse; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his 'squire as two highwaymen. The constable, astonished at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at sight of the havock he had made, contented himself with standing at a distance, displaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he represented his majesty's person.

"Sir Launcelot, seeing the poor man in great agitation, assured him that his design was to enforce, not violate, the laws of his country; and that he and his 'squire would attend him to the next justice of peace; but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the serjeant and drummer, who had begun the fray.

"The justice had been a pettifogger, and was a sycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a post at court. He therefore thought he should oblige his patron, by shewing his respect for *the military;* and treated our knight with the most boorish insolence; but refused to admit him into his house, until he had surrendered all his weapons of offence to the constable. Sir Launcelot and his 'squire being found the aggressors, the justice insisted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they should remain at the house of the constable, who, being a publican, undertook to keep them in safe custody, until the knight could write to his steward. Meanwhile he was bound over to the peace; and the serjeant with his drummer were told they had a good action against him for assault and battery, either by information or indictment.

"They were not, however, so fond of the law as the justice seemed to be. Their sentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot, during the course of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of fashion and fortune; and they resolved to compromise the affair without the intervention of his worship. Accordingly, the serjeant repaired to the constable's house, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himself before his honour, protesting with many oaths, that, if he had known his quality, he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears for presuming to

give his honour or his horse the least disturbance; thof the fellow, he believed, was sufficiently punished in being a cripple for life.

"Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and, taking compassion on the fellow who had suffered so severely for his folly, resolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the representation of the parties to the justice, the warrant was next day discharged; and the knight returned to his own house, attended by the serjeant and the drummer mounted on horseback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

"The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion being rendered unfit for his majesty's service, by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greavesbury-hall, where he will probably remain for life.

"As for Crabshaw, his master gave him to understand, that if he did not think him pretty well chastised for his presumption and flight, by the discipline he had undergone in the last two adventures, he would turn him out of his service with disgrace. Timothy said he believed it would be the greatest favour he could do him to turn him out of a service in which he knew he should be rib-roasted every day, and murdered at last.

"In this situation were things at Greavesbury-hall about a month ago, when I crossed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle: probably this is the first incident of their second excursion; for the distance between this here house and Sir Launcelot's estate does not exceed fourscore or ninety miles."

CHAP. VI.

In which the reader will perceive that in some cases madness is catching.

Mr Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the surgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received; and Mr Ferret shrugged up his shoulders in silent disapprobation. As for Captain Crow, who used at such pauses to pour in a broadside of dismembered remarks, linked together like chain-shot, he spoke not a syllable for some time; but, lighting a fresh pipe at the candle, began to roll such voluminous clouds of smoke, as in an instant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himself invisible to the whole company. Though he thus shrouded himself from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They first heard a strange dissonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a sea-laugh, and this was followed by an eager exclamation of "Rare pastime, strike my yards and top-masts—I've a good mind—why shouldn't—many a losing voyage I've—smite my taffrel but I wool—"

By this time he had relaxed so much in his fumigation, that the tip of his nose and one eye re-appeared; and as he had drawn his wig forwards, so as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now saluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimera of the ancients. Notwithstanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart, but, on the contrary, an agreeable curiosity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addressing himself to Mr Fillet, "Pr'ythee, doctor, (said he) can'st tell, whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what d'ye call um, d'ye see, mayn't take to the highway in the way of a frolick, d'ye see?—adad! for my own part, brother, I'm resolved as how to cruize a bit in the way of an arrant—if so be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer or the like, d'ye see."

"Now, the Lord forbid! (cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes) I'd rather see you dead than brought to such a dilemma." "Mayhap thou would'st (answered the uncle); for then, my lad, there would be some picking—aha! do'st thou tip me the traveller, my boy?"—Tom assured him he scorned any such mercenary views: "I am only concerned (said he) that you should take any step that might tend to the disgrace of yourself or your family; and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any otherwise than compos."—"Die and be damned! you shambling half-timber'd son of a ——— (cried the choleric Crowe) do'st talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass!—I could keep a reckoning, and box my compass long enough before thy keel-stone was laid—Sam Crowe is not come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course"—"Lord, sir, (resumed the nephew), consider what people will say—all the world will think you mad."—"Set thy heart at ease, Tom (cried the seaman), I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad! what then, I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound—I don't see why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man—but, doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear, as for the matter of the long pole headed with iron, I'd never desire better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sconce that holds the candle—mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a scull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle; and I can call my horse by the name of my ship, which was *Mufti*."

The surgeon was one of those wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an ex-

travagant pursuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect: "It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be fitted completely in half a day—then you must wake your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many instances on record, of errants obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather; and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish church that stands hard by; besides, this is the eve of St Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to a noviciate. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion."

Crowe, being struck with this hint, started up, and, laying his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tiptoes, to listen at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reason and argument; but the most effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be, to frighten him heartily while he should keep his vigil in the church. Towards the accomplishment of which purpose he craved the assistance of the misanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke seemed to relish the scheme; and observed, that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a strong fund of superstition, which he had acquired, or at least improved, in the course of a sea-life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to save Crowe from the gallows, nevertheless engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of seeing a fellow-creature miserable; and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office indeed he was better qualified than they could have imagined: in the bundle which he kept under his great-coat there was, together with divers nostrums, a small vial of liquid phosphorus, sufficient, as he had already observed, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their senses.

In order to concert the previous measures, without being overheard, these confederates retired with a candle and lantern into the stable; and their backs were scarce turned, when Captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left fast asleep.

Understanding that the rest of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not resist the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady, who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabshaw's supper, to know the purport of their conversation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's design to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppose it with all her rhetoric. She said it was setting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She assured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by spirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been seen in every corner of it; and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful shrieks were often heard to come from the south aisle, where a murdered man had been buried: that she herself had seen the cross on the steeple all a-fire; and one evening as she passed a horseback close by the stile at the entrance into the church-yard, the horse stood still, sweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until she had repeated the Lord's Prayer.

These remarks made a strong impression on the imagination of Crowe, who asked in some confusion, if she had got that same prayer in print. She made no answer, but reaching the prayer-book from a shelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; then the captain having adjusted his spectacles, began to read, or rather spell, aloud with equal eagerness and solemnity. He had refreshed his memory so well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with his companions, gave him to understand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church; and that he was ready to conduct him to the spot. Crowe was not now quite so forward as he had appeared before to achieve this adventure: he began to start objections with respect to the borrowed armour; he wanted to stipulate the comforts of a can of flip, and a candle's end, during his vigil; and hinted something of the damage he might sustain from your malicious imps of darkness.

The doctor told him, the constitutions of chivalry absolutely required that he should be left in the dark alone, and fasting, to spend the night in pious meditations; but if he had any fears which disturbed his conscience, he had much better desist, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not consist with the least shadow of apprehension. The captain, stung by this remark, replied not a word, but, gathering up the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and set out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lantern. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the sexton, who was his patient, opened the door, and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was deposited. Then bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, assuring him he would come

back, and find him either dead or alive by daybreak, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So saying, he and the other associates shook him by the hand and took their leave, after the surgeon had tilted up the lantern to take a view of his visage, which was pale and haggard.

Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud, "Hillos! doctor, hip—another word, d'ye see—." They forthwith returned to know what he wanted, and found him already in a sweat. "Hark ye, brother, (said he, wiping his face), I do suppose as how one may pass away the time in whistling the Black Joke, or singing Black-eyed Susan, or some such sorrowful ditty." "By no means (cried the doctor), such pastimes are neither suitable to the place, nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise. If you have got any psalms by heart, you may sing a stave or two, or repeat the Doxology." "Would I had Tom Laverick here (replied our novitiate), he would sing you anthems like a seamew—a had been a clerk ashore—many's the time and often I've given him a rope's end for singing psalms in the larboard watch—would I had hired the son of a bitch to have taught me a cast of his office—but it cannot be help, brother—if we can't go large, we must haul upon a wind, as the saying is—if we can't sing, we must pray." The company again left him to his devotion, and returned to the public-house, in order to execute the essential part of their project.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Knight resumes his importance.

Doctor Fillet having borrowed a couple of sheets from the landlady, dressed the misanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghostly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phosphorus from Ferret's phial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them softly at an aisle which was opposite to a place where the novice kept watch. They stole unperceived through the body of the church; and though it was so dark that they could not distinguish the captain with the eye, they heard the sound of his steps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then escape in a murmur from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their station with a large pew in their front, the two ghosts uncovered their heads, which, by help of the phosphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely dismal and ghastly to the view; then Ferret, in a squeaking tone, exclaimed, "Samuel Crowe! Samuel Crowe!" The captain, hearing himself accosted in this manner, at such a time, and in such a place, replied, "Hilloah!" and, turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice seemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no sooner saluted his view, than his hair bristled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud, "In the name of God, where are you bound, ho?" To this hail the misanthrope answered, "We are the spirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget."

At mention of these names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his resentment, and he pronounced in a quick tone of surprise, mixed with indignation, "What d'ye want? what d'ye want? what d'ye want, ho?" The spirit replied, "We are sent to warn thee of thy fate." "From whence, ho?" cried the captain, whose choler had by this time well nigh triumphed over his fear. "From heaven," said the voice. "Ye lie, ye b—s of hell! (did our novice exclaim) ye are damned for heaving me out of my right, five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimstone. Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse-holes—mayhap you may be the devil himself for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'ye see—I never disrated a kinsman, d'ye see; so don't come along side of me—put about on th' other tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hard aweather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail."

So saying, he had recourse to his Paternoster; but, perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out, "Avast,—avast—sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your forelights." He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have set the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire; and such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right eye sustained considerable damage; a circumstance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate; and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public-house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor-chair at the chimney corner; and Mr Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitred the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his 'squire were deposited, and discovered close by the top of the staircase a sort of closet, or hovel, just large enough to contain a truckle-

bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and instigated by the demon of desire, Mr Thomas crept softly up stairs, and, lifting the latch of the closet-door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation; but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and, seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered, in the voice of Crabshaw, "It wa'n't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah; but I'd have thee to know, an arrant 'squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howld thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet——help! murder! vire! help!"

It was impossible for Mr Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication; so that here he stood trembling and half throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides; Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr Clarke, whose person he well knew; and releasing him instantly from his grasp, "Bodikins! (cried he), I believe as how this hause is haunted—who thought to meet with Measter Lawyer Clarke at midnight, and so far from hoam." The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself hither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly reposed. Yet nothing was more easy than to explain this mystery: the apartment below was the chamber which the hostess and her daughter reserved for their own convenience; and this particular having been intimated to the 'squire while he was at supper, he had resigned the bed quietly, and been conducted hither in the absence of the company. Tom, recollecting himself as well as he could, professed himself of Crabshaw's opinion, that the house was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and, leaving those that were assembled to discuss this knotty point, retired down stairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen just risen, and wrapped in a loose dishabille.

The noise of Crabshaw's cries had awakened and aroused his master, who, rising suddenly in the dark, snatched up his sword that lay by his bed-side, and hastened to the scene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once, to explain the cause of the disturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's rest. He said nothing, but, taking the candle in his hand, beckoned to his 'squire to follow him into his apartment, resolving to arm and take horse immediately. Crabshaw understood his meaning; and while he shuffled on his clothes, yawning hideously all the while, wished the lawyer at the devil for having visited him so unseasonably; and even cursed himself for the noise he had made, in consequence of which he foresaw he should now be obliged to forfeit his night's rest, and travel in the dark, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. "Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked lawyer! (said he to himself,) hadst thou been hanged at Bartlemey-tide, I should this night have slept in peace, that I should—an I would there was a blister on this plaguy tongue of mine for making such a hollowballoo, that I do—five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with since night fell, so as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole haralet shakes and shivers like a vial of quicksilver. I have been dragged, half drowned like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but I may be next dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal-pit—if so be as I am, I shall go to hell to be sure, for being consarned like in my own moorder, that I will, so I will; for, a plague on it, I had no business with the vagaries of this crazy-pated measter of mine, a pox on him, say I."

He had just finished this soliloquy as he entered the apartment of his master, who desired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy, understanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undressed, began to scratch his head in great perplexity; and at last declared it as his opinion, that it must have been carried off by witchcraft. Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke, who he said was conveyed to his bed-side he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than Papishes who did not belief in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at his simplicity; but, assuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards saddle the horses, in order to prosecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen, where, finding the misanthrope, whom the noise had also disturbed, and still impressed with the notion of his being a conjurer, he offered him a shilling if he would cast a figure, and let him know what was become of his master's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more mischief, informed him without hesitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it deposited; at the same time presenting him with the key, which Mr Fillet had left in his custody.

The 'squire, who was none of those who set hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at these hours, bargained with the hostler to accompany and light him with a lantern. Thus attended, he advanced to the place,

where the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without molestation, the lance being shouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were just going to retire, when the ostler, hearing a noise at some distance, wheeled about with such velocity, that one end of the spear saluting Crabshaw's pate, the poor 'squire measured his length on the ground; and, crushing the lantern in his fall, the light was extinguished. The other, terrified at these effects of his own sudden motion, threw down his burden, and would have betaken himself to flight, had not Crabshaw laid fast hold on his leg, that he himself might not be deserted. The sound of the pieces clattering on the pavement roused Captain Crowe from a trance or slumber, in which he had lain since the apparition vanished; and he hollowed, or rather bellowed, with vast vociferation. Timothy and his friend were so intimidated by this terrific strain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and consternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabshaw declared that the devil had them in possession; and this assertion was confirmed by the ostler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret sat in his corner, maintaining the most mortifying silence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requested an explanation of this mystery. At length his eyes began to lighten, when, seizing Crabshaw in one hand, and the ostler in the other, he swore by heaven he would dash their souls out, and raze the house to the foundation, if they did not instantly disclose the particulars of this transaction. The good woman fell on her knees, protesting, in the name of the Lord, that she was innocent as the child unborn, thof she had lent the captain a Prayer Book to learn the Lord's Prayer, a candle and lantern to light him to the church, and a couple of clean sheets for the use of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration; when Mr Clarke, coming into the kitchen, presented himself with a low obeisance to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into surprise. He set at liberty the 'squire and the ostler, and stretching out his hand to the lawyer, "My good friend Clarke (said he), how came you hither? Can you solve this knotty point, which has involved us all in such confusion?"

Tom forthwith began a very circumstantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been disappointed of the estate; how he had accidentally seen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his design, and concluded with assuring the knight, that the captain was a very honest man, though he seemed to be a little disordered in his intellects. "I believe it (replied Sir Launcelot); madness and honesty are not incompatible—indeed I feel it by experience."

Tom proceeded to ask pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made so free with the knight's armour; and begged his honour, for the love of God, would use his authority with Crowe, that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry; for, which he was by no means qualified; for being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing trespasses, and bring himself into trouble. He said, in case he should prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for, having feloniously carried off the knight's accoutrements. "Taking away another man's moveables (said he) and personal goods against the will of the owner, is *surtum* and felony according to the statute: different indeed from robbery, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, *in alta via regia violenter et felonice captum et asportatum, in magnum terrorem, &c.* for if the robbery be laid in the indictment, as done *in quadam via pedestri*, in a foot-path, the offender will not be ousted of his clergy. It must be *in alta via regia;* and your honour will please to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done *in alta via regia;* for the king's high-stream is all the same as the king's highway."

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at Tom's learned investigation. He congratulated him on the progress he had made in the study of the law. He expressed his concern at the strange turn the captain had taken, and promised to use his influence in persuading him to desist from the preposterous design he had formed.

The lawyer, thus assured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the 'squire, and held a parley with his uncle, who, when he understood that the knight in person desired a conference, surrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public-house.

Sir Launcelot received the honest seaman with his usual complacency; and, perceiving great discomposure in his looks, said, he was sorry to hear he had passed such a disagreeable night to so little purpose. Crowe, having recruited his spirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and observed, that he had passed many a hard night in his time; but such another as this he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole British navy. "I have seen Davy Jones in the shape of a blue flame, d'ye see, hopping to and fro, on the sprit-sail yard arm; and I've seen your Jacks o' the Lantern, and Wills o' the Wisp, and many such spirits, both by sea and land: but to-night I've been boarded by all the

devils and damned souls in hell, squeaking and squalling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—crash came the tackle—white-sheeted ghosts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us! and I was hailed, Tom, I was, by my grandmother Jane, and my aunt Bridget, d'ye see—a couple of damn'd—but they're roasting; that's one comfort, my lad."

When he had thus disburdened his conscience, Sir Launcelot introduced the subject of the new occupation at which he aspired. "I understand (said he) that you are desirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I assure you, are thorny and troublesome. Nevertheless, as your purpose is to exercise your humanity and benevolence, so your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry, there is something more required than the virtues of courage and generosity. A knight-errant ought to understand the sciences, to be master of ethics or morality, to be well versed in theology, a complete casuist, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He should not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue, righteous, just, and valiant, but also chaste, religious, temperate, polite, and conversable, and have all his passions under the rein, except love, whose empire he should submissively acknowledge. He said, this was the very essence of chivalry; and no man had ever made such a profession of arms, without having first placed his affection upon some beauteous object, for whose honour, and at whose command, he would cheerfully encounter the most dreadful perils.

He took notice, that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil: for he had never served his novitiate—he had not prepared himself with abstinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to wake; but, on the very threshold of chivalry, which is the perfection of justice, had unjustly purloined the arms of another knight: that this was a mere mockery of a religious institution, and therefore unpleasing in the sight of Heaven; witness the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to disturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having listened to these remarks with earnest attention, replied, after some hesitation, "I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and Christian counsel—I doubt as how I've steered by a wrong chart, d'ye see—as for the matter of the sciences, to be sure, I know plain sailing and mercator; and am an indifferent good seaman, thof I say it that should not say it: but as to all the rest, no better than the viol-block or the geer-capstan. Religion I han't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite conversation, thof, mayhap, we can chant a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch; then for chastity, brother, I doubt that's not expected in a sailor just come a-shore, after a long voyage—sure all those poor hearts won't be damned for steering in the wake of nature. As for a sweetheart, Bet Mizen of St Catherine's would fit me to a hair—she and I are old messmates; and what signifies talking, brother, she knows already the trim of my vessel, d'ye see." He concluded with saying, "He thought he wa'n't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would stand by him all weathers, and it should not cost his consort a farthing's expense."

The knight said, he did not think himself of consequence enough to have such a pupil, but should always be ready to give him his best advice; as a specimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumstances, and deliberate calmly and leisurely, before he actually engaged in such a boisterous profession; assuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his resolution should continue, he would take upon himself the office of his instructor. In the mean time, he gratified the hostess for his lodging, put on his armour, took leave of the company, and, mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded southerly, being attended by his 'Squire Crabshaw, grumbling on the back of Gilbert.

CHAP. VIII.

Which is within a hair's breadth of proving highly interesting.

Leaving Captain Crowe and his nephew for the present, though they, and even the misanthrope, will re-appear in due season, we are now obliged to attend the progress of the knight, who proceeded in a southerly direction, insensible of the storm that blew, as well as of the darkness, which was horrible. For some time Crabshaw ejaculated curses in silence; till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed so strong upon him, that he could no longer resist the desire of alleviating it, by entering into a conversation with his master. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the spur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with such a shock, that the knight was almost dismounted. When Sir Launcelot, with some warmth, asked the reason of this attack, the 'squire replied in these words: —"The devil (God bless us) mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as sure as I'm a living soul—I'se wager a teaster, the foul fiend has left the seaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has passed through an ass and a horse, I'se marvel what beast I will get into next." "Probably into a mule (said the knight); in that case you will be in some danger—but I

can, at any time, dispossess you with a horse-whip." "Aye, aye (answered Timothy), your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a flap with a fox's tail, as the saying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wiseacre that stole your honour's harness, and wants to be an arrant with a murrain to 'un.—Lord help his fool's head, it becomes him as a sow doth a cart-saddle." "There is no guilt in infirmity (said the knight); I punish the vicious only." "I would your honour would punish Gilbert then (cried the 'squire), for 'tis the most vicious tuoad that ever I laid a leg over—but as to that same seafaring man, what may his distemper be?" "Madness," answered Sir Launcelot. "Bodikins (exclaimed the 'squire), I doubt as though other volks are leame of the same leg—but a'n't vor such small gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their betters." "You seem to hint at me, Crabshaw: do you really think I am mad?" "I may say as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a sorry dog should I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beast in the stable at Greavesbury-hall." "Since you are so well acquainted with my madness (said the knight), what opinion have you of yourself, who serve and follow a lunatic?" "I hope I han't served your honour for nothing, but I shall inherit some of your cast vagaries—when your honour is pleased to be mad, I should be very sorry to be found right in my senses. Timothy Crabshaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulness—It shall never be said of him that he was wiser than his measter: as for the matter of following a madman, we may see your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you loves you." This compliment the knight returned by saying, "If my face is a fiddle, Crabshaw, your tongue is a fiddle-stick that plays upon it—yet your music is very disagreeable—you don't keep time." "Nor you neither, measter (cried Timothy), or we shouldn't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like sheep-stealers, or evil spirits with troubled consciences.

Here the discourse was interrupted by a sudden disaster, in consequence of which the 'squire uttered an articulate roar that startled the knight himself, who was very little subject to the sensation of fear: but his surprise was changed into vexation when he perceived Gilbert without a rider passing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his steed, and, riding back a few paces, found Crabshaw rising from the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered in a whimpering tone, "Horse! would I could once see him fairly carrion for the hounds—for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horse, but a devil incarnate; and yet I've been worse mounted, that I have—I'd like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn."

This accident happened in a hollow way, overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road, and one of its boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the 'squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung suspended like a flitch of bacon; while Gilbert, pushing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambols, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight; for Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour's side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzomarte to a tree: then they set out together, and, with some difficulty, found Gilbert with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The 'squire, however, was not remounted, without first having undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his base-born apprehension.

Though there was some risk in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He, therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that, if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not untie with all his teeth. "How, caitiff (cried Sir Launcelot), presume to contend with me in argument!" "Your mouth is scarce shut (said the other), since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper: now, I will maintain that cowardice is a distemper as well as madness; for nobody would be afraid if he could help it." "There is more logic in that remark (resumed the knight) than I expected from your clodpate, Crabshaw: but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation, or misapprehension, and may certainly be cured by experience, and the exercise of reason: but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason itself." "So is cowardice, as I'm a living soul (exclaimed the 'squire), don't you say a man is frightened out of his senses? for my peart, measter, I can neither see nor hear, much less argufy, when I'm in such a quandary: wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madness are both distempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat, and fire, and fury, Lord bless us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-

hearted, he sheakes and shivers like an aspen-leaf, that he does." "In that case (answered the knight), I shall not punish you for the distemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a service exposed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity; in the same manner as a man deserves punishment, who enlists himself for a soldier, while he labours under any secret disease." "At that rate (said the 'squire), my bread is like to be rarely buttered o' both sides, i' faith. But, I hope, as by the blessing of God I have run mad, so I shall in good time grow valiant, under your honour's precept and example."

By this time a very disagreeable night was succeeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market-town appeared at the distance of three or four miles, when Crabshaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheered by the sight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally set all danger at defiance; when all of a sudden he was presented with an opportunity of putting in practice those new-adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach stopped by two highwaymen on horseback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coast clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as sentinel, no sooner saw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a pistol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than, charging him with such impetuosity, that he was unhorsed in a twinkling, and lay sprawling on the ground, seemingly sore bruised with his fall. Sir Launcelot, commanding Timothy to alight and secure the prisoner, couched his lance, and rode full speed at the other highwayman, who was not a little disturbed at sight of such an apparition. Nevertheless, he fired his pistol without effect; and, clapping spurs to his horse, fled away at full gallop. The knight pursued him with all the speed that Bronzomarte could exert; but the robber being mounted on a swift hunter, kept him at a distance; and, after a chace of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief, and, remembering to have heard a female shriek, as he passed by the coach window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way; and after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himself in the market-town aforementioned. Here the first object that presented itself to his eyes, was Crabshaw, on foot, surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out in manifest distraction, "Shew me the mayor (for the love of God), shew me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! sure thou wast foaled for my destruction!"

From these exclamations, and the antic dress of the 'squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits; and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying, "The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a peast, as the saying is: but now I'se as mad as your worship, an't afeard of the devil and all his works." Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle would forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then, taking him into a separate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The 'squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect:—Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlas, in hope of intimidating the discomfited robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service: but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame, as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet with his pistol still in his hand; and, presenting it to the 'squire, swore with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off across the country. It was at this period, that two footmen, belonging to the coach, who had staid behind to take their morning's whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the assistance of the ladies, armed with blunderbusses; and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in distraction and despair. He knew not which way to turn, and was afraid of remaining on the spot, lest the robbers should come back and revenge themselves upon him for the disappointment they had undergone. In this distress, the first thought that occurred, was to make the best of his way to the town, and demand the assistance of the civil magistrate towards the retrieval of what he had lost;

a design which he executed in such a manner, as justly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy stood fronting the window, and answering the interrogations of his master, he suddenly exclaimed, "Bodikins! there's Gilbert!" and sprung into the street with incredible agility. There finding his strayed companion brought back by one of the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and, hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following salutation: "Art thou come back, my darling? Ah Gilbert, Gilbert! a pize upon thee! thou hadst like to have been a dear Gilbert to me! how couldst thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? seven years next grass have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with sweet hay, delicate corn, and fresh litter, that thou mought lie warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I currycombed thy carcass till it was as sleek as a sloe, and cherished thee as the apple of mine eye? for all that thou hast played me an hundred dog's tricks; biting, and kicking, and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou couldst run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by measter: What canst thou say for thyself, thou cruel, hard-hearted, unchristian tuoad?" To this tender expostulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert answered not one word; but seemed altogether insensible to the caresses of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the stable. On the whole, he seems to have been an unsocial animal; for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole course of their acquaintance and fellowship. On the contrary, he has been more than once known to signify his aversion by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in personal merit as his rider Timothy was outshone by his all-accomplished master.

While the 'squire accommodated Gilbert in the stable, the knight sent for the footman who had brought him back; and, having presented him with a liberal acknowledgment, desired to know in what manner the horse had been retrieved.

The stranger satisfied him in this particular, by giving him to understand, that the highwayman, perceiving himself pursued across the country, plied Gilbert so severely with whip and spur, that the animal resented the usage, and being besides, perhaps, a little struck with remorse for having left his old friend Crabshaw, suddenly halted, and stood stock still, notwithstanding all the stripes and tortures he underwent; or, if he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, seeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himself in danger of being overtaken, wisely quitted his acquisition, and fled into the bosom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight inquired about the situation of the lady in the coach, and offered himself as her guard and conductor; but was told that she was already safely lodged in the house of a gentleman at some distance from the road. He likewise learned that she was a person disordered in her senses, under the care and tuition of a widow lady her relation, and that in a day or two they should pursue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been some time dismissed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to ask the name of the person to whom he belonged; and began to be uneasy at this omission, which indeed was more interesting than he could imagine: for an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a discovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miss Aurelia Darnel, who, seeing him unexpectedly in such an equipage and attitude, as he passed the coach (for his helmet was off), had screamed with surprise and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheless, when she recovered from her swoon, she concealed the real cause of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the person of Sir Launcelot.

The circumstances of the disorder, under which she was said to labour, shall be revealed in due course. In the mean time our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of such an occurrence; but being very much fatigued, resolved to indemnify himself for the loss of last night's repose; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabshaw felt an ambition to follow his master's example.

CHAP. IX.

Which may serve to shew, that true patriotism is of no party.

The knight had not enjoyed his repose above two hours, when he was disturbed by such a variety of noises, as might have discomposed a brain of the firmest texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horses feet on the pavement, was intermingled with loud shouts, and the noise of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower, at some distance, while the inn resounded with clamour, confusion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, started from his bed, and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of persons well mounted, and distinguished by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockeys, with gold-laced hats and buckskin breeches, and one of them

bore a standard of blue silk, inscribed in white letters, LIBERTY AND THE LANDED INTEREST. He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, seemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric disposition. As they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, huzza'd, and cried aloud, NO FOREIGN CONNEXIONS! —OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!—This acclamation, however, was not so loud or universal, but that our adventurer could distinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of NO SLAVERY!—NO POPISH PRETENDER,—an insinuation so ill relished by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horsewhips among the multitude, and were, in their turn, saluted with a discharge or volley of stones, dirt and dead cats; in consequence of which some teeth were demolished, and many surtouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was soon called off from this scene, to contemplate another procession of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribbons, attended by a regular band of music, playing *God save great George our King*, and headed by a thin swarthy personage, of a sallow aspect and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick semicircles of hair, or rather bristles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his address was very awkward; he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His ensigns were known by the inscription, *Liberty of Conscience, and the Protestant Succession;* and the people saluted him as he passed with repeated cheers, that seemed to prognosticate success. He had particularly ingratiated himself with the good women, who lined the street, and sent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this solemnity: he perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to represent the county in parliament, and he was seized with an eager desire to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this desire, he made repeated application to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of his apartment; but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words, "Coming, sir," which echoed from three or four different corners of the house. The waiters were so distracted by a variety of calls, that they stood motionless, in the state of the schoolman's ass between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they should first offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almost exhausted, when Crabshaw entered the room, in a very strange equipage: one half of his face appeared close shaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his nose, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation, and under his left arm carried his cutlas, unsheathed. Where he had acquired so much of the profession of knight-errantry we shall not pretend to determine; but, certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and distraction, "In the name of St George for England, I beg a boon, Sir Knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies."

Sir Launcelot, astonished at this address, replied in a lofty strain, "Valiant 'squire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land, and the constitutions of chivalry." "Then I crave leave (answered Crabshaw) to challenge and defy to mortal combat that caitiff barber who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow by the peacock, that I will not shave my beard, until I have shaved his head from his shoulders: so may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant 'squire."

Before his master had time to inquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewise a traveller, and had seen the rise and progress of Timothy's disaster. He gave the knight to understand, that Crabshaw had sent for a barber, and already undergone one half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected message from both the gentlemen who stood candidates at the election. The double summons was no sooner intimated to him, than he threw down his bason, and retired with precipitation, leaving the 'squire in the suds. Timothy, incensed at this desertion, followed him with equal celerity into the street, where he collared the shaver, and insisted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the bastinado. The other finding himself thus arrested, and having no time to spare for altercation, lifted up his fist, and discharged it upon the snout of Crabshaw with such force, that the unfortunate aggressor was fain to bite the ground, while the victor hastened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

The knight being informed of these circumstances, told Timothy with a smile, that he should have liberty to defy the barber; but, in the mean time, he ordered him to saddle Bronsomarte, and prepare for immediate service. While the 'squire was thus employed, his master engaged in conversation with the stranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradesman he learned, that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickset and Mr Isaac Vanderpelft; the first a mere fox-hunter, who depended for success in this election, upon his interest among the high-flying gentry; the other a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not with-

out a mixture of Hebrew blood, immensely rich, who was countenanced by his grace of ——, and supposed to have distributed large sums in securing a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the county, possessed of small freeholds, and copyholders, a great number of which last resided in this borough. He said these were generally dissenters and weavers; and that the mayor, who was himself a manufacturer, had received a very considerable order for exportation, in consequence of which it was believed he would support Mr Vanderpelft with all his influence and credit.

Sir Launcelot, roused at this intelligence, called for his armour, which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his steed, attended by Crabshaw on Gilbert, and rode immediately into the midst of the multitude by which the hustings were surrounded, just as Sir Valentine Quickset began to harangue the people from an occasional theatre, formed of a plank supported by the upper board of the public stocks, and an inferior rib of a wooden cage pitched also for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

Though the singular appearance of Sir Launcelot at first attracted the eyes of all the spectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the speech of his brother knight Sir Valentine, which ran in the following strain:—"Gentlemen vreeholders of this here county, I sha'n't pretend to meake a vine vlourishing speech—I'm a plain-spoken man, as you all know. I hope I shall always speak my maind without vear or vavour, as the saying is. 'Tis the way of the Quicksets—we are no upstarts, nor vorreigners, nor have we any Jewish blood in our veins;—we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know; and possess an estate of vive thousand clear, which we spend at whoam, among you, in old English hospitality.—All my vore-fathers have been parliament men, and I can prove that ne'er a one o'um gave a zingle vote for the court since the Revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the ministry three skips of a louse, as the saying is—I ne'er knew but one minister that was an honest man; and vor all the rest, I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox to'un—I am, thank God, a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal, thof unworthy, son of the church—vor all they have done vor H——r, I'd vain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance—vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures, whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt; and taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreeholders of this county, I value no minister a vig's end, d'ye see; if you will vavour me with your votes and interest, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my estate that I never cry yea to your shillings in the pound, but will cross the ministry in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vreeholder in the ould interest—but, if you sell your votes and your country for hire, you will be detested in this here world, and damned in the next to all eternity; so I leave every man to his own conscience."

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applause; which, however, did not discourage his competitor, who, confident of his own strength, ascended the rostrum, or, in other words, an old cask, set upright for the purpose. Having bowed all round to the audience, with a smile of gentle condescension, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to represent this county in parliament; and how happy he found himself in the encouragement of his friends, who had so unanimously agreed to support his pretensions. He said, over and above the qualification he possessed among them, he had fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the support of the nation, under the present happy establishment, in defence of which he was ready to spend the last farthing. He owned himself a faithful subject to his Majesty King George, sincerely attached to the Protestant succession, in detestation and defiance of a popish, an abjured, and outlawed pretender; and declared that he would exhaust his substance and his blood, if necessary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious Revolution. "This (cried he) is the solid basis and foundation upon which I stand."

These last words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he stood, being frail and infirm, gave way; so that down he went with a crash, and in a twinkling disappeared from the eyes of the astonished beholders. The fox-hunters, perceiving his disaster, exclaimed, in the phrase and accent of the chace, "Stole away! stole away!" and, with hideous vociferations, joined in the sylvan chorus which the hunters hollow when the hounds are at fault.

The disaster of Mr Vanderpelft was soon repaired by the assiduity of his friends, who disengaged him from the barrel in a trice—hoisted him on the shoulders of four strong weavers, and, resenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagonists, began to form themselves in order of battle.

An obstinate fray would have undoubtedly ensued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curiosity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts, and, waving his hand, as a signal for them to give attention, addressed himself to them, with graceful demeanour, in these words: "Countrymen, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day assembled to determine a point of the utmost consequence to yourselves and your posterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons

than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the basis of that excellent constitution which hath long flourished the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the inestimable privilege of choosing a delegate properly qualified to represent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birth-right, inherited from your ancestors, obtained by their courage, and sealed with their blood. It is not only your birth-right, which you should maintain in defiance of all danger, but also a sacred trust, to be executed with the most scrupulous care and fidelity. The person whom you trust ought not only to be endued with the most inflexible integrity, but should likewise possess a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legislature. He must be well acquainted with the history, the constitution, and the laws of his country; he must understand the forms of business, the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connexions that subsist among the different powers of Europe; for on all these subjects the deliberations of a House of Commons occasionally turn: but these great purposes will never be answered by electing an illiterate savage, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace, a man who has scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chace, whose conversation never rambles further than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; mistakes rusticity for independence; ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking; who holds his estate by a factious tenure; professes himself the blind slave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotism consists in railing indiscriminately at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a dangerous tool in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy."

Here the knight was interrupted by the shouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelfites, who cried aloud, "Hear him! hear him! long life to the iron-cased orator." This clamour subsiding, he prosecuted his harangue to the following effect:

"Such a man as I have described may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable as the wretch who knowingly betrays his trust, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister; a sordid knave, without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whose example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his respect; no friends to engage his affection; no religion to regulate his morals; no conscience to restrain his iniquity; and who worships no God but Mammon: an insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration; who practises national usury, receiving by wholesale the rewards of venality, and distributing the wages of corruption by retail."

In this place our adventurer's speech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoicked the speaker, exclaiming, "Well opened, Jowler—to'um, to'um again, Sweetlips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!" After a short interruption, he thus resumed his discourse:

"When such a caitiff presents himself to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love; for what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another. Without doubt his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase; and this aim he cannot accomplish, but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independency, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But, even if he should not find an opportunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy, will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with interest by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets: for, after all, you are bought and sold with your own money—the miserable pittance you may now receive, is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown in to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and the designing courtier, and choose a man of honesty, intelligence, and moderation, who will—"

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular subject in such an assembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the stranger wanted to set up for himself,—a supposition that could not fail to incense both sides equally, as they were both zealously engaged in their respective causes. The Whigs and the Tories joined against the intruder, who, being neither, was treated like a monster, or chimera in politics. They hissed, they hooted, and they hollowed; they annoyed

him with missiles of dirt, sticks, and stones; they cursed, they threatened, and reviled, till at length his patience was exhausted.

"Ungrateful and abandoned miscreants! (he cried) I spoke to you as men and Christians, as free-born Britions and fellow-citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous scoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly." So saying, he brandished his lance, and, riding into the thickest of the concourse, laid about him with such dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately dispersed, and he retired without further molestation.

The same good fortune did not attend 'Squire Crabshaw in his retreat. The ludicrous singularity of his features, and the half-mown crop of hair that bristled from one side of his countenance, invited some wags to make merry at his expense; one of them clapped a furze-bush under the tail of Gilbert, who, feeling himself thus stimulated *a posteriori*, kicked, and plunged, and capered in such a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the saddle. In this commotion he lost his cap and his periwig, while the rabble pelted him in such a manner, that, before he could join his master, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory, of mud.

CHAP. X.

Which sheweth that he who plays at bowls will sometimes meet with rubbers.

Sir Launcelot, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to so little purpose, retired with the most deliberate disdain towards one of the gates of the town, on the outside of which his curiosity was attracted by a concourse of people, in the midst of whom stood Mr Ferret, mounted upon a stool, with a kind of satchel hanging round his neck, and a vial displayed in his right hand, while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement strain of elocution.

Crabshaw thought himself happily delivered when he reached the suburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his master mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator express himself to this effect:

"Very likely you may undervalue me and my medicine, because I don't appear upon a stage of rotten boards, in a shabby velvet coat and tye-periwig, with a foolish fellow in a motley coat, to make you laugh by making wry faces; but I scorn to use these dirty arts for engaging your attention. These paltry tricks, *ad captandum vulgus*, can have no effect but on idiots; and if you are idiots, I don't desire you should be my customers. Take notice, I don't address you in the style of a mountebank, or a High German doctor; and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in physic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotism, quacks in government; High German quacks, that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a consumption, but they have intoxicated her brain, until she has become delirious; she can no longer pursue her own interest, or indeed rightly distinguish it; like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will o' the Wisp, an exhalation from the vilest materials in nature, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some H———n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In selling yourselves and your fellow-citizens, you only dispose of a pack of rascals who deserve to be sold—If you sell one another, why should not I sell this here Elixir of Long Life, which, if properly used, will protract your days till you have seen your country ruined! I shall not pretend to disturb your understandings, which are none of the strongest, with a hotch-potch of unintelligible terms, such as Aristotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final causes. Aristotle was a pedantic blockhead, and still more knave than fool. The same censure we may safely put on that wiseacre Dioscorides, with his faculties of simples, his seminal, specific, and principal virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies, and discords. Nor shall I expatiate on the alkahest of that mad scoundrel Paracelsus, with which he pretended to reduce flints into salt; nor the *archæus* or *spiritus rector* of that visionary Van Helmont, his simple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and transmutations; nor shall I enlarge upon the salt, sulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chemists, a pack of ignorant, conceited, knavish rascals, that puzzle your weak heads with such jargon, just as a Germanized m——r throws dust in your eyes, by lugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the protestant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets while he dazzles your eyes and amuses your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberish of *hocus pocus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera; as for the protestant religion, nobody gives himself any trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at least none that would raise an hundred men to save us from perdition, unless we paid an extrava-

gant price for their assistance. But, to return to this here Elixir of Long Life, I might embellish it with a great many high-sounding epithets; but I disdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that, from idleness, turns quack, and advertises his nostrum in the public papers. I am neither a felonious dry-salter returned from exile, an hospital stump-turner, a decayed stay-maker, a bankrupt printer, or insolvent debtor, released by act of parliament. I did not pretend to administer medicines without the least tincture of letters, or suborn wretches to perjure themselves in false affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a set of led-captains to harangue in my praise at all public places. I was bred regularly to the profession of chemistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy; and I may venture to say, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chruseon pepuromenon ek puros*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon; from the sun, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire; consequently, the common and universal first-created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions; and also from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sublunary things: and, for as much as man is and must be the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is counselled in the Revelations to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich and like the sun; as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the arsenical poison; so that his silver, by the fire, must be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be clothed with the sun, and become a sun, and thereby rule over the moon; that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet. —Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a vial, contains the essence of the alkahest, the archæus, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, the moon, and, to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chruseon pepuromenon ek puros*."

The audience were variously affected by this learned oration. Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion that he ought to be punished for his presumption in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures. Of this sentiment was our adventurer, though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himself, that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum unmolested, had not he cunni chosen his station immediately without jurisdiction of the town, whose magistra therefore could not take cognizance of his c duct; but application was made to the con ble of the other parish, while our nostrummon proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of wh produced such an effect upon his hearers, t his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, wh the constable with his staff arrived, and t him under his guidance. Mr Ferret on t occasion attempted to interest the people in behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate t liberty of the subject against such an act of o pression; but, finding them deaf to the tro and figures of his elocution, he addressed hi self to our knight, reminding him of his du to protect the helpless and the injured, a earnestly soliciting his interposition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the least rep to his entreaties, resolved to see the end of th adventure; and, being joined by his 'squir followed the prisoner at a distance, measuri back the ground he had travelled the day b fore, until he reached another small borou where Ferret was housed in the common pris

While he sat a horseback, deliberating on t next step he should take, he was accosted b the voice of Tom Clarke, who called, in whimpering tone, through a window grate with iron, "For the love of God! Sir Lau celot, do, dear sir, be so good as to take th trouble to alight and come up stairs—I hav something to communicate of consequence t the community in general, and to you in parti cular—Pray, do, dear Sir Knight. I beg a boo in the name of St Michael and St George f England."

Our adventurer, not a little surprised at th address, dismounted without hesitation, and be ing admitted to the common gaol, there foun not only his old friend Tom, but also the unc sitting on a bench with a woollen night-cap o his head, and a pair of spectacles on his no reading very earnestly in a book, which afterwards understood was entitled "The Li and Adventures of Valentine and Orson." T captain no sooner saw his great pattern ent than he rose and received him with the salu tion of "What cheer, brother?" and befo the knight could answer, added these word "You see how the land lies—here have T and I been fast ashore these four and twen hours; and this *berth* we have got by attemp ing to tow your galley, brother, from the en my's harbour.—Adds bobs! if we had this he fellow whoreson for a consort, with all o tackle in order, brother, we'd soon shew 'em t topsail, slip our cable, and down with th barricadoes. But, howsomever, it don't signi talking—patience is a good stream-anchor, an will hold, as the saying is—but, damn my—

for the matter of my boltsprit—Heark ye, heark ye, brother, damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right a-head, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawse, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lashing and clashing—adds heart, brother; crash went the boltsprit—down came the round-top—up with the dead-lights—I saw nothing but the stars at noon, lost the helm of my seven senses, and down I broached upon my broadside."

As Mr Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captain's disaster.

He told Sir Launcelot, that, notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant; and with that view had set out from the public-house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church: that upon the highway they had met with a coach, containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation; for, as they passed, she struggled with the other, thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear: that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration of her unequalled beauty; and he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint and in distress: that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlass, and, riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to, on pain of death: that one of the servants believing the captain to be an highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and in all probability would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up and assured them the gentleman was *non compos*: that, notwithstanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the but-ends of their horsewhips, while the coach drove on, and although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the ground by a stroke on the temple: that Mr Clarke himself had interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten: that two of the servants, upon application to a justice of the peace, residing near the field of battle, had granted a warrant against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen.—"But, as there was no just cause of suspicion (added he), I am of opinion, the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonamentum*, and considerable damages obtained; for you will please to observe, sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination; besides, we were not committed for an assault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute, who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up and chained, if necessary, or to be sent to their last legal settlement; but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the description of vagrants; nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery; for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken, but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulsion: even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a misdemeanour. To be sure there is a taking indeed, and a taking in law: but still the robber must be in possession of a thing stolen; and we attempted to steal ourselves away—My uncle indeed would have released the young lady *vi et armis*, had his strength been equal to his inclination; and in so doing, I would have willingly lent my assistance, both from a desire to serve such a beautiful young creature, and also in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name."

"Ha! how! what! whose name? say, speak—Heaven and earth!" (cried the knight, with marks of the most violent emotion). Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied, "I beg your pardon a thousand times; I did not say positively she did speak those words; but I apprehended she did speak them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common sense, ought not to receive a strained or unusual construction; and ambiguous words—" "Speak, or be dumb for ever! (exclaimed Sir Launcelot in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his sword) what young lady, ha! What name did she call upon?" Clarke, falling on his knees, answered, not without stammering, "Miss Aurelia Darnel; to the best of my recollection, she called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves." "Sacred powers! (cried our adventurer), which way did the carriage proceed?"

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the post-road, and struck away to the right at full speed, Sir Launcelot was seized with a pensive fit; his head sunk upon his breast, and he mused in silence for several minutes, with the most melancholy expression on his countenance; then, recollecting himself, he assumed a more composed and cheerful air, and asked several questions with respect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the servants. It was in the course of this interrogation that he discovered he had actually conversed with one of the footmen, who had brought back Crabshaw's horse,—a circumstance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to inquire the name of his master, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though, in all probability, had he made these inquiries, he would have received very little satisfaction, there being reason to think the servants were enjoined secrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this un-

expected adventure, sat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabshaw, who bawled aloud, "Look to it, my masters—as you brew you must drink—this shall be a dear day's work to some of you; for my part I say nothing—the braying ass eats a little grass—one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter."

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the 'squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied, "There's no cake, but there's another of the same make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds comes clear weather. 'Tis all long of your honour I've met with this preferment; no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master. Sir knight, if you will flay the justice, hang the constable, release your 'squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story; but, if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company; in the mean time look to 'un, gaoler, there's a frog in the stocks."

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison-door, but found it fast locked; and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit, and was answered through the wicket, "At the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance."

The knight's looks now began to lighten, he rolled his eyes around, and, snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr Clarke, who entreated him to have a little patience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. "I say, the justice (added Tom), because it must be his doing. He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities; and, if properly managed, may for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swinging sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace."

This was a very seasonable hint, in consequence of which the bench was softly replaced, and Captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, perceived that Ferret had disappeared; and, upon inquiry, found that he was in fact the occasion of the knight's detention and the 'squire's disgrace.

CHAP. XI.

Description of a modern Magistrate.

Before the knight would take any resolution for extricating himself from his present embarrassment, he desired to be better acquainted with the character and circumstances of the justice by whom he had been confined, and likewise to understand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this last particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey, who told him through the grate, that Ferret no sooner perceived him in the gaol, without his offensive arms, which he had left below, than he desired to be carried before the justice, where he had given information against the knight, as a violator of the public peace, who strolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unsafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majesty's liege subjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous designs under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been released, and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabshaw was put into the stocks as an idle stroller.

Sir Launcelot, being satisfied in these particulars, addressed himself to his fellow-prisoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew respecting the worthy magistrate, who had been so premature in the execution of his office. This request was no sooner signified, than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him, and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accusation of Justice Gobble. The knight was moved at this scene, which he could not help comparing, in his own mind, to what would appear upon a much more awful occasion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and oppressed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, against the villainous and insolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with some difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one person of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned that Justice Gobble, whose father was a tailor, had for some time served as a journeyman hosier in London, where he had picked up some law-terms, by conversing with hackney writers and attorneys' clerks of the lowest order; that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband, so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money space; that his pride, increas-

ing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteelly in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr Gobble had come down with his lady to take possession, and liked the place so well as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unwilling or unable to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inserting his name in the commission; since which period his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds: that, in the exertion of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, she was the subject of continual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this description, without first inquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint. "For my own part, sir, (said he), I lived in repute, and kept a shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood resorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for the Lammas market; but having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk contrary to the interest of Justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best part of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities; and found myself deprived of the best part of my home customers by the ill-nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises to make them desert my shop, and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodities spoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I grew negligent and careless, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the fleers and taunts of the man who had set up against me, I struck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the justice, who treated me with such insolence, that I became desperate, and not only abused him in the execution of his office, but also made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his person. You know, sir, when a man is both drunk and desperate, he cannot be supposed to have any command of himself. I was sent hither to gaol. My creditors immediately seized my effects; and, as they were not sufficient to discharge my debts, a statute of bankruptcy was taken out against me; so that here I must lie, until they think proper to sign my certificate, or the parliament shall please to pass an act for the relief of insolvent debtors."

The next person who presented himself in the crowd of accusers, was a meagre figure, with a green apron, who told the knight that he had kept a public-house in town for a dozen years, and enjoyed a good trade, which was in a great measure owing to a skittle-ground, in which the best people of the place diverted themselves occasionally: that Justice Gobble, being disobliged at his refusing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own use, first of all shut up the skittle-ground; but, finding the publican still kept his house open, he took care that he should be deprived of his license, on pretence that the number of alehouses was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the stay-making business, to which he had served an apprenticeship; but being very ill-qualified for this profession, he soon fell to decay, and contracted debts, in consequence of which he was now in prison, where he had no other support but what arose from the labour of his wife, who had gone to service.

The next prisoner who preferred his complaint against the unrighteous judge, was a poacher, at whose practices Justice Gobble had for some years connived, so as even to screen him from punishment, in consideration of being supplied with game gratis, till at length he was disappointed by accident. His lady had invited guests to an entertainment, and bespoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furnish. He laid his snares accordingly over night; but they were discovered, and taken away by the gamekeeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuses the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeasing the resentment of the justice and his wife at being thus disconcerted. Measures were taken to detect the delinquent in the exercise of his illicit occupation; he was committed to safe custody, and his wife, with five bantlings, was passed to her husband's settlement in a different part of the country.

A stout squat fellow, rattling with chains, had just taken up the ball of accusation, when Sir Launcelot was startled with the appearance of a woman, whose looks and equipage indicated

the most piteous distress. She seemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired; her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks displayed that wildness and peculiarity which denote distraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, she fell upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, uttered the following rhapsody in the most vehement tone of affliction:

"Thrice potent, generous, and august emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou shalt do me justice on that inhuman caitiff Gobble. Let him disgorge my substance which he hath devoured; let him restore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the staff of my sustenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, stolen, betrayed, sent into captivity, and murdered!—Behold these bleeding wounds upon his lovely breast! see how they mangle his lifeless corse! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head shall lie upon his Suky's bosom—she will embalm him with her tears.—Ha! plunge him in the deep! shall my boy then float in a watery tomb!—Justice, most mighty emperor! justice upon the villain who hath ruined us all!—May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! may the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! may peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow, so that all his days shall be filled with reproach and sorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorse! may he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! may all his offspring be blighted and consumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one that shall grow up to curse his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave, as he himself has proved a curse to me and mine!"

The rest of the prisoners, perceiving the knight extremely shocked at her misery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his presence, and conveyed her to another room; while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not for some minutes compose himself so well as to inquire into the nature of this wretched creature's calamity.

The shopkeeper, of whom he demanded this satisfaction, gave him to understand, that she was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated; that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials, and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances: that, after twenty years cohabitation with her husband, he sustained such losses by the distemper among the cattle, as he could not repair; and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death: that the widow, being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were dashed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs Gobble conceived against the young farmer's sweetheart, Mrs Susan Sedgemoor. This young woman chancing to be at a country assembly, where the grave-digger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice's lady, who abused the director, in the most opprobrious terms, for his insolence and ill-manners; and, retiring in a storm of passion, vowed revenge against the saucy minx who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The grave-digger lost his place; and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies, by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backwards; she ran in arrears with her landlord; and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea engagement with the enemy; and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. Then the landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of Justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her madness was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour; and, now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's first husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up, and striking his breast, "Good heaven! (cried he) the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nourished me with her milk!—She was my mother's humble friend.—Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old mistress grieve to see her favourite in this miserable condition!" While he pronounced these words, to the astonishment of the hearers, a tear stole softly down each cheek. Then he desired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reason; and was given to understand, that she was always quiet, and generally supposed to have the use of her senses, except when she was disturbed by some extraordinary noise, or when any person touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned

the name of her oppressor, in all which cases she started out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewise imputed great part of the disorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and necessaries, with which she was but poorly supplied by the cold hand of chance charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the distress of this woman, whom he resolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiseration was excited, his resentment rose against the miscreant, who seemed to have insinuated himself into the commission of the peace, on purpose to harass and oppress his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into consultation with Mr Thomas Clarke concerning the steps he should take, first for their deliverance, and then for prosecuting and punishing the justice. In result of this conference, the knight called aloud for the gaoler, and demanded to see a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cause of his imprisonment, and offer bail; or, in case that he should be refused, move for a writ of Habeas Corpus. The gaoler told him the copy of the writ should be forthcoming: but, after he had waited some time, and repeated the demand before witnesses, it was not yet produced. Mr Clarke then, in a solemn tone, gave the gaoler to understand, that an officer, refusing to deliver a true copy of the commitment warrant, was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the first offence, and for the second to a forfeiture of twice that sum, besides being disabled from executing his office.

Indeed it was no easy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the justice to remedy this defect, as Mr Ferret had taken himself away privately, without having communicated the name and designation of the prisoner,—a circumstance the more mortifying to the gaoler, as he perceived the extraordinary respect which Mr Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Disordered with these reflections, he imparted them to the justice, who had in vain caused search to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to set the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all suspect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, resist the temptation of displaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the prisoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magistrate, he might give them a severe reproof, and proper caution with respect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the street in procession, guarded by the constable and his gang, followed by Crabshaw, who had by this time been released from the stocks, and surrounded by a crowd of people, attracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they were detained for some time in the passage; then a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson velvet night-cap on his head; and on his right hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over-clean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly, were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman; and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers, and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer:

"The laws of this land has provided—I says as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquems and manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person, better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun; but, howsomever, that there king's peace, and this here magistrate's authority cannot be adequably and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidentious in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities; if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law, according to the authority wherewith I am wested, you and your companions in iniquity would be sewerely punished by the statue; but we magistrates has a power to litigate the sewerity of justice, and so I am contented that you should be mercifully delt withal, and even dismissed."

To this harangue the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent, "If I understand your meaning aright, I am accused of being a notorious criminal; but nevertheless you are contented to let me escape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magistrate, to bring me to condign punishment; and if you allow a criminal to escape unpunished, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commission, but become accessory to his guilt, and, to all intents and purposes, *socius criminis*. With respect to your proffered mercy, I decline the favour; nor do I deserve any indulgence at your hands, for, depend upon it, I shall shew no mercy to you in the steps I intend to take for bringing you to justice. I understand that you have been long hackneyed in

the ways of oppression, and I have seen some living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter. I myself have been detained in prison, without cause assigned. I have been treated with indignity, and insulted by gaolers and constables; led through the streets like a felon, as a spectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your passage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal.—I now demand to see the information in consequence of which I was detained in prison, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the person by whom I was accused. I insist upon a compliance with these demands, as the privileges of a British subject; and if it is refused, I shall seek redress before a higher tribunal."

The justice seemed to be not a little disturbed at this peremptory declaration; which, however, had no other effect upon his wife, but that of enraging her choler and inflaming her countenance. "Sirrah! sirrah! (cried she) do you dares to insult a worshipful magistrate on the bench?—Can you deny that you are a vagram, and a dilatory sort of a person? Han't the man with the satchel made an affidavy of it?—If I was my husband, I'd lay you fast by the heels for your resumption, and ferk you with a priminery into the bargain, unless you could give a better account of yourself—I would."

Gobble, encouraged by this fillip, resumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner:—"Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs Gobble very justly observes, trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I scorn to take such advantages: howsomever, I shall make you give an account of yourself and your companions; for I believes as how you are in a gang, and all in a story, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord.—What are you, friend? What is your station and degree?" "I am a gentleman," replied the knight. "Ay, that is English for a sorry fellow, (said the justice.) Every idle vagabond, who had neither home nor habitation, trade nor profession, designs himself a gentleman. But I must know how you live?" "Upon my means." "What are your means?"—"My estate."—"Whence doth it arise?"—"From inheritance."—"Your estate lies in brass, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?" "Yes." "But they are neither here nor there, I doubt.—Come, come, friend, I shall bring you about presently." Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Fillet the surgeon, who chancing to pass, and seeing a crowd about the door, went in to satisfy his curiosity.

CHAP. XII.

Which shews that there are more ways to kill a dog than hanging.

Mr Fillet no sooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of Justice Gobble, than Captain Crowe, seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, "Body o' me! Doctor, thou'rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about.—We're a little in the stays here—but howsomever we've got a good pilot, who knows the coast, and can weather the point, as the saying is. As for the enemy's vessel, she has had a shot or two already athwart her forefoot; the next, I do suppose, will strike the hull, and then you will see her taken all a-back." The doctor, who perfectly understood his dialect, assured him he might depend upon his assistance; and, advancing to the knight, accosted him in these words:—"Sir Launcelot Greaves, your most humble servant—when I saw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with such indignity—yet I can't help being pleased with an opportunity of proving the esteem and veneration I have for your person and character:—you will do me a particular pleasure in commanding my best services."

Our adventurer thanked him for this instance of his friendship, which he told him he would use without hesitation; and desired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been imprisoned contrary to law, without any cause assigned.

During this short dialogue, the justice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter stranger to his person, was seized with such pangs of terror and compunction, as a grovelling mind may be supposed to have felt in such circumstances; and they seemed to produce the same unsavoury effects that are so humorously delineated by the inimitable Hogarth, in the print of Felix on his Tribunal, done in the Dutch style. Nevertheless, seeing Fillet retire to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himself so far as to tell the prisoners there was no occasion to give themselves any farther trouble, for he would release them without bail or mainprize. Then, discarding all the insolence from his features, and assuming an aspect of the most humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thousand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. "Yes, I'll assure you, sir, (said the wife), my husband would have bit off his tongue rather than say black is the white of your eye, if so be he had known your capacity:—Thank God, we have been used to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have lost by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever said an uncivil word, or did a rude thing, to a gentleman, knowing him to be a person of fortune. Indeed, as to your poor gentry, and riff-raff, your tag-rag and bob-tail, or such vulgar scoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magistrate, and treated them with the

rigger of authority." "In other words (said the knight), he has tyrannised over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: your husband is little obliged to you for this confession, woman." "Woman! (cried Mrs Gobble, impurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her sides by way of defiance), I scorn your words.—Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worship." Then bursting into tears, "Husband (continued she), if you had the soul of a louse, you would not suffer me to be abused at this rate; you would not sit still on the bench, and hear your spouse called such contemptible epitaphs.—Who cares for his title and his knightship? You and I, husband, knew a tailor that was made a knight; but, thank God, I have noblemen to stand by me with their privileges and beroguetifs."

At this instant Mr Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer, and the other two prisoners, for any sum that should be required. The justice, perceiving the affair began to grow more and more serious, declared that he would discharge the warrants and dismiss the prisoners.

Here Mr Clarke interposing, observed, that against the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information sworn to; consequently, as the justice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by statute, the imprisonment was *coram non judice*, void. "Right, sir (said the other lawyer), if a justice commits a felon for trial without binding over the prosecutor to the assizes, he shall be fined."—"And again (cried Clarke), if a justice issues a warrant for commitment, where there is no accusation, action will lie against the justice."—"Moreover (replied the stranger), if a justice of peace is guilty of any misdemeanor in his office, information lies against him in *Banco Regis*, where he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment." "And besides (resumed the accurate Tom), the same court will grant an information against a justice of peace, on motion, for sending even a servant to the house of correction or common gaol, without sufficient cause." "True! (exclaimed the other limb of the law), and, for contempt of law, attachment may be had against justices of peace in *Banco Regis*: a justice of the peace was fined a thousand marks for corrupt practices."

With these words, advancing to Mr Clark, he shook him by the hand, with the appellation of Brother, saying, "I doubt the justice has got into a cursed *hovel*." Mr Gobble himself seemed to be of the same opinion. He changed colour several times during the remarks which the lawyers had made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the most humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromised. To this proposal our adventurer replied, in a grave and resolute tone, "If your acting in the commission as a justice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I should waive any further inquiry, and resent your insolence no other way but by silent contempt. If I thought the errors of your administration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of understanding, I should pity your ignorance, and, in compassion, advise you to desist from acting a part for which you are so ill qualified; but the preposterous conduct of such a man deeply affects the interest of the community, especially that part of it, which, from its helpless situation, is the more entitled to our protection and assistance. I am moreover convinced that your misconduct is not so much the consequence of an uninformed head, as the poisonous issue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common prison of this little town is filled with the miserable objects of your cruelty and oppression. Instead of protecting the helpless, restraining the hands of violence, preserving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that institution of which you are an unworthy member, you have distressed the widow and the orphan, given a loose to all the insolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting suits and animosities, and played the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office, and, instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This indeed is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now in prison an unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caitiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priestcraft prescribed, for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapless family; a family through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched low-bred woman, who now sits at your right hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity, if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security

of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice, and, arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth!"

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agitation; the constable's teeth chattered in his head, the gaoler trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder strain: "Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment; and any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation as your circumstances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community."

In order to complete the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared, that, to his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some person of courage and influence should take the lead against Justice Gobble, who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the justice and his helpmate of the faculty of speech. They were indeed almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak, when Mr Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words: "And now, Mr Justice, to dinner with what appetite you may."

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr Fenton's house, repaired to a public inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease, fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy, to effect a general gaol-delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement, and in particular to rescue poor Mrs Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the mean time he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner, during which many sallies of sea-wit and good humour passed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet, which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was summoned to fish a man's yard-arm, which had snapt in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen, whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eagerness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket, while she exclaimed, "It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul.—Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves, many a poor heart has grieved for thee!" To this salutation the youth replied, "I'm sorry for that, mistress.—How does poor mother? how does Suky Sedgemore?"

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations; while Sir Launcelot interposing, said, not without emotion, "I perceive you are the son of Mrs Oakley.—Your mother is in a bad state of health, but in me you will find a real parent." Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees, and, seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying, "God for ever bless your honour, I am your name-son, sure enough—but what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man."

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, saying, "I want to see mother. I'm afraid as how times are hard with her; and I have saved some money for her use." This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprise might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead. "Ey, indeed (cried the landlady), we were all of the same opinion, being as the report went that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle." "Lord, mistress (said Oakley), there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll assure you.—What, d'ye think I'd tell a lie about the matter? Hurt I was, to be sure, but that don't signify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted.—Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky.—What d'ye look so glum for? she an't married, is she?" "No, no (replied the woman), not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone she has done nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself into a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life."

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world!" He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table, and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations;

and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr Fillet, struck with a sudden idea, retired into another apartment with the young farmer; while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of Sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly waive all personal concessions; but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted upon his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a discussion, in the course of which the justice's petulance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling measure to propose, if Mr Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He rose up immediately, and was shewn into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he sat musing on this untoward adventure, so big with disgrace and disappointment, young Oakley, according to the instructions he had received, appeared all at once before him, pointing to a ghastly wound, which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no sooner presented itself to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the spirit of the young farmer whose death he had occasioned, he roared aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us!" and fell insensible on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay some time before he recovered the perfect use of his senses. Then he earnestly desired to see the knight, and assured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inasmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this salutary disposition. He bound himself not to act as a justice of the peace in any part of Great Britain, under the penalty of five thousand pounds. He burnt Mrs Oakley's note; paid the debts of the shopkeeper; undertook to compound those of the publican, and to settle him again in business; and, finally, discharged them all from prison, paying the dues out of his own pocket. These steps being taken with peculiar eagerness, he was removed to his own house, where he assured his wife he had seen a vision that prognosticated his death; and had immediate recourse to the curate of the parish for spiritual consolation.

The most interesting part of the task that now remained, was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in such a manner as might least disturb her spirits, already but too much discomposed. For this purpose they chose the landlady, who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, visited her in person that same evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite restored, she began with exhorting her to put her trust in Providence, which would never forsake the cause of the injured widow and fatherless: she promised to assist and befriend her on all occasions, as far as her abilities would reach: she gradually turned the conversation upon the family of the Greaves; and by degrees informed her, that Sir Launcelot, having learned her situation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her astonished and deeply affected at this intimation, she artfully shifted the discourse, recommended resignation to the divine will, and observed, that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of further happiness. "O! I'm incapable of receiving more! (cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes)—Yet I ought not to be surprised at any blessing that flows from that quarter.—The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent.—This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress:—He himself was suckled at these breasts.—O! he was the sweetest, comeliest, best-conditioned babe!—I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!" "Have patience, good neighbour (said the landlady of the White Hart), that is more than you have any right to affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of the men that were killed in Admiral P———'s ship, when he fought the French in the East Indies, and your son was not in the number." To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause, "Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope.—My poor Greaves too certainly perished in a foreign land—yet he is happy; had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would have put a period to his days." "I tell you, then (cried the visitant), he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me—you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish."

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessaries.

Next morning her hostess proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with a sight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene,

because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot, whom she no sooner beheld, than, springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying, "My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor! This is not the first time I have hugged you in these arms! O! you are the very image of Sir Everhard in his youth; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness, and complacency of my dear and ever-honoured lady." This was not in the strain of hireling praise, but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration. As such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In the mean time, Greaves went with a heavy heart to the house of farmer Sedgemore, where he found Suky, who had been prepared for his reception, in a transport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheless, the return of her sweetheart had such an happy effect on her constitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly restored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumstance that could give pleasure to a generous mind. The prisoners were released, and re-instated in their former occupations. The justice performed his articles from fear; and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorse. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a considerable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready stocked for them on the knight's estate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of housekeeper at Greavesbury-hall.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the Knight is tantalized with a transient glimpse of felicity.

The success of our adventurer, which we have particularised in the last chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among those who knew him, but also among the people of the town to whom he was not an utter stranger. The populace surrounded the house, and testified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inspired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to pursue his footsteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet, and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound esteem, for the exalted virtue, the person, and the accomplishments of the knight, dashed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and insanity. Even Sir Launcelot himself was elevated to an extraordinary degree of self-complacency on the fortunate issue of his adventure, and became more and more persuaded that a knight-errant's profession might be exercised, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only person of the company who seemed unanimated with the general satisfaction was Mr Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reason, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madness were synonimous terms; and that madness, though exhibited in the most advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but must continue a perversion of sense to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impression which the brain of his uncle had sustained, from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had so lately operated; and began to fear it would be in a little time quite necessary to have recourse to a commission of lunacy, which might not only disgrace the family of the Crowes, but also tend to invalidate the settlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with these cogitations, Mr Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad consequences that would attend his uncle's perseverance in the execution of a scheme so foreign to his faculties; and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpose, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained such an ascendency over his spirits, that he would listen to his exhortations with respect and submission.

Our adventurer was not so mad, but that he saw and owned the rationality of these remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to dissuade him from his extravagant design; and seized the first opportunity of being alone with the captain, to signify his sentiments on this subject. "Captain Crowe (said he), you are then determined to proceed in the course of knight-errantry?" "I am (replied the seaman), with God's help, d'ye see, and the assistance of wind and weather—" "What, do'st thou talk of wind and weather! (cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected transport); without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakness, and wretchedness; but if thou art resolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee so much as whisper a doubt, a wish, a hope, or sentiment, with respect to any other obstacle, which wind or weather, fire or water, sword or famine, danger or disappointment, may throw in the way of thy career.—When the duty of thy profession calls, thou must singly rush upon innumerable hosts of armed men: thou must storm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and destruction,

while, every step thou movest, thou art exposed to the horrible explosion of subterranean mines, which, being sprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corse, to feed the fowls of heaven: thou must leap into the abyss of dismal caves and caverns, replete with poisonous toads and hissing serpents: thou must plunge into seas of burning sulphur: thou must launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempest blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou must turn thy prow full against the fury of the storm, and stem the boisterous surge to thy destined port, though at the distance of a thousand leagues—Thou must—"

"Avast, avast, brother (exclaimed the impatient Crowe), you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye see:—if so be as you spank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers.—As for your 'oats and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye see, your caves and caverns, whistling toads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline: but, as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave—no offence, I hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see—and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biscuit, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel with five points of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way.—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compass." "Tricks! (cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pummel of his sword), what! suspect my honour!"

Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying, "Nay, don't—what spize!—adds-buntlines!—I didn't go to give you the lie, brother, smite my limbs: I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible." "And I say unto thee (resumed the knight), nothing is impossible to a true knight-errant, inspired and animated by love." "And I say unto thee (hollowed Crowe), if so be as how love pretends to turn his hawse-holes to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a snooty-nosed lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan—a-don't."

"He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot must not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his prowess and glory. The bare name of his mistress invigorates his arm: the remembrance of her beauty infuses into his breast the most heroic sentiments of courage; while the idea of her chastity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the sword of his antagonist. A knight without a mistress is a mere nonentity, or at least a monster in nature, a pilot without compass, a ship without rudder, and must be driven to and fro upon the waves of discomfiture and disgrace."

"An that be all (replied the sailor), I told you before as how I've got a sweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever swung in canvass.—What thof she may have started a hoop in rolling—that signifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-shell."

"She must, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the last, you must uphold her charms unequalled, and her person without a parallel."—"I do, I do uphold she will sail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty."

"At that rate, she must rival the attractions of her whom I adore; but that, I say, is impossible: the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether supernatural; and as two suns cannot shine together in the same sphere with equal splendour, so I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your mistress, in comparison with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian sun, a rush-light to the full moon, or a stale mackarel's eye to a pearl of orient."—"Harke, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a jawing, d'ye see, I can heave out as much bilge water as another; and since you besmear my sweetheart Besselia, I can as well bedaub your mistress Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-slush, or stinking stock-fish."

"Enough, enough—such blasphemy shall not pass unchastised. In consideration of our having fed from the same table, and maintained together a friendly, though short intercourse, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the first great town, where you can be furnished with horse and harnessing, with arms offensive and defensive; provide a trusty 'squire, assume a motto and device—declare yourself a son of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I shall fetch a compass; and wheresoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat, that shall decide and determine this dispute."

So saying, our adventurer stalked with great solemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being sufficiently irritated, snapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honest Crowe thought himself scurvily used by a man whom he had cultivated with such humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of sea-oaths, went in quest of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky transaction.

In the mean time, Sir Launcelot, having ordered supper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a loose to the most tender emotions of his

heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the course of his correspondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered, with horror, the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, so unsuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr Clarke, with equal eagerness and astonishment; and was seized with the most ardent desire of unravelling a mystery so interesting to the predominant passion of his heart.—All these mingled considerations produced a kind of ferment in the economy of his mind, which subsided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his 'squire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his nose, and stood before him without speaking. When the knight asked whose livery was that he wore, he replied, "'Tis your honour's own livery:—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score." Then he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having for their supper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke; and that he, the 'squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and basted him with his own blood; that, when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza, and such dogs' names; and bade him tell his master Don Quicksot, that, if he made any noise, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his mistress Dulcinea. "To be sure, sir (said he), they thought you as great a nincompoop as your 'squire—trim-tram, like master, like man;—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver."

"Miscreant! (cried the knight), you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rusticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent 'squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff.—Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me undisturbed to my own meditations."

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, that thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hectors who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose; and had for some time enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber door. "I beg your honour's pardon (said the landlady), but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a post-chaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out—and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies' part."

Sir Launcelot, though he refused to take notice of the insult which had been offered to himself, no sooner heard of the distress of the ladies, than he started up, huddled on his clothes, and, girding his sword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dressed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great insolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to persuade them, that, in the constitution of England, the military was always subservient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpless young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expressly contrary to the law, inasmuch as they might be sued for an assault on an action of damages.

To this remonstrance the two heroes in red replied by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in some pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honest Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other answer than a loud shriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accosted him thus in a grave and solemn tone: "Assuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own senses, that persons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majesty's honourable commission in the army, could behave so wide of the decorum due to society, of a proper respect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair sex, which ought to prevail in the breast of every gentleman, and which, in particular, dignifies the character of a soldier. To whom shall that weaker, though more amiable, part of the creation fly for protection, if they are insulted and outraged by those whose more immediate duty it is to afford them security and

defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple sacred to hospitality; to disturb the quiet of your fellow-guests, some of them perhaps exhausted by fatigue, some of them invaded by distemper; to interrupt the king's lieges in their course of journeying upon their lawful occasions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpless young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon some cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?"

"Hark ye, Don Bethlem (said the captain, strutting up and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer), you may be as mad as e'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorfields for aught I care, but, damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good stick across your shoulders." "How! petulant boy (cried the knight), since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget." So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stockholder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accosted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment; if he has seen either of these phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes; far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panic, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis, interposed with a crest-fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the sake of the frolic.

"By such frolics (cried the knight), you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion; and as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo." "Lack-a-day, sir (said the other), we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders: captain is a good travelling name, and we have dressed ourselves like officers to procure more respect upon the road."

The knight said he was very glad, for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogating to themselves an honourable character, which they had not spirit to sustain.

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes, who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran with great eagerness to the door, and, perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying, "Lord bless my soul, sir, didn't you see who it was?" "Hah! how! (exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm), who was it?" "One of them (replied the lawyer) was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion.—I knew her when first she lighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, sir, becomes her remarkably well.—I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked. I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions; but all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows; and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman."

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene, and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and Captain Crowe, when the hostess, addressing herself to our errant, "Well (said she), I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see.—Lord, let me never thrive but I think she is of something more than a human creature!—O! had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a

vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty:—For my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then so meek, so mild, so good-natured and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature:—And, poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like orient pearl."

Sir Launcelot listened attentively to the description, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia, and, sighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAP. XIV.

Which shews,
That a man cannot always sip,
When the cup is at his lip.

Those who have felt the doubts, the jealousies, the resentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the despair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite disquiets of love, will be able to conceive the sea of agitation on which our adventurer was tossed all night long, without repose or intermission. Sometimes he resolved to employ all his industry and address in discovering the place in which Aurelia was sequestered, that he might rescue her from the supposed restraint to which she had been subjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was suddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and signed by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and first unsettled his understanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were so strong, that he leaped from the bed, and, the fire being still burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his spleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miss Darnel's mother, he kept in a small box, carefully deposited within his portmanteau. This being instantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in these words:

"Sir, obliged as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance, which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that, however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you, that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and that your regard for me will be best shewn by your desisting from a pursuit, which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

Aurelia Darnel."

Having pronounced aloud the words that composed this dismission, he hastily replaced the cruel scroll, and, being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the least doubt of its being genuine, threw himself into his bed in a transport of despair, mingled with resentment; during the predominancy of which he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindness of his mistress amidst the avocations of knight-errantry.

Such was the resolution that governed his thoughts, when he rose in the morning, ordered Crabshaw to saddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expense. Before these orders could be executed, the good woman of the house, entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miss Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hostess, who now presented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs Oakley and her son as witnesses, unfolded the book without reading one syllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loss of this treasure might be attended with the most embarrassing consequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a case which demanded the immediate interposition and assistance of chivalry, he declared that he himself would convey it safely into the hands of Miss Meadows; and desired to know the road she had pursued, that he might set out in quest of her without a moment's delay. It was not without some difficulty that this information was obtained from the post-boy, who had been enjoined secrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handsome reward for his promised discretion. The same method was used to make him disgorge his trust; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a post-chaise for despatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his 'squire to follow his track with the horses.

Yet, whatever haste he made, it is absolutely necessary for the reader's satisfaction that we should outstrip the chaise, and visit the ladies before his arrival. We shall therefore, without circumlocution, premise, that Miss Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodness, the all-accomplished Miss Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekness of resignation peculiar to herself, for some years, submitted to every species of oppression which her uncle's tyranny of disposition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianship execute

till at length it rose to such a pitch of despotism as she could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Esq. a young man who possessed a pretty considerable estate in the north country; who liked Aurelia's person, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchase Anthony's interest and alliance with certain concessions, which could not but be agreeable to a man of loose principles, who would have found it a difficult task to settle the accounts of his wardship.

According to the present estimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future son-in-law to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, straight, and muscular, with a fair, sleek, unmeaning face, that promised more simplicity than ill nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an estate of five thousand a year. Miss Darnal, however, had penetration enough to discover and despise him, as a strange composition of rapacity and profusion, absurdity and good sense, bashfulness and impudence, self-conceit and diffidence, awkwardness and ostentation, insolence and good nature, rashness and timidity. He was continually surrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who shewed him in leading-strings like a sucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and exposed him in a thousand ludicrous attitudes for the diversion of the public; while all the time he knew their knavery, saw their drift, detested their morals, and despised their understanding. He was so infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather suffered himself to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone; and involved himself in a thousand difficulties, the natural consequences of an error in the first concoction, which, though he plainly saw it, he had not resolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of 'Squire Sycamore, who professed himself the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miss Aurelia Darnel. He had in this pursuit persevered with more constancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other instance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was stimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully instigated by his followers, who hoped to share the spoils of his success. These motives were reinforced by the incessant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel, who, seeing his ward in the last year of her minority, thought there was no time to be lost in securing his own indemnification, and snatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animosity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonstrances, proof against ill-usage, and resolutely averse to the proposed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his constancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and instances of his distraction, which he particularized with the most malicious exaggerations.

In spite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to surmount her objections to the purposed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Instead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he resolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would invest him with the uncontrolled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in consequence of which he hoped to obtain a commission, to secure a jury to his wish, and be appointed sole committee of her person, as well as steward on her estate, of which he would then be heir apparent.

As the first steps towards the execution of this honest scheme, he had subjected Aurelia to the superintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procuress of his pleasures; and hired a new set of servants, who were given to understand, at their first admission, that the young lady was disordered in her brain.

An impression of this nature is easily preserved among servants, when the master of the family thinks his interest is concerned in supporting the imposture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her resentment under ill usage, were, by the address of Anthony, and the prepossession of his domestics, perverted into the effects of insanity; and the same interpretation was strained upon her most indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miss Darnel's disorder were carefully circulated in whispers, and soon reached the ears of Mr Sycamore, who was not at all pleased with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's disposition, he suspected the truth of the report; and, unwilling to see such a prize ravished as it were from his grasp, he, with the advice and assistance of his myrmidons, resolved to set the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage; for he argued in this manner: "If she is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will advise her to embrace the proffered asylum from the villainy of her uncle. If she is really disordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her trustee of course."

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not discretion enough to keep his own counsel. From weakness and vanity, he blabbed the design, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own person, and consequently unfit for oppos-

ing the violence of some desperadoes, whom he knew to be the satellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the house of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had imposed upon with the fiction of her being disordered in her understanding, and amused with the story of a dangerous design upon her person. Thus cautioned and instructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and servants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third house, to which she had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that she had been so accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interposition and prowess of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, she recognized his features as he passed the coach, and, struck with the apparition, shrieked aloud. She had been assured by her guardian that his design was to convey her to her own house; but, perceiving in the sequel that the carriage struck off upon a different road, and finding herself in the hands of strangers, she began to dread a much more disagreeable fate, and conceived doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When she expostulated with the duenna, she was treated like a changeling, admonished to be quiet, and reminded that she was under the direction of those who had managed her with a tender regard to her own welfare, and the honour of her family. When she addressed herself to the old gentleman, who was not much subject to the emotions of humanity, and besides firmly persuaded that she was deprived of her reason, he made no answer, but laid his finger on his mouth by way of enjoining silence.

This mysterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapless young lady; and her terrors waxed so strong, that when she saw Tom Clarke, whose face she knew, she called aloud for assistance, and even pronounced the name of his patron Sir Launcelot Greaves, which she imagined might stimulate him the more to attempt something for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried: Miss Darnel's new keeper having in the course of his journey halted for refreshment at the Black Lion, of which, being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure, Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman, telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended, of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper while the governante stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassionate Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction; and, as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to approve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having inlisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waited for her in secret at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception; on the very first day of their watch they saw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and, through unfrequented paths, conducted his charge to an inn on the post-road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed farther, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be discharged; such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled at a violent rate, from stage to stage, in a carriage drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse, and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion; nor did she fail to introduce Mr Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with such a favour-

able representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased she heard with equal concern and astonishment; for, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connexion with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff as to learn without emotion the calamitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress, that they were now within one day's journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue, used all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose; and so far she succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever lost to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had bespoke a dish of tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. He had by inquiry traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming who the person really was whom he thus pursued, and now he desired to speak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little surprised to see Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose character she had conceived a very sublime idea from the narrative of Mr Thomas Clarke; but she was still more surprised when he gave her to understand that he had charged himself with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes, which Miss Meadows had dropped in the house where they had been threatened with insult. Miss Darnel had not yet discovered her disaster, when her attendant, running into the apartment, presented the prize which she had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miss Meadows, implying a request to be admitted into her presence, that he might make a personal tender of his best services.

It is not to be supposed that the amiable Aurelia heard unmoved such a message from a person, whom her maid discovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whose story she had so lately related: but, as the ensuing scene requires fresh attention in the reader, we shall defer it till another opportunity, when his spirits shall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAP. XV.

Exhibiting an interview, which, it is to be hoped, will interest the curiosity of the reader.

The mind of the delicate Aurelia was strangely agitated by the intelligence which she received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as she was by the nature of her situation, she at once perceived that she could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuse complying with the request of Sir Launcelot; but, in the first hurry of her emotion, she directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that she might be excused for wearing a mask at the interview which he desired, as she had particular reasons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that disguise. Our adventurer submitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunction of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being struck with the presence of Aurelia. Her stature was improved since he had seen her; her shape was exquisitely formed; and she received him with an air of dignity, which impressed him with a very sublime idea of her person and character. She was no less affected at the sight of our adventurer, who, though cased in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and the exercise of travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture to say, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia shone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Ariosto says of the prince Zerbino:

Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa.

"When Nature stamp'd him, she the dye destroy'd."

Our adventurer having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, with an air of pleasantry, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her, as superior beings are adored, unseen, yet his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse

of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her mask, saying, with a faltering accent, "I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations."

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, blushing with all the graces of the most lovely confusion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affection, and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her, in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his disorder: she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face. "I cannot forget (said she), that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and that he at the same time rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent." "Would to Heaven she still survived! (cried our adventurer, with great emotion). She was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity! my guardian angel forsook me when she expired! her last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!"

While he pronounced these words, she lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes, and, after some pause, proceeded in a tremulous tone, "I hope, sir—I hope you have—I should be sorry—Pardon me, sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved—" Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied by a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention.

Having recollected herself a little, she endeavoured to shift the conversation: "You have been abroad since I had the pleasure to see you—I hope you were agreeably amused in your travels." "No, madam (said our hero, drooping his head), I have been unfortunate." When she, with the most enchanting sweetness of benevolence, expressed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not past remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixing them upon her again, with a look of tender dejection, "Cut off (said he) from the possession of what my soul held most dear, I wished for death, and was visited by distraction.—I have been abandoned by my reason—my youth is for ever blasted."—

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter; the lustre vanished from her eyes, and she fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumstance, assisted Dolly in seating her mistress on a couch, where she soon recovered, and saw the knight on his knees before her. "I am still happy (said he) in being able to move your compassion, though I have been held unworthy of your esteem." "Do me justice (she replied); my best esteem has been always inseparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves."—"Is it possible? (cried our hero), then surely I have no reason to complain. If I have moved your compassion, and possess your esteem, I am but one degree short of supreme happiness—that, however, is a gigantic step.—O Miss Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment"—So saying, he gently touched her hand, in order to press it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had presented in her mother's presence, as an interchanged testimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well-known object, the sight of which conjured up a strange confusion of ideas, "This (said he) was once the pledge of something still more cordial than esteem." Aurelia, blushing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unusual vivacity, replied, in a severer tone, "Sir, you best know how it lost its original signification."—"By Heaven! I do not, madam (exclaimed our adventurer). With me it was ever held a sacred idea throned within my heart, cherished with such fervency of regard, with such reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreasonably pays to those sainted reliques that constitute the object of his adoration—" "And, like those reliques (answered Miss Darnel), I have been insensible of my votary's devotion. A saint I must have been, or something more, to know the sentiments of your heart by inspiration."—"Did I forbear (said he) to express, to repeat, to enforce the dictates of the purest passion that ever warmed the human breast, until I was denied access, and formally discarded by that cruel dismission"—"I must beg your pardon, sir, (cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily), I know not what you mean."—"That fatal sentence (said he), if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradise of your affection."—"I would not (she replied) do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition; but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger. I have a right, sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connexion, which—I would—rather wish—had never"—"Heaven and earth! what do I hear? (cried our impatient knight), have I not the baleful letter to produce? What else but Miss Darnel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheered my soul; could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live; could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair; could have even divested me of reason, and

driven me from the society of men, a poor forlorn, wandering lunatic, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet; all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?"

Aurelia looking wistfully at her lover, "Sir, (said she) you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be so insensible, ungrateful, and—inconstant."

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phrase, "Can it be possible?—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illusion!—O, madam!—shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and presages. You shall see that dire paper which hath been the source of all my woes—it is the constant companion of my travels—last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of its horrid contents."

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for such she assured him it must be: but he could not gratify her desire till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were seated: he looked and languished; she flushed and faltered: all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual disorder communicated itself to the kind-hearted sympathizing Dolly, who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprise when she found her mistress, Miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart, Mr Thomas Clarke; a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation; and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received: she set the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the mistake of Dolly; who still continued to sob, and said, "Yaw may think, my Leady Darnel, as haw I'aive yeaten hool-cheese; but it y'an't soa.—I'se think, vor mai peart, as how I'aive bean bewitched."

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time, considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction; applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged his Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage; and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment, when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room, "I remember (said he) the dying words of her who now is a saint in Heaven—"That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive."—What followed, it would ill become me to repeat: but she concluded with these words—"The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence."—Was it not Providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?" Then turning to Miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added, "Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither, in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity."

So saying, he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning; this sweetest, and gentlest, loveliest ornament of human nature: he gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable: he sat down by her; he pressed her soft hand in his; he began to fear that all he saw was the flattering vision of a distempered brain. He looked and sighed; and, turning up his eyes to Heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaste raptures of his soul. The tenderness of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia industriously interposed other subjects of discourse, that his attention might not be dangerously overcharged, and the afternoon passed insensibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his soul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happiness was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a servant, coming in, said he believed some rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The supposition of such distress operated like gunpowder on the disposition of our adventurer, who, without considering the situation of Aurelia, and, indeed, without seeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other subject, for the time being, ran directly to the stable, and, mounting the first horse which he

found saddled, issued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his sword. He rode full speed to the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed; but they sounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheless he followed them to a considerable distance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at last came so near, that he could plainly distinguish the voice of his own 'squire, Timothy Crabshaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horse plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to disengage him. It was with some difficulty that he himself clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmost impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate 'squire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among strangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midst of this emotion he bethought himself of hollowing aloud, that, in case he should be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and assisted. He accordingly practised this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately answered by an old friend, no other than his own steed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his master's voice, neighed strenuously at a small distance. The knight, being well acquainted with the sound, heard it with astonishment; and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to choose his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw; which Bronzomarte no sooner heard, than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the 'squire's distress, and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse: he began to think himself some hero of romance mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some humane enchanter, who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chace; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east, when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable 'squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle-bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprise and concern, asked what had brought him there? and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered, "The devil." "One would imagine, indeed, you had some such conveyance (said Sir Launcelot). I have followed your cries since last evening, I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damage have you sustained, that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?" "I can't guess (replied the 'squire), if it bean't that mai hoole carcass is drillet into oilet hools, and my flesh pinched into a jelly."—"How! wherefore? (cried the knight)—who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?" "I know nothing at all (answered the peevish 'squire), but that I was tormented by vive houndred and vifty thousand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't." "Well, you must have a little patience, Crabshaw—there's a salve for every sore."—"Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zirreverence." "For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease—Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance.—So—well done—cheerly!"—

Timothy actually made an effort to rise; but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then his master exhorted him to take advantage of a park wall by which he lay, and raise himself gradually upon it. Crabshaw, eyeing him askance, said, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and assisting him in person, "Thatch your house with t——d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers."—Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made shift to stand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of ohs! and ahs! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the disaster which had befallen the 'squire; but all the information he could obtain amounted to a very imperfect sketch of the adventure. By dint of a thousand interrogations, he understood, that Crabshaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three persons on horseback, with Venetian masks on their faces, which he mistook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly: that they not only presented pistols to his breast, and led his horse out of the highway, but pricked him with goads, and pinched him from time to time, till he screamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places across the

country, sometimes at an easy trot, sometimes at full gallop, and tormented all night by these hideous demons, who vanished at day-break, and left him lying on the spot where he was found by his master.

This was a mystery which our hero could by no means unriddle: it was the more unaccountable, as the 'squire had not been robbed of his money, horses, and baggage. He was even disposed to believe, that Crabshaw's brain was disordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the post-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the rest of his body speckled with livid marks of contusion. But he was still more chagrined when the landlord informed him, that he was thirty miles distant from the place where he had left Aurelia, and that his way lay through cross-roads, which were almost impassable at that season of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his 'squire should be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and indeed was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion that he could not for some days be in a condition to travel, his master deposited a sum of money in his hands, desiring that he might be properly attended till he should hear further. Then mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAP. XVI.

Which it is to be hoped the reader will find an agreeable medley of mirth and madness, sense and absurdity.

It was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself; his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company; but her he saw not—all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room, "Where is the lady?" cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies she could not pretend to know who he meant. "I tell thee, woman (exclaimed the knight in a louder accent), thou never sawest such another—I mean that miracle of beauty—" "Very like (replied the dame, as she retired to the room door). Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—O la! hi, hi, hi." Instead of answering this question, the innkeeper advancing, and surveying Sir Launcelot, "Friend (said he), you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable." "Tell me not of a horse—where is the young lady?" "Now I will tell you of the horse, and I'll make you find him too before you and I part." "Wretched animal! how dar'st thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or despair—What is become of Miss Meadows? Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she—hah!—speak—answer, or, by the powers above—" "I'll answer you flat—she you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands—so you may make yourself easy on that score—" "Sacred Heaven! explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm." So saying, he seized him with one hand, and, dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The ostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword, declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess, being by this time terrified almost out of her senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that in less than half an hour after he had sallied out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses; that two armed men with pistols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithstanding her struggling and shrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third servant, to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible despatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman, his master, was 'Squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to frenzy by this intimation, spurned the carcass of his host; and, his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the

yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postillions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant; when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and, presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: "Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promised to deliver into your honour's own hands."

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms:

"Honoured Sir,

"The man as gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle Squaire Darnel. Be not consarned, honoured sir, vor I'se take it on mai laife to let yaw knaw wheare we be settled, if so be I can vind where you loadge in Loondon. The man says yaw may put it in the pooblic prints. I houp the bareheir will be honest enuff to deliver this scrowl; and that your honour will pardon

Your umbil servant to command,

DOROTHY COWSLIP.

"P. S.—Please my kaind service to lasyer Clarke. 'Squire Darnel's man is very civil vor sartain; but I'ave no thoughts on him I'll assure yaw. Marry hap, worse ware may have a better chap, as the saying goes."

Nothing could be more seasonable than the delivery of this billet, which he had no sooner perused, than his reflection returned, and he entered into a serious deliberation with his own heart. He considered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a possibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate pursuit he should only expose his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his mistress, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her sentiments by means of this lacquey, of whom, he perceived by the letter, she had already made a conquest. He therefore resolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leisurely to London, and, instead of taking any rash step which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in seeming quiet until she should be settled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the most interesting information.

These reflections had an instantaneous effect upon our hero, whose rage immediately subsided, and whose visage gradually resumed its natural cast of courtesy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the postillion with such a remuneration as sent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generosity and immense fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next step was to see Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreshment for himself, and retired into an apartment, where mine host with his wife and all the servants waited on him to beseech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the false information they had received from the gentleman's servant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the least resentment against such inconsiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without hesitation, but assured the landlord he would be accountable for the horse, which, however, was that same evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded, as it were, within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued without enjoying any rest for eight-and-forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then return to the place where he had left his 'squire indisposed; for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, instead of being, as formerly, tormented with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though she was invidiously snatched from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had wound up his soul to ecstasy and transport, he did not doubt of being able to rescue her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon, of course, expire; and in the mean time he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next day crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his 'squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the scheme in which Crabshaw was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogi-

tations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his destination, and, entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately in a very unsavoury pickle from the chamber of his patient. When he inquired about the health of his 'squire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himself all the while with a napkin, answered in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor 'squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of further advice, and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humorist; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much used to the forms of prescription. He was counted a scholar, to be sure, but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say—"No matter (cried Sir Launcelot), he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly."

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it in his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician, which had been so unfavourably represented, and received the following information:

"For my peart, measter, I knows nothing amiss of the doctor—he's a quiet sort of an inoffensive man; uses my house sometimes, and pays for what he has, like the rest of my customers. They say he deals very little in physic stuff, but cures his patients with fasting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the 'pothecary to be his friend. You know, measter, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife's constitution in such a manner, that I have saved within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in 'pothecary's bills. But what of that? Every man must eat, tho'f at another's expense; and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a-year, by way of serving the 'pothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain; seemed to be turned of fifty; had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick man's chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said, "It lies all here," the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, "If that be all, there's nothing in it."

Upon a more particular inquiry about the symptoms, he was told that the blood was seemingly viscous, and salt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably acrosaline; and the fæces atrabilious and fœtid. When the doctor said he would engage to find the same phenomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifestly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. "A f——t for your borborygmata, (cried the physician). What has been done?" To this question he replied, that venesection had been three times performed; that a vesicatory had been applied *inter scapulas*; that the patient had taken occasionally of a cathartic apozem, and, between whiles, alexipharmic boluses and neutral draughts.—"Neutral, indeed (said the doctor); so neutral, that I'll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the disease." So saying, he brushed into Crabshaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almost suffocated at his first entrance. The day was close; the window-shutters were fastened; a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were close drawn round the bed, where the wretched 'squire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurse, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, sat stewing in this apartment like a damned soul in some infernal bagnio; but, rising when the company entered, made her curtsies with great decorum. "Well (said the doctor), how does your patient, nurse?" "Blessed be God for it, I hope in a fair way:—to be sure his apozem has had a blessed effect—five-and-twenty stools since three o'clock in the morning.—But then, a' would not suffer the blisters to be put upon his thighs.—Good lack! a' has been mortally obstropolous, and out of his senses all this blessed day."—"You lie (cried the 'squire), I a'n't out of my seven senses, thof I'm half mad with vexation."

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapless squire appeared very pale and ghastly; and, having surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, I beg a boon: be pleased to tie a stone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurse, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree, and, in so doing, you will do a

charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and she do the devil's work in partnership, and have sent many score of their betters home to him before their time."—"Oh, he begins to talk sensibly." "Have a good heart (said the physician). What is your disorder?" "Physic." "What do you chiefly complain of?" "The doctor." "Does your head ache?" "Yea, with impertinence." "Have you a pain in your back?" "Yes, where the blister lies." "Are you sick at stomach?" "Yes, with hunger." "Do you feel any shiverings?" "Always at sight of the apothecary." "Do you perceive any load in your bowels?" "I would the apothecary's conscience was as clear." "Are you thirsty?" "Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water." "Be pleased to look into his fauces (said the apothecary); he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you." "I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physic.—Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question. Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these vials into the street. Now lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam. In the next place, take off two-thirds of these coals, and one-third of these blankets.—How do'st feel now, my heart?" "I should feel heart-whole if so be as yow would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the 'pothecary a'ter the noorse, and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hoongry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands in sign of astonishment. The nurse was dismissed in the same breath. Crabshaw rose, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view. The knight passed the evening with the physician, who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynic philosopher, tinctured with misanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries, whom however it was by no means his interest to disoblige.

Next day, Crabshaw being to all appearance perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis; for, ever since his interview with Aurelia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his despair had disordered the current of his sober reflection, so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience, until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion.

He had for some time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise; and, when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld at a little distance a rabble of men and women, variously armed with flails, pitchforks, poles, and muskets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, as to see without emotion a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude of adversaries. Without staying to put on his helmit, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians: then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity as overturned all that happened to be in his way; and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil *in propria persona*. He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded muskets were actually levelled, at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero, "Brother (said he), this is the second time you have holp me off, when I was bump ashore.—Bess Mizzen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bumboat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man. I desire that henceforth we may cruise in the same latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't stand by you as long as I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of canvass."

By this address our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himself with a very strange suit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived in such a manner as to conceal his whole visage, except the eyes. Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was cased in a postillion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a pot-lid, his lance a hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broad sword, like that of Hudibras,

depended by a broad buff belt, that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some mischief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a distance; he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive his squire was taken prisoner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been disabled and secured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been so belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAP. XVII.

Containing adventures of chivalry equally new and surprising.

The knight Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated with equal order and expedition to the distance of half a league from the field of battle, where the former, halting, proposed to make a lodgment in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn gate did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants; some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the avant couriers or heralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay were soon dispelled, when our hero accosted them in the English tongue, and with the most courteous demeanour desired to be shewn into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been spokesman, perhaps their suspicions would not have so quickly subsided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but also in his external appearance, and particularly in those dialects of the English language which are used by the terrestrial animals of this kingdom. He desired the ostler to take his horse in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a safe riding. He ordered the waiter, who shewed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ship his oars, mind his helm, and bring along-side a short allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a slug into his bread-room; for there was such a heaving and pitching, that he believed he should shift his ballast. The fellow understood no part of this address but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he disappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himself into an elbow-chair, "Stop my hawse-holes (cried he), I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head sings and simmers like a pot of chowder.—My eyesight yaws to and again, d'ye see:—then there's such a walloping and whushing in my hold—smite my—Lord have mercy upon us.—Here, you swab, ne'er mind a glass—hand me the noggin."

The latter part of this address was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy, which Crowe snatching eagerly, started into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed there was no time to be lost, inasmuch as he seemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he swallowed this cordial, by which he was instantaneously revived.

He then desired the servant to unbuckle the straps of his helmet; but this was a task which the drawer could not perform, even though assisted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were so much swelled with the discipline they had undergone, that the straps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring surgeon passed by the door on horseback,—a circumstance which the waiter, who saw him from the window, no sooner disclosed, than the knight had recourse to his assistance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in silent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulse; and then declared, that, as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *acme*, it would be necessary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the intestinal canal. So saying, he began to strip the arm of the captain, who perceiving his aim, "Avast, brother (cried he), you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the afterhold, when the damage is in the forecastle.—I shall right again, when my jaws are unhooped."

With these words he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and, advancing to a glass, applied it so vigorously to the leather straps of his head-piece, that the Gordian knot was cut, without any other damage to his face than a moderate scarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally strong, and a whole week's growth of a very bushy beard, produced, on the whole, a most hideous caricature. After all, there was a necessity for the administration of the surgeon, who found divers contusions on different parts of the skull, which even the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the rustics.

These being shaved and dressed *secundum artem*, and the operator dismissed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the post-boys to the field of action for intelligence concerning Mr Clarke and 'Squire Timothy; and, in the interim, desired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures since he parted from him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain English, was what he had little reason to expect from the novice, who nevertheless exerted his faculties to the uttermost for his satisfaction. He gave him to understand, that in steering his course to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himself with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public-house, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle: that, seeing him do his business like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having considered the subject, had undertaken to make him such a suit of armour as neither sword nor lance should penetrate: that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance, and the broad sword, were purchased, together with a copper saucepan, which the artist was now at work upon, in converting it to a shield: but, in the mean time, the captain being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himself with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithstanding all the entreaties, tears, and remonstrances of his nephew Tom Clarke, who could not however be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken: that this being but the second day of his journey, he descried five or six men on horseback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his sails a-back, and prepared for action: that he hailed them at a considerable distance, and bade them bring to: when they came along-side, notwithstanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courses, and furl their top-sails, otherwise he would be foul of their quarters: that, hearing this salute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth shook in the wind: then he hollowed in a loud voice, that his sweetheart Besselia Mizen wore the broad pendant of beauty, to which they must strike their top-sails on pain of being sent to the bottom: that, after having eyed him for some time with astonishment, they clapped on all their sails, some of them running under his stern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off: that, not satisfied with running a-head, they all of a sudden tacked about, and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him such a drubbing about his upper-works, that the light danced in his lanterns: that he returned the salute with his hop-pole so effectually, that the aggressor broached to in the twinkling of an handspike; and then he was engaged with all the rest of the enemy, except one who sheered off, and soon returned with a musqueto fleet of small craft, who had done him considerable damage, and, in all probability, would have made prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He said, that in the beginning of the conflict Tom Clarke rode up to the foremost of the enemy, as he did suppose in order to prevent hostilities; but before he got up to him, near enough to hold discourse, he was pooped with a sea that almost sent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had scarce finished his narration, which consisted of broken hints and unconnected explosions of sea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commission of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a constable, who had in custody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabshaw, surrounded by five men on horseback, and an innumerable posse of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no sooner descried this cavalcade and procession, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and advised that they should crowd away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion, and determined at any rate to procure the enlargement of the prisoners.

The justice, ordering his attendants to stay without the gate, sent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and desired to speak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help staring at sight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human physiognomy, so much was the swelling increased and the skin discoloured. The gentleman, whose name was Mr Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his business. He said, information had been lodged with him, as a justice of the peace, against two armed men on horseback, who had stopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even assaulted, maimed, and wounded divers persons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the statute: that, by the description, he supposed the knight and his companion to be the persons against whom the complaint had been lodged; and, understanding his quality from Mr Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and, if possible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer, having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole story, as it had been just related by the captain; and Mr Elmy had no reason to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumstance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole history of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimsical resolution of his uncle, Captain Crowe. Mr Elmy now told the knight, that the persons whom the captain had stopped were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market, a set of people naturally boorish, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon

pitch of insolence: that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole county; and so litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-suits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in costs. He said the others might be easily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: he therefore proposed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity, and, his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr Clarke had made such good use of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and displaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his sentiments the constable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail, and even staggered the majority of the farmers, who, at first, had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being first called to the bar, and sworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and Captain Crowe, declared, that the said Crowe had stopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear: that he afterwards saw the said Crowe with a pole or weapon, value three-pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing assault and battery against the heads and shoulders of his majesty's liege subjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he saw Sir Launcelot Greaves, Baronet, aiding, assisting, and comforting the said Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute.

Being asked if the defendant, when he stopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence, he answered he could not say, inasmuch as the defendant spoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to pass without using any violence, and if they did not pass unmolested, the deponent replied in the affirmative: being required to tell for what reason they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not assaulted before he began to use his weapon, the deponent made no answer. The depositions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the same purpose; and his worship earnestly exhorted them to an accommodation, observing, that they themselves were in fact the aggressors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himself in his own defence.

They were all pretty well disposed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law should determine it at next 'size; and in the mean time insisted that the defendants should find immediate bail or go to prison, or be set in the stocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons not usually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itself a breach of the peace; but that they had moreover, with force of arms, that is to say, with swords, staves, and other warlike instruments, by turns, made an assault and *affray*, to the terror and disturbance of him and divers subjects of the lord our king, then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of our said lord the king, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity.

The peasant had purchased a few law-terms at a considerable expense, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr Elmy, finding him obstinately deaf to all proposals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themselves as sureties. Mr Clarke, with Timothy Crabshaw, against whom nothing appeared, were now set at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worship, gave information against Geoffrey Prickle, and declared upon oath that he had seen him assault Captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interposed to prevent further mischief, the said Prickle had likewise assaulted and wounded him, the deponent, and detained him for some time in false imprisonment, without warrant or authority.

In consequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences, selected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to understand that he must either find bail, or be forthwith imprisoned. This *honest* boor, who was in opulent circumstances, had made such popular use of the benefits he possessed, that there was not an housekeeper in the parish who would not have rejoiced to see him hanged. His dealings and connexions, however, were such, that none of the other four would have refused to bail him, had not Clarke given them to understand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two separate actions against each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the innkeeper, and the curate durst not disoblige the vicar, who at that very time was suing the farmer for the small tithes. He offered to deposite a sum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He sent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good customer, but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciseman presented himself as a surety, but he not being an housekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were succes-

sively refused, because they could not prove that they had paid scot and lot, and parish taxes.

The farmer, finding himself thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of visiting the inside of a prison, was seized with a paroxysm of rage, during which he inveighed against the bench, reviled the two adventurers errant, declared that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and in the space of a quarter of an hour swore forty oaths, which the justice did not fail to number. "Before we proceed to other matters (said Mr Elmy), I order you to pay forty shillings for the oaths you have swore, otherwise I will cause you to be set in the stocks without further ceremony."

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the sum, declared that he could afford to pay for swearing as well as e'er a justice in the county; and repeated his challenge of the wager, which our adventurer now accepted, protesting at the same time, that it was not a step taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to punish an insolent plebeian, who could not otherwise be chastised without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being deposited on each side in the hands of Mr Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and despatch, produced a canvass bag, containing two hundred and seventy pounds, which, being spread upon the table, made a very formidable shew, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had ensured his conquest.

Our adventurer, asking if he had any thing further to offer, and being answered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a considerable parcel of bank-notes, from which he selected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the astonishment of all present. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loss, said it might be necessary to make him prove the notes were honestly come by; and Sir Launcelot started up in order to take vengeance upon him for this insult, but was withheld by the arms and remonstrances of Mr Elmy, who assured him that Prickle desired nothing so much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new prosecution.

The knight, calmed by this interposition, turned to the audience, saying, with the most affable deportment, "Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the spoils of such a contemptible rascal. I shall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up these twenty guineas, and distribute them as he shall think proper among the poor of the parish; but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myself acquitted for the share I had in the bruises some of you have received in this unlucky fray, and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the sufferers, to each according to the damage he or she shall appear to have sustained; and I shall consider it as an additional obligation if Mr Elmy will likewise superintend this retribution."

At the close of this address, the whole yard and gate-way rung with acclamation, while honest Crowe, whose generosity was not inferior even to that of the accomplished Greaves, pulled out his purse, and declared, that, as he had begun the engagement, he would at least go share and share alike in new caulking their seams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a dispute with his novice, told him he considered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that subject hereafter.

This point being adjusted, Mr Elmy assumed all the solemnity of the magistrate, and addressed himself to Prickle in these words: "Farmer Prickle, I am both sorry and ashamed to see a man of your years and circumstances so little respected, that you cannot find sufficient bail for forty pounds; a sure testimony that you have neither cultivated the friendship, nor deserved the good-will, of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate; your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have overlooked with the contempt it deserves; but I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in gaol until you can find bail on the other prosecutions."

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was indeed extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to gaol so disgracefully. His countenance fell, and, after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he said he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion; and observed, that, as he had received a broken head, and paid two-and-twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot, seeing this stubborn rustic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request; and a mutual re-

lease being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expense; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke; but the first thing the cook prepared was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr Clarke by the hand, expressing his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again, and told him softly that he had compliments for him from Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and after some hesitation, "Lord bless my soul! (cried he) I'll be shot then if the pretended Miss Meadows wa'n't the same as Miss Darnel!" He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight whether she did not look very pretty in her green joseph. In the mean time he procured a plaster for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes with a moderate dose of sack-whey, to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction; and the justice, in particular, grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But, as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAP. XVIII.

In which the rays of chivalry shine with renovated lustre.

Our hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight who arrived about eleven at the sign of the St George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than 'Squire Sycamore, who, having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive; hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chace so close, that, immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr Sycamore had a great deal of the childish romantic in his disposition, and, in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected; and he dropped an insinuation that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatic sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor, and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet the two characters suited each other so well, that they could hardly exist asunder. Davy was an artful sycophant, but he did not flatter in the usual way, on the contrary, he behaved *en cavilier*, and treated Sycamore, on whose bounty he subsisted, with the most sarcastic familiarity. Nevertheless he seasoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that subdued the bitterness of it, and was now become so necessary to the 'squire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not some how or other connected. There had been a warm dispute betwixt them about the scheme of contesting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the lists of chivalry. Sycamore had insinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle snatching the hint, "I had some time ago (said he) contrived a scheme for you, which I was afraid you had not address to execute—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, to go in quest of Greaves as a knight errant, defy him as a rival, and establish a compact, by which the vanquished should obey the injunctions of the victor."—"That is my very idea," (cried Sycamore) "Your idea (replied the other), had you ever an idea of your own conception?"—Thus the dispute began, and was maintained with great vehemence, until, other arguments failing, the 'squire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this proposal Dawdle answered by the interjection *Pish!* which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance.—"You are in the right (said Dawdle) to use such an argument as you know is by me unanswerable. A wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logic of the most able syllogist, who has not got a shilling in his pocket."

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration, and, after a short pause, said, "I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!" "I am surprised you should give yourself that trouble—I never ask what you do with yours."

—"You have no occasion to ask, you know pretty well how it goes."—What, do you upbraid me with your favours?—'tis mighty well, Sycamore."—"Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront"—"Z—s! affront! what d'ye mean?"—"I'll assure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be so ungenerous as to—a—to—"—"I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generosity,—though to be sure it is often very absurdly displayed."—"Ay, that's one of my greatest foibles; I can't refuse even a scoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note."—"Not I, sir,—what d'ye mean?—what right have I to your notes?" "Nay, but Dawdle,—come."—"By no means—it looks like the abuse of good nature,—all the world knows you're good-natured to a fault."—"Come, dear Davy, you shall—you must oblige me."—Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and restored the idea to the right owner.

A suit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his ancestors, he gave orders for having the pieces scoured and furbished up; and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the superb figure he should make when cased in complete steel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle insisted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the head-piece being adjusted, made such a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almost started from their sockets. His voice was lost within the vizor, and his friend affected not to understand his meaning when he made signs with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to close with him, that he might wrest the cudgel from his hand. At length he desisted, saying, "I'll warrant the helmet sound by its ringing;" and, taking it off, found the 'squire in a cold sweat. He would have achieved his first exploit on the spot, had his strength permitted him to assault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the discipline he had undergone, he had well nigh swooned away; and before he retrieved the use of his members, he was appeased by the apologies of his companion, who protested he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered.

His excuses were accepted; the armour was packed up, and next morning Mr Sycamore set out from his own house, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his 'squire at the approaching combat. He was also attended by a servant on horseback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blowed the trumpet. They no sooner understood that our hero was housed at the George, than the trumpeter sounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and disturbed honest Captain Crowe in the middle of his first sleep. Their next step was to pen a challenge, which, when the stranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in these words; "To the Knight of the Crescent, greeting. Whereas I am informed you have the presumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerless Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice that I can admit no rivalship in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either resign your pretensions, or make it appear in single combat, according to the law of arms, and the institution of chivalry, that you are worthy to dispute her favour with him of the Griffin. POLYDORE."

Our adventurer was not a little surprised at this address, which however he pocketed in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the stranger was 'Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet, and, in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he did not suppose as how they would engage by candle-light; and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the larboard watch, long enough before any signals could be hove out for forming the line. With this assurance the lawyer retired to his nest, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs Dolly Cowslip, while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr Sycamore, and hesitated with himself whether he should not punish him for his impertinence; but when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours, he never adopted those maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight because he did not like the colour of his beard or the complexion of his mistress; or of deciding by homicide whether he or his rival deserved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which should be th

happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was an useful institution while confined to its original purposes of protecting the innocent, assisting the friendless, and bringing the guilty to condign punishment; but he could not conceive how these laws should be answered by violating every suggestion of reason, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter so philosophically. He took it for granted, that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and slept sound on that supposition. But he rose before it was day, resolved to be some how concerned in the fray; and, understanding that the stranger had a companion, set him down immediately for his own antagonist. So impatient was he to establish this secondary contest, that by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and roused him with a hilloah, that might have been heard at the distance of half a league. Dawdle, startled by this terrific sound, sprung out of bed, and stood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been so dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of Crowe, so swelled and swathed, so livid, hideous, and grisly, with a broad sword by his side, and a case of pistols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of some murdered man; his hair bristled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied its office. Crowe seeing his perturbation, "Mayhap, friend, (said he) you take me for a buccaneer; but I am no such person.—My name is Captain Crowe.—I come not for your silver nor your gold, your rigging nor your stowage; but, hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye see, I desire, in the way of friendship, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their seconds, may lie board and board for a few glasses to divert one another, d'ye see." Dawdle hearing this request, began to retrieve his faculties, and, throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghost appears, exclaimed in theatrical accent,

"*Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*
Art thou a spirit of grace, or goblin damn'd?"

As he seemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really saw something preternatural, and stared wildly around. Then addressing himself to the terrified Dawdle, "Damn'd, (said he) for what should I be damn'd? If you are afeard of goblins, brother, put your trust in the Lord, and he'll prove a sheet anchor to you." The other having by this time recollected himself perfectly, continued notwithstanding to spout tragedy, and in the words of Macbeth pronounced,

"*What man dare, I dare:*
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."——

"'Ware names, Jack, (cried the impatient mariner) if so be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourself, and take a short trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capstan."

At this juncture they were joined by Mr Sycamore in his night-gown and slippers. Disturbed by Crowe's first salute, he had sprung up, and now expressed no small astonishment at first sight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle, "Who have we got here, (said he) raw head and bloody bones?" when his friend, slipping on his clothes, gave him to understand, that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He assured him that he should have the pleasure to break a spear with Mr Dawdle; and signified his surprise that Sir Launcelot had made no answer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely interested in this affair, he broke, without ceremony, into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly, that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. "I've hailed his consort, (said he) a shambling chattering fellow; he took me first for a hobgoblin, then called me names, a tiger, a wrynoseo'ross, and a Persian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged staff before we part.—I wool——"

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer, who told him in a peremptory tone, that he had no design to come to action, and desired to be left to his repose. Crowe forthwith retired crest-fallen, and muttered something, which was never distinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr Dawdle brought him a formal message from the knight of the Griffin, desiring he would appoint the lists, and give security of the field. To which request he made answer in a very composed and solemn accent, "If the person who sent you thinks I have injured him, let him, without disguise, or any such ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong; and then I shall give such satisfaction as may suit my conscience and my character. If he hath bestowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favoured rival, I shall not wrong the lady so much as to take any step that may prejudice her choice, especially a step that contradicts my own reason as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who

calls himself knight of the Griffin is really desirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of signalising his valour in the cause of virtue.—Should he, notwithstanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the course of my occasions, he will always find me in a posture of defence: or, should he persist in repeating his importunities, I shall, without ceremony, chastise the messenger." His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr Sycamore, who now became more insolent and ferocious, on the supposition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot, meanwhile, went to breakfast with his friends, and having put on his armour, ordered the horses to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill, and, walking deliberately to the gate, in presence of 'Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted at one spring into the saddle of Bronzomarte, whose neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accomplished master.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to insult his rival personally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack some jokes on the figure and horsemanship of Crowe, who again declared he should be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance pass unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabshaw, he beheld his brother 'squire with the contempt of a veteran; and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting: but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to sound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagonist.

Perhaps he would have contented himself with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition, by launching out in praise of Sir Launcelot. He observed that his countenance was open and manly; his joints strong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the saddle like a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crescent happened to be so pacifically disposed. His patron sickened at these praises, and took fire at the last observation. He affected to undervalue personal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himself in that particular: he said he was at least two inches taller than Greaves; and as to shape and air, he would make no comparisons; but, with respect to riding, he was sure he had a better seat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas, that he would unhorse him at the first encounter. "There is no occasion for laying wagers, replied Mr Dawdle, "the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop." Sycamore, after some hesitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: for, though Davy had no stomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuse for declining it: besides, he had discovered the captain to be a very bad horseman, and resolved to eke out his own scanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The servants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour, and, in a little time, Mr Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the scene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we shall reserve it for a more conspicuous place in these memoirs.

CHAP. XIX.

Containing the achievements of the Knights of the Griffin and Crescent.

Mr Sycamore, alias the Knight of the Griffin, so denominated from a griffin painted on his shield, being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himself would ensure a victory over the novice Crowe, they set out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer pursued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they, in less than two hours, came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore sent another formal defiance to the knight, by his trumpeter, Dawdle having, for good reasons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himself thus addressed, and seeing his rival, who had passed him, posted to obstruct his progress, armed cap-a-pie, with his lance in the rest, determined to give the satisfaction that was required, and desired that the regulations of the combat might be established. The knight of the Griffin proposed, that the vanquished party should resign all pretensions to Miss Aurelia Darnel, in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle should run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that 'Squire Crabshaw and Mr Sycamore's servant should keep themselves in readiness to assist their respective masters occasionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr Clarke should observe the motions of the trumpeter, whose province was to sound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to these regulations, notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their turns, to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodshed and murder; and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and

entreaties, by threatening them with prosecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they persisted in their resolution, and his uncle would have begun hostilities on his carcass, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the consequences of the combat. He relished this advice so well, that he had actually moved off to some distance; but his apprehensions and concern for his friends co-operating with an insatiable curiosity, detained him in sight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the same precautions being taken by the seconds, on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with some scruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance and well-known character of his antagonist. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vanished, because it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardness was not owing to personal timidity; and he foresaw that the prosecution of this joke might be attended with very serious consequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore desired a parley, in which he observed his affection for Miss Darnel was of such a delicate nature, that, should the discomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory must render him the most miserable wretch upon earth. He proposed, therefore, that her sentiments and choice should be ascertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination, than of opposing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the least reason to think Mr Sycamore, or any other person, was distinguished by her preference, he would instantly give up his suit as desperate. At the same time, he observed, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had insulted a gentleman, and not only challenged, but even pursued him, and blocked up his passage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not suffer to pass unpunished. Accordingly he insisted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr Sycamore as a craven and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle, who told him, that, should he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

These two observations gave a necessary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their stations: the trumpet sounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuosity.—Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr Sycamore's steed, or some other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-sight, certain it is he started at about midway, and gave his rider such a violent shake as discomposed his attitude, and disabled him from using his lance to the best advantage. Had our hero continued his career, with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcass; but Sir Launcelot, perceiving his rival's spear unrested, had just time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horses closed with such a shock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the saddle, was overthrown, and his armour crashed around him as he fell.

The victor, seeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was assisted by the trumpeter. When the head-piece was removed, the hapless knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a swoon, from which he soon recovered by the effect of the fresh air, and the aspersion of cold water, brought from a small pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognised his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his person, he closed his eyes from vexation, told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himself owed his mischance to the fault of his own horse; and observed, that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the mischievous instigation of that scoundrel Dawdle, on whose ribs he threatened to revenge this mishap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have saved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the institutions of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: but on this occasion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which several smooth pebbles were enclosed; and this he silly fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the signal of battle. Instead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the straight line, so as to avoid the lance of his antagonist, and rattled his bladder with such effect, that Crowe's horse, pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled across some ploughed land with such precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his spear, and lay fast hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the saddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, seeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his shoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr Clarke, seeing his kinsman so roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his assistance; but, before he came up, the aggressor had retired; and now perceiving that fortune had declared against his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his distress, and went off at full speed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabshaw without his share in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had by this time imbibed such a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himself

and his master equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverse disposition, rendered him as quarrelsome in his sphere as his master was mild and forbearing. As he sat on horseback, in the place assigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in such a manner, as to invade with his heels the posteriors of the other's horse; and this insult produced some altercation, which ended in mutual assault. The footman handled the but-end of his horsewhip with great dexterity about the head of Crabshaw, who declared afterwards, that it sung and simmered like a kettle of codfish; but the 'squire, who understood the nature of long lashes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagonist, and pull him off his horse half strangled, at the very instant his master was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry; but, taking it for granted he had a right to make the most of his advantage, resolved to carry off the *spolia opima*. Alighting with great agility, "Brother (cried he), I think as haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horse, a doan't carry calves well—I'se make yaw knaw your churning days, I wool—what yaw look as if yaw was crow-trodden, you do—now, you shall pay the score you have been running on my pate, you shall, brother."

So saying, he rifled his pockets, stripped him of his hat and coat, and took possession of his master's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder: for the lacquey, complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been despoiled, the knight commanded his 'squire to refund, not without menaces of subjecting him to the severest chastisement for his injustice and rapacity. Timothy represented, with great vehemence, that he had won the spoils in fair battle, at the expense of his head and shoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: but his remonstrance having no effect upon his master, "Wounds! (cried he), an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'se gee thee back the pole also; I'm a drubbing still in thy debt."

With these words, he made a most furious attack upon the plaintiff, with his horsewhip, and, before the knight could interpose, repaid the lacquey with interest. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the risk of another assault from the novice Crowe, who was so transported with rage, at the disagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagonist, that he could not for some time pronounce an articulate sound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be ascertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr Sycamore sat on the grass, supported by the trumpeter, and would have finished what our adventurer had left undone, if the knight of the Crescent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the knight of the Griffin, and signified his displeasure in a resolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was just disengaged from the chastising hand of Crabshaw, and, swinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the 'squire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not slow in returning the salutation, with the weapon which he still wielded: Mr Clarke, running up to the assistance of his uncle, was opposed by the lacquey, who seemed extremely desirous of seeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hostilities against the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabshaw; a battle-royal ensued, and was maintained with great vigour, and some bloodshed on all sides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by some weighty remonstrances, applied to the 'squire, put an end to the conflict. Crabshaw immediately desisted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who seemed to sympathize very little with his distress. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr Clarke wiped his bloody nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the Crown-office; and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. "D—n my eyes, if you call this—start my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye see—a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of—among the breakers, d'ye see—lost my steerage way—split my binnacle; haul away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight vessel, d'ye see, brother—mayhap you mayn't—snatch my—sea room and a spanking gale—odds heart, I'll hold a whole year's—smite my limbs; it don't signify talking."

Our hero consoled the novice for his disaster by observing, that, if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same time he observed that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry, who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted, that, as the cause which had engaged him in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession, which, in a peculiar manner, exposed him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this insinuation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which had given their riders the slip. As for Mr Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town, and the servant was dispatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage

our hero took leave of him in these terms: "I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this rencounter. I give you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman, jealous of his honour, and resolute in his purpose."

To this address Mr Sycamore made no reply, but with a sullen aspect ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe, parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained in some respects the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed, they pursued their way in an easy pace, Mr Clarke endeavouring to amuse them with a learned dissertation on the law, tending to demonstrate that Mr Sycamore was, by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, besides a commission of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be prosecuted for having practised subtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for assault and battery; because, for why? The said Crowe having run away, as might be easily proved, before any blows were given, the said Dawdle, by pursuing him even out of the high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purposes, the aggressor; and an indictment would lie in *Banco Regis*.

The captain's pride was so shocked at these observations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience, "You lie, you dog, in *Bilkum Regis*—you lie, I say, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye see. It was my son of a bitch of a horse that would not obey the helm, d'ye see, whereby I cou'dn't use my mettle, d'ye see—As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiss my—So don't go and heave your stink-pots at my character, d'ye see, or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a —I wool." Tom protested he meant nothing but a little speculation, and Crowe was appeased.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden without any further adventure, and passed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horses were ordered to be saddled, Mr Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs Dolly Cowslip. This young woman, advancing to the knight, cried, "O, Sir Launcelot! my dear leady, my dear leady!" —but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful shower of sympathy.

Our adventurer starting at this exclamation, "O heavens! (cried he), where is my Aurelia? speak, where did you leave that jewel of my soul? answer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!"

Dolly, having recollected herself, told him that Mr Darnel had lodged his niece in the new buildings by May Fair; that, on the second night after their arrival, a very warm expostulation had passed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning dismissed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her mistress, and that same day moved to another part of the town, as she afterwards learned of the landlady, though she could not inform her whither they were gone; that, when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindness for her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most dismal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleased to find his presaging fears disappointed; though he was far from being satisfied with the dismission of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London, where she hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom by this time she was attached by the strongest ties of affection; and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havock in her heart, though, it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune; and from this day he began to ruminate on a scheme which was afterwards consummated in her favour.—In the mean time he laid injunctions on Mr Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs Cowslip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to

procure a saddle-horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green joseph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the 'squire, were left in the care of the innkeeper, and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognized his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions, but then his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumified, that he might have passed for a Caffre or Æthiopian. Every circumstance being now adjusted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull and Gate Inn in Holborn, where they established their quarters for the night.

CHAP. XX.

In which our Hero descends into the mansions of the damned.

The first step which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that succeeded his arrival in London, was to settle Mrs Dolly Cowslip in lodgings at the house where John Clump had promised to visit; as he did not doubt, that, though the visit was delayed, it would some time or other be performed, and in that case he might obtain some intelligence of Aurelia. Mr Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the same house, on his earnestly desiring he might be intrusted with the office of conveying information and instruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himself resolved to live retired until he should receive some tidings relating to Miss Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he proposed to frequent places of public resort incognito, that he might have some chance of meeting by accident with the mistress of his heart.

Taking it for granted that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuse him in his hours of solitude and disappointment, he invited that original to be his guest at a small house which he determined to hire ready furnished in the neighbourhood of Golden-Square. The captain thanked him for his courtesy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of situation. He said he would recommend him to a special good upper-deck hard by St Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the prospect of the street forwards, well frequented by passengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parsons' great brew-house, with two hundred hogs feeding almost under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of salutation; nor did he forget the sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river, and the pleasing objects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape, but, his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night Mr Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her, that his master, 'Squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning for Yorkshire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney coach, attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey, so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion, that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients, knowing as he did that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her, and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted; and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to inquire if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode, by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden-square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed. No such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office; and therefore our hero set out on his gaol expedition, accompanied by Mr Clarke, who had contracted some acquaintance with the commanding officers in these garrisons, in the course of his clerkship and practice as an attorney. The first day they spent in prosecuting their inquiry through the Gate-house, Fleet, and Marshalsea; the next they allotted to the King's Bench, where they understood there was a great variety of prisoners. There

they proposed to make a minute scrutiny, by the help of Mr Norton, the deputy-marshal, who was Mr Clark's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the gaoler either in his appearance or in his disposition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having bespoke dinner at a tavern in the Borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the prison of the King's Bench, which is situated in St George's-fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster-bridge, and appears like a neat little regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a gaol, or bears the least colour of restraint. The street is crowded with passengers. Tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions. Hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares as in any open street of London. Here are butchers-stands, chandlers-shops, a surgery, a tap-house well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners gratis, at the expense of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains; and indeed little else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the farther end of the street, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called State Rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of crown prisoners; and on the other side of the street, facing a separate division of ground called the Common Side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging box, and are maintained by this practice, and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe, that the gaol is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

Our adventurer having searched the books, and perused the description of all the female prisoners who had been for some weeks admitted into the gaol, obtained not the least intelligence of his concealed charmer, but resolved to alleviate his disappointment by the gratification of his curiosity.

Under the auspices of Mr Norton, he made a tour of the prison, and in particular visited the kitchen, where he saw a number of spits loaded with a variety of provision, consisting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game: he could not help expressing his astonishment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himself in secret, upon his being a member of that community which had provided such a comfortable asylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noise in the street; and Mr Norton, declaring he was sent for to the lodge, consigned our hero to the care of one Mr Felton, a prisoner of a very decent appearance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repose themselves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furnished. When Sir Launcelot asked the cause of that uproar, he told him that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the prisoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe, expressing an eager curiosity to see the battle, Mr Felton assured him there would be no sport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills: "But in half an hour (said he) there will be a battle of some consequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr Crabclaw and Mr Tapley, the first a physician, and the other a brewer. You must know, gentlemen, that this microcosm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, split into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapley; both are men of warm and impetuous tempers, and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, insomuch that it was dangerous to walk the street on account of the continual skirmishes of their partizans. At length, some of the more sedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon some remedy for these growing disorders, proposed that the dispute should be at once decided by single combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the proposal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas, and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which considerable sums of money are depending. As for Mr Norton, it is not proper that he should be present, or seem to countenance such violent proceedings, which, however, it is necessary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of those humours, which, being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury in conspiracy and rebellion."

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means such a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were restrained within the bounds of any tolerable discipline, or prevented from making their escape, which they might at any time accomplish, either by stealth or open violence, as it could not be supposed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and shutting the door, could resist the efforts of a whole multitude.

"Your wonder, good sir (said Mr Felton), will vanish, when you consider it is hardly possible that the multitude should co-operate in the execution of such a scheme; and that the keeper perfectly well understands the maxim *divide et impera*. Many prisoners are restrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marshal, whose friendship and good offices

they have experienced; some, no doubt, are actuated by motives of discretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly persuaded that there are not ten prisoners within the place that would make their escape if the doors were laid open. This is a step which no man would take, unless his fortune was altogether desperate; because it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expose him to the most imminent risk of being retaken and treated with the utmost severity. The majority of the prisoners live in the most lively hope of being released by the assistance of their friends, the compassion of their creditors, or the favour of the legislature. Some, who are cut off from all these proposals, are become naturalised to the place, knowing they cannot subsist in any other situation. I myself am one of these. After having resigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained these nine years in prison, because one person refuses to sign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the least countenance or favour: I am grown old in confinement, and lay my account with ending my days in gaol, as the mercy of the legislature in favour of insolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of industry and the most rigid economy, I make shift to live independent in this retreat. To this scene my faculty of subsisting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to escape, where should I go? All my views of fortune have been long blasted. I have no friends nor connexions in the world. I must, therefore, starve in some sequestered corner, or be recaptivated and confined for ever to close prison, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy."

Here the conversation was broke off by another uproar, which was the signal to battle between the doctor and his antagonist. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undressed, and the stakes deposited. The doctor seemed of the middle age and middle stature, active and alert, with an atrabilarious aspect, and a mixture of rage and disdain expressed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a butt of beer, but very fat, unwieldy, short-winded, and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little surprised when he beheld in the character of seconds a male and a female stripped naked from the waist upwards, the latter ranging on the side of the physician; but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor, retiring some paces backwards, threw himself into the attitude of a battering-ram, and rushed upon his antagonist with great impetuosity, foreseeing, that, should he have the good fortune to overturn him in the first assault, it would not be an easy task to raise him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who stood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and, stepping forward with his projected fist, something smaller and softer than a sledge-hammer, struck the physician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the assistance of his female second, he was on his legs again, and grappling with his antagonist, endeavoured to tip him a fall, but, instead of accomplishing his purpose, he received a cross-buttock, and the brewer, throwing himself upon him as he fell, had well nigh smothered him on the spot. The amazon flew to his assistance, and Tapley shewing no inclination to get up, she smote him on the temple till he roared. The male second, hastening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately surrounded with black circles; and she returned the salute with a blow, which brought a double stream of blood from his nostrils, greeting him at the same time with the opprobrious appellation of a lousy son of a b—h. A combat more furious than the first would now have ensued, had not Felton interposed with an air of authority, and insisted on the man's leaving the field, an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, saying, "Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander; I'll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we sleep—." Then Felton advancing to his opponent, "Madam (said he), I'm very sorry to see a lady of your rank and qualifications expose yourself in this manner—for God's sake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the sake of your own family, at least for the credit of your sex in general." "Hark ye, Felton (said she), decorum is founded upon a delicacy of sentiment and deportment, which cannot consist with the disgraces of a gaol and the miseries of indigence.—But I see the dispute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank; if you'll dine with us, you shall be welcome; if not, you may die in your sobriety, and be damned."

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the festival with his presence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr Felton's apartment, where he sat some time without opening his mouth, so astonished he was at what he had seen and heard.

"I perceive, sir (said the prisoner), you are surprised at the manner in which I accosted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more surprised when you hear that within these eighteen months she was actually a person of fashion, and her opponent (who, by the bye, is her husband) universally respected as a man of

honour and a brave officer."—"I am indeed (cried our hero), overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as stimulated by an eager curiosity, to know the fatal causes which have produced such a deplorable reverse of character and fortune. But I will rein my curiosity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have bespoke dinner, a favour which I hope Mr Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himself is to be of the party."—The prisoner thanked him for his kind invitation, and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marshal in their passage through the lodge or entrance of the prison.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing further anecdotes relating to the children of wretchedness.

Dinner being cheerfully discussed, and our adventurer expressing an eager desire to know the history of the male and female who had acted as 'squires or seconds to the champions of the King's Bench, Felton gratified his curiosity to this effect:—

"All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a sloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London against the inclination and without the knowledge of her father, who renounced her for this act of disobedience: that the captain consoled himself for the rigour of the parent, with the possession of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in person, but highly accomplished in her mind and amiable in her disposition. Such, a few months ago, were those two persons whom you saw acting in such a vulgar capacity. When they first entered the prison, they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won universal respect even from the most brutal inhabitants of the gaol.

"The captain, having unwarily involved himself as security for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a considerable sum; and his own father-in-law being the sole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having espoused his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually stepped into the post-chaise with his lady for Portsmouth, where his ship lay, and caused him to be arrested in the most public and shameful manner. Mrs Clewline had like to have sunk under the first transports of her grief and mortification; but these subsiding, she had recourse to personal solicitation. She went with her only child in her arms (a lovely boy), to her father's door, and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the street, imploring his compassion in the most pathetic strain; but this hard-hearted citizen, instead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his bosom, insulted her from the window with the most bitter reproach, saying, among other shocking expressions, "Strumpet, take yourself away with your brat, otherwise I shall send for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell."

"The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this usage, and fainted in the street, from whence she was conveyed to a public-house by the charity of some passengers. She afterwards attempted to soften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by interesting some of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, she accompanied her husband to the prison of the King's Bench, where she must have felt, in the severest manner, the fatal reverse of circumstance to which she was exposed.

"The captain being disabled from going to sea, was superseded, and he saw all his hopes blasted in the midst of an active war, at a time when he had the fairest prospects of fame and fortune. He saw himself reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up with the tender partner of his heart in a wretched hovel, amidst the refuse of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common necessaries of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding resources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance, and repeated assurances of this kind so long, that he at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

"Mrs Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that she might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her husband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the suggestions of his pretended hope; she interchanged with him assurances of better fortune; her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguish. She assisted him in writing letters to former friends, the last consolation of the wretched prisoner; she delivered these letters with her own hand, and underwent a thousand mortifying repulses, the most shocking circumstances of which she concealed from her husband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the husband and wife, in some measure, sweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doted with an enthusiasm of fondness.—Yet even this pleasure was mingled with the most tender and melancholy regret. I have seen the mother hang over him, with the most affecting expression of this kind in her aspect,

the tears contending with the smiles upon her countenance, while she exclaimed,—"Alas! my poor prisoner, little did your mother once think she should be obliged to nurse you in a gaol." The captain's paternal love was dashed with impatience—he would snatch up the boy in a transport of grief, press him to his breast, devour him as it were with kisses, throw up his eyes to heaven in the most emphatic silence; then convey the child hastily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, stalk out into the common walk, and, finding himself alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

"Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further griefs awaited them! The small-pox broke out in the prison, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the consternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their distress was rendered inconceivable by indigence; for, by this time, they were so destitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did on that occasion what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures.—I wrote to a physician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to visit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman-prisoner as a nurse, and Mr Norton supplied them with money and necessaries. These helps were barely sufficient to preserve them from the horrors of despair, when they saw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathsome pestilential malady, during the excessive heat of the dog days, and struggling for breath in the noxious atmosphere of a confined cabin, where they scarce had room to turn, on the most necessary occasions. The eager curiosity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks as often as he visited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he desired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their distress baffled all description.

"At length, the physician, for the sake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and, returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not possibly recover. This sentence seemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who stood motionless, and seemingly bereft of sense. I led him to my apartment, where he sat a full hour in that state of stupefaction; then he began to groan hideously; a shower of tears burst from his eyes; he threw himself on the floor, and uttered the most piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs Norton being made acquainted with the doctor's prognostic, visited Mrs Clewline, and invited her to the Lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm: "What! (cried she, starting up with a frantic wildness in her looks), then our case is desperate—I shall lose my dear Tommy! —the poor prisoner will be released by the hand of Heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave!"—The dying innocent hearing this exclamation, pronounced these words: "Tommy won't leave you, my dear mamma—if Death comes to take Tommy, papa shall drive him away with his sword." This address deprived the wretched mother of all resignation to the will of Providence. She tore her hair, dashed herself on the pavement, shrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable state of distraction.

"That same evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with difficulty restrained, his agitation sunk into a kind of sullen insensibility, which seemed to absorb all sentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to dissipate the violence of his sorrow, he continually shifted the scene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connexions, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long series of hysterical fits and other complaints, which seemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as constitution. Cordials were administered to keep up her spirits; and she found it necessary to protract the use of them to blunt the edge of grief, by overwhelming reflection, and remove the sense of uneasiness arising from a disorder in her stomach. In a word, she became an habitual dram-drinker; and this practice exposed her to such communication as debauched her reason, and perverted her sense of decorum and propriety. She and her husband gave a loose to vulgar excess, in which they were enabled to indulge by the charity and interest of some friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain.

"They are now metamorphosed into the shocking creatures you have seen; he into a riotous plebeian, and she into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often insult their fellow-prisoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as soon as he receives his half-pay. Every prisoner in distress is welcome to share his money while it lasts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; so that their generosity, even in this miserable disguise, is universally respected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they dispel with brandy, and then humorously rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often stops me in the walk, and, pointing to the captain, says, "My husband, though he is become a blackguard gaol bird, must be allowed to be a handsome fellow still."—On the other hand, he will frequently desire me to take notice of his rib, as she chances to pass.—"Mind that

draggle-tail'd drunken drab—(he will say) what an antidote it is—yet, for all that, Felton, she was a fine woman when I married her—Poor Bess, I have been the ruin of her, that is certain, and deserve to be damned for bringing her to this pass."

Thus they accommodate themselves to each other's infirmities, and pass their time not without some taste of plebeian enjoyment,—but, name their child, they never fail to burst into tears, and still feel a return of the most poignant sorrow."

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this story unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the drops of sympathy, while, with much sobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie against the lady's father.

Captain Crowe having listened to the story, with uncommon attention, expressed his concern that an honest seaman should be so taken in stays; but he imputed all his calamities to his wife: "For why? (said he) a seafaring man may have a sweetheart in every port; but he should steer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quicksand.—You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags astern in the wake of a snivelling b—; otherwise he would never make a weft in his ensign for the loss of a child—odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a top-mast, or started a timber.—"

The knight declaring that he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the gaol, and the tea-things were produced by Mrs Felton, when she was summoned to the door, and in a few minutes returning, communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the staircase, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teased by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer: "You took notice (says he) of a fine lady flaunting about our walk in all the frippery of the fashion.—She was lately a gay young widow that made a great figure at the court-end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England, and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplishments. But being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies; if she saw a spider, she screamed; and at sight of a mouse she fainted away: she could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricassees and other made-dishes were seen upon her table. She caused all her floors to be lined with green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were deposited in the hall, and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum, and she made shift to spend four times that sum: at length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

"When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent from her spacious apartments to an hovel scarce eight feet square; from sumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanness; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine she must have been totally overwhelmed by such a sudden gush of misery. But this was not the case: she has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herself to the exigency of her fortune; yet she still affects to keep state amidst the miseries of a gaol; and this affectation is truly ridiculous.—She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon: she maintains a female attendant for the sole purpose of dressing her person. Her cabin is the least cleanly in the whole prison; she has learned to eat bread and cheese, and drink porter; but she always appears once a-day dressed in the pink of the fashion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's shop, the baker's, and the tap-house, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready money: she has even borrowed small sums from divers prisoners, who were themselves on the brink of starving. She takes pleasure in being surrounded with duns, observing, that by such people a person of fashion is to be distinguished. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance, and by this method has raised pretty considerable contributions; for she writes in a most elegant and irresistible style. About a fortnight ago she received a supply of twenty guineas; when, instead of paying her little gaol-debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, she laid out the whole sum in a fashionable suit and laces; and next day borrowed of me a shilling to purchase a neck of mutton for her dinner.—She seems to think her rank in life entitles her to this kind of assistance. She talks very pompously of her family and connexions, by whom, however, she has been long renounced. She has no sympathy nor compassion for the distresses of her fellow-creatures; but she is perfectly well bred; she bears a repulse the best of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never been once ruffled since her arrival at the

King's Bench.—She now entreated me to lend her half-a-guinea, for which she said she had the most pressing occasion, and promised upon her honour it should be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her request, and told her in plain terms, that her honour was already bankrupt.—"

Sir Launcelot, thrusting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and desired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but he declined the proposal, and refused to touch the money. "God forbid, (said he) that I should attempt to thwart your charitable intention; but this, my good sir, is no object—she has many resources. Neither should we number the clamorous beggar among those who really feel distress. He is generally gorged with bounty misapplied. The liberal hand of charity should be extended to modest want that pines in silence, encountering cold, nakedness, and hunger, and every species of distress. Here you may find the wretch of keen sensations blasted by accident in the blossom of his fortune, shivering in the solitary recess of indigence, disdaining to beg, and even ashamed to let his misery be known. Here you may see the parent who has known happier times, surrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food, which his circumstances cannot afford.

"That man of decent appearance and melancholy aspect, who lifted his hat as you passed him in the yard, is a person of unblemished character. He was a reputable tradesman in the city, and failed through inevitable losses. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against him by his sole creditor, a quaker, who refused to sign his certificate. He has lived these three years in prison, with a wife and five small children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten shillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give security for paying the remainder in three years, by instalments. The honest quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any dishonest practices; but he rejected the proposal with the most mortifying indifference, declaring that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his house, and, kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He stood this scene unmoved, and even seemed to enjoy the prospect, wearing the looks of complacency, while his heart was steeled with rancour. "Woman (said he), these be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my resolution." Her friends maintained the family for some time; but it is not in human charity to persevere: some of them died; some of them grew unfortunate; some of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no prospect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have bestowed upon the lady would make this poor man and his family sing with joy."

He had scarce pronounced these words when our hero desired the man might be called, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeisance. "Mr Coleby, (said the knight) I have heard how cruelly you have been used by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling present, if it can be of any service to you in your distress." So saying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked-for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr Felton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife bursting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed, "This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents." Then, falling at his feet, she pressed his hand and bathed it with her tears.—He raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distress.

After her departure, he produced a banknote of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he desired it might be left with Mr Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence; and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAP. XXII.

In which Captain Crowe is sublimed into the Regions of Astrology.

Three whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of public and of private entertainment, or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence, when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet:

"If you would learn the particulars of Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner."

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should

take a hint so darkly communicated: but his eagerness to retrieve the jewel he had lost, divested him of all his caution; the time of assignation was already at hand, and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been disposed to make use of their attendance. He therefore, after a moment's hesitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmost agitation and anxiety, lest the hour should be elapsed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of those defective spirits who cannot subsist for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could disburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate, free of all reserve and restraint. Though he loved his nephew's person, and admired his parts, he considered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who presumed upon his superior understanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was something in his character that overawed the seaman and kept him at a disagreeable distance. He had, in this dilemma, cast his eyes upon Timothy Crabshaw, and admitted him to a considerable share of familiarity and fellowship. These companions had been employed in smoking a social pipe at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, when the knight made his excursion; and, returning to the house about supper-time, found Mr Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten, without seeing our adventurer, who had been used to be extremely regular in his economy; and the captain and he supped in profound silence. Finding, upon inquiry among the servants, that the knight went out abruptly, in consequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be visited with the apprehension of a duel, and sat the best part of the night by his uncle, sweating with the expectation of seeing our hero brought home a breathless corpse: but no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, resolved to publish a description of Sir Launcelot in the newspapers, if he should not appear next day.

Crowe did not pass the time without uneasiness. He was extremely concerned at the thought of some mischief having befallen his friend and patron: and he was terrified with the apprehensions, that, in case Sir Launcelot was murdered, his spirit might come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an insuperable aversion to all correspondence with the dead; and, taking it for granted that the spirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he should be alone, and a-bed in the dark, he determined to pass the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpose, his first care was to visit the garret, in which Timothy Crabshaw lay fast asleep, snoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising to regale him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-house in the neighbourhood: for the captain was too proud to use his interest in the knight's family, especially at these hours, when all the rest of the servants had retired to their repose; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the conversation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge against murder.

The cook-maid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and whether disturbed by these horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the savoury steams that issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of necessity, or appetite, and, dressing herself in the dark, suddenly appeared before them, to the no small perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled, that in his endeavours to make an hasty retreat towards the chimney corner, he overturned the table; the liquor was spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap of ashes. Mrs Cook having reprimanded him for his foolish fear, declared she had got up betimes, in order to scour her saucepans; and the captain proposed to have the bowl replenished, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw; and they sat down with their new associate to discuss the second edition.

The knight's sudden disappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be as likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning man, whom she had lately consulted about a silver spoon that was mislaid, and who told her all the things that she ever did, and ever would happen to her through the whole course of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe asked if the spoon had been found. She answered in the affirmative, and said, the cunning man described to a hair the person that should be her true lover, and her wedded husband. That he was a seafaring man; that he was pretty well stricken in years; a little passionate or so; and that he went with his fingers clenched like, as it were. The captain began to sweat at this description, and mechanically thrust his hands into his pockets; while Crabshaw, pointing to him, told her he believed she had got the right sow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap for all that he should not be brought up by such a grappling neither. Then he asked if this cunning man dealt with the devil, declaring, in that case, he would keep clear of him; for why? because he must have sold himself to old scratch; and being a servant of the devil, how could he be a good subject to his majesty?

Mrs Cook assured him, the conjurer was a good Christian; and that he gained all his knowledge by conversing with the stars and planets. Thus satisfied, the two friends resolved to consult him as soon as it should be light; and, being directed to the place of his habitation, set out for it by seven in the morning.

They found the house forsaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accosted by an old woman, who gave them to understand, that if they had occasion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as she did suppose they had, from their stopping at the house where Dr Grubble lived, she would conduct them to a person of much more eminence in that profession; at the same time she informed them, that the said Grubble had been lately sent to Bridewell,—a circumstance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foresee. The captain, without any scruple, put himself and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous house, standing in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, she introduced them into a parlour, where they saw no other furniture than a naked bench, and some frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather scrawled, with charcoal

Here she left them locked in, until she should give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amused themselves with deciphering these characters and hieroglyphics. The first figure that engaged their attention, was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both considered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own person. Crabshaw observed, that the figure so suspended was clothed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers,—a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the said figure exhibited the very nose and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one shoulder. A warm dispute ensued; and, being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have dissolved the new-cemented friendship of those two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old sybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above. She likewise told them that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occasioned a fresh contest: the captain insisted upon Crabshaw's making sail a-head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy persisted in refusing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabshaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up stairs like a bear to the stake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at sight of the conjurer, with whom he was immediately shut up by his conductress; after she had told him in a whisper, that he must deposite a shilling in a little black coffin, supported by a human skull and thigh bones crossed, on a stool covered with black baize, that stood in one corner of the apartment. The 'squire, having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to survey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confusion. He saw divers skeletons hung by the head; the stuffed skin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and several snakes suspended from the ceiling, with the jaws of a shark, and a starved weasel. On another funeral table he beheld two spheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandish characters, and mathematical diagrams. On one side stood an ink-standish with paper, and behind this desk appeared the conjurer himself in sable vestments, his head so overshadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could distinguish nothing but a long white beard, which, for aught he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged astrologer.

This apparition, which the 'squire did not eye without manifest discomposure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabshaw thus adjured advanced to the altar; and whether from design, or (which is more probable) from confusion, answered, "Samuel Crowe." The conjurer taking up the pen, and making a few scratches on the paper, exclaimed in a terrific accent, "How! miscreant! attempt to impose upon the stars?—you look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the sign of Cancer." The 'squire, almost annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying, "I pray yaw, my lord conjurer's worship, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to baind me over to the Red Sea like—I'se a poor Yorkshire tyke, and wou'd no more cheat the stars than I'd cheat my own vather, as the saying is—a must be a good hand at *trapping*, that catches the stars a *napping*—but, as your honour's worship observed, my name is Tim Crabshaw, of the East Raiding, groom and 'squair to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knaight, and arrant knaight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worship's conjuration well knoweth: the person below is Captain Crowe, and we coom by Margery Cook's recommendation to seek after my master, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord he knows how and where."

Here he was interrupted by the conjurer, who exhorted him to sit down and compose himself till he should cast a figure; then he scrawled the paper, and, waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberish concerning the number, the names, the houses, and revolutions of the planets,

with their conjunctions, oppositions, signs, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in disturbing the brain of Crabshaw, he proceeded to tell him from the stars, that his name was Crabshaw, or Crabsclaw; and that he was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of poor, yet honest parents, and had some skill in horses; that he served a gentleman whose name began with the letter G——, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the stars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunderstruck to find the conjurer acquainted with all these circumstances, and begged to know if he mought be so bauld as to ax a question or two about his own fortune. The astrologer pointing to the little coffin, our 'squire understood the hint, and deposited another shilling. The sage had recourse to his book, erected another scheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand, and having recited another mystical preamble, expounded the book of fate in these words: "You shall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirst, nor be brought to the grave by old age or distemper; but, let me see—ay, the stars will have it so—you shall be—exalted—hah!—ay, that is—hanged for horse-stealing."—"O, good my lord conjurer! (roared the 'squire), I'd as lief give forty shillings as be hanged."—"Peace, sirrah! (cried the other), would you contradict or reverse the immutable decrees of fate. Hanging is your destiny, and hanged you shall be—and comfort yourself with the reflection, that as you are not the first, so neither will you be the last to swing on Tyburn tree." This comfortable assurance composed the mind of Timothy, and in a great measure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded in a whining tone, to ask whether he should suffer for the first fact? whether it would be for a horse or a mare? and of what colour? that he might know when his hour was come.—The conjurer gravely answered, that he would steal a dappled gelding on a Wednesday, be cast at the Old Bailey on Thursday, and suffer on a Friday; and he strenuously recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a nosegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. "But if in case it should be in the winter (said the 'squire), when a nosegay can't be had?"—"Why then (replied the conjurer), an orange will do as well."

These material points being adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would bestow another shilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deserve so much at his hands, but he could not help loving him better than e'er a friend he had in the world. So saying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and desired to know the fate of his horse Gilbert. The astrologer having again consulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcass be given to the hounds,—a sentence which made a much deeper impression upon Crabshaw's mind than did the prediction of his own untimely and disgraceful fate. He shed a plenteous shower of tears, and his grief broke forth in some passionate expressions of tenderness:—at length he told the astrologer he would go and send up the captain, who wanted to consult him about Margery Cook, because as how she had informed him that Dr Grubble had described just such another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great stomach to the match, if so be as the stars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly the 'squire being dismissed by the conjurer, descended to the parlour with a rueful length of face, which being perceived by the captain, he demanded "What cheer, ho?" with some signs of apprehension. Crabshaw making no return to this salute, he asked if the conjurer had taken an observation, and told him any thing? Then the other replied, he had told him more than he desired to know. "Why, an that be the case (said the seaman), I have no occasion to go aloft this trip, brother."

This evasion would not serve his turn: Old Tisiphone was at hand, and led him up growling into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he presented half-a-crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the usual ceremony was performed, and the doctor addressed him in these words: "Approach, Raven." The captain advancing, "You a'n't much mistaken, brother (said he), heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compass, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a Raven, tho'f indeed they be both fowls of a feather, as the saying is."—"I know it (cried the conjurer), thou art a northern crow,—a sea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon;—a crow to be plucked,—to be flayed,—to be basted,—to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony.—" The novice changing colour at this denunciation, "I do understand your signals, brother (said he), and if it be set down in the log-book of fate that we must grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But, howsomever, we shall leave that reef in the fore-top-sail:—I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye see—to look and to see, and to know if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence along shore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company, d'ye see." "What! (exclaimed the cunning man) art thou a crow, and can'st not smell carrion! If thou wouldst grieve for Greaves, behold his

naked carcass lies unburied to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.—" "What, broach'd to?" "Dead! as a boil'd lobster." "Odd's heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years—there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his top-sails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board—well fare thy soul, flower of the world! had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering." Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman's cheeks:—then his grief giving way to his indignation, "Hark ye, brother conjurer (said he), you can spy foul weather before it comes, damn your eyes! why did not you give us warning of this here squall? Blast my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye see—mayhap you yourself was concerned, d'ye see.—For my own part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing and your conjuration of a rope's end, d'ye see."—

The conjurer was by no means pleased, either with the matter or the manner of this address. He therefore began to soothe the captain's choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and that all it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object to which its inquiries were directed: that being questioned by the other man concerning the cause of his master's disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated; that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would of themselves save him that trouble; for they would quarrel about dividing the spoil, and one would give information against the other.

The prospect of this satisfaction appeased the resentment, and, in some measure, mitigated the grief of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and, being joined by Crabshaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the house of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domestics at breakfast, without exhibiting the least symptom of concern for their absent master. Crowe had been wise enough to conceal from Crabshaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reserved for the ear of his nephew Mr Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the 'squire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful silence upon the dappled gelding, the nosegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert. Him he forthwith visited in the stable, and saluted with the kiss of peace. Then he bemoaned his fortune with tears, and by the sound of his own lamentation was lulled asleep among the litter.

CHAP. XXIII.

In which the clouds that cover the catastrophe begin to disperse.

We must now leave Captain Crowe and his nephew Mr Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjurer, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves, repairing to the place described in the billet which he had received, was accosted by a person muffled in a cloak, who began to amuse him with a feigned story of Aurelia, to which, while he listened with great attention, he found himself suddenly surrounded by armed men, who seized and pinioned down his arms, took away his sword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney-coach provided for the purpose. In vain he expostulated on this violence with three persons who accompanied him in the vehicle. He could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aspects, he began to be apprehensive of assassination. Had the carriage passed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants, but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houses.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach stopped at a large iron gate, which being opened, our adventurer was led in silence through a spacious house, into a tolerably decent apartment, which he understood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was visited by a man of no very prepossessing appearance, who, endeavouring to smooth his countenance, which was naturally stern, welcomed our adventurer to his house; exhorted him to be of good cheer, assuring him he should want for nothing, and desired to know what he would choose for supper.

Sir Launcelot, in answer to this civil address, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reasons for which his arms were tied like those of the worst malefactor. The other postponed till to-morrow the explanation he demanded, but in the mean time unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repose. He took care, however, in retiring, to double lock the door of the room, whose windows were grated on the outside with iron.

The knight, being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the present adventure with equal surprise and concern; but the more he revolved circumstances, the more

was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the state of the mind, a very subtle philosopher is often puzzled by a very plain proposition; and this was the case of our adventurer.—What made the strongest impression upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices, by a warrant from the secretary of state, in consequence of some false malicious information; and that his prison was no other than the house of a messenger, set apart for the accommodation of suspected persons. In this opinion he comforted himself by recollecting his own conscious innocence, and reflecting that he should be entitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that inestimable jewel was happily not suspended at this time.

Consoled by this self-assurance, he quietly resigned himself to slumber; but before he fell asleep, he was very disagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once saluted with a noise from the next room, conveyed in distinct bounces against the wainscot; then an hoarse voice exclaimed, "Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorf's brigade advance—detach my black hussars to ravage the country—let them be new booted—take particular care of the spur-leathers—make a desert of Lusatia—bombard the suburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to pass the Elbe at Meissen with forty battalions and fifty squadrons—so ho, you Major-general Dondor, why don't you finish your second parallel?—send hither the engineer Schittenback—I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four and twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damn'd."—

"Assuredly (cried another voice from a different quarter), he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of utter reprobation—I myself was a profane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works—I kept my journeymen and 'prentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpse of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I detest all working but the working of the spirit—Avaunt, Satan—O! how I thirst for communication with our sister Jolly"—

"The communication is already open with the Marche (said the first), but as for thee, thou caitiff, who hast presumed to disparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters."

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his calculation—A second, in broken English, complained he was distorped in the moment of de projection—A third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and swore by St Peter's keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a single mass. A fourth began to hollow in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chace; and in an instant the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word, which was no other than *Waistcoat*,—a charm which at once cowed the King of P——, dispossessed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, dismayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the 'squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a madhouse; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very serious consequences, with respect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he resolved to demean himself with the utmost circumspection, well knowing that every violent transport would be interpreted into an undeniable symptom of insanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his gaoler by a due administration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he rose in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and cash.

The keeper entering, he inquired about these particulars, and was given to understand that they were all safely deposited for his use, to be forthcoming at a proper season: but, at present, as he should want for nothing, he had no occasion for money. The knight acquiesced in this declaration, and ate his breakfast in quiet.

About eleven, he received a visit from the physician, who contemplated his looks with great solemnity; and, having examined his pulse, shook his head, saying, "Well, sir, how d'ye do?—come, don't be dejected—every thing is for the best—you are in very good hands, sir, I assure you; and I dare say will refuse nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health."—

"Doctor (said our hero), if it is not an improper question to ask, I should be glad to know your opinion of my disorder?"—"O! sir, as to that—(replied the physician) your disorder is a—kind of a—sir, 'tis very common in this country—a sort of a"—"Do you think my distemper is madness, doctor?"—"O Lord, sir, not absolute madness—no—not madness—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakness of the nerves, sir,—though that is a very inaccu-

rate expression; for this phrase, denoting a morbid excess of sensation, seems to imply that sensation itself is owing to the loose cohesion of those material particles which constitute the nervous substance, inasmuch as the quantity of every effect must be proportionable to its cause; now you'll please to take notice, sir, if the case were really what these words seem to import, all bodies, whose particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endued with sensation—Sir, I shall order some cooling things to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well—sir, your humble servant."

So saying, he retired, and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while another should talk nonsense by the hour, and yet be esteemed as an oracle.

The master of the house finding Sir Launcelot so tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a servant who followed him at a distance. Here he was saluted by a brother prisoner, a man seemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with staring eyes, a hook nose, and a face covered with pimples.

The usual compliments having passed, the stranger, without further ceremony, asked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could spare him a mouthful of any sort of cordial, declaring he had not tasted brandy since he came to the house—the knight assured him it was not in his power to comply with his request; and began to ask some questions relating to the character of their landlord, which the stranger represented in very unfavourable colours. He described him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkest schemes of villainy. He said his house was a repository of the most flagrant iniquities: that it contained fathers kidnapped by their children, wives confined by their husbands, gentlemen of fortune sequestered by their relations, and innocent persons immured by the malice of their adversaries. He affirmed this was his own case; and asked if our hero had never heard of Dick Distich, the poet and satirist. "Ben Bullock and I (said he) were confident against the world in arms—did you ever see his ode to me beginning with 'Fair blooming youth?' We were sworn brothers, admired and praised, and quoted each other, sir: we denounced war against all the world, actors, authors, and critics; and having drawn the sword, threw away the scabbard—we pushed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed helter skelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Bœotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but soon

He vig'rous rose, and from th' effluvia strong
Imbibed new life, and scour'd and stunk along.

Here is a satire, which I wrote in an alehouse when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife: I fancy you'll own I have some right to say with my friend Horace,

"Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;
"Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.—"

The knight, having perused the papers, declared his opinion that the verses were tolerably good; but at the same time observed, that the author had reviled as ignorant dunces several persons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius,—a circumstance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

"Damn their genius! (cried the satirist) a pack of impertinent rascals! I tell you sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to crush all that were not of our own party—besides, I said before, this piece was written in drink." Was you drunk too when it was printed and published?" "Yes; the printer shall make affidavit that I was never otherwise than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal mansion—"

"They seem to have been your best friends (said the knight), and have put the most tender interpretation on your conduct; for, waiving the plea of insanity, your character must stand as that of a man who hath some small share of genius, without an atom of integrity—Of all those whom Pope lashed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deserve the imputation of dulness; and every one of them had provoked the satirist by a personal attack. In this respect the English poet was much more honest than his French pattern Boileau, who stigmatized several men of acknowledged genius; such as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lulli; for which reason every man of a liberal turn must, in spite of all his poetical merit, despise him as a rancorous knave. If this disingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his superior genius, who will pardon it in you whose name is not half emerged from obscurity?"

"Hark ye, friend (replied the bard), keep your pardon and your counsel for those who ask it: or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return: if you don't like your present situation, apply for a committee without delay: they'll find you too much of a fool to have the least tincture of madness; and you'll be released without further scruple: in that case I shall rejoice in your deliverance; you will be freed from confinement, and I shall be happily deprived of your conversation."

So saying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help smiling at the peculiar virulence of his disposition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into conversation with his

attendant, by asking how long Mr Distich had resided in the house; but he might as well have addressed himself to a Turkish mute: the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refused an answer to every question that was proposed. He would not even disclose the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the house was situated.

Finding himself agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment, and, the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. "How little reason (said he to himself) have we to boast of the blessings enjoyed by the British subject, if he holds them on such a precarious tenure; if a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped even in the midst of the capital; if he may be seized by ruffians, insulted, robbed, and conveyed to such a prison as this, from which there seems to be no possibility of escape; should I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper, and appeal to my relations, or to the magistrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by those who superintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as those of some unhappy lunatic under necessary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood, and after all find it impossible to escape through a number of successive doors, locks, bolts, and sentinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the servant, he might discover my design, and then I should be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh against the Bastile in France, and the Inquisition in Portugal; but I would ask, if either of these be in reality so dangerous or dreadful as a private madhouse in England, under the direction of a ruffian? The Bastile is a state prison, the Inquisition is a spiritual tribunal; but both are under the direction of government. It seldom, if ever, happens that a man entirely innocent is confined in either; or, if he should, he lays his account with a legal trial, before established judges. But, in England, the most innocent person upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy, sequestered from his wife, children, and friends, robbed of his fortune, deprived even of necessaries, and subjected to the most brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raises an ample fortune on the misery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practise this horrid oppression, without question or control."

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected sound, that seemed to issue from the other side of a thick party-wall. It was a strain of vocal music, more plaintive than the widowed turtle's moan, more sweet and ravishing than Philomel's love-warbled song. Through his ear it instantly pierced into his heart; for at once he recognized it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his soul, when he made this discovery! how did every nerve quiver! how did his heart throb with the most violent emotion! he ran round the room in distraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then he placed his ear close to the partition, and listened as if his whole soul was exerted in his sense of hearing. When the sound ceased to vibrate on his ear, he threw himself on the bed; he groaned with anguish, he exclaimed in broken accents; and, in all probability, his heart would have burst, had not the violence of his sorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

These first transports were succeeded by a fit of impatience, which had well nigh deprived him of his senses in good earnest. His surprise at finding his lost Aurelia in such a place, the seeming impossibility of relieving her, and his unspeakable eagerness to contrive some scheme for profiting by the interesting discovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a second ecstasy, during which he acted a thousand extravagancies, which it was well for him the attendants did not observe. Perhaps it was well for the servant that he did not enter while the paroxysm prevailed: had this been the case, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy destroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for supper, he was calm enough to conceal the disorder of his mind: but he complained of the headache, and desired he might be next day visited by the physician, to whom he resolved to explain himself in such a manner, as should make an impression upon him, provided he was not altogether destitute of conscience and humanity.

CHAP. XXIV.

The knot that puzzles human wisdom, the hand of Fortune sometimes will untie familiar as her garter.

When the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addressed him in these words: "Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised among the sons of men,—a profession which hath been revered at all periods and in all nations, and even held sacred in the most polished ages of antiquity. The scope of it is to preserve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of consequence, to sustain the blessings of society, and crown life with fruition. The character of a physician, therefore, not only supposes natural sagacity, and acquired erudition, but it also implies every delicacy of sentiment, every tenderness of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That these qualities are centred in you, doctor, I

would willingly believe: but it will be sufficient for my purpose, that you are possessed of common integrity. To whose concern I am indebted for your visits, you best know: but if you understand the art of medicine, you must be sensible by this time, that, with respect to m your prescriptions are altogether unnecessary—Come, sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are disordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no person has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to sue out a commission, but my nearest kindred.—That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you shall understand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet; and that my nearest relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheshire, the eldest son of my mother's sister—that gentleman, I am sure, had no concern in seducing me by false pretences under the clouds of night into the fields, where I was surprised, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me insane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honest men. But of that right I cannot avail myself, while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miscreant, in whose house I am enclosed, unless you contribute your assistance. Your assistance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a fellow-subject, who, though every other motive should be overlooked, ought to interest himself in my case as a common concern, and concur with all your power towards the punishment of those who dare commit such outrages against the liberty of your country."

The doctor seemed to be a little disconcerted; but, after some recollection, resumed his air of sufficiency and importance, and assured our adventurer he would do him all the service in his power; but, in the mean time, advised him to take the potion he had prescribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation, "I am now convinced (cried he), that you are an accomplice in the villainy which has been practised upon me; that you are a sordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a disgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, sirrah, you are the most perfidious of all assassins—you are the hireling minister of the worst of all villains; who, from motives even baser than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madness, the most cruel species of slander, and wantonly protract their misery, by leaving them in the most shocking confinement, a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me justice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legislature—if I am refused—remember, a day of reckoning will come—you and the rest of the miscreants who have combined against me, must, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourse to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed—Tremble, caitiff, at the thoughts of my release—in the mean time, be gone, lest my just resentment impel me to dash out your brains upon that marble—away—"

The honest doctor was not so firmly persuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice, which he made what haste he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we must return to the knight's brace of trusty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in sorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in resources than that of the seaman, he suggested an advertisement, which was accordingly inserted in the daily papers; importing that, "Whereas a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune had suddenly disappeared, on such a night, from his house near Golden-square, in consequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter; and there is great reason to believe some violence hath been offered to his life; any person capable of giving such information as may tend to clear up this dark transaction, shall, by applying to Mr Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook-street, receive proper security for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the discovery required."

The porter who delivered the letter appeared accordingly, but could give no other information, except that it was put into his hand with a shilling, by a man muffled up in a great-coat, who stopped him for the purpose, in his passing through Queen-street. It was necessary that the advertisement should produce an effect upon another person, who was no other than the hackney-coachman, who drove our hero to the place of his imprisonment. This fellow had been enjoined secrecy, and indeed bribed to hold his tongue, by a considerable gratification, which, it was supposed, would have been effectual, as the man was a master coachman in good circumstances, and well known to the keeper of the madhouse, by whom he had been employed on former occasions of the same nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof against the offer of fifty pounds, but double that sum was a temptation he could not resist. He no sooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiser, over his morning's pot at an alehouse, than he entered into consultation with his own thoughts; and having no reason to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he resolved to earn the reward, and abstain from all such adventures in

time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond, and, with the assistance of his uncle, deposited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions should be fulfilled. These previous measures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and discovered the house in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He moreover accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted to search the house of Bernard Shackle, and set at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a constable with a formidable posse, and, embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all possible expedition, to the house of Mr Shackle, who did not think proper to dispute their claim, but admitted them, though not without betraying evident symptoms of consternation. One of the servants directing them, by his master's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up stairs in a body, occasioning such a noise as did not fail to alarm the physician, who had just opened the door to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe, conjecturing he was guilty from the confusion that appeared in his countenance, made no scruple of seizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight, with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of distant respect, and, throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his bosom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He strained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and asked him by what miracle he had discovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various steps he had taken with equal minuteness and self-complacency, when Crowe, dragging the doctor still by the collar, shook his old friend by the hand, protesting he was never so overjoyed since he got clear of a Sallee rover on the coast of Barbary; and that two glasses ago he would have started all the money he had in the world in the hold of any man who would have shewn Sir Launcelot safe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this sincere manifestation of good-will, desired him to dismiss that worthless fellow, meaning the doctor, who, finding himself released, withdrew with some precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open, and, getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own house, with a detail of every measure which had been pursued for his release.

In his own parlour he found Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the issue of Mr Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy; while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her mistress, roused his heart to strong emotions, and stimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Mr Crabshaw, he was not the last to signify his satisfaction at his master's return. After having kissed the hem of his garment, he retired to the stable, where he communicated these tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he saddled and bridled; the same office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his 'squire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering from time to time repeated shouts, to the no small entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to house his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their stalls, resumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-servants, who were resolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their master's heart was not sufficiently at ease to share in their festivity. He held a consultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reasons he had to believe Miss Darnel was confined in the same house which had been his prison,—a circumstance which filled them with equal pleasure and astonishment. Dolly in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connexion with Mrs Kawdle, at whose house she proposed to lodge, before she was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and struck a light which seemed to point out the direct way to Miss Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr Kawdle, who happened to be abroad, but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia by the ties of affection as well as of consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty; and assured Sir Launcelot she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose. There was no room for hesitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr Bernard Shackle. Nor was the search-warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for this

visit. In going thither they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves gradually to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house, therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to shew the lady's apartment, Mrs Dolly first entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia, who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim,—" Am coom to live and dasi with my beloved leady!" " Dear Dolly! (cried her mistress) I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again—Good heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted!—but, tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat?—has my uncle relented?—do I owe your coming to his indulgence?"

Dolly answered in the negative; and by degrees gave her to understand, that her cousin Mrs Kawdle was in the next room; that lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between the two relations. It was she who, in the course of conversation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendour.—"Cousin (said she, with a sigh), I know not what to say —that gentleman,—Sir Launcelot Greaves was surely born—Lord bless me! I tell you, cousin, he has been my guardian angel.—"

Mrs Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connexion subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature seemed to have intended them for each other; for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration the colour vanished from her cheeks, which however soon underwent a total suffusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon however recollected herself, and her native serenity returned; when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspense, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here she broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture, and, throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a respectful kiss upon her lily hand.—" This, divine Aurelia (cried he), is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow!—Do I then live to see you smile again? to see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired?"— " You have lived (said she) to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgment will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness." " You greatly over-rate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced;—but let not my unseasonable transports detain you a moment longer on this detested scene—Give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend." So saying, he presented Mr Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever-amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them he should wait on them in the evening at the house of Dr Kawdle, whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero, who remained with the constable and his gang, inquired for Mr Bernard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above a prosecution for robbery, in consequence of his having disencumbered the knight of his money and other effects, on the first night of his confinement. Mr Shackle had discretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his servants to restore the cash and papers, which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the house.

In the prosecution of his search after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in dishabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night-cap of bays. The knight, having made an apology for this intrusion, desired to know if he could be of any service to Mr Distich, as he was now at liberty to use the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-sufferers. The poet having eyed him for some time askance, " I told you (said he), your stay in this place would be of short duration.— I have sustained a small disaster on my left eye, from the hands of a rascally cordwainer,

who pretends to believe himself the king of Prussia, and I am now in the very act of galling his majesty with keen iambics.—If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, so;—if you are not so inclined, your humble servant, I shall share in the joy of your deliverance."

The knight declined gratifying him in these particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health, but offered his assistance in redressing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. "I comprehend the full extent of your generosity (replied the satirist); you are willing to assist me in every thing, except the only circumstances in which assistance is required—God b'w'ye—If you see Ben Bullock, tell him I wish he would not dedicate any more of his works to me.—Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to snivel.—For my part, I stick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death should be preceded by damnation."

The knight, finding him incorrigible, left him to the slender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle; but resolved, if possible, to set on foot an accurate inquiry into the economy and transactions of this private inquisition, that ample justice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to visit his Aurelia; and all the protestations of their mutual passion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had caused such fatal disquiet in his bosom; and Miss Darnel no sooner eyed the paper, than she recollected it was a formal dismission, which she had intended and directed for Mr Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly enclosed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now astonished beyond measure to see the mystery so easily unfolded. The joy that now diffused itself in the hearts of our lovers, is more easily conceived than described; but, in order to give a stability to this mutual satisfaction, it was necessary that Aurelia should be secured from the tyranny of her uncle, whose power of guardianship would not otherwise expire for some months.

Dr Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this subject, it was agreed that Miss Darnel should have recourse to the protection of the lord chancellor; but such application was rendered unnecessary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump with the following letter to Mrs Kawdle from the steward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia's house in the country:

"Madam,

"It hath pleased God to afflict Mr Darnel with a severe stroke of the dead palsy.—He was taken ill yesterday, and now lies insensible, seemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket I found the enclosed, by which it apppears that my honoured young lady, Miss Darnel, is confined in a private madhouse. I am afraid Mr Darnel's fate is a just judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent person. I need not exhort you, madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, such measures as will be necessary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I shall do the needful for the preservation of her property in this place, and send you an account of any further alteration that may happen; being, very respectfully, madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,
Ralph Mattocks."

Clump had posted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love, and, being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in such an unfavourable light at Dr Kawdle's door, that the footman refused him admittance. Nevertheless, he pushed him aside, and fought his way up stairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little astonished at such an apparition. The fellow himself was no less amazed at seeing Aurelia and his own sweetheart Mrs Dolly Cowslip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in silence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and presented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who composed this little society. Mr Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; bestowed upon him a handsome gratuity in the mean time, and desired to see him again when he should be properly refreshed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr Thomas Clarke being consulted on this occasion, gave it as his opinion, that Miss Darnel should without delay choose another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of some eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourse was had; and Dr Kawdle being the person pitched upon for this office, the necessary forms were executed with all possible despatch.

The first use the doctor made of his guardianship, was to sign a power, constituting Mr Ralph Mattocks his attorney *pro tempore*, for managing the estate of Miss Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the steward by the hands of Clump, who set out with it for the seat of Darnel-hill, though not without a heavy heart, occasioned by some intimation he had received concerning the connexion between his dear Dolly and Mr Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST,

Which, it is to be hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader.

Sir Launcelot, having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the safety, and secured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leisure to unrival the conspiracy which had been executed against his person; and with that view commenced a law-suit against the owner of the house where he and his mistress had been separately confined. Mr Shackle was, notwithstanding all the submissions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the statute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, punished by a severe fine, and standing in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the prisons of his inquisition were laid open, and several innocent captives enlarged.

In the course of Shackle's trial it appeared that the knight's confinement was a scheme executed by his rival Mr Sycamore, according to the device of his counsellor, Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himself to his patron, after having deserted him in the day of battle. Our hero was so incensed at the discovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in quest of him immediately, to take vengeance on his person, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr Dawdle. But those gentlemen had wisely avoided the impending storm, by retiring to the continent on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now so much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and pursue the traitors to the farthest extremities of the earth. He practised a much more easy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by instituting a process against them, which, after writs of *capias, alias, et plaries*, had been repeated, subjected them both to outlawry. Mr Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law, by their own neglect, would likewise have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made such submissions as appeased the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and by dint of interest obtained a reversal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily established in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the mean time consoled himself with the imperfect happiness arising from her conversation, and those indulgences which the most unblemished virtue could bestow, Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance against the conjurer, whose lying oracles had cost him such a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleness, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in use. He imparted his design to Crabshaw, who had likewise suffered in spirit from the predictions of the said offender, and was extremely well disposed to assist in punishing the false prophet. He now took it for granted that he should not be hanged for stealing a horse; and thought it very hard to pay so much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by these motives, they set out together for the house of consultation; but they found it shut up and abandoned; and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjurer had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourse to his art. This was actually the case: he knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would soon come to light, and he did not choose to wait the consequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a score at the public-house, which he had no mind to discharge, and wanted to disengage himself from his female associate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper distance. All these purposes he had answered by retreating softly, without beat of drum, while his sybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his measures so cunningly, but that this old hag discovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly, and the bailiff had just secured his person as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabshaw chanced to pass by the door in their way homewards, through an obscure street near the Seven Dials.

The conjurer having no subterfuge left, but a great many particular reasons for avoiding an explanation with the justice, like the man between the devil and the deep sea, of two evils chose the least; and beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addressed, replied with a "Hilloah!" and, looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognised the necromancer. Without farther hesitation he sprang across the street, and, collaring Albumazar, exclaimed, "Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we should grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam."

The bailiff seeing his prisoner so roughly handled before, and at the same time assaulted behind by Crabshaw, who cried, "Shew me a liar, and I'll shew you a thief—who is to be hanged now?"—I say, the bailiff, fearing he should lose the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face, and, declaring the doctor was his prisoner, swore he could not surrender him without a warrant from the lord chief justice. The whole group adjourning into the parlour, the conjurer desired to know of Crowe whether

Sir Launcelot was found? Being answered, "Ey, ey, safe enough to see you made fast in the bilboes, brother;" he told the captain he had something of consequence to communicate for his advantage; and proposed that Crowe and Crabshaw should bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe stormed, and Crabshaw grinned at this modest proposal; but when they understood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body should be surrendered unto justice, they consented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the house of our adventurer.

The boisterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with such an abrupt unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not understand without Timothy's annotations. These were followed by some questions put to the conjurer, who, laying aside his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited to the astonished spectators the very individual countenance of the empirical politician Ferret, who had played our hero such a slippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

"I perceive (said he) you are preparing to expostulate, and upbraid me for having given a false information against you to the country justice. I look upon mankind to be in a state of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath stumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himself of his talents, even at the expense of his fellow-creatures; just as we see the fish and other animals of the creation devouring one another.—I found the justice but one degree removed from idiotism, and, knowing that he would commit some blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the instrument of my escape—I was dismissed without being obliged to sign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumstances obliged me to live in disguise. In the character of a conjurer I was consulted by your follower Crowe, and your 'squire Crabshaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognosticating that Crabshaw would be hanged,—a prediction to which I found myself so irresistibly impelled that I am persuaded it was the real effect of inspiration—I am now arrested for a paltry sum of money, and, moreover, liable to be sent to Bridewell as an impostor—let those answer for my conduct whose cruelty and insolence have driven me to the necessity of using such subterfuges—I have been oppressed and persecuted by the government for speaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions—that which is acknowledged to be truth in fact is construed falsehood in law; and great reason we have to boast of a constitution founded on the basis of absurdity.—But, waiving these remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either imprisoned for debt, or punished for imposture—I know how far to depend upon generosity, and what is called benevolence, words to amuse the weak-minded—I build upon a surer bottom—I will bargain for your assistance—it is in my power to put twelve thousand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there sea-ruffian, who by his good-will would hang me to the yard's arm—."

There he was interrupted by the seaman. "Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fish my topmasts! if the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle sound, d'ye see.—" Mr Clarke, who was present, began to stare, while the knight assured Ferret, that if he was really able and willing to serve Captain Crowe in any thing essential, he should be amply rewarded. In the mean time he discharged the debt, and assigned him an apartment in his own house. That same day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the interest of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided by his means the captain should obtain possession of the estate of Hobby-hole, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr Ferret discovered that he himself was the lawful husband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandestine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the case, she, the said Bridget Maple, alias Ferret, was a *covert femme*, consequently could not transact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; *ergo*, the docking of the entail of the estate of Hobby-hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the prospect of his being restored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke in particular protested, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unspeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faster, when Crowe, with an arch look, signified, that, now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had some thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happiness to which, as the north pole, the course of these adventures hath been invariably directed, was still unattained; we mean, the indissoluble union of the accomplished Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miss Darnel. Our hero now discovered in his mistress a thousand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good sense, and her virtue superior to both. He found her untainted by that giddiness, vanity, and affectation, which distinguish the fashionable females of the present age. He found her uninfected by the

rage for diversion and dissipation; for noise, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raised by understanding and taste far above the amusement of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, so as to relish the more sublime enjoyments of rational pleasure. He found her possessed of that vigour of mind which constitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reason. He found her heart incapable of disguise or dissimulation; frank, generous, and open; susceptible of the most tender impressions; glowing with a keen sense of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his sensibility could not fail of being deeply affected by such attractions. The nearer he approached the centre of happiness, the more did the velocity of his passion increase. Her uncle still remained insensible as it were in the arms of death. Time seemed to linger in its lapse, till the knight was inflamed to the most eager degree of impatience. He communicated his distress to Aurelia; he pressed her with the most pathetic remonstrances to abridge the torture of his suspense. He interested Mrs Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity succeeded. The banns of marriage were regularly published, and the ceremony was performed in the parish church, in the presence of Dr Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs Dolly Cowslip.

The bride, instead of being disguised in tawdry stuffs of gold or silver, and sweating under a harness of diamonds, according to the elegant taste of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue sattin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outshone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a small sprig of artificial roses; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her shape, the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance, added to such warmth of colouring, and such exquisite symmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot was such a rapture as we cannot pretend to describe. He made his appearance on this occasion in a white coat and blue sattin vest, both embroidered with silver; and all who saw him could not but own that he alone seemed worthy to possess the lady whom Heaven had destined for his consort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue suit of clothes strongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: he wore upon his head a bag-wig *a la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his side he had girded a huge plate-hilted sword, which he had bought of a recruiting serjeant. Mr Clarke was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a smart checked lutestring, a present from her mistress.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the house of Dr Kawdle; and here it was that the two most deserving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the consummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage-bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the husband's privilege: Hymen lighted up his brightest torch at Virtue's lamp, and every star shed its happiest influence on their Heaven-directed union.

Instructions had been already despatched to prepare Greavesbury-hall for the reception of its new mistress; and for that place the newmarried couple set out next morning, according to the plan which had been previously concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by six dappled horses. Dr Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's post-chariot, provided with four bays; Mr Clarke had the honour to bestride the loins of Bronzomarte; Mr Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabshaw stuck close to his friend Gilbert; and two other horsemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot desires and chilling scruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to distraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly interest, were continually raising up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was startled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the resentment of his uncle Crowe, should he take any step of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wishful look did he cast at Dolly, the tears standing in his eyes, and many a woeful sigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the situation of his heart, and, by questioning Mrs Cowslip, discovered a mutual passion between these lovers. She consulted her dear knight on the subject, and he catechised the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being sounded as to his opinion, declared he would be steered in that, as well as every other course of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as beings of an order superior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable response being obtained from the sailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in presence of the whole company, to accost the lawyer in these words: "My good friend Clarke, I have your happiness very much at heart—your father was an honest man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have

had these many years a personal regard for yourself, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodness of disposition—I see you are affected, and shall be brief—Besides this regard, I am indebted to your friendship for the liberty—what shall I say?—for the inestimable happiness I now enjoy, in possessing the most excellent—But I understand that significant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I should evince my gratitude—If the stewardship of my estate is worth your acceptance, you shall have it immediately, together with the house and farm of Cockerton, in my neighbourhood. I know you have a passion for Mrs Dolly; and believe she looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession—don't blush, Dolly—besides your agreeable person, which all the world must approve, you can boast of virtue, fidelity, and friendship. Your attachment to Lady Greaves neither she nor I shall ever forget—if you are willing to unite your fate with Mr Clarke, your mistress gives me leave to assure you she will stock the farm at her own expense; and we will celebrate the wedding at Greavesbury-hall—"

By this time the hearts of these grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was sitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears, and Mr Clarke appeared in the same attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almost as much affected as the nephew, by the generosity of our adventurer, cried aloud, "I pray God that you and your glorious consort may have smooth seas and gentle gales whithersoever you are bound—as for my kinsman Tom, I'll give him a thousand pounds to set him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come." Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happiness but the consent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not suppose could have any objection to such an advantageous match for her daughter; but in this particular they were mistaken.

In the mean time they arrived at the village where the knight had exercised the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulation of Mr Fillet, and the attorney who had offered to bail him before Justice Gobble. Mutual civilities having passed, they gave him to understand, that Gobble and his wife were turned methodists. All the rest of the prisoners whom he had delivered came to testify their gratitude, and were hospitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to see Dolly so happily preferred; but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the proposed marriage, she interrupted him with a scream—"Christ Jesus forbid—marry and amen!—match with her own brother!"

At this exclamation, Dolly fainted; her lover stood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe stared, while the knight and his lady expressed equal surprise and concern. When Sir Launcelot entreated Mrs Cowslip to explain this mystery, she told him that about sixteen years ago, Mr Clarke, senior, had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her house, when she and her late husband lived in another part of the country; and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who he desired might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness he assured her he had taken care to provide for the child; but since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She, moreover, informed his honour, that Mr Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like, and not then, except in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. "Send for the clergyman this instant (cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly), I hope all will yet be well."

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper; which, being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the person, commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq. by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased.—

"The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold—(exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly as his kinswoman). Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age, so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promise of marriage, of which this ring was a token. Mr Clarke, being his confidant, disposed of the child, and, at length, finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who, in his will, bequeathed one hundred pounds a-year to this agreeable foundling; but as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were mislaid, I never till now could discover where or how my pretty cousin was situated. I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue."

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation in their formalities congratulated him in every town through which he passed. About

five miles from Greavesbury-hall he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in their gayest apparel, headed by Mr Ralph Mattocks from Darnel-hill, and the rector from the knight's own parish. They were preceded by music of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and ensigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a select bevy of comely virgins arrayed in white, and a separate band of choice youths, distinguished by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the procession, and sung in chorus a rustic epithalamium composed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable housekeeper Mrs Oakley, whose features were so brightened by the occasion, that with the first glance she made a conquest of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connexion was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile the houses of Greavesbury-hall and Darnel-hill were set open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the sounds of festivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving visits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miss Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in possession of his paternal estate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing consort diffused itself through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, esteemed, and applauded by every person of taste, sentiment, and benevolence; at the same time beloved, revered, and almost adored by the common people, among whom they suffered not the merciless hand of indigence or misery to seize one single sacrifice.

Ferret, at first, seemed to enjoy his easy circumstances; but the novelty of this situation soon wore off, and all his misanthropy returned. He could not bear to see his fellow-creatures happy around him; and signified his disgust to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food sufficient for the ravenous appetite of his spleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taste of his happiness, which soon received a considerable addition in the birth of a son, destined to be the heir and representative of two worthy families, whose mutual animosity the union of his parents had so happily extinguished.

END OF THE ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY,

Lieutenant-General of the Armies of Spain,

COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF ST JAGO, &c. AND HERETOFORE AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE permission I obtained to inscribe the following translation of Don Quixote to your Excellency, while you resided in this Capital, affords me a double pleasure; as it not only gives me an opportunity of expressing that profound respect and veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's character, but also implies your approbation, which cannot fail to influence the public in behalf of the performance. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your Excellency's most obedient humble Servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

London, Feb. 7, 1755.

THE

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for if his admirable genius and heroic spirit conduced to the honour of his country, the distress and obscurity which attended his old age as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothic darkness and barbarity, where no records were used, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition, a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No inquiry hath, as yet, been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendant.

One author* says he was born at Esquivias; but offers no argument in support of his assertion; and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of Renowned, in his preface to Persiles and Sigismunda. Others affirm he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a † third set take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. These, indeed, are presumptions that deserve some regard, though far from implying certain information, they scarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would, in all likelihood, have preserved some memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speaking of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression‡ in his Voyage to Parnassus, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestic reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was instigated to renounce all connexion with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, consi-

* Thomas Tamayo de Vargas. † Don Nicholas Antonio.

‡ He describes his departure from Madrid in these words: "Out of my country and myself I go!"

dering the jealous sensibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549; and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge; we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools, tinctured with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors, and perfectly master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature, which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind; the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits is a just, well-drawn characteristic picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one author,* who says, he was secretary to the Duke of Alva, without alleging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the captive, related in the first part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona,† who was, by Pope Pius V., appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turks, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions; and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompense he had received for his services and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb, which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius, which was known and admired by several authors of distinction even before his captivity; for Louis Galvez de Montalvo in his poem prefixed to Galatea, says, the world lamented his misfortunes in tears, and th

* Nicholas Antonio, Biblioth. Hisp.

† His Dedication of Galatea.

same expressed a widow's grief at his absence. I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent fortune; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances; and, in his Voyage to Parnassus, which was published in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of economy, and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of Saavedra's life, during which he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatic performances which were acted with universal applause. He tells us,* that he had seen plays acted by the great Lope de Rueda, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater: when this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in its infancy; one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dress of the theatre, consisting of four sheep-skin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and periwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a blackamoor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches, or forms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. Lope de Rueda not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations, brought the music from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience, deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed, invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning, and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success: but still the drama was rude, unpolished, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were represented at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and a half; during which he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprising genius and heroic generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hassan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whose cruelty he describes in these terms: "He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness and barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the old human race. The person who used the greatest freedoms with him was one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier, who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time could permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprise you more than the relation of my own story."

Thus Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates, with great exactness, the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a monster of cruelty and

* In the preface to his play.

avarice; and proves to demonstration, that his own story was quite different from that which the captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprising; and though we cannot favour the public with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars of his conduct as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian,* who was his fellow-slave, and an eye-witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprising Spanish cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thraldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the sea-side, belonging to a renegado Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Hassan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Mayorca; but some Moors chancing to pass just as he anchored at the appointed place, the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprise. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes for the space of seven months, during which the necessaries of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or The Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their constitutions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good humour, and humanity; till, at last, their purveyor turned traitor, and, allured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Hassan Basha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Basha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the public bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Hassan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous of possessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption, then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of Christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confession or impeachment on which he wanted to lay hold: but that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and, despising the terrors of his menaces, presisted in affirming that he had no associate in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials, that lasted for several days, he restored him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al-Caid Hassan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended, who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats; then he was heard to say, "While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my

* F. Diego da Haedo.

vessels, slaves, and even my whole city are secure." For he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was, at four different times, on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself; for we find that Hassan Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitatian father, for a thousand ducats.†

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel de Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier, whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country, and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self-complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart entendered and exercised in sympathizing with his fellow-creatures in distress, we may suppose he could not advert to the lessons of economy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive, from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and all his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation: and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time; even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can, exist but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impetuosity of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by such motives, and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural complexion, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and amusements of gallantry, we cannot be surprised to find his finances in a little time exhausted, and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune that he resolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and stand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of trouble: he therefore composed his Galatea, in six books, which was published in

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† To this adventure, he doubtless alludes in the story of the Captive, who says, that, when he and his fellow-slaves were deliberating about ransoming one of their number, who should go to Valencia and Mayorca, and procure a vessel, with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegado, who was of their council, opposed the scheme, observing, that those who are once delivered seldom think of performing the promises they have made in captivity. As a confirmation of the truth of what he alleged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known, even in those parts, where the most uncommon and surprising events occur almost every day.

the year 1584, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St Sophia, and afterwards cardinal of the holy cross of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of sentiment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis de Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory sonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's success. Nevertheless, the production has been censured for the irregularity of its style, the incorrectness of its versification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which encumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design is not brought to a conclusion, so that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himself pleads guilty to some part of the charge, in the sentence pronounced by the curate, in the first part of Don Quixote, who, when the barber takes up the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes, "That same Cervantes (says he), has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises, and then, perhaps, his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied."

Whether the success of Galatea encouraged our author to oblige the world with some of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the first regular productions of the Spanish drama, or the whole number of these was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his first essays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after his redemption.

Unless we suppose him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his subsistence, we must pass over two-and-twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married Donna Catalina de Salazar, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and, after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison in consequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this dismal situation he composed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean the first part of Don Quixote, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and discredit those absurd romances, filled with the most nauseous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taste of mankind, and were indeed a disgrace to common sense and reason. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the spirit of knight-errantry, so prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am persuaded he would have been the first man in the nation to stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry, which, when restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that inspired the most heroic sentiments of courage and patriotism, and on many occasions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good understanding, perverted by reading romantic stories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not supposed to have been damaged by the perusal of authentic histories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really existed; but his madness seems to have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildness of imagination, which was captivated by the marvellous representation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is described to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal, the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration, but with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the

knight and 'squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that, even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. "The very children," says he, "handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for in the whole book there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic."

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen, who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marquis Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprise that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III., standing in a balcony of his palace, and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time, "That student," said he, "is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers in attendance had the curiosity to go out and inquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison; for he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count de Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot, with any probability, espouse the opinion of those who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V., whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III.; for though their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scanted alms of compassion: he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; so that his head was altogether untinctured with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The Duke de Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronise men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the little taste he possessed was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty

was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune, and for a series of years wrestled with inconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals; they construed Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavered to depreciate his exemplary novels, which were published at Madrid in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of admiration.*

But of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much as the outrage he sustained from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, entitled, The second Volume of the Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his third sally, composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas; dedicated to the alcaides, regidors, and gentlemen of the noble town of Argamasilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de la Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervants of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally in his preface, in the most virulent manner, accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his contemporary writers, particulary Lope de Vega, under the shadow of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflections.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and his silence in this particular was the result either of discretion or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dullness, scurrility, and presumption; but if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety: the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the style barbarous, swoln, and pedantic.

Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain, had the fictitious Avellaneda abstained from personal abuse: but, finding himself so injuriously upbraided with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and second part of Don Quixote, in a variety of animadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other person could complete the plan of the original projector. It was received with universal joy and approbation: and in very little time translated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the world a poem, called, A Voyage to Parnassus, dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, knight of St Jago.

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* Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8.

This performance is an ironical satire on the Spanish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæsar Caporali, who lashed his contemporaries of Italy under the same title; though Saavedra seems to have had also another scope; namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taste and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically complains that he was denied a seat among his brethren; and takes occasion to observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of interest and favour.

He has, upon other occasions, made severe remarks upon the scarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the shafts of his satire at the throne itself. In his dedication of the second part of Don Quixote to the Count de Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical strain: "But no person expresses a greater desire of seeing my Don Quixote, than the mighty Emperor of China, who, about a month ago, sent me a letter by an express, desiring, or rather beseeching, me to supply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spanish language from my book, and was resolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I asked if his majesty had sent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and when he answered in the negative, 'Why then, friend,' said I, 'you may return to China as soon as you please; for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a long journey; besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse, and so I am the emperor's most humble servant.' In short, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and set the hare's head against the goose giblets, there is the noble Count de Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorships, supports, protects, and favours me to my heart's content."

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had received from the court. At the same time I cannot help observing, that his gratitude and acknowledgment to the Count de Lemos seem to have greatly exceeded the obligation: for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expense. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope de Vega, have, nevertheless, merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that they would have succeeded in the representation; but he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama: and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to solicit, their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the people, who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company, some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty critics, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. "Some years ago, (says he,*) I had recourse again to my old amusement, and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have pur-

* In his preface to his plays.

chased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price; I took his money, without giving myself any further trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or at least possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and, if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my backbiting actor, desire him, for me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes we can easily explain, by observing that Lope de Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the public, to such a degree, as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner; and, in all probability, would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count de Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, entitled, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*, which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions * in the warmest terms of paternal affection, preferring it to all the rest of his productions,—a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that, in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit, and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of Heliodorus † in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his Persiles and Sigismunda contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. "Loving reader, (said he), as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias—famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for its illustrious families, and, secondly, for its more illustrious wines, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she-ass, appeared to be a grey student; for he was clothed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. 'Gentlemen, (said he), you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler.' To this address one of my companions replied, 'We are

* Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of Don Quixote.
† The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea.

obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signor Miguel de Cervantes.' Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and, taking hold of my stirrup, 'Aye, aye, (cried he) this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!" In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so that he lost his hand by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. 'I am indeed Cervantes, (said I) but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed; be pleased, therefore, good signor, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way.' The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me, that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. 'Therefore, Signor Cervantes, (added the student), you must totally abstain from drink, but do not forget to eat heartily; and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic.' 'I have received the same advice from other people, (answered I), but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good-will.' By this time he had reached the Toledo bridge, where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill disposed on my horse as he was ill mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, nay, even in his last moments, he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count de Lemos, who was at that time president of the supreme council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad, then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the Count's return, and even to finish the Weeks of the Garden, and the second part of Galatea, in which he had made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617, and in all probability the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is supposed to be in extremity; certain it is, he did not long survive this period; for in September, a license was granted to Donna Catalina de Salaza, widow of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda, a northern history, which was accordingly published at Madrid, and afterwards translated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by history and tradition concerning the life of Cervantes, which I shall conclude with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chesnut colour, his forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eye brisk and cheerful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furnished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light in the foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of universal approbation and esteem; as we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay; while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so plenteous and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.

The Translator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has distinguished the character of Don Quixote, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into a mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original; from which, however, he has not so far deviated as to destroy that formality of idiom so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work.

The satire and propriety of many of the allusions, which had been lost in the change of custom and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

Idle reader, without an oath, thou mayest believe that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, sprightly, and discreet production that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature, in consequence of which, every creature procreates its own resemblance: what, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimsical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience and the habitation of every dismal sound.* Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hood-winked by paternal tenderness, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am no other than the stepfather of Don Quixote, will not sail with the stream of custom, nor, like some others, supplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinsman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thy own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue! and thou knowest the common saying, "Under my cloak the king is a joke." These considerations free and exempt thee from all manner of restraint and obligation; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy censure, and without hope of recompense for thy approbation.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unencumbered with an innumerable catalogue of such sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age; for I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say; and during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand, a friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and, finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative? As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a preface for the history of Don Quixote; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier; for you may very easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversion of that ancient lawgiver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in style, beggarly in conceit, and utterly destitute of wit and erudition; without quotation in the margin, or annotations at the end; as we see in other books, let them be never so fabulous and profane: indeed, they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole

* This is a strong presumption that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the holy Scripture, one would take them for so many St Thomases and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantic lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a backbiter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquises, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natured friends who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

In a word, my good friend, said I, Signor Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of la Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause. My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrance, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and bursting into a loud laugh, "Fore God! brother (said he), I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now I see you are as far from that character as heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? in good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from excessive indolence, that impedes the exercise of reason. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I allege, give me the hearing, and in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish, and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say, perplex your understanding, and deter you from ushering to the light your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole mirror of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I desired he would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehension, to diffuse light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confusion; and he replied, "Your first objection, namely, the want of sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses from persons of rank and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then you may christen them by any name you shall think proper to choose, fathering them upon Prestor John of the Indies, or the emperor of Trebisond, who, I am well informed, were very famous poets: and even should this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and bachelors of arts should backbite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for, although they convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it.*

With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin such books and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the embellishment of your history, you have nothing to do, but to season the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will suggest, or a little industry in searching easily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, 'Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro:' and quote Horace, or whom you please, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject, you have at hand, "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres." And, in expatiating upon the love and friendship which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourse to the holy Scripture, though you should have never so little curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, 'Ego

* Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.' In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, 'De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.' And the instability of friends may be aptly illustrated by this distich of Cato, 'Donec eris selex, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubilla, solus eris.' By these, and other such scraps of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian; a character of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to mention Goliath, and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in these words: 'The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in such a chapter of the book of Kings.'

"If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the river Tagus into your history, and this will supply you with another famous annotation, thus expressed: 'The river Tagus, so called from a king of Spain, takes its rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said to have golden sands, &c.' If you treat of robbers, I will relate the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the bishop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamia, a Lais, and a Flora, and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you mention wizards and enchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the measure of your desire: and if you do not choose to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonseca's Treatise on the Love of God, in which all that you, or the most ingenious critic, can desire, is fully deciphered and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at their particular stories in your text; and leave to me the task of making annotations and quotations, with which I'll engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance; the remedy is obvious and easy: take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absurdity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps some reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have composed; and if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he can reap no benefit from his labour. But if I am not mistaken, your book needs none of those embellishments in which you say it is defective; for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry; a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St Basil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the least importance; nor hath it any connexion with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no Christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail itself of imitation, and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be: now, as your sole aim in writing is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity of those books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and, in particular, of the vulgar you have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhortations from holy writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well-chosen, and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your style entertaining; to give spirit and expression to all your descriptions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion. You must endeavour to write in such a manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increase good-humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity, and attract applause from

persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally, let your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more, which, if you can batter down, you will have achieved no inconsiderable exploit."

I listened to my friend's advice in profound silence, and his remarks made such impression upon my mind, that I admitted them without hesitation or dispute, and resolved that they should appear instead of a preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an emergency; nor wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the district of Montiel, was the most virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the squirish graces which we find scattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry. So, praying that God will give thee health, without forgetting such an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.

THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I.—BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the quality and amusements of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In a certain corner of la Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to course with a sort of a starved grey-hound.

Three-fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton* bore no proportion to the beef, for dinner; a plate of salmagundy commonly at supper;† gripes and grumblings‡ on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or some such thing on the Lord's-day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches and slippers of the same, for holidays; and a coat of homespun, which he wore, in honour of his country, during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female housekeeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hoe.§

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* Mutton, in Spain, is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spanish *Duelos y Quebrantos*; the true meaning of which the former translators have been at great pains to investigate, as the importance of the subject, no doubt, required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phrase into collops and eggs, "being," saith he, "a very sorry dish." In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, "it is a mess too good to mortify withal;" neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the passage in question into an amlet; but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a "bacon froize," or rather fryze, from its being fried, from *frit* in French; and concludes with this judicious query: "After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils?" If this was his meaning indeed, surely we may venture to conclude, that fasting was very expensive in la Mancha; for the author mentions the *Duelos y Quebrantos* among those articles that consumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we in our turn present the reader with cucumbers, greens, or pease-porridge, as the fruit of our industrious researches; being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text, which is not "grumblings and groanings," as the last-mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such eatables as generate and expel wind,—qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repast.

§ *Podadera* literally signifies a pruning-hook.

Our 'squire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre and hard-featured, an early riser, and, in point of exercise, another Nimrod.* He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quesada, (for, in this particular, the authors who mention this circumstance disagree), though, from the most probable conjectures, we may conclude, that he was called by the significant name of Quixada;† but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not a tittle from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this said honest gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, which he perused with such rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but also utterly neglected the management of his estate: nay, to such a pass did his curiosity and madness in this particular drive him, that he sold many good acres of terra firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported, when he read those amorous complaints and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works!

"The reason of the unreasonable usage my reason has met with, so unreasons my reason, that I have reason to complain of your beauty:" and how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! "The high heaven of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highness is merited."

The poor gentleman lost his senses in poring over and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to rise from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis, whose face and whole carcass must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author who concludes his book with the promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to seize the quill with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair and published it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza‡), on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant? But Mr Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the Knight of the Sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise nor such a puling coxcomb as his brother; and, in point of valour, his equal at least.

So eager and entangled was our Hidalgo§ in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till, at last, the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits: all that he had read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantic exploits so implicitly, that, in his opinion, the holy scripture was not more true. He observed, that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the Lord of the Flaming-sword, who, with one back-stroke, had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a better opinion of Bernardo del Carpio, who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the enchanted Orlando|| to death by the same means that Hercules used when he strangled the earth-born Anteus. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morgante, who, though of that gigantic race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban,

* In the original, a lover of hunting.

† *Quixadas* signifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

‡ *Siguenza*, a town situated on the banks of the Henares, in New Castile, in which there is a small university.

§ *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain as 'squire in England, though it literally signifies the son of somebody, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nobody.

|| Orlando, the supposed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Ariosto, is said to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the soles of his feet, which he therefore took care to secure with double plates of armour.

whom he hugely admired for his prowess, in sallying from his castle to rob travellers, and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing the idol of the impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon,* he would willingly have given his housekeeper, body and soul, nay, his niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman. This was no other than a full persuasion, that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the public, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of those itinerant heroes whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlasting renown. This poor lunatic looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebisond; and, intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place, he cleaned an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldiness and rust; but having scoured and put it to rights as well as he could, he perceived, that, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a visor, which he made of pasteboard, and fixed so artificially to the morion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that, in order to try if it was strong enough to risk his jaws in, he unsheathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two hearty strokes, the first of which, in a twinkling, undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and, therefore, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner, as that he remained satisfied of its strength, without putting it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a rial,† being as lean as Gonela's, that "tantum pellis et ossa fuit,") nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself what an impropriety it would be, if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some sounding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that, since his master had altered his condition, he should also change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime and sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed: accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante,‡—an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and expressive not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse so much to his own satisfaction, he was desirous of doing himself the like justice, and, after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentic history concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others are pleased to affirm. But, recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added it to that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis de Gaul, he resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation, and, at the same time, reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being scoured, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. "If (said he) for my sins, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field by cleaving him in twain, or, in short, dis-

* *Galalon* is said to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

† This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre, that his bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish rial, a coin of very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry called *Trapezium*.

‡ *Rozinante* implies that which was formerly an ordinary horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked *before* all other horses.

arm and subdue him, will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress to whom I may send my conquered foe, who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone, "Incomparable princess, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of according to the pleasure of your highness?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy, when he uttered this address; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was an hale, buxom, country wench, called Aldonza Lorenco, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love: though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about, the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and, putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place,—a name, in his opinion, musical, romantic, and expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his concerns.

CHAP. II.

Of the sage Don Quixote's first sally from his own habitation.

These preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and, through the back-door of his yard, sallied into the fields, in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible objection, as had well nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprise directly: for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists with any antagonist of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his shield, until such time as his valour should entitle him to that honour.*

These cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested, that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient, as he had read in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination.† With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to scour his own, until it should be fairer than ermine: and, having satisfied his conscience in this manner, he pursued his design, without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to choose; being persuaded that in so doing he manifested the true spirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following soliloquy:

"Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early sally, will express himself in this manner: 'Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o'er this wide and spacious earth, displayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair; and scarce the little painted warblers, with their forky tongues, in soft, mellifluous harmony, had hailed the approach of rosy-winged Aurora, who, stealing from her jealous husband's couch, through the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha's bright horizon, stood confessed to wondering mortals; when, lo! the illustrious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, upspringing from the lazy down, bestrode famed Rozinante, his unrivalled steed; and through Montiel's ancient, well-known field (which was really the case), pursued his way.' Then he added, "O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made public my incomparable achievements, worthy to be engraved in brass, on marble sculptured, and in painting shewn, as great examples to futurity! and, O! thou sage enchanter, whatsoever thou may'st be, doomed to record the wonderous story! forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prisoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I., King of France, was knighted, at his own desire, by the chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

fate!" Then, making a sudden transition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, "O Dulcinea, sovereign princess of this captive heart, what dire affliction hast thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face! Deign, princess, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee!" These and other such rhapsodies he strung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the style of those ridiculous books which he had read; and jogged along, in spite of the sun, which beamed upon him so intensely hot, that surely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his skull: that whole day did he travel, without encountering any thing worth mentioning,—a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm.*

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapice; but others affirm, that the wind-mills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of la Mancha is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that, looking around for some castle or sheep-cot, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repose and refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the star that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game, who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard, or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry, he no sooner perceived the inn, than his fancy represented it as a stately castle, with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a drawbridge, deep moat, and all other conveniences that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopt Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and signify his arrival by sound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his steed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable, he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenches beforementioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the castle-gate. At that instant a swineherd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs (with leave be it spoken), chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and, concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and, discovering his meagre lantern jaws besmeared with dust, addressed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanour: "Fly me not, ladies, nor dread the least affront; for it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be."

The wenches, who stared at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the sorry beaver concealed, hearing themselves styled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet so foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into such a fit of laughing, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in these words: "Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women, than modesty, and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a slight cause; but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service."

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth, which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth, when luckily the landlord interposed. This innkeeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corslet composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unseasonable merriment; but, being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: "Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing

* He might have imitated the young knight described in Perceforest, who, having been dubbed by king Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity.

in great abundance except a bed; for at present we have not one unengaged." Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered, "For me, Signor Castellano, any thing will suffice; my dress is armour, battles my repose, &c." Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano,* because he looked like a hypocritical rogue, though indeed he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or page, replied with a sneer, "If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your sleep perpetual waking; so that you may alight with the comfortable assurance, that you will find in this mansion continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment." With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote, who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him civilly into the stable, and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damsels, who, having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were busied in taking off his armour: they had already disencumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbons, the gordian-knots of which no human hands could loose, and he would by no means allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen.† While these kind harridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, "Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies as Don Quixote when he first ushered himself into the world; ladies ministered unto him, and princesses took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my steed, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his master) not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds achieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Launcelot, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely; yet the time will come when your highnesses shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave."

The charmers, whom nature never designed to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper? To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called Abadexo in Castile, Baccalao in Andalusia, Curadillo in some parts of Spain, and Truchuela in others: so that they inquired if his worship could eat Truchuela; for there was no other fish to be had. "A number of troutlings (answered the knight), will please me as much as one trout: for, in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton:‡ be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach." A table being therefore covered at the inn door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine host brought out a cut of Baccalao, wretchedly watered and villainously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth: for his head being enclosed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth: and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office; but they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner; and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and, putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other,—an operation he endured with patience,

* *Sona de Castella* signifies a crafy knave.

† This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in the presence of ladies, or respectable personages; and, indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention; hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

‡ In the original, or kid to he-goat.

rather than suffer the ribbons of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a sow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and, winding three or four blasts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he sat in some sacred castle, entertained with music during his repast, which, consisting of delicate troutling and bread of the finest flour, was served up, not by a brace of harlots and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit justified his undertaking, and rendered him very happy in the success of his first sally; but he was mortified, when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted, because he thought that he could not lawfully achieve any adventures without having been first invested with that honourable order.

CHAP. III.

The diverting expedient Don Quixote falls upon in order to be knighted.

Harassed by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal, and called for the landlord, with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words: "Never will I arise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general."* The innkeeper hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: at length, however, he entreated him to rise; but this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. "Signor (said Don Quixote), I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence; I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged and obtained from your generosity is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the order of knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, that the morning, as I said, may fulfil my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knights-errant, in imitation of whom my genius is strongly addicted to such achievements."

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well suited, and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be; that he himself had, in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, strolling from place to place in quest of adventures, in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-garden of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St Lucar, the spout of Cordova,† the public-houses of Toleda, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels, doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to the castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hospitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt, but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might choose another place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose, where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such a one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked if he carried any money about with him; and the knight replied, that he had not a sous; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any such encumbrance. The innkeeper assured him that he was very much mistaken; for, that though no such cir-

* This request was a little premature, inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorise the suppliant to ask a boon of his godfather until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

† Literally the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain, resembling an horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and sharpers.

cumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both; he might, therefore, take it for granted and incontrovertible, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well lined in cases of emergency;* not forgetting to carry a stock of linen, with a small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight and be wounded in fields and deserts, unless they were befriended by some sage enchanter, who would assist them, by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel, or dwarf, with a cordial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such mischance had happened: but the knights of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim, to order their 'squires to provide themselves with money and other necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application: and when the knight happened to be without a 'squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung scarce perceptible at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensable necessaries, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn, where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then, bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern, beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark.† The roguish landlord having informed every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight, they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and, going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our novitiate was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules, and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour, when a loud voice accosted him in these words: "O thou! whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight, who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever girded himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity."

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which, had he regarded his own carcass, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposite, and threw it piecemeal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his mistress Dulcinea, he said, "Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous achievement." Having uttered this, and some other ejaculations, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good-will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion,

* Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expense whatever, except when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice; and in that case they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence; in consequence of which, at the siege of *Dun le Roy*, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight fascines, while the 'squire was quit for half the number.

† This custom of watching armour in church or chapel was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat proof.

who still lay without sense or motion, arrived, with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour, when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper and all, came running to the field, at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, "O lady! of transcendent beauty, the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart! now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitiff knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure. So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that, had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began, at a distance, to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight, who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off, for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing, that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. "But as for you (said he), ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance." These words, delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants, who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack; while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other mischief should happen. Approaching him therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians, without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the castle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all necessary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he assured him also, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote, believing every syllable that he spoke, said, he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible: for, in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that were expended for the use of the carriers, and, attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before-mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood: then, ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation.* This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony: but the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, "Heaven preserve your worship! adventurous knight, (said she), and make you fortunate in all your encounters." Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to

* The slap on the shoulders and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, "In the name of God, St Michael, and St George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal."

whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya: that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur: when he asked her name, she told him it was Molinera, and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being despatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and, embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, though something more laconic, and let him march off in happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAP. IV.

Of what befel our Knight when he sallied from the inn.

It was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly, and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horse vibrated with joy: but, remembering his landlord's advice with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a 'squire. For this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry.—With this view he steered his course homeward; and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when, from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, "Heaven be praised for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity so soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male, or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection:" then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come, and, having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcass with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice; above all things, laying upon him strong injunctions to use his tongue less and his eyes more: the young fellow replied, with great fervency, "I will never do so again, master, so help me God! I won't do so any more, but, for the future, take more care, and use more despatch."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, pronounced aloud, with great indignation, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend himself: mount thy steed, couch thy lance, (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied), and I will make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged." The peasant, seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, "Sir knight, this lad, whom I am chastising, is my own servant, hired to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in these fields; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number; and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages; though, upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lie." "How! a lie, before me, base caitiff, (cried Don Quixote); by the sun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay the young man his wages straight, without reply, or, by the power that rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant! unbind him therefore without hesitation."

The countryman hung his head, and, without speaking a syllable, untied his man, who, being asked by the knight, how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a mind to perish under his hands. The

affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. "Granting that to be true, (replied Don Quixote), the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has wore out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcass; and if the barber let out his blood when he was sick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts." "The misfortune, sir knight, (said the peasant), is this: I have not coin about me; but if Andrew will go home to my house, I will pay him honestly in ready money." "Go with you, (cried the lad), the devil fetch me if I do! No, no, master, I must not think of that; were I to go home with him alone, he would flay me like another St Bartholomew." "He won't do so, (replied the knight), but shew more regard to my commands; and if he will swear to me, by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will set him free, and warrant the payment." "Lord, how your worship talks! (said the boy); this master of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but is known by the name of rich John Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "No matter, (replied Don Quixote), there may be knights among the Haldudos, especially as every one is the son of his own works." "True, (said Andrew); but what works is my master the son of, since he refuses to pay me for my labour and the sweat of my brow?" "I don't refuse, honest Andrew, (answered the peasant); thou wilt do me a pleasure in going home with me; and I swear, by all the honours of knighthood in the universe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready money; nay, you shall have it perfumed into the bargain." "Thank you for your perfumes, (said the knight); pay him in lawful coin, and I shall be satisfied; and be sure you fulfil the oath you have taken; for, by the same obligation, I swear, that, in case you fail, I will return to chastise you, and ferret you out, even though you should be more concealed than a lizard. If you would understand who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, know, that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and scourge of injustice: so farewell; remember not to belie your promise and oath, on pain of the penalty prescribed." With these words, he clapped spurs to Roxinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the wood; then, turning to Andrew, said, "Come hither, child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the orders of that redresser of wrongs." "And adad, (said Andrew), you had best not neglect the orders of that worthy knight, who (blessings on his heart!) is equally valiant and upright; for, odds bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return, and be as good as his word." "In faith, I am of the same opinion, (replied the peasant); but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am desirous of increasing the debt, that the payment may be doubled." So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and, tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. "Now is the time, Mr Andrew, (said the executioner), to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which, by the bye, I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being flayed alive." At length, however, he unbound, and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied; on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened,—an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman sevenfold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village with infinite self-satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, "O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among the fair! well may'st thou be counted the most fortunate beauty upon earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in subjection, and wholly resigned to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha now is and always will remain! he who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the honour of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice hatched and cruelty committed! To-day he wrested the lash from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly scourged the body of that tender infant!" Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and, after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Roxinante's neck, leaving the decision to him, who, following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Murcia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure; and, in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his purposed achievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and, posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone, "Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty empress of La Mancha."

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and, halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: "Sir knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her; and if we find her so beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any sort of reward, confess the truth, according to your desire." "If I produce her (replied Don Quixote) what is the mighty merit of your confessing such a notorious truth? The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty before you have seen it. And this ye shall do, ye insolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on, then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous custom is among such wretches as you; here I expect you, with full hope and confidence in the justice of my cause." "Sir knight (replied the merchant), I humbly beg, in the name of all these princes here present, that your worship will not oblige us to burden our consciences, by giving testimony to a thing that we have neither seen nor heard, especially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princesses of Alcarria and Estremadura: but, if your worship will be pleased to shew us any sort of a picture of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, so as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be satisfied with this sample, and you shall be obeyed to your heart's content: for I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that though the portrait should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone with the other, we will, notwithstanding, in compliance to your worship, say what you desire in her favour." "Her eyes, infamous wretch! (replied Don Quixote in a rage), distil not such productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume: neither is there any defect in her sight, or in her body, which is more straight than a Guadarrama spindle: but you shall suffer for the licentious blasphemy you have uttered against the unparalleled beauty of my sovereign mistress." So saying he couched his lance, and attacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that, had not Rozinante luckily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again ineffectual, so much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bellowed forth, "Fly not, ye cowardly crew, tarry a little, ye base caitiffs: not through any fault of my own, but of my horse, am I thus discomfited." One of the mule-drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky disposition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him therefore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so severely, that, in spite of the resistance of his armour, he was almost beaten into mummy; and though the fellow's master called to him to forbear, he was so incensed, that he could not leave off the game, until he had exhausted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcass of the Don, who, notwithstanding this storm of blows, which descended on him, never closed his mouth, but continued threatening heaven and earth, and those banditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight, who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise: but if he found this design impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accomplish it now that he was disabled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was, in his opinion, pe-

culiar to knights-errant; and that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the fault of his horse.

CHAP. V.

In which the story of our Knight's misfortune is continued.

Finding it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was, to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain,—a piece of history that every boy knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet; nevertheless, it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and, with a languid voice, exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood,

Where art thou, lady of my heart,
Regardless of my misery?
Thou little know'st thy lover's smart,
Or faithless art, and false, pardie!

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to these lines:

O, noble prince of Mantuan plains,
My carnal kinsman, and my lord!

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously? Don Quixote doubtless believed that this was his uncle, the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and, wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. "Signor Quixada," said he, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country gentleman into a knight-errant), "who has left your worship in such a woeful condition?" But he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded as before with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast-plates, to see if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the knight's steed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and, taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own ass, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy; for he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast, but from time to time vented such dismal groans as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him? Indeed one would have thought that the devil had assisted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindarrez, the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisoner, and carried into captivity to the place of his residence: so that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose; nay, indeed in the very words used by the captive Abencerraje to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read; and so well adapted for his purpose, that the countryman hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste he could to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his uneasiness at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote, who had no sooner finished this exclamation, than he accosted his conductor in these words: "Know then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will achieve the most renowned exploits that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth." To this address the countryman replied, with great simplicity, "How your worship talks! As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour: nor is your worship either Valdovinos, or Abindarrez, but the worthy gentleman, Signor Quixada." "I know very well who I am (replied Don Quixote), and that it is possible for me to be not only those

whom I have mentioned, but also the whole twelve peers of France, and even the nine worthies, seeing that my achievements will excel, not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together."

Discoursing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peasant staid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roasted knight might not be seen in such a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate, and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just saying with a woeful countenance, "Mr licentiate Pero Perez (that was the curate's name), some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master;* for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been missing; as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain; for now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and stroll about in quest of adventures. May the devil and Barrabas lay hold of such legends, which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha."

To this remark the niece assented, saying, "Moreover, you must know, Mr Nicholas (this was the name of the barber), my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book upon the ground, and, drawing his sword, fence with the walls, till he was quite fatigued, then affirm that he had killed four giants as big as steeples, and swear that the sweat of his brow, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle: then he would drink off a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquife, a mighty enchanter and friend of his: but I take the whole blame to myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle's extravagancies, that some remedy might have been applied before they had proceeded to such excess; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy."

"I am of the same opinion (said the curate), and assure you, before another day shall pass, they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path which I am afraid my good friend has taken." Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which last had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice, "Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindarrez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antaquera."

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and, perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran to embrace their master and kinsman, who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud, "Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send, if possible, for the sage Urganda,† so search and cure them." "See now, in an evil hour (cried the housekeeper, hearing these words), if I did not truly foretel of what leg my master was lame? Your worship shall understand, in good time, that, without the assistance of that same Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and cursed, I say, nay, a hundred and a hundred times cursed be those books of chivalry which have so disordered your honour's brain!" Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none: and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. "Ah, hah! (cried the curate) have we got giants too in the dance! Now by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night."

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had more occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large, of the

* The author seems to have committed a small oversight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he spent in watching his armour.

† The name of a good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perceforest says to Norgal, "Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease." "In faith, dear lady, (answered Norgal), you are in the right; and I beseech you take it under your care." Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm, which was dislocated.

manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him; as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicholas the barber along with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAP. VI.

Of the diverting and minute scrutiny performed by the curate and the barber, in the library of our sagacious Hero.

While the knight was asleep, his friends came, and demanded of his niece the key of the closet, in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept, and she delivered it with great cheerfulness; they went into it in a body, housekeeper and all, and found upwards of an hundred volumes great and small, extremely well bound; which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water and a sprig of hyssop, saying, "Here, master licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the closet, lest some one of the many enchanters contained in these books should exercise his art upon us, as a punishment for our burning and banishing them from the face of the earth."

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper's simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. "There is not one of them (replied the niece), which deserves the least mercy, for they are all full of mischief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the court-yard, and there set fire to them in a heap, or let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the smoke will offend nobody. The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents; but the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that master Nicholas delivered into his hand were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. "There is (said the good man), something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire without hesitation, as the lawgiver of such a pernicious sect." "By no means (cried the barber), for I have also heard, that this is the best book of the kind that was ever composed; and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in its way." "Right (said the curate), and for that reason he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author, who stands next to him." "This (says the barber), contains the achievements of Esplandian, the lawful son of Amadis de Gaul." "Truly then (said the curate), the virtues of the father shall not avail the son: here, mistress housekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire we intend to make."

This task the housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction, and the worthy Esplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire, with which he was threatened. "Proceed," (cried the curate). "This, that comes next (said the barber), is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family." "To the yard then with all of them (replied the curate); for, rather than not burn queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel with his eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedevilled discourses of his author, I would even consume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant." "I am of your opinion," (said the barber). "And I," (cried the niece). "Since that is the case (said the housekeeper), to the yard with them immediately." Accordingly, they delivered a number into her hands, and she, out of tenderness for the staircase, sent them all out of the window.

"Who may that tun-like author be?" (said the curate.) "This here (answered the barber), is Don Olivante de Laura." "The very same, (replied the curate), who composed the Garden of Flowers, and truly it is hard to determine which of his two books is the most true, or rather, which of them is least false; all that I know is, that he shall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly." "He that follows (says the barber), is Florismarte of Hircania." "What, Signor Florismarte? (replied the curate), in faith then he must prepare for his fate, notwithstanding his surprising birth and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled stiffness and sterility of his style. Down with him, mistress housekeeper, and take this other along with you also." "With all my heart, dear sir," replied the governante, who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

"He that comes next (said the barber), is the knight Platir." "That is an old book (said the clergyman); but as I can find nothing in him that deserves the least regard, he must e'en keep the rest company." He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was entitled, "The Knight of the Cross," which the curate having read, "The ignorance of the au-

thor (said he), might be pardoned, on account of his holy title; but, according to the proverb, the devil skulks behind the cross, and therefore let him descend into the fire." Master Nicholas, taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. "Oh, ho! (cried the curate), I have the honour to know his worship; away with Signor Rinaldo de Mont-alban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus, not forgetting the twelve peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto, to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head, in token of respect." "I have got him at home (said the barber), in Italian, but I don't understand that language.' "Nor is it necessary you should (replied the curate); and here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoverished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And, indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original. In short, I sentence this book, and all those which we shall find treating of French matters, to be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until we can determine at more leisure what fate they must undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncesvalles, which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation."

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation for the whole universe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin d'Oliva; and hard by him stood another called Palmerin of England, which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, "Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned, so as not so much as a cinder of him shall remain; but let the English Palmerin be defended, and preserved as an estimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons; first, because it is in itself excellent; and, secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art; the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum. I propose, Mr Nicholas, saving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the rest perish, without farther inquiry."

"Pardon me, neighbour, (replied the barber) I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis." "Even he (answered the priest), with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole castle of fame, and other more important impertinencies. For which reason let the sentence be changed into transportation, and, according as he reforms, he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicholas, keep him safe in your house, out of the reach of every reader." "With all my soul!" answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the housekeeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doting or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office than to compose the largest and finest web that ever was seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window with incredible despatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who, being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found, upon examination, that it was called the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White. "Heaven be praised! (cried the curate aloud), that we have discovered Tirante the White in this place; pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction, and a rich mine of amusement." "Here is the famous God-amercy* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fonseca, as also an account of the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the witticisms of the young lady, joy of my life, with the amorous stratagems of the widow Quiet, and her highness the empress, who was enamoured of her 'squire Hippolito. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr Nicholas, that, in point of style, this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwith-

* In the original Quirielyson, from the two Greek words κυριε ελεησον, signifying, Lord have mercy.

standing, the author who composed it certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take and read him at home, and you shall find what I say is true." "Very like, (replied the barber); what shall we do with these small books that remain?"

"These (said the curate) cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems." Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Montemajor, and, taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, "These books do not deserve to be burnt with the rest; for they neither are nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief as those of chivalry have done, being books of entertainment, and noways prejudicial to religion." "Pray, sir, (said the niece), be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than, by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and singing; nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which they say is an infectious and incurable distemper." "The young woman is in the right (said the curate), and therefore it won't be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling-block out of our friend's way. Since we have therefore begun with the Diana of Montemajor, I am of opinion, that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God's name, all the prose, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that class."

"This that follows (said the barber), is called Diana the second of Salmantino, and this other, that bears the same name, is written by Gil Polo." Let Salmantino (replied the curate), increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but let Gil Polo be preserved as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himself. Proceed, friend Nicholas, and let us despatch, for it grows late." "This here book (said the barber), opening the next, is called the ten books of the Fortune of Love, the production of Antonio Lofrasco, a Sardinian poet." "By my holy orders (cried the curate), since Phœbus was Apollo, the muses the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was such a pleasant and comical performance composed as this, which is the best and most original of the kind which ever saw the light: and he who has not read it may assure himself, that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk."

Accordingly he laid it carefully by, with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his task, saying, "Those that come next are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of Jealousy." "Then there is no more to do (said the priest), but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper, and do not ask me, why? else we shall never have done." "Here comes the Shepherd of Filida." "He is no shepherd, (cried the curate), but a very elegant courtier, and therefore preserve him as a precious jewel." Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled the Treasure of Poetry. "If there was not so much of him he would be more esteemed (said the licentiate); that book ought to be weeded and cleared of certain meannesses, which have crept into the midst of its excellencies; take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves regard for some other more heroic and elevated works, which he has composed." "And this, (continued the barber), is a collection of songs by Lopez Maldonado." "That author is my very good friend also, replied the curate, and his own verses out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body: for he chants them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His eclogues are indeed a little diffuse, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preserved among the elect: but, pray what book is that next to it?" When the barber told him it was the Galate of Miguel de Cervantes; "that same Cervantes (said he), has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied: until that happens, let him be close confined in your closet."

"With all my heart, (replied the barber;) but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Austriada of Juan Ruso Jurado de Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet." "These three books (said the curate), are the best epic poems in the Castilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the inestimable pledges of Spanish poetry." The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. "I should have shed tears for my rashness (said the curate), hearing the name, if I had ordered that book to be burned; for its author was one of the most celebrated poets, not only of Spain, but of the whole world, and, in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the Metamorphoses of Ovid."

CHAP. VII.

The second sally of our worthy Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, "This way, this way, ye valiant knights, now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament." The scrutiny of the books that remained was deserted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this noisy exclamation, and it is believed, that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Caroles and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, composed by Don Luis d'Avila, which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire, though perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him, by force they reconveyed him to his bed, where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words: "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, we, who are called the twelve peers of France, will be greatly disgraced, if we allow the court knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize in the three preceding days." "Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend (said the curate); for Providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded grievously." "I am not wounded (replied the knight); but that I am battered and bruised there is no manner of doubt: for the bastard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy with the trunk of an oak; and all out of mere envy, because he saw that I alone withstood his valour. But may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-alban, if, when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments. Meanwhile bring me some food, which is what I chiefly want at present, and let me alone to take vengeance for the injury I have received."

In compliance with his desire they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night the housekeeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house; and no doubt many were burned which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors, would not allow; so that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner.* Another remedy, which the curate and barber prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was, to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that, upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an enchanter had carried them off, closet and all: this resolution was executed with all imaginable despatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and, not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured, but in vain, to get in, and cast his eyes all around, without uttering one syllable: but, after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She, being well instructed, readily answered, "What closet, or what nothing, is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for the devil himself has run away with both." "It was not the devil (cried the niece), but an enchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and, alighting from a dragon, on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but, having staid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet: only the housekeeper and I can very well remember that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munaton." "You mean Freston," (said Don Quixote). "I do not know (answered the housekeeper), whether it was Freston, or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton." "The case then is plain (said the knight), that same sage enchanter is one of my greatest enemies; who bears me a grudge, because he knows, by the mystery of his art, that the time will come when I shall fight and vanquish in single battle a certain knight, whom he favours, in spite of all he can do to prevent my success: and for this reason, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but let me tell him he won't find it an easy matter to contradict, or evade what Heaven has decreed." "Who ever doubted that? (said the niece), but what business have you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to stray up and down the world

in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool and comes home quite shorn." "My dear niece (replied Don Quixote), you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be shorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustaches."

The two women did not choose to make any farther answer, because they perceived that his choler was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber: wherein he observed that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow, and serve him in quality of 'squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage cheerfully, the knight told him, that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these, and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the countryman called) deserted his wife and children, and listed himself as his neighbour's 'squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money, and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his 'squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion: above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders, and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent ass which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a 'squire mounted on an ass; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife, and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route, and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first sally through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pain than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, "Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be as great as it will." To this remonstrance Don Quixote replied, "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an established custom among the ancient knights-errant, to invest their 'squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity: for they sometimes, nay generally, waited until their 'squires turned grey-haired, and then, after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count, or marquis at least, of some valley or province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee, to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprised, that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise." "In that case (replied Sancho Panza), if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta." "Certainly (said the knight), who doubts that?" "That do I (said the 'squire); for certain I am, that though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one

of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierez;* your worship must know, she is not worth a farthing for a queen: she might do indeed for a countess with the blessing of God and good assistance." "Recommend the matter to Providence, (replied Don Quixote), which will bestow upon thee what will be best adapted to thy capacity; but let not thy soul be so far debased as to content itself with any thing less than a viceroyalty." "That I will not (answered Sancho), especially as I have a powerful master in your worship, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear."

CHAP. VIII.

Of the happy success of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable adventure of the windmills, with other incidents worthy to be recorded by the most able historian.

In the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty wind-mills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his 'squire, "Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for; look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth." "What giants do you mean?" said Sancho Panza in amaze. "Those you see yonder (replied his master), with vast extended arms, some of which are two leagues long." "I would your worship would take notice (replied Sancho), that those you see yonder are no giants, but windmills; and what seem arms to you are sails, which, being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work." "It seems very plain (said the knight), that you are but a novice in adventures; these I affirm to be giants, and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his 'squire Sancho, who assured him, that those he was going to attack were no giants, but innocent windmills: but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of the 'squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them: on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud, "Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you." At this instant, a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, "Though you wield (said he), more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence." So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assaulting the nearest windmill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance; and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. "Lord have mercy upon us! (said the 'squire), did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about? Did not I assure you, they were no other than windmills? Indeed nobody could mistake them for any thing else, but one who has windmills in his own head!" "Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho (replied Don Quixote); the affairs of war are, more than any thing, subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword." "God's will be done!" replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante, that was almost disjointed.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the pass of Lapice; for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote observed, it was impossible but they must meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loss of his lance, he said to his 'squire, "I remember to have read of a Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargos, who, having broke his sword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed such wonders, and felled so many Moors, that he retained the name of Manchuca, or the feller, and all his descendants from that day forward have gone by the name of Vargos and Manchuca. This circumstance I mention to thee, because, from the first ash or oak that

* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?

I meet with, I am resolved to rend as large and stout a bough as that, with which I expect and intend to perform such exploits as thou shalt think thyself extremely happy in being thought worthy to see, and give testimony to feats, otherwise incredible." "By God's help (says Sancho,) I believe that every thing will happen as your worship says; but pray, sir, sit a little more upright, for you seem to lean strangely to one side, which must proceed from the bruises you received in your fall." "Thou art in the right (answered Don Quixote), and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even though their bowels should come out of their bodies." "If that be the case, I have nothing to reply (said Sancho), but, God knows, I should be glad your worship would complain when any thing gives you pain: this I know, that, for my own part, the smallest prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the 'squires as well as to the knights." Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his 'squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased, whether he had cause or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary in the history of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner time, his master told him, that for the present he had no occasion for food; but that he, his 'squire, might go to victuals when he pleased. With this permission, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his ass, and, taking out the provision with which he had stuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his master a good way, and kept his jaws a-going as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head, from time to time, with so much satisfaction, that the most pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his situation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promise which his master had made to him, nor considered it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to go in quest of adventures, how dangerous soever they might be: in fine, that night they passed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, to serve instead of a lance, and fitted to it the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long the knight closed not an eye, but mused upon his lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himself to what he had read of those errants who had passed many sleepless nights in woods and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

This was not the case with Sancho Panza, whose belly being well replenished, and that not with plantain water, made but one nap of the whole night, and even then would not have waked unless his master had called to him, notwithstanding the sunbeams that played upon his face, and the singing of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, saluted the approach of the new day. The first thing he did when he got up was to visit his bottle, which finding considerably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievously afflicted, because in the road that they pursued he had no hopes of being able in a little time to supply its defect. Don Quixote refusing to breakfast, because, as we have already said, he regaled himself with the savoury remembrance of his mistress, they pursued their journey towards the pass, which, after three days' travelling, they discovered. "Here (cried Don Quixote), here, brother Sancho Panza, we shall be able to dip our hands up to the elbows in what is called adventure; but take notice, although thou seest me beset with the most extreme danger, thou must by no means even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists, in which case thou mayest come to my assistance; but if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licensed, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the least succour, until thou thyself hast received the honour of knighthood."* "As for that matter (replied Sancho,) your worship shall be obeyed to a tittle, for I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True, indeed, in the defence of my own person, I shall not pay much regard to the said laws, seeing every one that is aggrieved is permitted to defend himself by all the laws of God and man." "I say nothing to the contrary (replied Don Quixote), but in the affair of assisting me against knights, thou must keep thy natural impetuosity under the rein." "That will I (answered Sancho), and keep your honour's command as strictly as I keep the Lord's day."

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared before them two Benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for their mules were not much less, with their travelling spectacles and umbrellas; after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horse-

* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for though no 'squire was permitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to assist their masters when they were unhorsed, or in danger, by mounting them on fresh steeds, supplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England, and St Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

back, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to her husband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the friars (who, though they travelled the same road, were not of her company), than he said to his 'squire, "If I am not very much mistaken, this will be the most famous adventure that ever was known; for those black apparitions on the road must doubtless be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess they have stolen; and there is a necessity for my exerting my whole power in redressing her wrongs." "This will be worse than the windmills (cried Sancho), for the love of God! sir, consider that these are Benedictine friars, and those who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I say, and consider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have told thee already Sancho (replied Don Quixote), that, with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment thou shalt be convinced."

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway through which the friars were to pass; and when he thought them near enough to hear what he said, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "Monstrous and diabolical race! surrender, this instant, those high-born princesses, whom you carry captives in that coach, or prepare to receive immediate death, as a just punishment for your misdeeds." The friars immediately stopped short, astonished as much at the figure as at the discourse of Don Quixote: to which they replied, "Sir Knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but innocent monks of the order of St Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs, neither do we know of any princesses that are carried captives in that coach." "These fawning speeches (said Don Quixote), shall not impose upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack ye are;" and, without waiting for any other reply, he put spurs to Rozinante, and, couching his lance, attacked the first friar with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not thrown himself from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without some desperate wound, nay, perhaps stone dead. The second monk, who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to the flanks of his trusty mule, and flew through the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza, seeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their master? The 'squire replied, that the clothes belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote his lord had won in battle: but the others, who did not understand raillery, nor know any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the ladies in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew, and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground without sense or motion. Then, with the utmost despatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death, and no sooner found himself on horseback, than he gallopped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the conclusion of it, they pursued their journey, making as many crosses as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: "Beautiful lady, you may now dispose of your own person according to your pleasure; for the pride of your ravishers lies level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no difficulty in understanding the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer, and captive of the unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received is, that you return to that place, and, presenting yourself before my mistress, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty." This whole address of the knight was overheard by a Biscayan 'squire, who accompanied the coach, and who, seeing that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward, but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and, laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: "Get thee gone, cavalier, go to the devil, I zay; vor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill thee dead, as zure as che was a Biscayan." The knight, understanding very well what he said, replied with great composure, "If thou wast a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chastise thy insolence and rashness, wretched creature." "I not a gentleman! (replied the Biscayan in great choler); by God in heaven! thou liest, as I am a Christian: if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, che will soon zee which be the better man.* Biscayan by land, gentleman by zea,

* The literal meaning of the Spanish is, Thou shalt soon see who is to carry the cat to the water; or rather, in the corrupted Biscayan phrase, The water how soon thou wilt see, that thou carriest to the cat.

gentleman by devil; and thou liest, look ye, in thy throat, if thou sayest otherwise." "Thou shalt see that presently, as Agragis said," replied Don Quixote, who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unsheathing his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death.*

His antagonist, who saw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule (which, being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon); but he scarce had time to draw his sword; however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present endeavoured, but in vain, to appease them; for the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth expressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistress, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The lady in the coach, surprised and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the road to a place from whence she could see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which, the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that, if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight, feeling the shock of such an unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud, "O Dulcinea! lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, succour thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is now involved in this dreadful emergency!" To pronounce these words, to raise his sword, to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and, covering himself with his cushion, waited his assult, without being able to turn his mule either on one side or the other: for she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened bye-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to Heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the 'squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspense, excusing himself, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that the second author of this work could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion; nor that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtuosi in la Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the second book.

PART I.—BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The conclusion and consequence of the stupendous combat between the gallant Biscayan and the valiant Knight of La Mancha.

In the first book of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes as must (if they had cut sheer) have cleft them both asunder from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappoint-

* This behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a 'squire, did not prevent him from giving satisfaction to an inferior at sword or target; and every 'squire who was aggrieved had a right to demand it.

ment; for the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read was changed into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which, in my opinion, was lost: and yet it seemed impossible and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his unheard-of exploits,—a convenience which none of those knights-errant who went in quest of adventures ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpose to record not only his achievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely then such a complete errant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platil and other such second-rate warriors enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which wastes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I considered, that, as some books had been found in his library, so modern as the Undeceptions of Jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares, his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, though not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and townsmen. This consideration perplexed and inflamed me with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spanish worthy Don Quixote de la Mancha, the sun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, the first who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity to turn over some of the leaves: I found them written in Arabic, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and, after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, "What I find written in the margin is to this purpose: this same Dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the best hand at salting pork of any woman in La Mancha."

Not a little surprised at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote: possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which, having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish, in these words: "The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian Author." No small discretion was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the mercer, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raisins, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conciseness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business, without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that

you might have known her to have been an hireling, at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the foot of her rider was a label, containing these words, Don Sancho de Azpetia, which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of Don Quixote. Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him. Hard by the steed was Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was a third label, inscribed Sancho Zancas, who, in the picture, was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle-shanks: for this reason he ought to be called indiscriminately by the names of Panza and Zancas;* for by both these surnames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, though indeed nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be started to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, though, as they are at present our enemies, it may be supposed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits: for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of such an illustrious knight, he seems to be industriously silent on the subject,—a circumstance very little to his commendation, for all historians ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, nor affection, may mislead them from the road of truth, whose mother is history, that rival of time, that repository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I affirm it must be owing to the fault of the infidel its author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus:

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them: but the first blow was discharged by the choleric Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but his good genius, which preserved him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so that, though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off, in its passage, the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable situation. Good heavens! where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner? I shall only say, his fury was such, that, raising himself again in the stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth, and ears, and seemed ready to fall upon his mule; which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and, after a few plunges, came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote, who sat observing him with great tranquillity, no sooner perceived him fall, than, leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and, setting the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so confounded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable; and, as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requested, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their 'squire.

To this petition, the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, "Assuredly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go straight to Toboso, and present himself, in my behalf, before the unparalleled Donna Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure." The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or inquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the 'squire should obey the knight's commands in every thing. "Upon the faith of your word, then (said Don Quixote), I will do him no farther damage, though he has richly deserved it at my hand."

* Panza, in Castilian, signifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-shanks.

CHAP. II.

Of what farther happened between Don Quixote and the Biscayan.

All this time Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to Heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing, therefore, the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and, before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then, laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced, with great fervency, "Sir Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for, let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governs an island in this world?" To this request Don Quixote replied, "You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear: have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more." Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise, then, kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace; and, without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable, to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that, seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse until he was overtaken by his weary 'squire, who, when he approached him, "Sir (said he), methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, 'tis odds but they inform the holy brotherhood* of the affair, and have us apprehended; and verily, if they do, before we get out of prison we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace, Sancho (said Don Quixote), where didst thou ever see or hear that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?" "I know nothing of your honey-seeds (answered Sancho), nor in my life did I ever see one of them: this only I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and, as to the other affair, I have no business to intermeddle in it."

"Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho (replied Don Quixote), for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood: but tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who possesses, or has possessed, more courage in attacking, more breath in preserving, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?" "The truth is (answered Sancho), I never read a history since I was born; for indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon is, that a more daring master than your worship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present is, that you would allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet." "These would have been altogether needless (answered the knight), if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble." "What sort of a phial and balsam is that?" (said Sancho Panza). "It is a balsam (replied Don Quixote), the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possesses the valuable composition needs to be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and, before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness: then, making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me, in a twinkling, as whole and as sound as an apple."

"If that be the case (said Sancho Panza), I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and desire no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that same most exceeding liquor; for I imagine that it will sell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe.

the rest of my days in credit and ease: but it will be necessary to know, if the composition be costly." "I can make a gallon of it for less than three rials," (replied the knight). "Sinner that I am (cried Sancho), what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it this moment?" "Hold thy tongue, friend (said the knight), I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bestow upon thee more considerable rewards, than that; but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish."

The squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment; but, when his master found that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad: he laid his hand upon his sword, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, "I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos, neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury."* Sancho hearing this invocation, "Sir Don Quixote (said he), I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do, namely, to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime." "Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head (replied Don Quixote); therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Sacripante so dear."†

"Sir, sir (replied Sancho), with some heat, I wish your worship would send to the devil all such oaths, which are so mischievous to the health and prejudicial to the conscience; for, tell me now, if we should not find in many days a man armed with a helmet, what must we do? Must we perform this vow, in spite of all the rubs and inconveniences in the way; such as to lie in one's clothes, and not to sleep in an inhabited place, with a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, which your worship now wants to renew? Pray, sir, consider that there are no armed people in these roads, none but carriers and carters, which, far from wearing helmets themselves, perhaps never heard of any such thing during the whole course of their lives." "There thou art egregiously mistaken (replied Don Quixote), for, before we are two hours in these cross-ways, we shall see armed men more numerous than those that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the Fair." "On then, and be it so (said Sancho), and pray God we may succeed, and that the time may come when we shall gain that island which has cost me so dear, and then I care not how soon I die." "I have already advised thee, Sancho (said the knight), to give thyself no trouble about that affair; for, should we be disappointed in the expectation of an island, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobredisa, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, because it is situated on terra firma; but let us leave these things to the determination of time; and see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet; for we must go presently in quest of some castle, where we may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that same balsam I mentioned; for, I vow to God, my ear gives me infinite pain."

"I have got here in my bags (said Sancho), an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread; but these are eatables which do not suit the palate of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship." "How little you understand of the matter! (answered Don Quixote). Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant to abstain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be

* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy Virgin, the peacock, and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels: and a great number of persons who were present listed themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table-cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair.

† Geoffri de Rancon, having been injured by the Count de la Marche, swore by the saints that he would wear his buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved, in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously observed, until he saw his adversary, with his wife and children, kneeling in distress before the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a stool, adjusted his buskin, and was shaved in presence of his majesty and all the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly shaved, that, in case he should lose his helmet in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horse.

contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldst not have been ignorant of, hadst thou read so many histories as I have perused, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occasionally, at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; at other times, living upon air; and though it must be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other necessities of nature, being in effect men as we are, yet we are likewise to consider, that, as the greatest part of their lives was spent in travelling through woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustic food as thou hast now got for our present occasions:* therefore, friend Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, because thou hast got nothing to gratify the palate, nor seek to unhinge or alter the constitution of things." "I beg your worship's pardon (said Sancho), for as I can neither read nor write, as I have already observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but, from henceforward, I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food."† "I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to." "Surely (answered Sancho), it is a great comfort to know those same herbs; for it comes into my head, we shall, one day or another, have occasion to make use of the knowledge;" and, taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and satisfaction; but, being desirous of finding some place for their night's lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and, mounting their beasts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark; but the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goatherd's hut, in which they resolved to pass the night; and in the same proportion that Sancho was disgusted at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of Heaven, because he looked upon every occasion of this kind as an act of profession, that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

CHAP. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote while he remained with the goatherds.

He received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds, and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rosinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much, at that instant, to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustic table without loss of time, inviting their two guests to a share of their mess, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, "That thou mayest see, Sancho (said he), the benefit which is concentered in knight-errantry, and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it are to preferment and esteem of the world, I desire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou mayest be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level."

"I give you a thousand thanks (said Sancho); but I must tell your worship, that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from sneezing or coughing, though I should be ever so much

* We read in Perceforest, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant, who, having killed a roe-buck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables, by the help of another smooth stone, and then ate it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, "Chevraux de presse, nourriture des Heraux."

† *Volatiles* in the original, signify any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be supposed to mean, he would provide himself with game or poultry: but the blunder which we have made him commit seems to be more in character.

inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do when alone: therefore, sir master of mine, I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, as being the servant and abetter of knight-errantry, which, to be sure, I am, while I remain in quality of your 'squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen." "Thou must nevertheless sit thee down (said his master); for him that is humble God will exalt;" and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of 'squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests, who, with keen appetite, and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaster of Paris: all this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up an handful of the acorns, and, after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: "Happy age, and happy days were those to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not that gold, which, in these our iron-times, is so much esteemed, was to be acquired without trouble in that fortunate period, but because people then were ignorant of those two words MINE and THINE; in that sacred age all things were in common; no man was necessitated, in search of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaching out his hand, and receiving it from the sturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his sweet and salutary fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their savoury and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent and industrious bees formed their commonwealths, offering, without interest, to every hand the fruitful harvest of their delicious toil. The stately cork-trees voluntarily stripped themselves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, supported upon rustic poles, with a view only to defend themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendship. As yet the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough had not presumed to open or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without compulsion, presented, on every part of her wide and fertile bosom, every thing that could satisfy, sustain, and delight her sons, who then possessed her. Then did the simple and beautiful shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and dale to dale, bareheaded, in their braided locks, without any other clothes than what were necessary to cover modestly that which modesty commands, and always has commanded, to be covered. Neither were their ornaments, such as are used now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple and the many-ways martyred silk, but composed of verdant dock-leaves and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps, with as great pomp and contrivance as the court-ladies of our days, dressed in all the rare and foreign fashions which idle curiosity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the soul expressed in sensible simplicity, just as they were conceived, undisguised by the artificial cloak of specious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intermixed with plain-dealing Truth: Justice then kept within her proper bounds, undisturbed and unbiassed by interest and favour, which now impair, confound, and persecute her so much; law was not then centred in the arbitrary bosom of the judge; for, at that time, there was neither cause nor contest. Damsels and decency, as I have already said, went about single, and without fear of being injured by insolence or lust; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleasure. But, now-a-days, in this detestable age, no maid is secure, though she was concealed and shut up in such another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for, even there, the amorous pestilence, with the zeal of mischievous importunity, would enter, either by the help of wings, or by gliding through some chink or other, and all her barricadoed chastity would go to wreck. For the security of this virtue, in process of time, when mischief grew to a greater head, the order of knight-errantry was first instituted to defend damsels, protect widows, and succour the needy and the fatherless. This order, brother goatherds, I profess, and thank you for this kind entertainment and reception which I and my 'squire have received at your hands; for though, by the law of nature, all mankind are obliged to favour and assist knights-errant, during the whole course of their lives, yet, as you have received and regaled me, before you knew yourselves to be under that obligation, I think it my duty to return my most sincere acknowledgment for your hospitality."

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been spared, was pronounced by our knight, because the acorns they presented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make these useless reflections to the goatherds, who, without answering one syllable, listened with suspense and astonishment. Sancho was also silent; but kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a visit to the second

wine-bag, which, that the contents might be cooler, was hung upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was less tedious in his discourse than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship knight-errant may be convinced of our readiness and good-will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing a song from one of our companions, who will soon be here. He is an understanding young fellow, very much in love, who, moreover, can read and write, and play upon the rebec,* that it will delight you to hear him." Scarce had the goatherd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with the sound of this instrument, and presently after appeared the musician, who was a young fellow of about twenty or twenty-two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions asked him if he had supped, and he answering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, said to him, "If that be the case, Antonio, you will do us the pleasure to sing a song, that this gentleman our guest may see that there are some even among these woods and mountains who understand music. We have already informed him of thy uncommon talents, and we desire thou wouldst show them, in order to justify what we have said in thy praise; I therefore earnestly beseech thee to sit down and sing the ballad of thy love, composed by thy uncle the curate, which is so much commended in our village." "With all my heart," replied the young man, who, without farther entreaty, sat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and, tuning his instrument, began in a very graceful manner to sing and accompany the following song:—

You love, Olalla, nay adore me;
In spite of all your art I know it,
Although you never smile before me,
And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

For, sure to slight a lover's passion,
So tried as that which lives this heart in,
Were but small proof of penetration;
And that you are no fool is certain.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
Though proved by evidence of twenty,
You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,
And eke your snowy bosom flinty.

Yet, in the midst of maiden shyness,
Affected scorn and decent scolding,
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glass,
The border of her robe unfolding.

Then balance in the scales of reason,
My love unshaken and untainted,
Unapt to change from truth to treason,
By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

If love be courtesy refined,
And you be civil to profusion,
That you will to my hopes prove kind,
Is but a natural conclusion.

If gratitude that breast can soften,
Which bids to other arts defiance,
The services I've render'd often,
Must melt your soul to kind compliance.

For, more than once, had you attended,
You might have seen me wear on Monday,
My best apparel, scour'd and mended,
With which I wont to honour Sunday.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won by tightness,
I've still endeavour'd in your eye
To shine the mirror of politeness.

That I have danced the swains among,
To please your pride what need I mention,
Or with the cock begun my song,
To wake my sleeping fair's attention.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
I've loudly sounded forth its praises;
A task which, though a lover's duty,
The spite of other women raises.

For, once, Teresa of the hill,
Beneath all notice would have sunk ye,
"You think Olalla angel still,
(Said she) but others scorn the monkey.

"Thanks to her beads of glittering glass,
And her false locks in ringlets curling,
And the false colour of her face,
Which Love himself might take for sterling."

She ly'd, I told her, in her throat;
And when her kinsman kept a racket,
You know I made him change his note,
And soundly thrash'd the booby's jacket.

Your lovely person, not your wealth,
At first engaged my inclination;
Nor would I now possess, by stealth,
The guilty joys of fornication.

The church has silken ties in store,
Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
Behold, I put my own before,
And trust the noose that binds our betters.

Else, by each blessed saint I swear,
And Heav'n forbid I prove a liar!
Never to quit this desert drear,
Except in form of hooded friar.†

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* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

† The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the versification to the plainness and rusticity of the sentiments, which are preserved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other translators

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master, "Your worship had better consider where you are to lodge this night; for the labour that these honest men undergo in the day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing."—"I understand thee, Sancho (replied the knight), it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag demand the consolation of sleep rather than that of music." "They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God," replied Sancho. "I do not deny it (said the knight), and thou may'st bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst, but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep; it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for it gives me more pain than I could wish." Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bade him give himself no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice; so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear, and, binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaster.

CHAP. IV.

What was related by a goatherd, who chanced to come into the hut.

In the mean time, another of the lads, who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, "Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades?" When one of them answered, "How should we?"—"Know then (continued he,) that the famous student Chrysostom died this morning; and it is murmured about, that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the Rich; she that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdess." "For Marcella, said you?" cried one. "The same (answered the goatherd); and it is certain, that in his last will he ordered himself to be buried in the field like a Moor (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree spring; for, the report goes, and they say he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her was in that place; and he has also ordained many other such things, as the clergy say must not be accomplished, nor is it right they should be accomplished; for truly they seem quite heathenish: to all which objections his dear friend, Ambrosio the student, who also dressed himself like a shepherd to keep him company, replies, that he will perform every thing without fail that Chrysostom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it. But it is believed that every thing at last will be done according to the desire of Ambrosio, and all the rest of the shepherds, his friends; and that tomorrow he will be interred with great pomp in the very spot I have mentioned. I am resolved therefore, as it will be a thing well worth seeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought I should not be able to return to the village that night." "We will do so too (replied the goatherds), and cast lots to see which of us must stay and take care of our flocks." "You are in the right, Pedro (said one), but there will be no occasion to use that shift; for I myself will stay and take care of the whole, and you must not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curiosity, but to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking."—"We are obliged to thee, however," answered Pedro, whom Don Quixote desired to tell him who that same dead shepherd and living shepherdess were.

To this question the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was the son of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village in these mountains; that he had studied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great scholar: in particular, they said, he was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens; for he had punctually foretold the clipse of them both! "The obscuration of those two great luminaries (said the knight), is called the eclipse, and not the clipse, friend." But Pedro, without troubling his head with these trifles, proceeded, saying, "he likewise foresaw when the year would be plentiful or steril." "You mean

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seem to have been bent upon setting the poetry at variance with the pastoral simplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addressing his mistress in these terms?

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate are literally these:—
"I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women."

sterile," said Don Quixote. "Sterile, or steril (replied Pedro), comes all to the same purpose; and I say, that his father and his friends taking his advice, became very rich; for they gave credit to his words, and followed his counsel in all things. When he would say, this year you must sow barley and no wheat; here you must sow carabances, but no barley; next year there will be a good harvest of oil; but for three years to come there will not be a drop." "That science (replied Don Quixote) is called astrology."—"I know not how it is called (replied Pedro); but this I know, that he knew all this, and much more. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a sudden in shepherd weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his fellow-student at college. I forgot to tell you, that Chrysostom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas-eve, and plays for the Lord's day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said, that they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly clothed like shepherds, they were surprised, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change. About that time the father of this Chrysostom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which this young man remained desolate lord and master; and truly he deserved it all; for he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards it came to be known, that his reason for changing his garb was no other than with a view of strolling through the woods and deserts after that same shepherdess Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysostom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for it is necessary that you should know who this wench is; for mayhap, nay even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than St Paul."* "Say Paul's," replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's perverting the words. "St Paul was no chicken (replied Pedro), and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth."—"I ask your pardon, friend (said the knight); I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of St Paul and a church that goes by his name: but, however, you made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you again."

"Well then, my good master (said the goatherd), there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysostom's father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of hers, which seemed to have the sun on one side and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that she put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, and yet it was thought it would be surpassed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly; for when she came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without blessing God for having made so beautiful a creature; and every body almost grew desperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty spread in such a manner, that both for her person and her fortune, not only the richest people in our town, but likewise in many leagues about, came to ask her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and solicitation. But he, who, to give him his due, was a good Christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own consent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And, truly, I have heard this spoken in more companies than one, very much to the praise of the honest priest. For I would have you know, sir traveller, that in these small towns people intermeddle and grumble about every thing. And this you may take for certain, as I know it to be so, that a clergyman must be excessively good indeed, if he can oblige his flock to speak well of him, especially in country villages. "You are certainly in the right (said Don Quixote), and pray go on, for your story is very entertaining, and you, honest Pedro, relate it with a good grace." "May I never want God's grace (said the

* In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says, as old as Serna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in its room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.

shepherd); for that is the main chance; and you must know, moreover, that though the uncle proposed to his niece, and described the good qualities of each in particular who asked her in marriage, desiring her to give her hand to some one or other, and choose for herself, she never would give him any other answer, but that she did not choose to marry, for she was too young to bear the burden of matrimony. On account of these excuses, which seemed to have some reason in them, her uncle forbore to importune her, and waited till she should have more years and discernment to make choice of her own company; for he said, and to be sure it was well said, that parents should not dispose of their children against their own inclinations. But, behold, when we least thought of it, the timorous Marcella one day appeared in the habit of a shepherdess; and, without imparting her design to her uncle, or any body in the village, for fear they might have dissuaded her from it, she took to the field with her own flock, in company of the other damsels of the village. As she now appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to the eyes of every body, you cannot conceive what a number of rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers, immediately took the garb of Chrysostom, and went wooing her through the fields. One of these suitors, as you have heard, was the deceased, who, they say, left off loving to adore her; and you must not think, that because Marcella took to this free and unconfined way of living, she brought the least disparagement upon her chastity and good name; on the contrary, such is the vigilance with which she guards her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, not one has boasted, nor, indeed, can boast with any truth, that she has given him the smallest hope of accomplishing his desire; for though she neither flies, nor avoids the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them in a courteous and friendly manner, whenever any one of them comes to disclose his intention, let it be ever so just and holy, even marriage itself, she throws him from her like a stone from a sling, and, being of this disposition, does more damage in this country, than if a pestilence had seized it; for her affability and beauty allure all the hearts of those that converse with her to serve and love her, but her coyness and plain-dealing drive them even to the borders of despair; therefore they know not what to say, but upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude, and give her a great many such titles, as plainly shew the nature of her disposition: and if your worship was but to stay here one day, you would hear these hills and dales resound with the lamentations of her rejected followers. Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella, and over some a crown cut out in the bark, as if her lover would have declared, that Marcella wears, and deserves to wear, the crown of all earthly beauty. Here one shepherd sighs, there another complains; in one place you may hear amorous ditties; in another the dirges of despair; one lover sits musing through all the hours of the night, at the foot of some tall ash, or rugged rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, shrunk up as it were, and entranced in his own reflections, he is found by the rising sun; a second, without giving respite or truce to his sighs, exposed to the heat of the most sultry summer's sun, lies stretched upon the burning sand, breathing his complaints to pitying Heaven; and over this and that, and these and those, the free, the unconcerned, the fair Marcella triumphs. We who are unacquainted with her disposition, wait with impatience to see the end of all this disdain, and long to know what happy man will tame such an unsociable humour, and enjoy such exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what our comrades said concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death; and therefore I advise you, sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing; for Chrysostom had a great many friends, and the spot in which he ordered himself to be buried is not more than half a league from hence."

"I will take care to be present (said the knight), and thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in relating such an interesting story."—"Oh! as for that (cried the goatherd), I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella; but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon some shepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to sleep under some cover, for the cold night-air may not agree with the hurt your jaws have received, though the remedy I have applied is such, that you have nothing else to fear."

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earnestly entreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro's hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a discarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAP. V.

The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcella, and other incidents.

Scarce had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six

goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, they would keep him company. The knight, who desired nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great despatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, clothed in jackets of black sheepskin, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another, and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, "Signor Vivaldo, we shall not have reason to grudge our tarrying to see this famous funeral, which must certainly be very extraordinary, by the strange account we have received from these people, of the dead shepherd and the murderous shepherdess."—"I am of the same opinion (answered Vivaldo), and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpose to see it." Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being clothed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that same Chrysostom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began, by Vivaldo's asking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country? To this question the knight replied, "The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the least, am one." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him for a madman: but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what species of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. "What! (said Don Quixote), have you never read the annals and history of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Artus, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great-Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of enchantment, metamorphosed into a raven; and that the time will come when he shall return, and recover his sceptre and throne: for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours punctually happened which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quitaniona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

For never sure was any knight
So served by damsel, or by dame,
As Lancelot, that man of might,
When he at first from Britain came.

With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits. From that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their achievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, even to the fifth generation; the courageous Fleximarte of Hircania, the never-enough-to-be-commended Tirante the White, and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knight-errant; and such as I have described is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a sinner, have professed; and the very same which those knights I mentioned professed, I profess also. On which account I am found in these deserts and solitudes, in quest of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expose my person to the greatest danger that my destiny shall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppressed."

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprise that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion and a great deal of archness, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go, till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance; and, in that view, said to him, "Sir knight-errant, methinks your worship professes one of the strictest orders upon earth, nay, I will affirm, more strict than that of the Carthusian friars."

"The order of the Carthusians (answered Don Quixote), may be as strict, but that it is as beneficial to mankind I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the soldier who executes his captain's commands is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order: I mean, that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and safety; but we soldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our swords: living under no other cover than the cope of heaven, set up in a manner as marks for the intolerable heat of the sun in summer, and the chilling breath of frosty winter: we are therefore God's ministers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth! and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accomplished without sweat, anxiety, and fatigue, it follows, that those who profess it are doubtless more subject to toil than those who, in rest and security, implore the favour of God for persons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say, or imagine, the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluse monk: I would only infer from what we suffer, that it is, without doubt, more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and lousy; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives: and if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase: and if those who attained such a supreme station had been without their sage enchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their desires, and grievously balked of their expectations."

"I am very much of your opinion (answered the traveller); but there is one thing among you knights-errant that I cannot approve of, and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement, you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to your mistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism." "Sir (replied Don Quixote), that practice must in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of achieving some great feat, must call up the idea of his mistress, and, turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleness of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himself: nay, even though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himself to her good wishes: and of this practice we have innumerable examples in history: but I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourselves to God also; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the course of action."

"But, nevertheless (said the traveller), I have still one scruple remaining, which is, that I have often read of a dispute between two knights, which proceeding to rage, from one word to another, they have turned about their steeds, to gain ground for a good career; and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and the common issue of such an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horse's crupper, stuck through and through with his adversary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse's mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himself to God, in the course of so sudden an attack; surely it would have been better for his soul, if, instead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Christian; especially, as I take it for granted that every knight-errant has not a mistress; for all of them cannot be in love." "That's impossible (answered Don Quixote). I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them as the stars are to the heavens. I am very certain that you never read an history that gives an account of a knight-errant without an armour; for he that has never been in love would not be held as a legitimate member, but some adulterate brood, who had got into the fortress of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night."

"Yet, notwithstanding (said the traveller), I have read, that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaul, never had any known mistress to whom he could recommend himself, and he was not disregarded, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight." "Signor (answered our hero Don Quixote), one swallow makes not a summer: besides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed he made love to every handsome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural disposition, which he by no means could resist: in short, it is very well attested, that he had one mistress whom he enthroned as sovereign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himself with great caution and privacy, because he piqued himself upon being a secret knight."

"Since then it is essential to every knight to

be in love, we may conclude that your worship, being of that profession, is no stranger to that passion: and if you do not value yourself upon being as secret a knight as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in behalf of myself and the rest of the company, to tell us the name, country, station, and qualities of your mistress, who must think herself extremely happy in reflecting that all the world knows how much she is beloved and adored by so valiant a knight as your worship appears to be."

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, "I am not positively certain, whether or not that beauteous enemy of mine takes pleasure in the world's knowing I am her slave; this only I can say, in answer to the question you asked with so much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country a certain part of La Mancha called Toboso; her station must at least be that of a princess, since she is queen and lady of my soul; her beauty supernatural, in that it justifies all those impossible and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets bestow upon their nymphs; her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows heavenly arches, her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks roses, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast marble, her hands ivory, her skin whiter than snow, and those parts which decency conceals from human view are such, according to my belief and apprehension, as discretion ought to enhance above all comparison."

"I wish we knew her lineage, race, and family," replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight answered, "She is not descended of the antient Caii, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Orsini, nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foxes, and Gurreas of Arragon; or the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans of Castile; or the Alencastros, Pallas, and Menesis of Portugal: but she sprung from the family of Toboso de la Mancha; a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble rise to the most illustrious families of future ages; and let no man contradict what I say, except upon the conditions expressed in that inscription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando's arms:

That knight alone these arms shall move,
What dares Orlando's prowess prove."*

"Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines† of Loredo (said the traveller), I won't presume to compare with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation." "How, not heard!" replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the very goatherds, by this time were convinced that our knight's judgment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true; because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress, and partly of yew: six of the foremost carried a bier; upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he said, "These are the people who carry the corpse of Chrysostom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be interred."

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers, having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one side of a flinty rock.—They received our travellers with great cour-

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprize, consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes this emprize was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprise; but, if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrance. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly we are told by Oliver de la March, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke's permission to touch the challenger's emprize; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, "Noble knight, I touch your emprize; and, with God's permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire either on horseback or on foot." The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

† Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

tery; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherd's weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers, both sealed and loose, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new-comers were observing this phenomenon, and the shepherds busied in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another, "Consider, Ambrosio, if this be the very spot which Chrysostom mentioned, that his last will may be punctually fulfilled." "This (answered Ambrosio) is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the story of his misfortunes. Here it was he first beheld that mortal enemy of the human race; here also did he first declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at last, did Marcella signify her disgust and disdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his mishap, did he desire to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, addressing himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus proceeded: "This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindness; in friendship, a very phœnix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness; and, in short, second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored, and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as these papers which you gaze at will shew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as soon as his body shall be deposited in the earth."

"You will use them then with more cruelty and rigour (said Vivaldo), than that of the author himself: seeing it is neither just nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would have been in the wrong, had he consented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signor Ambrosio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewise to consign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiscreetly what he in his affliction ordained; on the contrary, by publishing these papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve as an example in time to come, and warn young men to shun and avoid such dangerous precipices; for I and the rest of this company already know the history of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendship, the occasion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed; from which lamentable story it is easy to conclude, how excessive must have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysostom, the faith of your friendship, and the check which those receive who precipitately run through the path exhibited to them by idle and mischievous love. Last night, we understood the death of Chrysostom, who, we are informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curiosity and concern, have turned out of our way, resolving to come, and see with our eyes what had affected us so much in the hearing; and in return for that concern, and the desire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we entreat thee, O discreet Ambrosio! at least, for my own part, I beg of thee not to burn these papers, but allow me to preserve some of them."

Accordingly, without staying for an answer, he reached out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, "Out of civility, signor, I will consent to your keeping what you have taken up; but to think that I will fail to burn the rest, is a vain supposition." Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the contents, immediately opened one, entitled, A Song of Despair; which Ambrosio hearing, said, "That is the last poem my unhappy friend composed; and that you may see, signor, to what a pass his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finish it before the grave be made!" "That I will do with all my heart," said Vivaldo; and every body present being seized with the same desire, they stood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice:

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

Since then thy pleasure, cruel maid!
Is, that thy rigour and disdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
All hell shall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy achievements to record,
My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
My bowels burst at ev'ry word:
Then listen to the baleful sound
That issues from my throbbing breast,
Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

Let the snake's hiss, and wolf's dire howl,
The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
The boding crow and screeching owl,
The tempest rattling on the shore,
The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
The shrieks of the infernal crew,
Be mingled with my dying groan,
A concert terrible and new!
The hearer's senses to appal,
And reason from her throne depose;
Such melody will suit the gall
That from my burning liver flows!

Old Tagus, with his yellow hair,
And Betis, with her olive wreath,
Shall never echo such despair,
Or listen to such notes of death,
As here I'll utter and repeat,
From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
In wilds untrod by human feet,
In dungeons dreary as the grave;
The beasts of prey that scour the plain,
Shall thy more savage nature know,
The spacious earth resound my strain;
Such is the privilege of woe!

Disdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
The patience of the firmest mind;
But jealousy still fiercer burns,
Like all the flames of hell combined!
The horrors of that cursed fiend,
In absence to distraction rage,
And all the succour hope can lend,
The direful pangs will not assuage.
Such agonies will surely kill;
Yet, spite of absence, doubts and scorn,
I live a miracle, and still
Those deadly flames within me burn!

Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
Despair attends with wakeful strife;
The first let happier swains pursue,
The last my consort is for life.
Can hope and fear at once prevail,
When fear on certainty is fed?
To shut mine eyes will not avail,
When thunder bursts around my head,
When cold disdain in native dye
Appears, and falsehood's cunning lore
Perverts the tale of truth, shall I
Against despondence shut the door?

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
And thou soul-chilling dire disdain!
Lend me the dagger and the cord,
To stab remembrance, strangle pain.
I die bereft of hope in death,
Yet still those are the freest souls,
(I'll vouch it with my latest breath)
Whom love's old tyranny controls.
My fatal enemy is fair,
In body and in mind, I'll say,
And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
By rigour love maintains the sway.

With this opinion let me fall
A prey to unrelenting scorn;
No fun'ral pomp shall grace my pall,
No laurel my pale corse adorn.
O thou! whose cruelty and hate
The tortures of my breast proclaim,
Behold how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.
If thou, when I am past all pain,
Should'st think my fall deserves a tear,
Let not one single drop distain
Those eyes so killing and so clear.

No! rather let thy mirth display
The joys that in thy bosom flow;
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
Which always triumph'd in my woe.
Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
And, agonizing, howl and hiss
In the profoundest shades of hell;
Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
Bring, Sysiphus, thy rolling stone,
Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

The toiling sisters too shall join,
And my sad solemn dirge repeat,
When to the grave my friends consign
These limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet;
Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
In chorus with chimeras dire:
What other pomp, what other strain,
Should he who dies of love require?
Be hush'd my song, complain no more
Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
But let the sorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chrysostom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumspection; inasmuch as the author complained of jealousy, absence, and suspicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection Ambrosio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, "Signor, for your satisfaction in this point, it is necessary you should know, that the forlorn shepherd composed this song in the absence of Marcella, from whose presence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the usual fruits of absence, and forget the cause of his despair; and, as one in that situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance, and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chrysostom was harassed by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented

him as much as if they had been real; for which reason, this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation."

"That may be very true," replied Vivaldo, who being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than, with indignation in his looks, he cried,

"Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see if the wounds of this unhappy youth whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corse, as the unnatural daughter insulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us at once the cause of thy approach, and deign to signify thy pleasure, that I who know how devoutly Chrysostom obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, dispose his friends to yield the same obedience."

"I come not (answered Marcella), for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysostom. I beg, therefore, that all present will give me the hearing, as it will be unnecessary to spend much time, or waste many words, to convince those that are unprejudiced, of the truth. Heaven, you say, hath given me beauty, nay, such a share of it, as compels you to love me, in spite of your resolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and insist upon it, that it is my duty to return your passion. By the help of that small capacity which nature has bestowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of its admirer: more especially, as it may happen that this same admirer is an object of disgust and abhorrence; in which case, would it be reasonable in him to say, "I love thee because thou art beautiful, and thou must favour my passion, although I am deformed?" But, granting the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the desires ought to be mutual; for all sorts of beauty do not equally affect the spectator; some, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus disposed, otherwise there would be a strange perplexity and confusion of desires, without power of distinguishing and choosing particular objects; for, beauty being infinitely diversified, the inclination would be infinitely divided: and I have heard, that true love must be undivided and unconstrained: if this be the case, as I believe it is, why should I constrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation so to do, but your saying that you are in love with me? Otherwise tell me, if Heaven, that made me handsome, had created me a monster of deformity, should I have had cause to complain of you for not loving me? Besides, you are to consider, that I did not choose the beauty I possess; such as it is, God was pleased, of his own free will and favour, to bestow it upon me, without any solicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deserves no blame for its sting, although it be mortal, because it is the gift of nature, neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful; for beauty in a virtuous woman is like a distant flame and a sharp sword afar off, which prove fatal to none but those who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul; without which the body, though never so handsome, ought to seem ugly; if chastity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why should she that is beloved lose that jewel for which she is chiefly beloved, merely to satisfy the appetite of one who, for his own selfish enjoyment, employs his whole care and industry to destroy it; I was born free, and to enjoy that freedom, have I chosen the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid streams of these crystal brooks. With the trees and the streams I share my contemplation and my beauty; I am a distant flame and a sword afar off: those whom my eyes have captivated my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of desire, as I gave none to Chrysostom, or to any other person, so neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be justly imputed to my cruelty, but rather to their own obstinate despair. To those who observe that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I answer, when he declared the honesty of his designs, in that very spot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpose was to live in perpetual solitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement and the spoils of my beauty: wherefore, if he, notwithstanding this my explanation, persevered without hope, and sailed against the wind, it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his rashness. Had

I cajoled him, I should have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I should have acted contrary to my own reason and resolution. But, because he persisted after I had explained myself, and despaired before he had cause to think I abhorred him, I leave you to judge, whether or not it be reasonable to lay his misfortune at my door? Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him despair to whom I have broke my promise; if I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his addresses, he may rejoice in his success; but why should I be styled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never soothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven has not thought fit that I should love by destiny; and the world must excuse me from loving by election. Let this general declaration serve as an answer to all those who solicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to understand, that whosoever dies for me, perishes not by jealousy or disdain, for she who never gave her love, can never give just cause of jealousy; neither ought her plain-dealing to be interpreted into disdain. Let him who terms me a fierce basilisk, shun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refuse his services when I ask them. If I have disowned any one, let him renounce me in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in my distress: this fierce basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, supercilious wretch, will neither seek, serve, own, nor follow you in any shape whatever. If Chrysostom perished by the impatience of his own extravagant desire, why should my innocent reserve be inveighed against? If I have preserved my virginity in these deserts, why should he that loves me wish to see me lose it among mankind? I have riches of my own, as you all know, and covet no man's wealth: I am free, and will not be subjected: I neither love nor hate any man: I do not cajole this one, nor tease that, nor do I joke with one, or discourse with another; but amuse myself with the care of my goats, and the innocent conversation of the shepherdesses belonging to the neighbouring villages. My desires are bounded by these mountains; or, if my meditation surpasses these bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, those steps by which the soul ascends to its original mansion." So saying, without waiting for any reply, she turned her back, and vanished into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain, leaving all that were present equally surprised with her beauty and discretion.

Some of the bye-standers being wounded by the powerful shafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without availing themselves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occasion for exercising his chivalry in defence of distressed damsels, he laid his hand upon the hilt of the sword, and, in a lofty and audible voice, pronounced, "Let no person, of whatsoever rank or degree, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my most furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, she is to be blamed for the death of Chrysostom; and how averse she is to comply with the desires of any of her admirers; for which reason, instead of being pursued and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all virtuous men, as the only person in the universe who lives in such a chaste and laudable intention." Whether it was owing to these menaces of the knight or to the advice of Ambrose, who desired them to perform the last office to their deceased friend, not one of the shepherds attempted to stir from the spot, until the grave being finished, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chrysostom was interred, not without abundance of tears shed by his surviving companions. The grave was secured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, till such time as a tomb-stone could be made, under the direction of Ambrose, who was resolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it:

The body of a wretched swain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's disdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies;
He lived, fond hapless youth! to prove
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's eyes."

Having strewed the place with a profusion of flowers and branches, every body present condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his kind landlords, as well as to the travellers, who would have persuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which, they said, was a city so well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every street, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them most courteously for their advice, and the inclination they expressed to give him pleasure; but assured them he neither could nor would set out for Seville, until he should have cleared these deserts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers, seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no further, but, taking leave of him anew, pursued their journey, during which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcella and Chrysostom, as well as the madness of Don Quixote, who, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess, and offer her all the service in his power: but this scheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the course of this faithful history, the second book of which is here concluded.

PART I.—BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Wherein is recounted the unlucky adventure which happened to Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yanguesians.

The sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were present at the funeral of the shepherd Chrysostom, entered, with his 'squire, the same wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without seeing her, they chanced to find themselves in a delightful spot, overgrown with verdant grass, and watered by a cool and pleasant stream; which was so inviting, as to induce them to stay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very sultry; the knight and 'squire therefore dismounting, and leaving the ass and Rozinante at pleasure to regale themselves with the rich pasture, emptied their knapsack, and, without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they ate together like good friends, laying aside all vain distinction of master and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante, secure, as he thought, in knowing him to be so meek and peaceable, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiscence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it so, as that a drove of Gallician fillies, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, happened, at that very instant, to be feeding in the same valley; for it being the custom of these people to halt and refresh themselves and their beasts in places where there is plenty of water and grass, they could not have lighted on a more convenient spot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, seized with an inclination to solace himself with some of those skittish females, no sooner had them in the wind, than, deviating from his natural disposition and accustomed deliberation, without asking leave of his lord and master, he went off at a small trot, to communicate his occasions to the objects of his desire. But they, it seems, more fond of their pasture than of his addresses, received him so uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his saddle kicked off, and he himself remained in cuerpo. But what he chiefly suffered was from the carriers, who, seeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their assistance with long staves, which they exercised upon him so unmercifully, that he fell prostrate to the ground, almost battered to death.

The knight and Sancho, seeing their steed thus bastinadoed, made all the haste they could to his rescue; the former addressing the latter in this manner: "I perceive, friend Sancho, that these are no knights, but fellows of low degree and infamous descent: this particular I mention, because thou mayest now assist me, in taking just vengeance upon them for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face." "What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take (answered the 'squire), when they are more than twenty, and we but two? nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half." "Myself am worth an hundred of such vagabonds," cried Don Quixote; and, without uttering another syllable, he unsheathed his sword, and assaulted the Yanguesians, being seconded by Sancho, who suffered himself to be roused and encouraged by the example of his master: and indeed the knight lent the first he met with such a hearty stroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his shoulder.

The carriers, seeing themselves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to sustain one another with their staves; then, surrounding the two assailants, began to drum upon their carcasses with infinite eagerness and dexterity. True it is, at the second application, Sancho fell to the earth,—a misfortune that also happened to his master, who, in spite of all his own address, together with the assistance of his good friend, soon found himself stretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to rise: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by pack-staves, when managed by the hands of such enraged clowns.

The carriers, perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all despatch, and pursue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miserable plight and doleful dilemma. The first that recovered the use of his senses was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself laid along by the side of his master, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, "Sir Don Quixote! ah Sir Don Quixote!" "What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?" replied the knight, in the same feeble and complaining tone. "I wish (resumed Sancho), your worship would, if it be possible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that same balsam made by Fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be serviceable in bruises and broken bones as well as in wounds and running sores." "Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am! (cried Don Quixote); but I swear to thee,

Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days pass, if some mischievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my possession, if my hands do not very much misgive me."—"In how many days does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?" said the 'squire. "With regard to myself (answered the battered knight), I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condescending to use my sword against antagonists who were not dubbed and knighted like myself. I therefore firmly believe, that, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this disgraceful chastisement: for which reason, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou shouldst be apprised of what I am going to say, as it may be of great importance to the safety of us both: whenever thou shalt see us insulted or aggrieved for the future, by such rascally scum, thou shalt not wait for my drawing upon them, for I will in no shape meddle with such unworthy foes; but lay thy hand upon thy sword, and with thy own arm chastise them to thy heart's content: but should any knights make up to their defence and assistance, then shall I know how to protect thee, and assault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thousand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm." So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, "Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it ever so hard; for I have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprize (since I cannot lay my commands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance."

His master hearing this declaration, answered, "I wish the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour, and, swelling the sails of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haven of some one of those islands which I have promised thee—what would become of thy wretched affairs, if, after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldst frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour, and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that, in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection, to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident."

"In this last accident which hath befallen us (said Sancho), I wish the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but I protest, upon the word of a poor sinner, that I am at present more fit for a searcloth than such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to rise, and then we will give some assistance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal cause of all this plaguy rib-roasting: never could I believe such a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as chaste and sober a person as myself: but this verifies the common remark, that you must keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that those huge back-strokes your worship dealt so heartily to the unlucky traveller would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such a mighty tempest of blows as just now discharged itself upon our shoulders." "Thy carcass, Sancho (said Don Quixote), was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nursed in soft wool and fine linen, and therefore must feel more sensibly the pain of this discomfiture; and if I did not believe (believe, said I), if I were not certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms, I would lie still where I am, and die with pure vexation."

To this protestation the 'squire replied, "Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray, good your worship, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleased to send us extraordinary succour?" "Thou must know, friend Sancho (answered Don Quixote), that the life of a knight-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mishaps; but then he enjoys the self-same chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonstrates to have been the case of divers and sundry knights, the history of whose lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of some who, by their valour alone, have risen to that supreme degree: and those very persons, both before and after their success, have undergone various calamities

and affliction; witness the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, while the knight was his prisoner, he caused him to be bound to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred stripes with the reins of his horse's bridle. There is likewise a certain secret author of no small credit, who relates that the knight of the sun was caught in a trap in a certain castle, and falling, found himself tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon below ground, where was administered unto him one of those things they call clysters, composed of sand and water, which had well nigh cost him his life; and if he had not been succoured in that perilous conjuncture by a sage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore, what hath happened to me may easily pass unheeded, among those much greater affronts that such worthy people have undergone: besides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by those instruments which are casually in the hands of our enemies; for it is expressly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a shoemaker beats a man with a last he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be said to be cudgelled, although the said last was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayest not suppose us affronted, although we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for the weapons with which those men threshed us so severely were no other than their own pack-staves; and, so far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poniard, nor sword among them."

"They did not give me time (answered Sancho), to make any such observation: for scarce had I laid my fingers upon my Toledo,* when there rained a shower of cudgels upon my poor shoulders, that banished the light from my eyes, and strength from my feet, and laid me flat upon the spot where I now lie, not so much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcass." "Notwithstanding all this complaining (said the knight), I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove." "And pray what greater misfortune can there be (answered Sancho), than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a stop to? If this mishap of ours were such a one as might be cured with a couple of snips of searcloth, it would not be altogether so vexatious; but so far as I can see, all the plaster of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us cleverly on our legs again."

"Truce with thy reflections (replied Don Quixote), and, collecting strength out of weakness, as I will endeavour to do, let us rise and examine Rozinante's case; for, in all appearance, the poor beast has not suffered the least part of the misfortune." "That is not to be wondered at (said the 'squire), he being a knight-errant also; but what surprises me most is, that my Dapple should get off without paying his score, when we are scored all over." "Destiny, when one door is shut, always leaves another open, as a resource in all calamities (said Don Quixote): this I observe, because thy ass will now supply the place of Rozinante, and and carry me from hence to some castle, where my wounds may be cured; more especially as such carriage will be no dishonour to chivalry: for I remember that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion of the jolly god of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his ease upon a most comely ass." "It may be very true that he rode upon an ass (replied Sancho); but there is some difference, I apprehend, between riding and lying across the beast like a bag of dirt." To this observation the knight answered, "Those wounds which are received in battle may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without further reply; get up as well as thou canst, and lay me upon Dapple just as thou shalt find most convenient, that we may be gone before night comes to surprise us in this unfrequented place."

"And yet (said Sancho), I have heard your worship remark, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep upon commons and heaths the greatest part of the year; ay, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able so to do." "Yes (said the knight), when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is so true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock, exposed to the sultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his mistress knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, assuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock, for the space of eight years, or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place, for some disgust shewn to him by his dame Oriana: but truce with this conversation, Sancho, and make haste, before such another accident can happen to thy beast as that which hath already befallen Rozinante."

"Odds my life! that would be the devil indeed," cried Sancho, who, uttering thirty ah's

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantic name given to the sword that belonged to Roderic Diaz de Bivar, the famous Spanish general against the Moors.

and sixty oh's! together with a hundred and fifty oh la's! and curses upon him who had brought him to that pass, raised himself up, though he could not for his soul stand upright, but, in spite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkish bow; and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made shift to equip his ass, which had also gone a little astray, presuming upon the excessive license of the time; he then lifted up Rosinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have surpassed both his master and Sancho in lamentation: in short, the 'squire disposed of Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail Rosinante was tied; then, taking his own Dapple by the halter, jogged on, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie: and indeed they had not exceeded a short league, when by good luck, which now seemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and discovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was mistaken for a castle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion began an obstinate dispute, that lasted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without further expostulation.

CHAP. II.

The adventure that happened to this sagacious Knight at the inn, which he mistook for a castle.

The innkeeper seeing Don Quixote laid athwart the ass, asked what was the matter? to which interrogation, Sancho replied, "Nothing but a few bruises which my master has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood. The landlady, who differed in disposition from most of your innkeepers' wives, being naturally charitable and sympathising with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handsome girl, to assist in taking care of her guest. There was in the same house, a servant-maid from the Asturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-browed, flat-nosed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other; true it is, the gentility of her shape made amends for her other defects; she was something short of seven hands from head to foot, and moreover, encumbered so much by her shoulders, that she was obliged to contemplate the dust beneath her feet oftener than she could have wished.

This comely creature, with the assistance of the other damsel, made up a sort of sorry bed for our hero in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having been formerly an hayloft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one side our knight's: and though his couch was composed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which consisted only of four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattress so thin, it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots so hard as to be mistaken for pebble stones, had not the wool appeared through divers openings; with a couple of sheets made of bull's hide, and a blanket so bare that you might have counted every thread, without losing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Asturian's name) stood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken, and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell: "And now I think of it (said he), pray, madam, manage matters so as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll assure you; my own loins are none of the soundest at present." "What, did you fall too?" (said she). "I can't say I did (answered the 'squire), but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy." "That may very easily happen! (cried the daughter); I myself have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have felt myself bruised and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall."—"Ah, mistress! (replied the 'squire), here is the point; I, without dreaming at all, but, on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almost as many marks upon my own shoulders as you have observed upon those of my master Don Quixote."—"What is the name of that knight?" said the Asturian. "Don Quixote de la Mancha (answered the 'squire); he is a knight adventurer, and one of the greatest and most valiant that have been seen in this world for many ages."—"And what is a knight adventurer?" resumed the wench. "Are you such a suckling as not to know that? (cried Sancho); well, I'll tell you, mistress of mine, a knight-adventurer is a thing that, before you can count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned; to-day he is the most despicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to bestow upon his 'squires."—"Methinks (said the landlady), seeing you appertain to such a great man, you ought to be a count at least."—"All in good time (replied Sancho), we have not been out a month in

search of adventures, and have found none worth naming; besides, people sometimes go in quest of one thing and meet with another: indeed, if my master Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing—(fall I mean)—and I myself escape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the best lordship in Spain."

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and, taking his landlady by the hand, "Believe me, beautiful lady (said he), you may account yourself extremely happy, in having within your castle my person as your guest, such a guest, that if I praise him not, it is on account of the common saying, that self-commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My 'squire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myself with assuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preserve engraven upon the tables of my memory the benevolence you this day vouchsafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour, as long as life shall remain. And, oh! that it pleased you Heaven supreme, that love had not so vanquished and enslaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of the beautiful ingrate, whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the author of my freedom."

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of service; as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men, and, having thanked him for his courtesy, in their tapster phrase, left him to his repose; while the Asturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an assignation to divert themselves that night; nay, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistress asleep, she should visit him in the dark, and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for she valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, she observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hayloft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp rather than wool; and last of all was the carrier's couch, composed, as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two best mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm, that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curious historian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and weighty historians, who recount events so succinctly and superficially, that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left, as it were, in the inkhorn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blest be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the achievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they described the most minute particular!—But to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretched himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plastered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfaction; and Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that first disordered his understanding; I say, those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and pass the best part of the night in bed with him. Believing, therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved, in his heart, to commit no treason against his

mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; even though queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, barefoot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian nightcap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door when her approach was perceived by our knight, who, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arms-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and, without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon his bed; he then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvass, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn; the string of glass beads she wore about her wrist, in his apprehension, outshone the brightest oriental pearl: her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendour of the sun; and her breath, which doubtless smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatic flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagination represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain princess, recorded in one of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured, with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight, believing he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty, straining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a soft and amorous tone, "Would to heaven! I were so circumstanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to repay the transcendent favour bestowed upon me in the contemplation of your amazing charms: but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceases to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruised and battered, that even, if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so, when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: did not that consideration interpose, I should not be such a simple knight as to let slip this happy occasion which your benevolence has tendered to my choice."

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse she neither heeded nor understood, endeavoured, without answering a syllable, to disengage herself from his embrace: while the honest carrier, whose lewd desires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said; and being jealous that the Asturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend: observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish the joke, but, lifting his arm on high, discharged such a terrible blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and, not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcass, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in materials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in its fall, as awaked the innkeeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and, lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the scuffle: meanwhile the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and, nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, "Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade's tricks, with a vengeance!" Sancho started, and, feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the nightmare: and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced, in course of his efforts, to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who, feeling herself thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the 'squire's compliments so heartily, that sleep forsook him whether he would or not: without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and, going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a most furious and diverting skirmish ensued.

By this time, the carrier perceiving by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance; and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention,

namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar; and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho struck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the innkeeper disciplined her; all of them exerting themselves with such eagerness that there was not one moment's pause. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, such a circulation of blows ensued, that wheresoever the fist fell, there the patient was disabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who also, hearing the strange noise of this fray, arose, and, seizing his tipstaff, together with the tin-box that contained his commission, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud, "Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace, in the name of the holy brotherhood." The first he encountered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay insensible on his demolished bed, with his face uppermost; so that, groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried, "Assist, I charge you, the officers of justice:" but, perceiving that the person he held neither stirred nor spoke, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within were the assassins. In this persuasion he raised his voice, crying, "Shut the gates of the inn, that none may escape, for here is a man murdered." The exclamation, which astonished them all, was no sooner heard than every one quitted his share in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier sneaked to his panniers, and the damsel to her straw: while the unfortunate knight and 'squire were left on the spot, unable to move from the places where they lay.—The trooper, letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to search for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this design he was disappointed; the landlord having purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his apartment: so that he was obliged to have recourse to the embers, at which, with great industry and time, he made shift to light another candle.

CHAP. III.

Containing the sequel of those incredible grievances which the valiant Don Quixote, and his trusty 'squire Sancho Panza, underwent at the inn, which, for their misfortune, the Knight mistook for a castle.

About this time, Don Quixote recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the packstaff valley, "Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?"—"God's my life! (replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain), how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?"—"That thou mayst assure thyself of (answered the knight), for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, but what I am going to disclose to thee thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death."—"I do swear," said Sancho. "This secrecy I insist upon (replied his master), because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person."—"Well then (cried the 'squire), I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow." "Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that you wish to see me dead so soon?"—"It is not for that (replied the squire), but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing to rot in my keeping."—"Be that as it may (said the knight), I will trust greater things to thy love and fidelity: know, therefore, that this very night, I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure, which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was visited by the constable's daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comeliness of her person? how delicate the acuteness of her understanding? or how shall I describe those mysterious charms, which, that I may preserve the fealty I have sworn to my own sovereign mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, I must pass over in sacred silence? I shall only tell thee, that Heaven itself was only jealous of the happiness which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I have already observed, is enchanted: for while I was engaged with her in a most delightful and amorous conversation, an unseen hand, belonging, doubtless, to the arm of some monstrous giant, descended I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore; and afterwards bruised me in such a manner, that I am infinitely worse than I was yesterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knowest, for the excesses of Rozinante; from whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this fair damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not destined for my possession."—"Nor for mine neither (cried Sancho), for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors so unmercifully, that the packstave threshing was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: so that I see no great cause you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed your worship was not so badly off, because you had that same incomparable beauty in your arms;

but what had I, except the hardest knocks, which, I hope, I shall ever feel in my born days? Cursed am I, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am knight-errant, nor ever design to be one, the greatest part of the mischief that betides us for ever falls to my share."—"It seems then, thou hast suffered too," said Don Quixote. "Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree! (cried Sancho), have I not been telling you so all this time?"—"Give thyself no concern about that matter (answered the knight), for now I am determined to prepare that precious balsam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye."

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made shift to light his candle, came back to examine the person whom he supposed murdered; and Sancho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, said to his master, "Pray, sir, is that the enchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop* of his vengeance upon us?"—"That cannot be the Moor (answered Don Quixote), for enchanters never suffer themselves to be seen." "If they won't allow themselves to be seen (cried the 'squire), they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify."—"And mine too (said the knight); but we have no sufficient reason to believe that he whom we now see is the enchanted Moor."

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing nearer, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspense; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir on account of his bruises and plasters, he went up to him, saying, "How do'st do, honest friend?"—"I would speak more submissively (answered the knight) were I such a plebeian as you; is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?" The officer finding himself treated with so little ceremony by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, "Sir (said Sancho Panza), without doubt, that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fisty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us."—"It must be so (replied the knight); but we must not mind those affairs of enchantment so much as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because they being invisible and fantastical, do what we can we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and desire the constable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, that I may prepare the salutiferous balsam, which really, I believe, I stand in great need of at present, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds apace."

Accordingly, the 'squire made shift to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable aching of his bones, and, creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bedchamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who stood listening to know the intention of his adversary. "Signor (cried he), whosoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to assist us with some rosemary, salt, wine, and oil, in order to cure one of the most mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, desperately wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that frequents this inn." The officer hearing such an address, concluded that the man had lost his senses; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn-gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honest man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his master, who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp, which, however, had done no further damage than that of raising a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than sweat forced out by the anguish and pain he had undergone. In short, he made a composition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due consistence: then he asked for a phial to contain the balsam; but as there was none in the house, he resolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flask, of which the landlord made him a present. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourscore pater-nosters, with the like number of ave-marias, salves and credos, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction; and this whole ceremony was performed in presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beasts.

This precious balsam being thus composed, the knight was determined to make instant trial of the efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and, accordingly, swallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flask was full, which had scarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in such a manner, as left nothing in his stomach; and a most copious sweat breaking out upon him, in consequence of the violent operation, he desired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repose. They complied with his request, and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted three hours, at the end of which awaking, he found himself exceedingly refresh-

* Literally, What is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

ed, and so well removed of his bruises, that he seemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made sure of the balsam of Fierabras, which, while he possessed, he might, with the utmost confidence and safety, engage in the most perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could possibly happen.

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity: and his request being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and, setting it to his head, drank off, with strong faith and eager inclination, almost as much as his master had swallowed before. But the poor 'squire's stomach chanced to be not quite so delicate as that of the knight, and, therefore, before he could discharge a drop, he suffered such pangs and reachings, such qualms and cold sweats, that he verily believed his last hour was come; and, in the midst of his wamblings and afflictions, cursed the balsam and the miscreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his situation, said, "I believe that all this mischief happens to thee, Sancho, because thou art not a knight: for I am persuaded, that this liquor will be of service to none but such as are of the order of knighthood."—"If your worship knew so much (cried Sancho), woe be unto me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taste it?" At this instant the potion began to operate, and the poor 'squire to unload at both ends with such fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

This tempest of evacuation lasted near two hours, at the expiration of which he found himself far from being relieved like his master, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued, that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hand put the pannel upon the beast of his 'squire, whom he also assisted in getting on his clothes, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed, and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in a corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom or his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his 'squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and, calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, "Numerous and mighty are the favours, sir constable, which I have received in this castle of yours, and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtesy all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary who hath perhaps aggrieved you, know that it is my province and profession to assist the helpless, avenge the injured, and chastise the false; recollect, therefore, and if you have any boon of that sort to ask, speak the word; I promise by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you shall be righted and redressed to your heart's content."—"Sir knight (replied the innkeeper with the same deliberation), I have no occasion for your worship's assistance to redress any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I suffer any: all I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servant."—"It seems then this is an inn," answered the knight. "Aye, and a well-respected one," said the landlord. "I have been in a mistake all this time (resumed Don Quixote), for I really thought it was a castle; and that none of the meanest neither: but since it is no other than a house of public entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transgress the custom of knights-errant, who, I am sure, as having read nothing to the contrary,* never paid for lodging nor any thing else, in any inn or house

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Lestrigons, as he sat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accosted his most savage majesty in these words, recorded by Boyardo, or rather Berni, in his poem entitled "Orlando Innamorato:"

"Poichè fortuna a quest'ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi despiaccia,
O pe' nostri danari o in cortesia,
Che noi cenium con voi di compagnia."

Thus humbly requesting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick.

whatsoever, because they had a right and title to the best of entertainment, in recompense for the intolerable sufferings they underwent, in seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, on foot and on horseback, exposed to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniences of earth." —"All this is nothing to my purpose (said the innkeeper); pay me what you owe, and save all your idle tales of knight-errantry for those who will be amused with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take."—"You are a saucy publican, and a blockhead to boot," cried Don Quixote, who, putting spurs to Rosinante, and brandishing his pitchfork, sallied out of the inn without opposition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his 'squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho, who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who, being the 'squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the 'squire's liking; but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost through his misbehaviour; neither should those 'squires who were to come into the world after him have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shopkeepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the 'squire and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky: there, placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who, halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognised the shrieks of his 'squire: he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard-wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his 'squire, who rose in the air and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that, if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns as he flew. Indeed nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until, leaving off out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great-coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, "Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occasion of thy death, my son; behold this most sacred balsam (holding up the cruise of potion in his hand), two drops of which will effectually cure thee." At these words the 'squire eyed him, as it were, askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, "Perchance your worship has forgot that I am no knight; or may be you want to see me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after last night's quandary. Keep your liquor for yourself, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own discretion." He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow, and perceiving at the first draught that the cordial was no other than water, he did not choose to repeat it; but desired Maritornes to bring him some wine. This request she complied with very cheerfully, and paid for it with her own money, for it was reported of her, that although she was reduced to that low degree in life, she actually retained some faint sketches and shadows of the Christian.

Sancho having finished his draught, clapped heels to his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, sallied forth, very well satisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had succeeded at the expense of his shoulders, which were indeed his usual sureties. True it is, the landlord had detained his

bags for the reckoning; but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his retreat. As soon as he was clear of the house, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that sort of people who would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the Round Table.

CHAP. IV.

In which is recounted the discourse that passed between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote; with other adventures worthy of record.

Sancho made shift to overtake his master, so haggard and dismayed, that he was scarce able to manage his beast; and when the knight perceived his melancholy situation, "Honest Sancho (said he), I am now convinced beyond all doubt, that this castle or inn is enchanted; for those who made such a barbarous pastime of thy sufferings, could be no other than phantoms and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a spectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy assistance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but was fixed in the saddle by the power of enchantment; for I swear to thee, by the faith of my character, if I could have alighted from my steed, and surmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in such a manner, that those idle miscreants should have remembered the jest to their dying day: although I know that in so doing I should have transgressed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm against any person of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in cases of the most pressing necessity."—"So would I have revenged myself (said Sancho), knighted or not knighted; but it was not in my power; though I am very well satisfied that those who diverted themselves at my cost were no phantoms, nor enchanted beings, as your worship imagines, but men made of flesh and bones, as we are, and all of them have Christian names, which I heard repeated while they tossed me in the blanket: one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the left-handed: and therefore, signor, your being disabled from alighting and getting over the wall, must have been owing to something else than enchantment. What I can clearly discern from the whole is, that these adventures we go in search of, will at the long run bring us into such misventures, that we shall not know our right hands from our left: and therefore, in my small judgment, the best and wholesomest thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation now, while the harvest is going on, to take care of our own crops, and leave off sauntering from post to pillar,* and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is."

"How little art thou acquainted, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), with the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for the day will soon arrive on which thy own eyes shall judge what an honourable profession it is: pray, tell me now, what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!"—"That may be (answered the 'squire), though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant, your worship I mean, for, as to my own part, I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable list, we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet: from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by enchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one's enemy, as your worship observes."—"That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour (said Don Quixote): but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword tempered with such masterly skill, that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of enchantment: and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he styled himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before its edge."—"I am so devilishly lucky (said Sancho), that if the case was really so, and your worship should light on that same sword, it would, like the precious balsam, be of no service or security to any but your true knights; and we that are 'squires might sing for sorrow."—"Thou must

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca; a phrase derived from the customs of the Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

not be afraid of that (replied the knight), Heaven will surely deal more mercifully with thee."

In such conversation, Don Quixote and his 'squire jogged along, when the former, descrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, "This, O Sancho! is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me! This, I say, is the day on which the valour of this arm shall be displayed as much as upon any other occasion: and on which, I am resolved to perform deeds that shall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all posterity! Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? The whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way."—"By that way of reckoning, there must be two (said Sancho), for right over against it there is just such another." Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engrossed by those battles, enchantments, dreadful accidents, extravagant amours and rhodomontades, which are recorded in books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance that Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, "And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?" "What (answered Don Quixote), but assist and support that side which is weak and discomfited. Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder host which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Trapoban; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name of Pentapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right arm tucked up."—"But why are those chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?" said Sancho. "The cause of their enmity (replied the knight) is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrageous pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith." "Now, by my whiskers! (cried Sancho), king Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power."—"In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho (said his master), for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight."—"That I can easily comprehend (replied the other); but where shall we secure the ass, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days to go to battle on such a beast." "True (said the knight), and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of steeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another: but observe and listen attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou mayest see and mark them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence we can distinctly view the line of battle in both. They accordingly placed themselves upon a hillock, whence they could easily have discerned the two flocks of sheep which Don Quixote metamorphosed into armies, had not the dust they raised confounded and obscured the view; but nevertheless, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwise be seen, because it did not exist, he began to pronounce with an audible voice,—

"That knight whom thou seest with yellow armour, bearing in his shield, a lion crowned and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco, lord of the silver bridge; that other beside him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembo, grand duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right hand, with those gigantic limbs, is the never-to-be-daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a serpent's skin, and, instead of a shield, brandishes a huge gate, which it is said belonged to the temple that Sampson overthrew, when he avenged himself of his enemies at his death: but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, whose arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his shield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Miau, which constitute the beginning of his lady's name; and she, they say, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen duke of Algarve: the other, who loads and oppresses the loins of that fiery Arabian steed, with armour white as snow, and a shield without a device, is a novitiate knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, baron of Utrique:

the third, who strikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that spotted, nimble Zebra,* is the potent duke of Nerbia, esparto-filardo of the wood, who bears in his shield for a device, a bunch of asparagus, with an inscription signifying, By destiny I'm dogged."

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom also he gave arms, colours, mottos, and devices, without the least hesitation, being incredibly inspired by the fumes of a distempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pause, saying, "that squadron forming in our front is composed of people of divers nations: there be those who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Masilican plains; and those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Felix: there also may be seen the people who sport upon the cool and famous banks of the translucent Thermodonte; and those who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding stream; the promise-breaking Numidians; the Persians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and Medes, who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for shifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are fair; the thick-lipped race of Æthiopia, and an infinite variety of other nations, whose looks I know and can discern, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those men who lave in the crystal current of the olive-bearing Betis; those whose visages are cleaned and polished with the limpid wave of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who delight in the salutiferous draughts of Genil the Divine; those who scour the Tartesian fields that with fat pasture teem; those who make merry in the Elysian meads of Herezan; the rich Mangegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those clothed in steel, the bold remains of ancient Gothic blood; those who bathe in Pisuerga, famous for its gentle current; those who feed their flocks upon the spacious meads of the meandering Guadiana, celebrated for its sacred course; those who shiver with the chill blasts of the woody Pyrenees, and those who feel the snowy flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine, whatever nations Europe embosoms and contains."

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name! bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each; being all the while absorpt, and, as it were, immersed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza listened attentively to his master without uttering one syllable; and from time to time turned his eyes from one side to another, to see if he could discern those knights and giants who were thus described: but not being able to discover one of them, "Sir (said he), your worship may say what you please, but the devil a man, giant, or knight, that you have mentioned is there; at least I can see none: perhaps indeed the whole is enchantment, like the phantoms of last night."—"How sayest thou? (replied Don Quixote), dost thou not hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of clarions, the noise of drums?" "I hear nothing (answered Sancho), but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs." And truly that was the case; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. "Thy fear (said Don Quixote), hinders thee from seeing and hearing aright: for one effect of terror is to disturb the senses, and make objects appear otherwise than they are: if thou art therefore under such consternation, retire on one side, and leave me alone; for I myself am sufficient to bestow victory on that cause which I espouse." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, putting his lance in the rest, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, "Turn, signor Don Quixote: good your worship turn! so help me God! those are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! woe be to the father that begat me! will you not turn? what madness possesses you! consider here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole; nor inverted azures, and the devil knows what: was there ever such distraction? sinner that I am!"

The knight however did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bawling aloud, "So ho, knights: you that attend and serve under the banners of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you shall behold how easily I will avenge him on his adversary Alifanfaron of Trapoban." Having uttered these words he rushed into the thickest of the squadron of sheep, and began to lay about him with as much eagerness and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdsmen and shepherds, who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist: but he, far from minding their missiles, rode about the field, crying, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me if thou darest; I am but a single knight, who want to prove thy prowess, hand to hand, and sacrifice thy life for the injury thou hast done to Pentapolin Garamanta." Just as he pronounced these words, he received a pebble on his side, that seemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him such a rude shock that he believed himself either dead or desperately wounded:

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild ass.

then remembering his specific, he pulled out the cruise, and, setting it to his mouth, began to swallow the balsam; but before he had drank what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another such almond, so plump upon his hand and cruise, that, after having shivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in its way three or four of his grinders, and shattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in short, so irresistible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horse. The shepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable despatch, and, taking their dead, which might be about seven in number, upon their shoulders, made off without any further inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding with amazement the madness of his master, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now seeing him fallen, and the shepherds gone, he descended to his assistance, when finding him still sensible, though in a miserable situation, "Did not I warn you, signor Don Quixote (said he), to turn, and assure you that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?" "How strangely can that miscreant enchanter, who is my enemy, transmography things to thwart me! Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please: and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, hath, doubtless, metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep: but thou shalt do one thing, I entreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth: mount thy ass and follow them fair and softly; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and, ceasing to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance: come hither, and see how many teeth I have lost; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw."

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, just at the time when the balsam began to operate in his stomach, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged its contents full in the beard of the compassionate 'squire. "Holy virgin! (cried Sancho), what is this that hath befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood." But, considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink: and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt; but when he missed his bags, he had well nigh lost his senses; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the time he had already served, as well as his hopes of governing the island of Promise.

At this juncture Don Quixote arose, and clapping his left hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rosinante, who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had never stirred from his master's side, and went up to the place where his 'squire stood, leaning upon his ass, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the posture of a person who is exceedingly pensive: the knight, perceiving him in this situation, with manifest signs of melancholy in his countenance, "Know, Sancho (said he), that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All those hurricanes that have happened to us prognosticate that we soon shall have fair weather, and that every thing will succeed to our wish; for it is impossible that either good or bad fortune should be eternal; and, therefore, it follows, that, our adversity having lasted so long, our prosperity must be now at hand. Be not grieved then at the misfortunes that happen to me, since no part of them falls to thy share." "Not to my share! (answered Sancho), mayhap then he whom they tossed in the blanket yesterday was not the son of my father; and the bags that are lost to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to some other person."—"What! hast thou lost the bags, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. "Yes, sure," said the other. "At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat?" resumed the knight. "That would certainly be the case (answered the 'squire), if the meadows did not furnish those herbs you say you know, with which unfortunate knights, like your worship, are wont to make up such losses." "Yes, but for all that (replied Don Quixote), I could at present relish a luncheon of brown bread, or a loaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, mount thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me; God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; more especially as we are employed in his immediate service; he faileth not to provide for the goats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and sendeth rain to the wicked as well as the righteous." "Your worship (said Sancho), is more fit to

be a preacher than a knight-errant." "Knights-errant (replied his master) ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing; nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance."—"What your worship observes may be very true (said Sancho); but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in some house or other, where God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors, else may the devil confound both hook and crook!"

"Implore the protection of God, my son (answered the knight), and lead me where thou wilt; for this once I leave our lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper-jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain." Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, "How many teeth (said he), was your worship wont to have in this place?"—"Four besides the dog-tooth (answered Don Quixote), all of them sound and whole."—"Consider what your worship says," replied Sancho. "I say four, if not five (resumed the knight); for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy." "At present (said the 'squire), in that part of the lower-jaw your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand." "Cruel fortune! (cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy piece of news), would they had rather demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a mill-stone; and a tooth is worth a treasure,* but such mischances always attend us who profess the strict order of chivalry; get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace." Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho being desirous of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, said, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

An account of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master: the succeeding adventure of the corpse, with other remarkable events.

"In my opinion, my good master, all the misventures which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship swore to observe, until such time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name." "Thou art very much in the right (said Don Quixote): to deal ingenuously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually slipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketting happened to thee for the fault thou was guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing in the order of chivalry."—"Did I swear any thing?" replied Sancho. "Your not having sworn is of no importance (said Don Quixote); it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an accessary; and whether that be the case or not, it will not be amiss to provide a remedy." "Well then (replied the 'squire), I hope your worship will not forget this as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you obstinate."

In this and other such discourse night overtook them in the midst of their journey, before they could light on or discover any house where they could procure lodging; and what was worse, they were almost famished; for in their bags they had lost their whole buttery and provision; nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually passed for something preternatural. Though the night shut in very dark, they continued travelling, Sancho believing that, as they were in the king's highway, they should probably find an inn at the distance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the 'squire exceeding hungry, and the master very well disposed to eat, they descried upon the road before them a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the mean-

* I have endeavoured to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it in the words *Diente* and *Diamante*.

ing of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend; the one checked his ass, the other pulled in his horse's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer they came. This being perceived by the 'squire, he began to quake like quicksilver, and the hair bristled upon Don Quixote's head: nevertheless, recollecting himself a little, "Without doubt, Sancho (said he), this must be a vast and perilous adventure, in which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength and prowess." "Woe is me! (cried Sancho), if perchance this should be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is, where shall I find ribs for the occasion?" "Phantoms or not phantoms (said the kinght), I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy clothes: if they made merry at thy expense before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall; but at present we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as I please."—"But if they should benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning (said the 'squire), what benefit shall I receive from being in the open field?"—"Be that as it will (replied Don Quixote), I beseech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou shalt soon know by experience, how much I am master of that virtue." Sancho accordingly promised to do his best, with God's assistance: then they both stept to one side of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention: while they were thus endeavouring to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of persons in white: which dreadful vision entirely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increased when they saw them more distinctly: for, first and foremost, appeared about twenty persons on horseback, all of them clothed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by six mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were easily distinguished from horses, by the slowness of their pace.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in such a desert place, was surely sufficient to smite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impression upon his master; and this would have been the case, had he been any other than Don Quixote: as for the 'squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly represented to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry: that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone; wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant deportment, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indispensably obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached,

"Halt, knights, whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done."—"We are at present in a hurry (replied one of the phantoms in white); the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire." So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, "Stand and answer the questions I have asked with more civility, otherwise I will give battle to you all."

The mule being skittish, was frighted in such a manner at being seized by the bridle, that, rearing on her hind-feet, she fell backward upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mauled: then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprising to see with what despatch he assaulted and put them to the rout, while Rosinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white was composed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as soon as possible, and began to fly across the plain, with their lighted torches, like so many maskers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and entangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much against their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; saying within himself, "This master of mine is certainly as strong and valiant as he pretends to be."

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the first whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and, clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwise he would put him to death. To this

declaration the other answered, "Methinks I am already sufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, so that I cannot stir; I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid sin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders."—"If you are an ecclesiastic, what the devil brought you here?" cried Don Quixote. "The devil indeed I think it was," answered the overthrown priest. "You will have to do with worse than the devil (said the knight), if you refuse the satisfaction I at first demanded."—"That is easily granted (replied the other); and, in the first place, your worship must know, that though I just now called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a bachelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez: I was born at Alcovendas, and now come from the city of Baeça, in company with eleven other priests, who are those who fled with the torches: we are conveying to Segovia that litter, which contains the corpse of a gentleman who died in Baeça, where it was deposited till now (as I was saying) that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity."—"And who killed him?" said Don Quixote. "God himself (replied the bachelor), by means of a pestilential calenture that seized him!"—"At that rate (resumed the knight), the Lord hath saved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been slain by any mortal arm; but, considering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to shrug up our shoulders, in silence: for this is all that could happen, even if I myself should fall by the same hand; and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whose office and exercise it is to travel through the world, redressing grievances and righting wrongs." * "I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs (said the bachelor); I am sure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be set to rights again so long as I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me have been to aggrieve me in such a manner, as that I shall never cease to grieve at my misventure, in meeting with you, while you was in search of adventures."—"All things do not equally succeed (observed the knight); it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr Bachelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with these surplices and lighted flambeaux, singing all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, so that you seemed a company of ghosts broke from the other world; therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you: and I would have behaved in the same manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for such indeed I thought you were."—"Since my hard fate would have it so (said the bachelor), I entreat your worship, sir knight-errant, who have been the cause of an unlucky errand to me, to help me from getting under the mule, which keeps one of my legs fast jammed between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have talked on till morning (said the knight); why did not you inform me of your distress sooner?"

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but busy in rummaging a sumpter-mule which those honest priests brought along with them, well furnished with provisions. Having made a bag of his great-coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his ass with the bundle, and then running up to his master, helped to free Mr Bachelor from the oppression of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote advised him to follow the route of his companions; and desired him to beg their pardon, in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho likewise interposing, said, "If in case the gentlemen should want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worship may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise surnamed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Thus dismissed, the bachelor pursued his way; and the knight asked what had induced Sancho now, rather than at any other time, to style him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. "Truly (answered Sancho), I have been looking at you some time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand, and, in good faith, your worship cuts the most dismal figure I have almost ever seen; and it must certainly be occasioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth." "That is not the case, (replied his master); but the sage who is destined to write the history of my exploits hath thought proper that I should assume some appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phœnix; a fifth of the Griffin; a sixth called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I say, that the forementioned sage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance,—an appellation that henceforward I adopt: and, that it may suit me the better, I

* Knights engaged themselves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redress all injuries, and, in a special manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

am resolved to have a most woeful figure painted upon my shield with the first opportunity." "There is no occasion (said Sancho) to throw away time and money on such a device; your worship has nothing more to do but uncover your face: and I'll warrant those who behold it will call it a rueful one, without your having recourse to pictures and shields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, though it be but in jest, that hunger and the want of teeth makes your worship look so ill-favouredly, that we may very well save the expense of a rueful picture."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy. "I know, Sancho (said he), that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon, *Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*; yet you know I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then never dreamed of injuring priests, or of giving the smallest offence to the church, which I respect and adore, like a faithful catholic and Christian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantoms and beings of another world; but the case being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king's ambassador, in presence of his holiness the pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and that very day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a valiant and honourable knight."

The bachelor being gone, as we have observed, without answering one word, Don Quixote expressed a desire of examining the litter, to see if it really contained a corpse; but Sancho would by no means consent to this inquiry, saying, "Your worship has already finished this perilous adventure with less damage to yourself than I have seen you receive in any other; but the people whom you have conquered and overthrown may chance to recollect that they were vanquished by a single man, and be so much ashamed and confounded at their own cowardice, as to rally, and, if they find us, give us our bellyful. Dapple is at present very comfortably furnished; there is an uninhabited mountain hard by, hunger is craving, we have nothing to do but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the saying is, 'the dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.'" With these words he took the lead with his ass, and the knight, thinking there was a good deal of reason in what he said, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted; Sancho unloaded the ass, they sat down on the green turf, and, with hunger for their sauce, despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, at one meal; solacing their stomachs out of more than one basket, which the ecclesiastical attendants of the defunct, who seldom neglect these things, had brought along with them on their sumpter-mule: but another misfortune befell them, which, in Sancho's opinion, was the worst that could happen; they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, so that they were parched with thirst: then the 'squire, perceiving the meadow where they sat was overgrown with green and tender grass, made the proposal which may be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of the unseen and unheard-of adventure achieved by the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard than ever attended any exploit performed by the most renowned knight on earth.

"This grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts by which it is watered; and therefore, we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone." This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the halter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their supper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture: for the night was so dark, they could not distinguish one object from another; but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were saluted with a prodigious noise of water, that seemed to rush down from some huge and lofty rocks: they were infinitely rejoiced at the sound, when, halting to listen, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a sudden surprised with another kind of noise, that soon damped the pleasure occasioned by the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted: I say, they heard the sound of regular strokes, accompanied with strange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have smote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and consternation.

The night, as we have already observed, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, moving gently by the wind, yielded a sort of dreary whisper; so that the solitude of the place, the darkness of the night, the noise of the water, and rustling of the leaves, concurred to inspire them with horror and dismay: the more so, as the strokes were continued, the wind sighed on,

and the morning was far off; and all these circumstances were aggravated by the ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rosinante, braced his shield, and brandishing his lance, "Friend Sancho (cried he), know that I was born by Heaven's appointment in these iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is usually called, the golden age. I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures are reserved! I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the knights of the Round Table, the twelve peers of France, with the nine worthies; he whose feats shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febuses and Belianises, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing such mighty and amazing deeds of arms as will eclipse their most renowned acts! Consider well, thou true and loyal 'squire, the darkness and the solemn stillness of this night, the indistinct and hollow whispering of these trees, the dreadful din of that water we came to seek, which seems to rush and rumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with these incessant strokes that strike and wound our ears: all those circumstances united, or each singly by itself, is sufficient to infuse fear, terror, and dismay into the breast of Mars himself; but much more in him who is altogether unaccustomed to such adventures and events. Yet all I have described are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cause my heart to rebound within my breast, with desire to achieve this adventure, howsoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore straiten Rosinante's girth, recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at farthest, within which time, if I come not back, thou mayest return to our village, and as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso, and inform my incomparable mistress, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover."

When Sancho heard these last words of his master, he began to blubber with incredible tenderness. "I cannot conceive (said he), why your worship should attempt such a terrible adventure: it is now dark and nobody sees us; therefore we may turn out of this road and avoid this danger, though we should not taste liquor these three days; and if nobody sees us, we run no risk of being accused of cowardice; besides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worship knows very well, remark in his preaching, 'he that seeketh danger, perisheth therein:' therefore it must be a sin to tempt God by engaging in this rash exploit, from whence there is no escaping without a miracle: and Heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preserving you from being blanketted as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and sound wind and limb, from the midst of so many adversaries as accompanied the dead man; and if all this will not move you, nor soften your rugged heart, sure you will relent, when you consider and are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall, through pure fear, yield my life to any thing that may choose to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse, for me so to do: but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes burstem; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that curst unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find, in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desert, removed from all human footsteps; for the love of God, dear master, do me not such wrong; or, if your worship is resolved to attempt this achievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear * is at the top of his head, and shews midnight in the line of the left paw."

"How canst thou perceive (said Don Quixote), that line or head, or muzzle, thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen?"—"It is so (answered Sancho), but fear hath many eyes, and I can at present behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth, much more those that appear in the firmament above: a man of sound judgment like me can easily foretell that it will soon be day."—"Let it come when it will (answered Don Quixote), it shall not be said of me, either now or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and entreaties from doing what I owed to the customs of chivalry: I therefore beseech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for God, who hath put it in my heart to attempt this dreadful and unseen adventure, will doubtless take care of my safety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy business at present is to gird fast Rozinante, and remain in this place; for, dead or alive, I will soon return."

Sancho finding this was the final resolution of his master, and how little all his tears, advice, and entreaties, availed, determined to make use of stratagem to detain the knight, if possible, till morning: with this purpose, under pretence of adjusting the girth of Rosinante, he, fair and

* In Castilian, Bocina signifies a cornet or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance.

softly, without being perceived, tied two of the horse's feet together with the halter of his ass, in such a manner that, when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impossible, because his steed could move no otherwise than by leaps. The 'squire perceiving the success of his invention, "Sir (said he), you may see that Heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante shall not stir; and if you obstinately persist in spurring and driving him on, you will only give offence to Providence, and, as the saying is, kick against the pricks."

The knight actually despaired of making him go forward, because the more he goaded his horse, the less was he inclined to stir: and therefore, without guessing a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to submit and wait with patience, either till morning, or such time as Rozinante should recover the use of his limbs; believing for certain that his disappointment was owing to another cause than the craft of his 'squire, to whom he said, "Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, though I cannot help lamenting its delay." "You shall have no cause of lamentation (answered Sancho), I will entertain your worship with telling stories till day, unless you choose to alight, and take a nap on the soft grass, according to the custom of knights-errant, that you may find yourself refreshed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconscionable adventure that awaits you."—"Talk not to me of alighting or sleeping (said Don Quixote), dost thou imagine me to be one of those knights who seek their repose in time of danger? Sleep thou who wast born to sleep, or follow thine own inclinations; for my own part I will behave as becomes a person of my pretensions." "Let not your worship be offended, for that was not my intention when I spoke," answered Sancho, who, coming close to him, laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from the spot; such was his consternation inspired by the strokes, which all this time sounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promise of entertaining him with some story, "I would with all my heart (said Sancho), if the dread of what I hear would allow me; but nevertheless I will try to force out one story, which, if I hit it aright, without letting it slip through my hands, is the best tale that ever was told; therefore I would have your worship be attentive, for thus I begin:

"There was, so there was—the good that shall fall betide us all—and he that seeks evil may he meet with the devil. Your worship may take notice, that the beginning of ancient tales is not just what came into the head of the teller; no, they always began with some saying of Cato, the censor of Rome, like this, of 'He that seeks evil may he meet with the devil.' And truly it comes as pat to the purpose as the ring to my finger, in order to persuade your worship to remain where you are, without going in search of evil in any manner of way; or else to turn into another road, since we are not bound to follow this in which we have been surprised with fear and terror."—"Follow thy story, Sancho (said Don Quixote), and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me."—"To proceed then (said Sancho): In a certain village of Estremadura, there lived a certain goat-shepherd, I mean one that kept goats; and this shepherd or goatherd, as the story goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to pass, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a shepherdess whose name was Torralva; which shepherdess, whose name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman"——

"If thou tellest thy tale in this manner (cried Don Quixote), repeating every circumstance twice over, it will not be finished these two days; proceed therefore collectedly, and rehearse it like a man of understanding, otherwise thou hadst better hold thy tongue."—"In my country (answered Sancho), all the old stories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worship to desire I should change the custom."—"Take thy own way (said the knight), and since it is the will of fate that I should hear thee, pray go on."

"Well then, good master of mine (proceeded Sancho), that same shepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a thick brawny wench, a little coy, and somewhat masculine; for she wore a sort of mustaches; methinks I see her now for all the world."—"Then thou knewest her?" said the knight. "Not I (answered the 'squire); but the person who told me the story, said it was so true and certain, that if ever I should chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath, that I had seen it with my own eyes—— And so, in process of time, the devil, who never sleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pie, managed matters in such a manner, that the shepherd's love for the shepherdess was turned into malice and deadly hate; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of small jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds of measure. And such was the abhorrence the shepherd conceived for her, from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the sight of her, he resolved to absent himself from his own country, and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Torralva, finding herself despised by Lope, began to love him more than ever."—"That is the natural disposition of the

sex (said Don Quixote), to disdain those who adore them, and love those by whom they are abhorred: but proceed, Sancho."

"It so fell out (said Sancho), that the shepherd put his resolution in practice, and, driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Estremadura, towards the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva having got an inkling of his design, was soon at his heels, following him on foot, aye, and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, in which, as the report goes, she carried a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a kind of vial of wash for her complexion; but howsomever, whether she carried these things or not, I shall not at present take upon me to aver, but only say what is recorded, that the shepherd came with his flock to the river Guadiana, which at that time was very high, having almost forsaken its channel: and finding at the place neither boat nor bark to carry himself and his flock to the other side, he was very much in the dumps, because he saw Torralva behind him, and knew what he must suffer from her tears and complaints: but, looking about, he at last perceived hard by him a fisherman in a boat, that was so small as to contain only one person and one goat; nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the shepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fisherman took one goat into the boat and carried it over; then he returned, and carried over another; then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worship, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fisherman ferried them over; for if one only should be lost in the reckoning, the story will break off, and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short then, I say, the landing-place on the other side being full of mud and slippery, was a great hinderance to the fisherman in his going and coming; but, however, he returned for the other goat, and then for some more, and then for another."

"Suppose them all passed over at once (said Don Quixote), for if thou goest backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them all ferried over in a year."—"How many have already passed?" said the 'squire. "How the devil should I know?" answered the knight. "Did not I tell you to keep a good account? (said Sancho) now before God! the tale is ended, and it is impossible to proceed." "How can that be? (replied Don Quixote); is it so essential to the story to know the number of goats as they passed, so precisely, that if I miscreckon one thou canst not proceed?" "Certainly, sir (said Sancho), I can proceed in no manner of way; for when I desired your worship to tell me what number of goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, at that instant the whole of the story that remained untold vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! it was very curious and entertaining." "At that rate then the story is at an end?" said Don Quixote. "As much at an end (replied the 'squire), as the mother that bore me."

"In good sooth (resumed the knight), thou hast related the strangest fable, tale, or story, that ever was invented; and finished thy relation in such a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing else was to be expected from thy sound judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me; because I take it for granted, that these incessant strokes have disordered thy understanding."—"Not unlikely (said Sancho); but this I know, that there is no more to be said of the tale, which ended in that place where the mistake began about the passage of the goats."—"In good time end it, according to thy own pleasure (replied the knight), and now let us see if Rosinante will move." So saying, he began again to spur, and the horse to leap without moving from his station, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached, or to his having supped upon something that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-paring from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to resist the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromise the matter, he slipped his right hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and, without any noise, softly undid the slip knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles; he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the smallest, to the open air; this being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the pressing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to disencumber himself without noise; he therefore began to fix his teeth close, shrug up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rumbling sound very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of Don Quixote, who immediately cried, "What noise is that, Sancho?"—"I know not, sir (said the 'squire), it must be some new affair, for adventures and misventures never begin with trifles." He tried his fortune a second time, and, without any more noise or disorder, freed himself from the load which had given him so much uneasiness. But, as Don

Quixote's sense of smelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him that the vapours ascended towards him almost in a direct line, he could not exclude some of them from paying a visit to his nose. No sooner was he sensible of the first salutation, than in his own defence he pressed his nose between his finger and thumb, and, in a snuffling tone, pronounced, "Sancho, thou seemest to be in great fear."—"I am so (answered the 'squire); but how comes your worship to perceive my fears now more than ever."—"Because, at present thou smellest more than ever, and that not of amber," replied the knight. "That may be (said Sancho); but I am not so much to blame as your worship, who drags me at such unseasonable hours into these uninhabited places."—"Retire three or four steps farther off, friend (resumed Don Quixote, stopping his nose all the time), and henceforth take more heed of thy own person, and remember what thou owest to mine; for I find the frequent conversation I maintain with thee hath engendered this disrespect."—"I'll lay a wager (replied Sancho), that your worship thinks I have been doing something I ought not to have done."—"The more you stir it, friend Sancho (said the knight), the more it will stink."

In this and other such discourse the master and his 'squire passed the night; but Sancho, perceiving the day began to break apace, with great care and secrecy unbound Rozinante and tied up his breeches. The beast, which was naturally none of the briskest, seemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for, as to curveting, with his leave be it spoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him so mettlesome, conceived a good omen from his eagerness, believing it a certain presage of his success in the dreadful adventure he was about to achieve. Aurora now disclosed herself, and objects appearing distinctly, Don Quixote found himself in a grove of tall chesnut-trees, which formed a very thick shade. The strokes still continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without further delay, made Rozinante feel the spur; then, turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at farthest, as he had directed before; and if he should not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleased to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure; he again recommended to him the embassy and message he should carry from him to his mistress, Dulcinea, and bade him give himself no uneasiness about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he should find his services repaid, by a salary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but, if Heaven should be pleased to bring him off from that danger, safe, sound, and free, he might, beyond all question, lay his account with the government of the island he had promised him. Sancho, hearing these dismal expressions of his worthy master repeated, began to blubber afresh, and resolved not to leave him until the last circumstance and issue of the affair.

From these tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this history concludes, that he must have been a gentleman born, or an old Christian at least.—His master himself was melted a little at this testimony of his affection, but not so much as to discover the least weakness: on the contrary, disguising his sentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noise of the strokes and water seemed to come; Sancho followed on foot, and, according to custom, leading by the halter his ass, which was the constant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among those shaly chesnut-trees, they arrived in a small meadow lying at the foot of a huge rock, over which a stream of water rushed down with vast impetuosity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses, and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes which had not yet ceased.

Rozinante being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to sooth him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistress, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprise, neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could between the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense: and when they had proceeded about an hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other, be not offended, gentle reader, than six fulling hammers, which, by their alternate strokes, produced that amazing din.—Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight in his turn looked at the 'squire, and saw his mouth shut, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being ready to burst with laughing: this comical situation of the 'squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the master to begin: and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they

might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew the laugh with the same impetuosity as at first; for which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, "Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the golden age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures are reserved!" And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part of, the knight's exclamation when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote, finding that Sancho made a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he bestowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his shoulders, would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, "Good your worship, forbear; before God I was only in jest."—"Though you was in jest (answered Don Quixote), I was not quite so merrily disposed: come hither, Mr Joker; don't you think, that if, instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and achieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forsooth, to distinguish sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred up among them: but see if thou canst metamorphose these six hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or altogether; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please."

"Enough, dear master (replied Sancho), I confess I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but pray tell me, now that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as safe and sound as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were seized a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean my own terror, for, as to your worship, I know you are an utter stranger to terror and dismay!"—"I do not deny (answered Don Quixote), that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but nevertheless it ought not to be repeated; because every body has not discretion to take things by the right handle."—"I am sure (replied Sancho), that your worship knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to salute my shoulder; thanks be to God, and my own activity in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it said, 'He that loves thee well will often make thee cry:' nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have said a harsh thing to a servant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of cast breeches; though I don't know what they used to give after having beaten him, unless it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give islands or kingdoms on the main land."

"Who knows (said Don Quixote), but the dice may run that way, and all that thou hast mentioned come to pass: I ask pardon for what has past, since you are resolved to be more discreet for the future; and as the first emotions are not in a man's own power, I must apprise thee henceforward to be more reserved, and abstain from speaking so freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almost infinite, I never found that any 'squire talked so much to his master as thou hast talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou in regarding me so little, and I in not making myself regarded more: was not Gandalin, 'squire of Amadis de Gaul, Count of the Firm Island? and yet we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkish manner. What need I mention Gasabal, 'squire to Don Galaor, who was so reserved, that, in order to express the excellence of his surprising silence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole course of that equally vast and true history. From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a necessity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the knight and his 'squire? wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more respect and less provocation; for if ever I am incensed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all: the favours and benefits I have promised will come in due time, and if they should fail, your wages at least will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you."

"All that your worship observes is very just (said Sancho), but I should be glad to know, since if the benefits come not in time, I must be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's 'squire in those days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day like common labourers?"—"I do not believe (answered Don Quixote), that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a sum to thee in my will, which I have left signed and sealed at home, it was done in case of the worst; for one does not know how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times: and I would not have my soul punished in the other world for so small a matter: for let me tell thee,

Sancho, in this there is not a more dangerous course than that of adventures."—"That I know to be true (answered the 'squire), since the noise of a fulling-mill could daunt and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship: but this I assure you of, that from this good hour my lips shall never give umbrage to your worship in turning your affairs to jest again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and master."—"In so doing (replied Don Quixote), thou shalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to respect your master as another parent."

CHAP. VII.

Of the sublime adventure and shining acquisition of Mambrino's helmet; with other accidents that happened to our invincible Knight.

About this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such abhorrence for it on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within its walls: wherefore turning to the right hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled the day before; they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head that glittered like polished gold: and scarce had he descried this phenomenon, when turning to Sancho, "I find (said he), that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, 'Shut one door and another will soon open:' this I mention, because if last night fortune shut against us the door we sought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers, to-day another stands wide open, in proffering to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath which thou mayest remember."

"Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do (said Sancho); I should not choose to meet with more fulling-mills to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses."—"The devil take the fellow (cried Don Quixote), what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?"—"Truly, I know not (answered the 'squire); but, in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could perhaps give such reasons as would convince your worship that you are mistaken in what you say."—"How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor? (replied Don Quixote): seest thou not yonder knight who rides this way upon a dapple steed with a golden helmet on his head?"—"What I perceive and discern (said Sancho), is no other than a man upon a grey ass, like my own, with something that glitters on his head."—"And that is the very helmet of Mambrino (replied the knight): stand aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquisition of the helmet I have longed for so much."—"Yes, I will take care to get out of the way (answered Sancho); and God grant (cried he as he went off), that this may turn out a melon* rather than a milling."—"I have already warned thee, brother (said the knight), not to mention, nor even so much as think of, the mill again; else, by Heaven! I'll say no more, but mill the soul out of thy body."

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this: In that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason, the trimmer of the larger, that was hard by, served the lesser also, in which at that time there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass basin under his arm; but as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the basin, which, being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league; and, as Sancho had observed, he rode upon a grey ass, which gave occasion to Don Quixote to believe he was some knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple steed; for he accommodated every thing he saw, with incredible facility, to the extravagant ravings of his disordered judgment. When he, therefore, saw this unlucky knight approach, without the least expostulation, he put Rozinante to full speed, and, couching his lance in the rest, resolved to run him through the body at once; but when he was almost up with him, without checking the impetuosity of his career, he cried aloud, "Defend thyself, wretched caitiff, or voluntarily yield what so justly belongs to me."

* Oregano, in the original, signifies sweet marjoram, as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming full speed upon him, could find no other means to defend himself from the stroke of the lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his ass; then getting up, before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift, that the wind itself could not overtake him; but he left his basin upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, "The pagan hath acted with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chased by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by natural instinct, those parts for which it is pursued." Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the 'squire having examined all around, "Egad! (said he), it is a special good basin, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing; and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, "Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was first forged, must have had a most capacious head: but the worst of it is, that one half is wanting."

When Sancho heard him call the basin a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing, but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden; and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed at, replied, "I can't help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's basin."—"Why, truly Sancho (said he), I imagine that this very individual enchanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into the hands of somebody who did not know its inestimable value, but seeing it was made of the purest gold, melted down one half of it for sale, and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's basin: but be that as it may, since I am satisfied of its real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small consequence; for I will order it to be repaired in the first village where we can find a blacksmith, in such a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled, by that which Vulcan forged and finished for the god of war: meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner; for it is still better than nothing at all, and will be sufficient to defend me from any shower of stones that may chance to fall."

"Yes, if they come not out of slings, as was the case in the skirmish between the two armies, when they demolished your worship's grinders, and broke the cruise which contained that blessed balsam, which made me vomit up my liver and lights."—"That loss gives me not much uneasiness (answered the knight), because thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory."—"So do I (replied the 'squire). But, Lord, let me never stir from the place where I now stand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I shall never have occasion for it again, being resolved, with the assistance of my five senses, to avoid being hurt myself, and also to refrain from hurting any person whatsoever. As to another bout of blanketting, I have little to say: such misfortunes are not easily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination and chance of the blanket."

"Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho (said Don Quixote, when he heard these words), for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook such trifles: hast thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke in the prosecution of that jest, that thou canst not forget it? for the affair, when duly considered, was no more than jest and pastime: had I not understood it so, I should have returned ere now, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen, who, if she lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flourished in her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty." Here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. "Let it pass then for a joke (said Sancho), since there is no likelihood of its being revenged in earnest: but I know what sort of jokes and earnests those are; and I believe they will scarce slip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my shoulders. But, setting this aside, I wish your worship would tell me what I shall do with this dapple steed so like a grey ass, which was abandoned by that caitiff whom your worship overthrew: for, by the swiftness of his heels when he ran away, he seems to have no thoughts of returning; and, by my whiskers! 'tis an excellent beast!"

"It is never my custom (said Don Quixote), to plunder those I overcome; neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the conqueror hath lost his own during the engagement; in which case we are allowed to take the horse of the vanquished as the lawful spoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horse or ass, or what thou wilt, where he now stands, and perhaps his master, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him."—"God is my witness (answered Sancho), I should be glad to carry him off, or, at least, exchange him for my own, which seems to be the worst of the two: truly the laws of chivalry are too confined; and since they do not extend to the exchange of one ass for another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?"—"I am not quite clear in that particular (replied the knight); and in

such a dubious case, till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity for so doing be extreme."—"It is so extreme (said Sancho), that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more. Thus provided with a license, he made the exchange of caparisons, and equipped his beast with such finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered from the sumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their heads that way, so much did they abhor them, on account of the dread which they had inspired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeased, they mounted, and without following any determined course (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road), they left the choice of their route to the will and pleasure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his master, as well as to the ass that followed, whithersoever he led, like a trusty friend and companion. In consequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high road, in which they travelled at random without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, "Sir (said Sancho to his master), I wish your worship would allow me to confer a little with you; for since you imposed that severe command of silence upon me, divers things have perished in my stomach; and this moment I have somewhat at my tongue's end, which I would not for the world have miscarry."—"Speak then (said Don Quixote), and be concise in thy discourse; for nothing that is prolix can relish well."—"I say, sir (answered Sancho), that for some days past I have been considering how little is to be got and saved by going in quest of those adventures your worship hunts after, through these cross-paths and deserts, where, though you conquer and achieve the most perilous exploits, there is nobody present to be witness of your prowess; so that it may remain in everlasting silence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits of your worship: wherefore, in my opinion, with submission to your better judgment, our wisest course would be to go into the service of some emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whose service your worship may have occasion to shew your personal valour, your great strength, and greater understanding; which being perceived by the king we serve, he cannot choose but reward each of us according to his deserts; neither will there be wanting some person to write the history of your worship's exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I shall not mention my own, because they cannot exceed the bounds of a 'squire's province; though this I will venture to say, that if it was customary in chivalry to recount the achievements of our fraternity, I don't think but mine might be inserted between the lines of the book."

"Thou art not much in the wrong (replied Don Quixote); but before it comes to that issue, a knight must travel up and down the world as a probationer in quest of adventures, until by his repeated achievements he shall have acquired a sufficient stock of fame; so that when he arrives at the court of some mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works; in that case, as soon as he shall be seen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will surround and follow him, shouting and crying, Behold the knight of the sun, or the serpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. 'Behold (they will say) the man who vanquished in single combat the mighty giant Brocarbruno, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Persia from the strange enchantment that prevailed over him for the space of nine hundred years.' Thus shall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth, until, surprised at the noise of the children and populace, the king of that country shall appear at one of the palace windows, and no sooner behold the knight, than, knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his shield, he will certainly exclaim, 'So ho, there! let all the knights belonging to my court go forth, and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder.'

"At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the staircase, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then, taking him by the hand, will he conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who, at that instant, shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural: without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts: after this audience, he will doubtless be carried to some apartment of the palace richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet: at night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the bystanders; while she will practise the same ex-

pedient with equal sagacity; for, as I have already observed, she must be a young lady of vast discretion.

"The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight, through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, which, whosoever shall finish, will be deemed the most valiant knight in the whole world: then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them shall fail except the stranger knight, who will perform and accomplish it very much to his own credit, as well as to the satisfaction of the princess, who will think herself extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections so worthily. What is better still, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a most obstinate war with a potentate of equal strength, his guest, after having staid a few days at court, begs leave to go and serve him in the field; and the king granting his request with pleasure, the knight most politely kisses his hand for the great honour he hath done him: that same night he goes to take his leave of his mistress the infanta, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which she lies, where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's conversation, by the means of a damsel, who, being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occasion he will sigh most piteously, she will actually faint away; the damsel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, because the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be discovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princess recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kisses it a thousand times, and bathes it with his tears: then is concerted between them some method, by which he is to inform her of his good or bad success; and the infanta entreats him to return as soon as possible: he swears solemnly to comply with her request, kisses her hand again, and bids her farewell, with such affliction as well nigh deprives him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himself upon the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved is he at parting; he rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta; their majesties accordingly bid him farewell, after having informed him that the princess is indisposed, and cannot see company: the knight, imputing her disorder to her sorrow for his departure, is pierced to the soul, and well nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being present all the while, takes notice of every circumstance, which she imparts to her lady, who listens with tears in her eyes, and observes, that nothing gives so much uneasiness as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction; the damsel assures her, that so much politeness, gentility, and valour, as he possessed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal disposition: the afflicted infanta consoles herself with this observation, and, endeavouring to regain her serenity, that she may not give cause of suspicion to her parents, in two days appears again in public.

"The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the usual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage as the reward of his service: her father refuses to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheless, either by stealth or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife; and, at last, the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the son of a valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta succeeds, and, in two words, the knight becomes king: this then is the time to reward his 'squire, and all those who helped him to ascend the throne. The 'squire accordingly is married to a damsel belonging to the infanta, who doubtless must be she that was privy to her amour, and daughter of some powerful duke."

"This is what I want (cried Sancho), and what with fair play I shall obtain: for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worship, under the title of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."—"Never doubt it, Sancho (replied Don Quixote); for in the same manner, and by the same steps I have recounted, knights-errant rise, and have risen, to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only business now is to look out for some Christian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter, but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have already told thee, renown must be acquired elsewhere, before we repair to court: nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we should find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I shall have acquired incredible glory through the whole universe, I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even second cousin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage until he is first thoroughly satisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits should merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which the prowess of my arm may well deserve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, possession, and a title

to the revenge of the five hundred Sueldos;* and it is not impossible, that the sage ordained to write my history may furbish up my parentage and pedigree in such a manner as to prove me descended, in the fifteenth or sixteenth generation, from a king; for I must tell thee, Sancho, there are two sorts of pedigree in the world; one that brings and derives its original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at last it ends in a point like a pyramid; the other owes its beginning to people of mean degree, and increases gradually to nobility and power; so that the difference is, the one was once something, but is now nothing: and the other was once nothing, but is now something! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the first-mentioned division; and my origin, upon inquiry, be found high and mighty; a circumstance that ought to satisfy the king who is to be my father-in-law: and if it should not have that effect, the infanta will be so enamoured of me, that, in spite of her father, she will receive me as her lord and husband, even though she were certain of my being the son of a porter; but should she be shy, then is the time to carry her away by force to any corner of the earth I shall choose for my own residence, until time or death shall put an end to the resentment of her parents."

"And here (cried Sancho), nothing can be more pat to the purpose, than what some of your unconscionable fellows often say, Who would beg a benison, that for the taking may have venison?† though it would still be more proper if they had said, Better thieve than grieve.‡ This I observe, that in case the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not prevail upon himself to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worship says, steal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor 'squire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompense, unless that confidante damsel, who is to be his spouse, should make her escape with the princess, and be content to join her evil fortune to his, until such time as Heaven shall ordain it otherwise; for I believe his master may very safely give her away in lawful marriage."—"That thou mayest depend upon," said Don Quixote.—"Since it is so then (answered Sancho), we have nothing to do but recommend ourselves to God, and let fortune take its own course."—"The Lord conduct it (replied the knight), according to my desires and my necessity; and small be his grace who counts himself base."—"A God's name be it so (said Sancho), for my own part, I am an old Christian, and therefore fit to be a lord."—"Ay, to be greater than a lord (answered Don Quixote), and even if thou wast not so well qualified it would be of no signification,§ because I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expense of purchasing, or of subjecting thyself to any kind of servitude: for in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people say what they will, in good faith! they must call thee your lordship, if it should make their hearts ache."—"And do you reckon that I should not know how to give authority to the portent?" replied the 'squire.—"Patent thou wouldst say, and not portent," replied the knight.—"It may be so (answered Sancho); but I insist upon it, that I should demean myself very decently: for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me so well, that every body said I had the presence of a warden: then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my conscience, I believe people will come an hundred leagues on purpose to see me."—"You will make a very good appearance (said Don Quixote); but thou must take care to keep thy beard close shaved; for it is so thick, matted, and unseemly, that unless thou hast recourse to the razor every second day at least, they will see what thou art a gun-shot off."—"What else have I to do (said the 'squire), but to hire a barber, and keep him constantly in the house; and if I find occasion for it, even make him follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees?"

"How do'st thou know (said Don Quixote), that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?"—"That you shall be satisfied in (answered the 'squire): heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I saw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, passing to and fro, and a man following him a horseback, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him, they answered, that he was his master of horse, and that it was a fashion among the great for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of 500 Sueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction, by saying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

† Literally, never beg when you can take.

‡ In the original, A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men.

§ This seems to have been intended as a stroke of satire against those princes who sell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser.

since that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that now I believe I shall never forget it."—"I think thou art much in the right (said Don Quixote), in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not altogether, because they were not invented all at once—therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse."—"Leave that affair of the barber to my management (said Sancho), and be it your care to make yourself a king and me an earl with all convenient speed."—"That shall be done," replied the knight, who, lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Don Quixote sets at liberty a number of unfortunate people, who, much against their wills, were going a journey that was not at all to their liking.

Cid Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the conversation between the renowned Don Quixote and his 'squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no sooner concluded, than the knight, lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot; the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, "That (said he) is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the gallies."—"How! compelled! (cried the knight), is it possible the king compels people into his service?"—"I don't say so (answered Sancho); those people are condemned for their crimes to serve in the king's gallies on compulsion."—"In short (replied Don Quixote), be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but are driven by force."—"Certainly," said Sancho. "Since that is the case (resumed his master), here the execution of my office is concerned—to annul force, and bring succour to the miserable."—"Pray, good your worship, take notice, that justice, which is the king himself, never uses violence nor severity to such people, except as a punishment for their crimes."

By this time the chain of galley slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which those people were treated in that manner; one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty going to the gallies, and that was all he could say, or the inquirer had occasion to know, of the matter. "Nevertheless (resumed the knight), I am desirous of knowing from each in particular the occasion of his misfortune." To these he added other such courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, "Though we have got along with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those malefactors, we have no time at present to take it out and give you the reading of it—but if you have a mind to go and question themselves, they will answer every thing you ask to the best of their knowledge—for they are a set of miscreants who delight in recounting as well as in acting their roguery."

With this permission, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and asked of the foremost for what offence he travelled in that equipage? "Only for being in love," answered the criminal.—"For that only! (replied the knight). If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the gallies long ago."—"But my love (answered the slave) was quite different from what your worship imagines; I fell deeply in love with a basket crammed full of white linen, and locked it so fast in my embrace, that if justice had not tore it from my arms by force, I should not have quitted it willingly to this good hour; the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cause was soon discussed; my shoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was advised to divert myself three years in the Gurapas; and so the business ended."—"Pray, what are the Gurapas?" said Don Quixote.—"The Gurapas are the gallies," answered the thief, who was a young fellow about twenty years of age, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the same question to the second, who seemed so overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not answer one word; but the first saved him the trouble, by saying, "This man, sir, goes to the gallies for being a canary bird: I mean for his skill in vocal music."—"What! (said the knight), are people sentenced to the gallies for their skill in music?"—"Yes, sir (answered the other), for nothing is worse than to sing in the heartache."—"On the contrary (said Don Quixote), I have always heard it observed, that music and play will fright sorrow away."—"But here (replied the slave), the case is quite different: for he that sings but once will have cause to weep for ever." Don Quixote saying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it: "Sir (said he), to sing in the heartach, is a term used by these miscreants to express a criminal who confesses under the tor-

ture: and it hath been applied to that delinquent; he owned his crime, which was horse-stealing; accordingly, having received two hundred lashes, he was condemned for six years to the gallies: and he appears always pensive and sad, because his brother rogues, who keep him company, continually maltreat, upbraid, despise and scoff at him, for having confessed out of pure pusillanimity: for, say they, No contains as many letters as Ay: an offender is very lucky when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon the evidence of witnesses: and truly, I think, they are not far mistaken."

"I am of the same opinion (said Don Quixote), and passing on, repeated his former question to the third, who, with great readiness and alacrity, answered, "I am going to pay a visit of five years to lady Guraqa, for having wanted ten ducats."—"I will give twenty with all my soul (replied the knight), to ease you of your misfortune."—"That (resumed the slave), is like giving money to a man perishing with hunger at sea, where there is no food to be bought. I say this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats your worship now offers, I would have anointed the secretary's pen and quickened my lawyer's invention with them to so good purpose, that I should be now standing at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the gallies; but Heaven is above—Patience and——that is enough."

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle; and he no sooner heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep bitterly, without answering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, saying, "That honourable gentleman is going to the gallies for four years, after having made his public appearance on horseback with great solemnity."—"That is, I suppose (said Sancho), after having been exposed to public shame."*—"Even so (replied the slave), and that punishment was inflicted upon him for being an ear-broker, or rather, a broker for the whole body: to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving himself out for a conjurer."—"Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme (said Don Quixote), he is so far from deserving to row in the gallies for pure pimping, that it rather entitles him to the command of them, as general in chief;† for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and, like the other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize; such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs which are now occasioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right hands and their left. I could proceed, and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at the sight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress, for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; though I am well apprised there are no conjurers in the world who can force or alter the will, as some weak-minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved: it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will."—"What your honour says is very true (replied this good old man); and really, sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty: though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightcousness of my intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years, and a violent strangury that will not allow me a moment's rest." So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosom and gave it in charity to the distressed signor.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question, not with less, but infinitely more vivacity than that of the former; saying, "I trudge in this manner, for having jested a little extravagantly with two of

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.

† This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.

my female cousins; and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other: in short, I jested with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindred as no casuist could unravel. Every thing was proved against me, I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopt; but they only condemned me for six years to the gallies; I submitted to the sentence, as the punishment of my crime: youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear: if your worship, sir knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be." The person who spoke in this manner, appeared in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great orator and an excellent Latin scholar.

After all these came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the rest; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, in such a fashion as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote inquiring, why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guards answered, "Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest put together, and so daring a villain, that although he is shackled in that manner, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip."—"What crime has he committed (said the knight), that deserves no greater punishment than that of going to the gallies?"—"He goes for ten years (replied the guard), which is a kind of civil death; but you need not inquire any further, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesello de Parapilla."—"Softly, Mr Commissary (said the slave), hearing these words, don't transmography names and surnames in that manner; Gines is my name and not Ginesello, and Passamonte the title of my family, not Parapilla, as your worship says: let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have business enough."—"Speak with less insolence, Mr Thief above sterling (replied the commissary), or else I shall make you hold your peace with a vengeance."—"It appears by this oppression (answered the galley-slave), that God's will must be done; but, one day, somebody shall know whether or not my name is Ginesello de Parapilla."—"An't you called so, you lying vagabond?" said the guard. "Yes, yes, I am so called (answered Gines): but I will make them change that name, or their skins shall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't choose at present to name. Sir knight, if you have any thing to bestow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with your inquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my history, know, I am that Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these ten fingers."

"He tells nothing but the truth (said the commissary); for he has actually written his own history, as well as could be desired, and pawned the manuscript in gaol for two hundred rials."—"Ah, and I shall redeem it (said Gines), if it were for as many ducats."—"What! is it so entertaining?" said Don Quixote.—"Yes, (answered Gines), it is so entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written or shall write in that manner. What I can confirm of mine is, that it contains truths, and such ingenious and savoury truths, as no fiction can equal."—"And what is the title of your book?" said the knight.—"The Life of Gines de Passamonte," replied the other.—"Is it finished?" said Don Quixote.—"How can it be finished (answered the author), when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole history from my birth till the last time I was sent to the gallies."—"You have visited them before now then?" said the knight.—"For the service of God and the good of my country, I have already served in them during the space of four years, and know the difference between the biscuit and the bull's pizzle (answered the thief); and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I shall have time to finish my book, and set down a great many things I have to say, there being spare time enough in the gallies of Spain for that purpose, which does not require much leisure, as I have every circumstance by heart."—"You seem to be an ingenious fellow," said Don Quixote.—"And unfortunate (answered Gines), for genius is always attended by evil fortune."—"Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you," said the guard.—"I have already desired you, Mr Commissary, to proceed fair and softly (answered Passamonte); your superiors did not give you that rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but to conduct and carry us to the place of our destination, according to his majesty's command: and by the life of——but 'tis no matter. The spots we received in the inn may one day be rubbed out in washing. Mum's the word. Let

us live while we can, speak while we may, and at present pursue our journey: for this joke has already lasted too long."

The commissary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Passamonte; but Don Quixote interposing, begged he would not chastise him; because it was not to be wondered at, if one whose limbs were so shackled should take such liberties with his tongue; then addressing himself to the prisoners, "From all that you have told me, dear brethren (said he), I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chastised for your crimes, the punishment you are going to suffer is not much to your liking, on the contrary, you make this journey very much against your inclination; and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that other's scarcity of friends, and, last of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cause of your perdition, in depriving you of that justice your several cases entitled you to. Which consideration now operates within me, suggesting, persuading, and even compelling me to shew in your behalf, the end and aim for which Heaven sent me into this world, and made me profess the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath to succour the needy and oppressed; but because I know, that one maxim of prudence is, not to do that by foul means which can be accomplished by fair, I beseech Mr Commissary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace: the king will not want people to serve him on better occasions; and I think it is very hard to enslave those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen soldiers (added the knight), those poor people have committed no offence against you; and every body hath sins to answer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous: and it is not seemly, that honest men should be the executioners of their fellow-creatures, on account of matters with which they have no concern. This favour I entreat in a mild and peaceable manner; and if you grant my request, will thank you heartily: whereas, if you refuse to do quietly what I desire, this lance and sword, with the valour of my invincible arm, shall make you do it on compulsion."

"A fine joke, truly! (replied the commissary): he has brought his harangue to a very merry conclusion; desiring us to set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their discharge. I wish your worship would go about your business, and set to rights that basin on your skull, without going in quest of a cat with three feet." —"You are a cat, and a rat, and a scoundrel to boot," replied the knight, attacking him with such wonderful despatch that he had not time to put himself in a posture of defence, so was thrown from his horse, dangerously wounded by a thrust of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The rest of the guard were at first astonished and confounded at this unexpected assault; but they soon recollected themselves, and the horsemen drawing their swords, while those on foot handled their javelins, set upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vast composure; and doubtless he would have fared ill if the galley slaves, seeing a fair occasion offered of gaining their liberty, had not made shift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confusion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the slaves who were unbound, and their efforts against Don Quixote, who assaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who, being the first that leaped free and disencumbered on the plain, attacked the wounded commissary, and robbed him of his sword and musket, with which, pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice there was not one of the guards to be seen; for they made the best of their way, not only from Passamonte's firelock, but also from the shower of stones which was rained upon them by the rest of the slaves, who had by this time disengaged themselves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, representing to himself, that those who fled would instantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately sally forth in search of the delinquents. This supposition he suggested to his master, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himself somewhere in the neighbouring mountain. "That may be a very good expedient (said the knight); but I know what is proper for me to do at present." He then called to the slaves, who were all in confusion, and after they had plundered and stripped the commissary to the skin, they assembled round him in a circle, in order to receive his commands, and he accosted them in this manner:—"It is the duty of honest men to be thankful for benefits received; and one of the sins that gives the greatest offence to God is ingratitude. This truth I observe, gentlemen, because you must be sensible, by manifest experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which it is my will and pleasure, that you set out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboso, there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath sent you to her with his hearty commendations. You shall also punctually recount to her every circumstance of this famous adventure, even to

the granting you that liberty you so ardently wished for, and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whithersoever you list."

To this command Gines de Passamonte, in the name of all the rest, answered, "What your worship commands, most worthy deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to fulfil. For we must by no means travel in a body, but single and divided, and each by himself endeavour to abscond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy brotherhood, who will doubtless come out in search of us. But your worship may, and it is but justice you should, change that service and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of ave-marias and credos, which we will say for your prosperity: and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at rest, and in peace as well as in war: but to suppose that we will now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboso, is to suppose that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon: and, indeed, to expect this condescension of us, is like expecting pears from an elm."

"Then by Heavens! (said Don Quixote in a rage), Don Son of a Whore, Don Ginesella de Parapilla, or whatsoever is thy name, you shall go alone with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own shoulders." Passamonte, who was none of the most passive people in the world, having already smoked the knight's weak side, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himself treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions, who, retiring with him, at a little distance, began to shower forth a number of stones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himself with his shield: and poor Rozinante minded the spur no more than if he had been made of brass. Sancho retired behind his ass, which sheltered him from the storm of hail that descended on them both: but his master could not screen himself so well as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-shot, which took place upon different parts of his body, some of them with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the basin from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket * he wore above his armour, and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great-coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose, and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and to go to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whissed about them, was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble; Sancho in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people, whom he had served in such an essential manner.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befell the renowned Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain; being one of the most surprising adventures which is recounted in this true history.

Don Quixote finding himself so evil entreated, said to his 'squire, "I have always heard it observed, Sancho, that benefits conferred on base-minded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but now the affair is over, we must have recourse to patience, and take warning for the future."—"Yes (replied Sancho), your worship will take warning as sure as I am a Turk; but, since you allow, that if you had taken my advice you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you avoid a greater still! for I give you notice, that all your errantry will stand you in little stead against the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knights-errant in the universe three farthings: and, in faith, this minute, methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears."—"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho (said the knight); but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never follow thy counsel, for once thou shalt prevail: I will retreat from the danger thou dreadest so much; but it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person whatsoever, that I retired and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compli-

* It was the custom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of some rich stuff figured in a particular manner. The Duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

ance with thy earnest request: for to say otherwise, would be to propagate falsehood: and from this hour to that, and from that hour to this, I give thee the lie, and affirm thou liest, and wilt lie as often as thou shalt say or think any such thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being supposed to abscond, or retreat from danger, especially from this, as it implies some sort of shadow of fear, inspires me with such courage, that here am I alone, ready to remain, and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou hast mentioned with fear and trembling, but also the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, those of the seven Maccabees, with Castor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the universe."—"Sir (replied Sancho), to retreat is not to fly, nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is always the practice of wise people to reserve something for to-morrow, without venturing all upon one cast; and you must know, that though I be a rustic and a clown, I have all my life-time had a small share of what is called good conduct: wherefore you need not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rosinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my assistance, and follow me; for this noddle of mine tells me, that at present we have more need of heels than of hands."

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the least reply, and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they took refuge in that part of the Brown Mountain which was nearest, the 'squire intending to go quite across to Viso or Almodavar del Campo, after they should have lurked for some days amongst the rocks, that they might not be found, in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them: he was encouraged to this resolution, by seeing, that in the scuffle with the galley-slaves,* the provisions his ass carried had escaped untouched,—a circumstance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, considering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they had searched.

That evening they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena, † where Sancho proposed to spend the night, and even to pass a few days, at least stay as long as their store should last: accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks in the midst of a great number of cork trees: but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts, and disposes all things after its own way, ordained that Gines de Passamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain by the valour and madness of Don Quixote; I say, fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reason, happened likewise to take refuge in those mountains, and even to be carried by this fear to the same place whither the same principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza just time enough to know who they were, notwithstanding their being gone to sleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the prospect of future quiet, Gines, who was neither grateful nor good-natured, resolved to steal Sancho's ass, undervaluing Rosinante, as a subject that he could neither pawn nor sell; accordingly, while the 'squire was asleep, he stole Dapple, and before morning was gone far enough to elude all pursuit.

The appearance of Aurora, that rejoices the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza, who, missing his Dapple, and searching for him in vain, began to utter the most woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and Don Quixote, waked by the noise, heard him exclaiming in this manner: "O, son of my bowels! born in my house, the playfellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and comforter of my cares! in short, the half of my sustenance: for with six-and-twenty maravedis which thou hast daily earned, did I defray one half of my family expense." Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cause, consoled Sancho with all the arguments in his power, and, begging him to have patience, promised to give him a bill of exchange, on sight of which he should receive three asses out of five, which the knight had left at home. Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and returned a thousand thanks to Don Quixote for his generosity. As they sauntered among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to see places so well adapted to these adventures he was in quest of; for they recalled to his remembrance those wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among such rocks and solitudes: he went on musing on these subjects, and indeed so wrapt up and engrossed by them, that he minded nothing else; while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in safety, was to satisfy his appetite with what remained of the spoils of the clergy; he

* This is an oversight of the author, who seems to have forgot that Sancho lost his wallet at the inn, an was robbed by the galley-slaves of the great-coat or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that provision he had taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia.

† A chain of dusky mountains that divide Castile from Andalusia.

therefore jogged on leisurely after his master,* sitting sideways on his ass, and replenishing his own bags out of that which contained the provision; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the best adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived his master had stopt, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise some bundle that lay upon the ground: he therefore hastened up to him, in order to lend his assistance, should it be found necessary, and arrived just as the knight had turned up with his lance a pillion with a portmanteau fixed to it, all rotted and consumed by the weather; but so heavy that Sancho was obliged to alight in order to take them up. His master having ordered him to examine the contents of the portmanteau, he obeyed with great alacrity, and though it was shut with a chain and padlock, there were so many holes in it, that he soon reached the inside, where he found four shirts of fine holland, with other provision of linen, equally fashionable and clean, together with a pretty large heap of crowns of gold, wrapt up in a rag, which he no sooner perceived, than he cried in a rapture, "Blessed be Heaven for granting us one advantageous adventure!" then, continuing his search, he found a pocket-book, richly garnished, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him keep the money for his own use. Sancho kissed his hand for the favour, and, taking the linen out of the portmanteau, crammed it into the bag that held their provision.

The knight having considered the whole affair, "Sancho (said he), I am of opinion, and I cannot possibly be mistaken, that some bewildered traveller, in his passage over these mountains, has been set upon by robbers, who, having slain him, must have dragged his body to be buried in this unfrequented place."—"That cannot be the case (answered the 'squire); for if they had been robbers, they would not have left the money behind them."—"Thou art in the right (said Don Quixote); and I cannot guess nor conceive what the matter can have been. Let us see if there be any thing written in this pocket-book, by which we may trace out and come to the certainty of what we want to know." He opened it accordingly, and the first thing he found was the rough draught, though very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud for the benefit of Sancho, in these words:

Love either cruel is or blind;
Or still unequal to the cause,
Or this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell:
Then say by what authority
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curse.

With hopeless misery weigh'd down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

"From such rhyme (said Sancho), there is no information to be got, unless by that clue † we could come to the bottom of the affair."—"What clue dost thou mean?" said the knight.—"The clue your worship mentioned just now in the sonnet," answered the 'squire.—"I mentioned no clue (replied Don Quixote), but Chloe, which is without doubt the name of the lady of whom the author of these verses complains: and really he must have been a very ingenious poet, or else I know very little of the art."—"Then your worship understands crambo?" said the 'squire.—"Better than you imagine (answered the knight), as you will see when you carry from me a letter to my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom: for thou must know, Sancho, that all, or the greatest part of, the knights-errant who lived in former ages, were very much addicted to poetry and music; these two qualities, or rather gifts of nature, being annexed to all errants in love: though the truth is, their couplets were rather sprightly than elegant."—"I wish your worship would read on (said Sancho); perhaps you may find something more to our satisfaction." Accordingly, the knight having turned over the leaf, "Here is prose (said he), and seems to be a letter." Sancho asking if it was upon business, his master replied, "In the beginning there was nothing but love."—"Pray, sir (cried Sancho), read it aloud; for I am highly delighted with matters of love."—"With all my heart," answered Don Quixote, who,

* Here Cervantes hath been caught napping by the critics, who observe, that Sancho could not be mounted on the ass, which was but just now stolen by Gines Passamonte.

† As it is impossible to preserve the original blunders of Sancho, who mistakes Fili or Phillis, for hilo, that signifies a thread, we are obliged to substitute another, by changing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in English, might have as naturally mistaken for a clue; and by this expedient the sense of the passage is not hurt, and but very little altered.

raising his voice, in compliance with the 'squire's request, read what follows:

"Thy false promises, together with the certainty of my misfortune, have exiled me to a corner of the world, from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my complaint shall reach thine ears. Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful as thou art! in favour of one, who, though he is a richer, is not a more deserving lover than me: for if virtue were the wealth that is most esteemed, I should have no cause to envy the happiness of others, or to bewail my own mishap. What thy beauty had raised, thy behaviour has overthrown: by the first I mistook thee for an angel; by the last I discovered thee to be a woman. Mayest thou live in peace, fair authoress of my misfortunes! and Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband may never be disclosed, that thou mayest never repent of what thou hast done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not desire!"

Don Quixote having read this letter, observed, that nothing else could be inferred either from it, or the verses, but that the author was some despairing lover. Then, perusing the rest of the book, he found more verses and letters, some legible, and others not intelligible; but the substance of them all was composed of complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, disgusts, favours, and disdain, some of which were extolled, and others deplored. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in that or the pillion, which he did not search, pry into, and overhaul: no seam was left unripped, no lock of wool unpicked, that nothing might be lost through negligence and want of care; so much was his cupidity awakened, by finding the money, which amounted to more than an hundred crowns: and though he reaped no other fruit from his industry, he thought himself abundantly requited for his capers in the blanket, his vomit of the balsam, the benediction of the pack-staves, the fisty-cuffs of the carrier, the loss of his bags, the robbery of his great-coat, with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had undergone in the service of his worthy master, who had made him more than amends by his generous present of this windfall.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance was impatient to know the owner of the portmanteau; conjecturing, by the sonnet, the letter, the gold, and the fine linen, that he must be some lover of quality, whom the disdain and barbarity of his mistress had driven into some desperate end: but, as in that uninhabited and rocky place, there was nobody who could give him the information he wanted, he resolved to penetrate still farther into the mountain, without taking any other road than what Rozinante should choose for his own conveniency, still confident of meeting with some strange adventure among these briars and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himself with these reflections, he perceived upon the top of a hill, right before him, a man skipping from bush to bush, and rock to rock, with wonderful agility: his body seemed naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and matted, his feet unshod, his legs bare, and his thighs covered with breeches, which to all appearance were of crimson, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through many different holes, while his head was without any sort of covering. Notwithstanding the nimbleness with which he passed, all these minute circumstances were seen and remarked by the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, who in vain attempted to follow him; those rough roads being quite impassable by the feeble Rozinante, which was naturally phlegmatic and tender-footed. However, Don Quixote concluded that this must be the owner of the pillion and portmanteau, and determined within himself to find him out, although he should travel a whole year through the mountains for that very purpose. With this view he ordered Sancho to alight, and take a short cut over one part of the mountain, while he should go round the other; and by this expedient they might come up with the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight. "That proposal I can by no means comply with (answered the 'squire); for if I stir but an inch from your worship, fear instantly lays hold on me, and assaults me in a thousand horrid shapes and visions; and let this serve to apprise you, that henceforward I will not budge a finger's breadth from your presence."—"Be it so (said he of the Rueful Countenance); and I am very glad that thou canst avail thyself of my courage, which shall never fail thee, even if thy soul should fail thy body: follow me therefore, step by step, or at thy own leisure; and use thine eyes like two spy-glasses: we will take a compass round this little mountain, and perhaps we may meet again with that man, who is certainly no other than the owner of what we found." To this observation Sancho replied, "Methinks we may save ourselves that trouble; for if, upon finding him, he should prove to be the owner of the money, I must of course make restitution: therefore we had better spare all this fruitless search, and keep it *bona fide*, until the true owner appear of himself, without all this intricate inquiry; and, before that happens, perhaps I shall have spent the whole, and then I shall be discharged by law."—"In that notion thou art mistaken, Sancho (resumed the knight); for as we have already good grounds to believe that he is the owner, it is our duty to find him out, and restore what we have taken; and though we should not find him, the strong reason we have to believe that it belongs to him, will make us equally guilty in detaining it, as we should be if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyself any uneasiness about

the inquiry; because, if we find him, I shall be freed from a great deal of anxiety." So saying, he put spurs to Rosinante, and Sancho followed in his usual manner. Having surrounded part of the mountain, they found, in a brook that watered the foot of it, a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and crows,—another circumstance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was master both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this object, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they descried the goatherd, who seemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, entreated him to come down; and he, in the same tone, asked what had brought them to that place, which was seldom trodden except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beasts that harboured thereabouts? Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which the goatherd descended, and coming up to Don Quixote, "I'll wager (said he), that you are looking at the hireling mule which lies dead in that bottom, where in good sooth it hath lain full six months. Pray, have you met with its master?"—"We have met with nothing (answered the knight), but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from hence."—"I have often seen the same things (replied the goatherd), but would never touch nor go near them, being afraid of some misfortune; or of being questioned for theft; for the devil is very cunning, and raises blocks under our feet, over which we stumble, and very often fall, without knowing how or wherefore."—"That is the very thing I say (answered Sancho), though I saw them also, I would not go within a stone's throw of them: there I left them, and there they remained as they were; for I don't chuse to steal a dog with a collar about his neck."*—"Pr'ythee, honest friend (said Don Quixote), dost thou know who the owner of these things is?"—"All that I can say of the matter (answered the goatherd), is, that it may be about six months, more or less, since there came to our hut, which is about three leagues from hence, a very genteel young man, of a comely appearance, riding upon that very mule that now lies dead, with the same pillion and portmanteau which you say you found." He asked what part of the mountain was the most woody and concealed, and we told him that it was this very spot where we now are; and it is so, for if you go half a league farther into the mountain, you will, perhaps, find it a very difficult matter to return: and I marvel much how you have got so far, for there is neither high-road nor by-path that leads to this place. But, as I was saying, the young man hearing our reply, turned his mule, and rode towards the place to which we had directed him, leaving us all very much pleased with his appearance, though not a little surprised at his question, and the speed with which we saw him ride back into the heart of the mountain: from that time we saw no more of him, till a few days after, when he sprung upon one of our shepherds on the road, and, without saying why or wherefore, beat and bruised him unmercifully; after which he went to the sumpter-ass, and carrying off all the bread and cheese that was on his back, with surprising nimbleness ran back again to the thicket. As soon as we understood this particular, several of us goatherds went in search of him, through the most wild and unfrequented part of the mountain, for the space of two days, at the end of which we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork tree. He came out to us in a very civil manner, with his clothes all torn, and his face so tanned and disfigured by the sun, that we should scarce have known him, had not his clothes, tattered as they were, which we had before taken particular notice of, assured us that he was the person we went in search of. He saluted us very courteously, and in a few words, though very well-chosen, bade us not wonder at seeing him in that condition; for he was obliged in that manner to do penance, which had been enjoined him, on account of his manifold sins and transgressions. We earnestly begged to know who he was, but that he never could be prevailed upon to tell: we desired him also, whenever he should have occasion for food, without which he could not live to tell us where we should find him, and we would bring it to him with great care and affection; or, if that was not to his liking, we desired him to ask it civilly, without taking it by force. He thanked us kindly for our tenders of service, begged pardon for the assaults he had committed, and promised, for the future, to ask it for God's sake, without giving offence to any person whatsoever. With regard to the place of his habitation, he said, he had no other than that which chance presented every night when it grew dark; and concluded his discourse with such piteous lamentation, that our hearts must have been made of flint, if we could have heard it without shedding tears, considering the woeful change he had undergone since we saw him at first; for, as I have already observed, he was a genteel, comely youth, and by his courteous and polite discourse, shewed himself to be a person of good birth and excellent breeding; and though we who heard him were only home-

* Methinks it is inconsistent with the character of the knight, to allow Sancho to tell such a fraudulent untruth in his hearing; nor is Panza's behaviour on this occasion much for the honour of his simplicity.

bred country people, the gentility of his carriage was easily perceived by our clownish ignorance. In the midst of this conversation that passed between him and us, he grew silent all of a sudden, and nailed, as it were, his eyes to the ground, for a considerable space of time, during which we remained in suspense and no small concern, to see the effect of this stupefaction; for, by his staring at the ground for a good while, without moving his eyelids, then shutting them close and biting his lips, and then drawing up the skin of his forehead, we could easily perceive that he was seized with some fit of madness; and he soon confirmed the truth of our opinion, for he sprung up with surprising force from the ground, on which he had thrown himself, and attacked the person who was next to him with such rage and resolution, that if we had not taken him off, he would have beaten and bit him to death; crying aloud all the time, 'Ha, treacherous Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the injury thou hast done me. These hands shall tear out thy heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, particularly fraud and deceit, are harboured and dwell!' To these he added other expressions, tending to reproach that Fernando with treachery and baseness. When we had got our friend out of his clutches, with no small trouble, he went off without speaking another word, and ran at full speed among these shrubs and brambles, so as that it was impossible for us to follow him. From these things we conjectured that his madness came upon him by fits, and that some person of the name of Fernando must have done him some deadly wrong, which hath driven him to distraction. Indeed this conjecture has been since confirmed by his different behaviour on divers occasions, when he hath met with our shepherds, from whom he hath sometimes begged part of their provision, and at other times hath taken it by force; for when the fit of lunacy is upon him, though they offer it of their own free will, he will not accept of it peaceably without coming to blows; but when he is in his right senses, he begs it for God's sake, in a very courteous and civil manner, and returns many thanks for the favour, accompanied with abundance of tears. And truly, gentlemen (added the goatherd), I and four more country lads, two of them my own servants, and the other two friends of mine, yesterday resolved to go in search of him, and after having found him, to carry him, either by force or fair means, to the city of Almodavar, which is about eight leagues from hence, and there have him cured, if he be curable; or learn of him, when he is in his senses, who he is, or whether or not he has any relations to whom we may give an account of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can say in answer to the questions you asked; and you may take it for granted, that the owner of the goods you found is the very same person whom you saw skip about, half naked, with such agility;" for Don Quixote had said, that they had seen a man in that condition, leaping from rock to rock.

The knight was very much surprised at this information of the goatherd, which, making him still more impatient to know who this unfortunate lunatic was, he determined within himself to put his former design in execution, and go in quest of him, through the whole mountain, without leaving a cave or corner unsearched until he should find him. But accident was more his friend on this occasion than he could either imagine or expect; for at that instant the young man of himself appeared in the cleft of a rock hard by the place where they stood, and came towards them, muttering something to himself, which they could not have understood, had he been near, much less as he was at some distance from them. His equipage was just as it has been described; but as he approached, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to rags, still retained the perfume; from whence he concluded, that the person who wore such dress could not be a man of the lowest rank. When he came up, he saluted them very politely, though with a hoarse mistuned voice; and the salutation was returned with no less courtesy by Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, with genteel and graceful deportment, went and embraced the stranger, whom he strained within his arms a good while, as if he had been a very old acquaintance. The other, who might have been called the Tatterdemalion of the Distracted, as Don Quixote was styled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, after having submitted to this embrace, stept back, and, laying his hands on the shoulders of the knight, stood looking attentively in his face, in order to recollect him; no less astonished, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than this last was surprised at his forlorn appearance. At length, the first who broke silence after the embrace was the ragged youth, who spoke what you may read in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

The continuation of the adventure in the Sierra Morena.

The history relates, that Don Quixote listened with vast attention to the shabby knight of the mountain, who began the conversation thus: "Assuredly, signor, though I have not the honour to know who you are, I thank you heartily for those expressions of kindness with which you treat me; and wish I were in such a situation as would enable me to repay this courteous reception with something more than mere goodwill; but my hapless fortune affords me no-

thing to offer in return for the civilities that are shewn me, except a hearty inclination to make a more adequate satisfaction."—"My will and desire (answered Don Quixote), to serve you is so strong, that I was determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned of yourself, whether or not the grief you manifest in this strange course of life, could be alleviated by any kind of remedy, for which, had need required, I would have searched with all possible diligence; and had your misfortune been such as shut up all the avenues to advice and redress, I was resolved to join your lamentations, and bemoan your misery to the utmost of my power; for, in all misfortunes, the greatest consolation is a sympathising friend; and if this my friendly intention deserves the least return of civility, I entreat you, signor, by that courtesy which I see you so eminently possess, and moreover conjure you by that object, which of all others in this life you have most loved, or are most in love with, to tell me who you are; and inform me of the cause that brings you to live and die in this solitude, like the brute beasts among which you dwell, so different from that rank and situation to which your appearance and person declare you are entitled. And I swear by the order of chivalry which I have received, unworthy sinner that I am! and by the profession of a knight-errant, that if you comply with this my request, I will serve you with that earnestness which my duty obliges me to express, either in remedying your mishap, if it admits of remedy, or in condoling with you, as I have already promised." The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Rueful Countenance talk in this manner, could do nothing for some time but gaze, and stare, and survey him from head to foot; at length, having examined him thoroughly, he said, "If you have got any food, for God's sake spare me a little; and after I shall have eaten it, I will do as you desire, in return for the civility you now shew me."

Sancho immediately pulled from his bag, and the goatherd from his scrip, some victuals to appease the hunger of the tatterdemalion, who swallowed what they gave him like a frantic person, with such hurry, that he left not the interval of an instant between one mouthful and another, but seemed to devour rather than eat, without either speaking or being spoke to by the spectators. His repast being ended, he beckoned them to follow, and conducted them to a verdant spot of grass, at the turning of a rock, a little way from the place where they were; and sitting down on the green turf, they followed his example; not a word being spoke all the time, until the ragged knight, after having adjusted himself in his seat, began in this manner: "If you desire, gentlemen, that I should, in a few words, inform you of the immensity of my misfortunes, you must give me your promise that you will not, by any question or otherwise, interrupt the thread of my doleful story; for if you should, that instant I will break off the narration." This warning recalled to the knight's memory the story recounted by his 'squire, which still remained unfinished, because he had not kept an exact account of the goats as they passed the river. But, to return to the tattered knight: "I give you this precaution (added he), because I would briefly pass over the detail of my misfortunes, the remembrance of which brings fresh addition to my woe, and the fewer questions you ask, the sooner shall I have finished the relation; although, in order to satisfy your curiosity to the full, I will not fail to mention every material circumstance." Don Quixote promised, in behalf of himself and the company, to avoid all manner of interruption; and the stranger, thus assured, began in these words:

"My name is Cardenio, the place of my nativity one of the best cities in this province of Andalusia, my family noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great, that, no doubt, they have been lamented by them, and even felt through my whole kindred, though all their wealth would not alleviate my woe; for the goods of fortune are but of little service against those ills inflicted by the hand of Heaven. In the same country lived, shall I call her, a paradise, which love had adorned with all the charms I could desire to possess; such was the beauty of Lucinda, a young lady as well born and rich as I, though more fortunate, and endowed with less constancy than what was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda did I admire, love, and adore, even from my most tender years; and she made me all the returns of love and inclination that I could expect from her infant age. Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection, which gave them no offence, because they foresaw, that if it should increase with our years, it could have no other issue than marriage,—an union which the equality of our age and fortune seemed to point out. Meanwhile, our passion growing up with our age, Lucinda's father thought himself obliged to forbid me his house, imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thisbe, whom the poets have celebrated so much. This prohibition added flame to flame, and wish to wish; for though our tongues were restrained, they could not silence our pens, which commonly express the sentiments of the heart with more liberty, because the presence of the beloved object often confounds the most determined intention, and puts to silence the most undaunted tongue.

"Good Heaven! what letters did I write! what chaste endearing answers did I receive! what songs did I compose, inspired by love that displayed the soul unmasked, inflamed each soft desire, regaled the fancy, and indulged the

wish! In fine, my patience being exhausted, and my heart almost consumed with the desire of seeing her, I resolved to execute the scheme which seemed most favourable for my love and pretensions; and this I put in practice by demanding her in marriage of her father, who thanked me for the honour I intended him by this proposal of marrying into his family, but said, as my own father was alive, it was properly his business to make the demand; for unless his consent and inclination were obtained, Lucinda was not a person either to be given or taken in marriage by stealth. I thanked him in my turn for his politeness, and, thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, assured myself that my father would readily agree to the proposal whenever I should make it. I therefore flew instantly to disclose my sentiments to him on that subject, and entering the closet where he was, found him reading a letter, which, before I could speak a syllable, he put into my hand, saying, 'By this letter, Cardenio, you will see how much Duke Ricardo is inclined to do you service.' This Duke Ricardo, as you must know, gentlemen, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of this province. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself should have blamed my father, had he refused to comply with what he requested in it: this was to send me immediately to his house, he being desirous that I should live as the companion, not the servant, of his eldest son; and he would take care of my fortune in such a manner, as should manifest the esteem he had for me. Having read the letter, I was struck dumb at knowing the contents; especially when I heard my father pronounce, 'Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall set out, according to the pleasure of the duke; and you ought to thank God for having opened an avenue, through which you may arrive at that fortune I know you deserve.' To this declaration he added other advices, as became a prudent father; and I, the night before I departed, finding means to speak with Lucinda, told her what had happened; nay, I even imparted it to her father, entreating him to wait a few days, without disposing of her to any other, until I should know in what manner Ricardo wanted to employ me. He gave me his promise accordingly, and she confirmed it by a thousand vows and anxious sighs.

"I at length arrived at the seat of Duke Ricardo, by whom I was so well received and kindly entertained, that envy presently began to do her office, possessing the old servants with the opinion, that every expression of favour I received from the duke was prejudicial to their interest. But he who was most rejoiced at my residing there was the duke's second son Fernando, a gay, genteel, liberal, and amorous youth, who, in a short time, was pleased to honour me with such intimacy of friendship as became the subject of every body's discourse; and though the elder brother loved and favoured me also, he did not carry his favour and affection to such a pitch. Now as all secrets are communicated between friends, and the confidence in which I lived with Fernando was soon changed into friendship, he imparted to me his most secret thoughts, and, among other things, a love affair that gave him a good deal of disquiet. In short, he had an inclination for a country maid, who was his father's vassal; her parents were very rich, and she herself so beautiful, reserved, modest, and discreet, that nobody who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled. These accomplishments of this fair maid inflamed the desires of Don Fernando to such a pitch, that he resolved, as the easiest conquest over her virtue, to promise he would marry her; for he found it impossible to gratify his wish in any other way. I, prompted and bound by my friendship, endeavoured to dissuade and divert him from his purpose, by the strongest arguments and most lively examples I could produce; but finding them all ineffectual, I resolved to communicate the whole affair to his father Duke Ricardo.

"Don Fernando, having abundance of cunning and discernment, suspected my intention; and was afraid, that the obligation he saw I was under, as a faithful servant, would not allow me to conceal an affair so prejudicial to the honour of the duke my master; he, therefore, in order to divert and deceive me, observed, that he could find no better remedy to remove the beauty that enslaved him from his remembrance, than that of absence for a few months; and therefore desired that we should go to my father's house, upon pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and purchasing some fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarce had he uttered this proposal, when, prompted by my love, exclusive of his prudent intention, I approved of it, as one of the best-concerted schemes that could be imagined; and was rejoiced at meeting with such a fair conjuncture and occasion of returning to my dear Lucinda. Induced by this motive and desire, I applauded his pretence, and enforced his proposal, advising him to execute his plan with all speed; for absence would certainly do its office, in spite of the most established inclination. At that very time, as I afterwards understood, he had enjoyed the country maid, under the title of her husband, and waited for an opportunity of owning it with safety to himself, being afraid of the duke's resentment in case he should discover his folly. It happened afterwards, that as love in young people is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, whose only aim is pleasure—and this being enjoyed, what seemed love vanishes, because it cannot exceed the bounds of nature—whereas

real love is bounded by no such limits: I say, as soon as Don Fernando enjoyed the country girl, his desires were appeased and his raptures abated; and if at first he pretended to seek a cure for them in absence, he now earnestly desired to be absent, that he might avoid any further gratification.

"The duke having given him leave, and ordered me to attend him, we arrived at our habitation, where he was received by my father in a manner suitable to his rank and family.—I went instantly to visit Lucinda, whose presence, in a moment, rekindled all my desires, which, indeed, were neither dead nor decayed within me; and, to my infinite misfortune, I made Don Fernando acquainted with my love, because I thought, by the laws of that intimate friendship with which he honoured me, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I therefore praised the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, in such a manner, as excited his curiosity to see such an accomplished young lady. Prompted by my evil genius, I gratified his desire, shewing her to him one night by the light of a taper, at the window from which I used to converse with her. At sight of her he absolutely forgot all the beauties he had formerly seen; he was struck dumb with wonder; he seemed to lose all sense, became absent and pensive, and, in short, enamoured of her to that degree which you will perceive in the course of my unhappy story. And, the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, he happened one day to find a letter which she had written, desiring me to ask her in marriage of her father, so prudent, modest, and tender, that, upon perusing it, he said, 'In Lucinda alone are concentred all the charms of beauty and understanding which are divided among the rest of her sex.' True it is, and I will now confess it, that although I knew how justly Fernando applauded Lucinda, I was vexed at hearing these praises proceed from his mouth, and began to dread and suspect his inclination; for he was eternally talking of her, and always turned the discourse upon her, even when he was obliged to bring her in by the head and shoulders,—a circumstance that waked a sort of jealousy within me; not that I imagined aught could alter the faith and affection of Lucinda, yet, notwithstanding, my destiny made me dread the very thing that confidence ensured. Don Fernando always contrived means to read the letters I sent to Lucinda, together with her answers, on pretence of being highly pleased with the good sense they contained; and it once happened that she having desired me to send her a book of knight-errantry, in which she took great delight, called Amadis de Gaul ——"

Don Quixote no sooner heard him mention this book, than he said, "Had you told me, in the beginning of your story, that your mistress, Lucinda, was an admirer of books of chivalry, you would have had no occasion to use any other argument to convince me of her sublime understanding; which I should not have deemed quite so extraordinary as you have represented it, had she wanted relish for that sort of reading; wherefore you need not spend any more words with me, in extolling her beauty, virtue, and good sense; for, upon the knowledge of her taste only, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and discreet lady in the universe: I wish, however, that you had sent along with Amadis de Gaul the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I know your mistress Lucinda would have been greatly pleased with Darayra and Garaya, together with the judicious sayings of the shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his eclogues sung and represented by him with such grace, spirit, and discretion; but the time will come when that omission may be rectified; indeed, the fault may be repaired as soon as you shall please to accompany me to the place of my habitation, where I can supply you with more than three hundred books, which are the feast of my soul and entertainment of my life; though now I recollect, not one of them remains in my possession—thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. But I hope you will be so good as to forgive me for having contradicted my promise of not interrupting your story; for when the subject turns upon chivalry or knights-errant, I can no more forbear interposing, than the rays of the sun can cease to warm, or those of the moon to wet: but I ask pardon; pray proceed with your story, for that is most to the purpose at present."

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and though the knight repeated his request, would neither lift up his head, nor answer one word. At length, after a long pause, looking up, "You cannot (said he) beat it out of my thoughts; nor is there any person upon earth who can persuade me to the contrary; and he must be a blockhead who imagines or believes otherwise, than that the villain Master Elisabat carried on a criminal correspondence with Queen Madasima."—"By Heaven, 'tis false! (cried Don Quixote with great indignation and impetuosity, as usual); that report is the effect of malice, or rather mere wantonness. Queen Madasima was a most royal dame, and it is not to be presumed, that a princess of her rank would confer favours upon a mere quack doctor. Whosoever thinks otherwise, lies like a very great scoundrel, and I will prove him such, either on horseback or afoot, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, as will most suit his inclination." Cardenio stood all the while looking attentively at him, and being by this time seized with the paroxysm of his madness, could not proceed with his story; neither, if he had proceeded, would Don

Quixote have listened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice of Queen Madasima,* whose reputation interested him as much as if she had been actually his own mistress,—such wonderful impression had those profane books made on his imagination!

I say then, Cardenio being by this time under the influence of his distraction, and hearing himself called liar and scoundrel, with other terms of reproach, could not relish the joke; but, snatching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it so successfully at Don Quixote's breast, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; but the lunatic received him with such a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcass to his heart's content; while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the same fate. Having thus mastered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and with great composure retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then arose, and, enraged to find himself handled in this manner for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, saying, that he was to blame for the whole, because he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madness; which, had they known, they might have guarded against them. The goatherd affirmed, that he apprised them of what might happen; and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The 'squire replied, the goatherd retorted, and, in conclusion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with such fury, that there would not have been a single hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interposed. Sancho, grappling stoutly with his adversary, cried, "Give me leave, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myself, of whom I can securely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour."—"True (said Don Quixote); but the cause of what has happened cannot be justly imputed to him." Peace accordingly ensued, and the knight asked the goatherd again, if there was a possibility of finding Cardenio; for he was extremely desirous of hearing the conclusion of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had said before, that he did not certainly know whereabouts he resided; but, if they should stay long in these parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or sober.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange adventures that happened to the valiant Knight of la Mancha, in the Sierra Morena, where he did penance, in imitation of Beltenebros.

Don Quixote having taken leave of the goatherd, and mounted Rozinante again, commanded Sancho to follow him; and the 'squire bestriding his ass, obeyed with great reluctance: as they advanced at leisure into the most rocky parts of the mountain, Sancho longed to death for an opportunity of talking, and waited impatiently till his master should begin, that he might not transgress his orders; but, being utterly unable to keep silence any longer, "Sir Don Quixote (said he), be pleased to give me your blessing, and grant me leave to return immediately to my wife and children, with whom, at least, I can talk and prattle my fill; for in commanding me to travel with you, through these deserts, night and day, without opening my lips when I am disposed to speak, your worship buries me alive: if it were the will of Heaven, that beasts spoke, as they did in the days of Hyssop, I should be the less uneasy, because I would converse with my ass, at pleasure; and that would be some comfort to me in my misfortunes; but it is a very hard case, and what I cannot bear with patience, to travel in search of adventures all my life, and find nought but ribroastings, blankettings, robberies, and fisticuffs; and, after all, be obliged to sew up our mouths, without daring to bring up what lies upon our stomachs, more than if we were dumb."

"I understand thee, Sancho (replied the knight); thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue: I take it off, then—say what you please, on condition, that this repeal shall last no longer than our stay in this mountain."—"Be it so (said Sancho); to-day I will speak; to-morrow, God's will be done: and the first use I make of this safe-conduct, is to ask why your worship was in such a passion about that Queen Magimasa, or how dy'e call her? or of what signification was it to you, whether that same Abat was her sweetheart or not? Had your worship overlooked that circumstance that you had no concern in, I firmly believe that the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have saved yourself the pebble shot, and I more than half a dozen of kicks and cuffs."

"In faith, Sancho (answered Don Quixote),

* Queen Madasima, a lady in Amadis de Gaul, attended by one Elisabat, a surgeon, with whom she travels, and lies in woods and deserts.

if thou knowest, as I do, what an honourable and princely lady that Queen Madasima was, thou wouldst say I had great patience in forbearing to demolish the mouth from whence such blasphemy proceeded; for sure 'tis no less than to say, or even think, that a queen should take a surgeon to her bed. The truth of the story is, that master Elisabat, whom the lunatic mentioned, was a man of prudence and discernment, and served the queen in quality of tutor and physician; but, to suppose that there was any indecent familiarity between them, is a piece of folly that deserves to be severely chastised: and to convince thee that Cardenio knew not what he said, thou mayest remember he was deprived of his senses when he took notice of that circumtsance."—"This I'll venture to say (replied the 'squire), that the words of a madman are not to be minded; for, if fortune had not stood your worship's friend, and directed to your breast the pebble that was aimed at your head, we should have been in a fine condition, for your having quarrelled about that lady, whom Heaven confound: you may depend upon it, Cardenio would have been acquitted on account of his madness."

"Every knight-errant (said Don Quixote), is obliged to quarrel with those who are out of their senses, as well as those who are in them, if they asperse the honour of women, whatsoever they might be. How much more then, in behalf of princesses of such high quality and accomplishments as adorned Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her admirable qualifications; for, over and above her beauty, she had a great share of prudence and resignation in her calamities, which were manifold: and the advice and company of Mr Elisabat were of great service in encouraging her to bear her afflictions with patience and equanimity. From hence, the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occasion to say, and suppose, that she admitted of his caresses: but they lie—I say again, all those who either say or think so lie in their throats, and I will tell them so two hundred times over."—"As for my own part (said Sancho), I neither say nor think any such thing; those that do may dine upon it: if they were too familiar, by this time they have answered for it to God. I prune my own vine, and know nothing about thine. I never meddle with other people's concerns. He that buys and denies, his own purse belies, as the saying is. Bare I was born, and bare I remain; and if I lose nothing as little I gain. If he did lie with her, that is no matter of mine. Many people hunt the hare without ever finding the scut; for, till you hedge in the sky, the starlings will fly, and evil tongues will not refrain from God himself."

"Good Heaven (cried Don Quixote), what fooleries art thou stringing together, Sancho! Pray, what relation have these old saws to the subject of our conversation? I charge thee to hold thy peace, and henceforth entertain thyself with spurring up thy ass, and leave off talking of things which do not concern thee: or let thy whole five senses be convinced, that every thing I have done, am doing, or will do, is highly reasonable, and in exact conformity with the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than any knight that has professed the order."—"Yes, sir (replied Sancho), to be sure it is an excellent law of chivalry, to stroll about bewildered in these mountains, where there is neither high-road nor by-path, in search of a madman, who, after we have found him, will perhaps take it in his head to finish what he left undone; not of his story, but of your worship's pate and my ribs, which he may chance to break in a thousand shivers."

"I say again, Sancho (resumed the knight), hold thy peace; for I would have thee know, that I am not detained in this place, so much by the desire of finding the lunatic as of performing in it an exploit by which I shall acquire everlasting renown throughout the whole known world; and put the stamp of perfection upon the wonderful efforts of knight-errantry."—"And will this exploit be attended with much danger?" said Sancho.—"No (answered he of the Rueful Countenance), though the dice may run so as to produce bad instead of good fortune; but the whole will depend upon thy diligence."—"Upon my diligence!" cried the 'squire.—"Without doubt, answered his master; for, if thou wilt return speedily from the place to which thou must be sent, my affliction will soon be at an end, and my glory will speedily begin: and, that I may no longer keep thee in suspense about the meaning of my words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect knights-errant. One of them, said I? he alone was the only, single, chief, and superior of all his contemporaries. Contempt and shame upon Bellianis, and all those who say he equalled him in any one particular; for, by this light, they are all egregiously deceived! I say, moreover, when a painter desires to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted by the most noted artists; and the same maxim holds in every other science and exercise that adorns a commonwealth: therefore, he who wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, must endeavour to imitate the character of Ulysses, in whose person and sufferings Homer has drawn an excellent picture of wisdom and patience, as Virgil, in the person of Æneas, represents the piety of an affectionate son, and the sagacity of a wise and valiant general: not that they are described and set forth exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been, as examples of virtue to posterity. In the same manner, Amadis shone like the north star, the Lucifer and sun of all valiant and amorous

knights; and, therefore, must be imitated as a pattern, by all those who serve under the banners of love and chivalry. Now, this being the case, friend Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who approaches the nearest to this great original, will bid fairest for attaining the perfection of chivalry: and one of the circumstances on which that knight gave the highest proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when he was in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, there to do penance under the feigned name Beltenebros,*—an appellation certainly very significant and proper to the way of life he had voluntarily chosen. As it is, therefore, more easy for me to imitate him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, overthrowing armies, scattering navies, and dissolving enchantments; and as this solitude is so well adapted to such designs, I am resolved to seize occasion by the forelock, which she now so complaisantly presents."

"In reality (said Sancho), what is your worship resolved to do in this remote place?"—"Have I not already told thee (replied the knight), that I am determined to imitate Amadis, in acting the desperado, the lunatic, and madman: to copy also after the valiant Don Roldan, when he discovered, in a fountain, certain marks, by which he was convinced that Angelica the Fair had committed uncleanness with Medoro,—a piece of information attended with such grief and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore up the trees by the roots, sullied the waters of the transparent springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, set fire to cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and performed a thousand other insolent feats worthy to be inserted in fame's eternal record: and because I do not propose to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he went by all these names, literally, in all the extravagancies he thought, said, and did, I will copy his outlines as well as I can, in the most essential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content myself with the sole imitation of Amadis, who, by his tears and sighs alone, acquired as much fame as the other, with all the mischief he did."—"If I apprehend the matter aright (said Sancho), the knights who played such mad pranks were provoked, and had some reason to act these fooleries and penance: but what causeth your worship to turn madman? With what lady are you in disgrace; or by what signs are you given to understand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been playing the rogue either with Moor or Christian?"—"This is the point (answered Don Quixote), and refinement of my design: a knight who turns madman, because he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune; but the great matter is, to run distracted without cause, and give my lady reason to conceive what I could do were I moistened, when I can do so much being dry. More especially, as I have sufficient cause in the long absence to which I am doomed by my ever-darling mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to the words of the shepherd Matias Ambrosio, which thou mayest have heard,

In absence of my charming fair,
I suffer all those ills I fear.

Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need not throw away your time unprofitably, in advising me to refrain from an imitation at once so admirable, rare, and happy: mad I am, and mad I shall be, until thou returnest with the answer of a letter which I propose to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as I am entitled to by my love and fidelity, my distraction and my penance will end: but, should it be otherwise, I shall run mad in earnest, and consequently be insensible of my misfortune: wherefore, let her answer be as it may, it will extricate me from the doubts and affliction in which thou leavest me; because, if it be favourable, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; and if it be unfavourable, my frenzy will not feel it.

"But tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet, which I saw thee take up, after that ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in vain to break it in pieces,—a circumstance that proves the excellency of its temper?" To this exclamation Sancho replied, "'Fore God! Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot suffer nor bear with patience some things which your worship says; for they make me imagine, that all you have mentioned about chivalry, and acquiring kingdoms and empires, and giving away islands, with other favours and presents, according to the practice of knights-errant, is nothing but puffs of falsehood, and the mere effect of piction or fiction, or what do you call it? for who that hears your worship call a barber's basin the helmet of Mambrino, and sees you continue in that error so many days, but will believe, that he who affirms such nonsense, must be very much crazed in his understanding? The basin, which is all bruised and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and used for the service of my own beard, if ever, by the grace of God, I come to see my wife and family."—"Hark ye, Sancho (said Don Quixote), by the same oath you swore, I swear again, that thou hast the most slender understanding that any 'squire in this world does, or ever did, possess! Is it possible, that, after all thy travelling in my company, thou art not convinced that every thing belong-

* The Beautiful Obscure.

ing to knights-errant appears chimera, folly, and distraction, being metamorphosed into the reverse of what it is, by the power of a tribe of enchanters who attend us, changing, converting, and restoring, each particular, according to their pleasure, and the inclination they have to favour or annoy us: for which reason, what seems a barber's basin to thee, I can easily discern to be the helmet of Mambrino, and perhaps to a third it will assume a quite different appearance; and I cannot but admire the providence of the sage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino's helmet appear a basin to the rest of mankind, because it is of such inestimable value, that, if it was known, the whole world would combine to ravish it from me; but, as it appears to them no more than a barber's basin, they never attempt to obtain it. This was plainly the case with the villain, who, having endeavoured to break it in pieces, left it on the ground when he went off; whereas, had he known what it was, in good faith he would not have quitted it so easily. Keep it therefore with care, my friend, for at present there is no occasion for it; on the contrary, I shall strip off all my armour, and remain naked as I was born, in case I be inclined to imitate the penance of Roldan rather than that of Amadis."

Conversing in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the skirts of it, winding along a meadow, so green and fertile, that it ravished the spectator's eye; while a number of forest trees that grew around, together with some delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place enchanting. This was the scene in which the Knight of the Rueful Countenance chose to do penance; and therefore he no sooner perceived it, than he began to exclaim aloud, as if he had actually lost his senses, "This is the spot, ye Heavens! which I choose and appoint my residence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourselves have reduced me. This is the place where the tears from these eyes will increase the waters of that little brook; and where my profound and uninterrupted sighs will incessantly move the leaves of these mountain-oaks, in witness and testimony of the pangs which my tormented heart endures. O ye rural deities, whosoever ye are, who take up your mansion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom a tedious absence and imaginary doubts have brought to lament among these craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel disposition of that ungrateful fair, who is the end and perfection of all human beauty! O ye nymphs and dryads, who are wont to inhabit the hills and groves (so may no nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved, though loved in vain, disturb your sweet repose), help me to bewail my mishap, or at least disdain not to hear my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboso! light of my darkness! glory of my affliction! north star of my inclination! and planet of my fortune! as Heaven shall pour upon you the blessings which you ask, consider the place and condition to which your absence hath exiled me, and put such a period to my woe, as my fidelity shall seem to deserve! O ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to bear me company in this retreat, convince me, by the gentle waving of your boughs, that my presence gives you no disgust; and thou, my 'squire, the agreeable companion of my good and evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy remembrance what thou shalt see me do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse every circumstance to the lovely cause of all my distraction!" So saying, he alighted, and taking off the bridle and saddle from Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, pronouncing these words: "He who is a slave himself, bestows freedom upon thee. O steed, as excellent in thy qualities as unlucky in thy fate! go wheresoever thou wilt; thou bearest engraven on thy forehead, that thou wast never equalled in swiftness, either by Astolpho's Hypogriff, or the renowned Frontino, that cost Bradamante so dear."

Sancho hearing this apostrophe, "My blessing (cried he), be upon him, whose industry now saves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple,* who, in good faith, should not want slaps on the buttocks, nor abundance of fine things said in his praise: but, if he was here, I would not consent to his being turned loose, there being no reason for so doing; for he was never acquainted with love and despair, no more than I who was his master, while it pleased God I should be so: and truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really to take place, you had better saddle Rozinante again, to supply the want of Dapple; by which means a great deal of time will be saved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed; for, in short, I am a very sorry walker."—"I say, be it so, then, Sancho (answered Don Quixote): I approve of thy proposal; and assure thee, that thou shalt set out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I shall do for her sake, that thou mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour."—"What more can I see (said Sancho), than I have seen already?"—"You are pretty perfect in your story (answered the knight); but as yet I have not torn my clothes,

* Lo! Sancho's ass hath disappeared again.

scattered my armour, and dashed my head against the rocks, nor performed many other things of this sort, which thou wilt behold with admiration."—"For the love of God, sir (cried Sancho), take care how you dash your head against the rocks; for you may chance to meet with such an one as will at the first push put the finishing stroke to this whole scheme of penance; and I should think, that as knocks of the head are absolutely necessary to complete the work, your worship might content yourself, seeing the whole affair is a sham, a counterfeit, and a joke; I say, your worship might content yourself with ramming your skull against water, or some soft thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock, a thousand times harder than adamant."—"Friend Sancho (replied the knight), I am obliged to thee for thy kind intention; but thou must know, that what I do is not a sham, but a very serious matter; for to behave otherwise were to transgress the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lie, under pain of being degraded; and you know, that to substitute one thing instead of another, is downright telling a lie: wherefore, my knocks on the head must be real, hard, and effectual, and not sophisticated or imaginary; and it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam."

"It was a much greater misfortune (said the 'squire), to lose the ass, and with him the lint and all; but I beseech your worship not to talk of that accursed drench, the sole mention of which not only turns my stomach, but even my very soul; and I beseech you, moreover, to suppose we have passed those three days which you have appointed for shewing me your mad pranks; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders of them to my lady. Write the letter therefore, and despatch me forthwith; because I am impatient till I return and deliver your worship from that purgatory in which I leave you."—"Purgatory call you it, Sancho? (replied Don Quixote); it rather deserves the name of hell, or something worse, if worse can be."—"I have heard (said the 'squire), that from hell there is no retention."—"I know not (replied the knight), what you mean by retention."—"Retention (answered Sancho), signifies, that whosoever goeth to hell, neither will nor can come back again. The contrary of which shall happen to your worship, or my feet will misgive me, provided I carry spurs to quicken Rozinante: and set me once face to face before my lady Dulcinea at Toboso, I will tell her such stories of the folly and madness, for they are both the same thing, which your worship has committed, and will then be committing, that though I should find her harder than a cork-tree, I will make her as pliant as a glove, and with her sweet and honeyed answer, return through the air like a witch, and deliver your worship from this purgatory that appears like hell, though it be not really so, because there are some hopes of getting out of it; whereas those who are actually in hell can have no such expectation; and I dare say, your worship will not advance any thing to the contrary."

"That is all very true (said he of the Rueful Countenance); but how shall we make shift to write this letter?"—"Ay, and the bill for the colts?" added Sancho.—"That shall be inserted in the letter (answered his master); and I think, as there is no paper to be had in this place, the best thing we can do, will be to write in the manner of the ancients, on the leaf of a tree, or on waxen tables, though, I believe, those will be as difficult to be found as the paper. But now I remember what will do well, and excellently well, for our purpose: I will write it in the pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou shalt take care to have it fairly transcribed in the first place where thou canst find a schoolmaster or parish clerk to copy it; but by no means employ a scrivener, who may write it in such an unintelligible court-hand, that Satan himself could not understand it."—"But what is to be done about the signing of it?" said Sancho.—"Love-letters are never signed," replied Don Quixote.—"True (resumed the 'squire), but all bills must be subscribed; and if this of yours were to be copied, they would say the subscription was counterfeit, and I might go whistle for my colts."—"The bill shall be subscribed with my own hand in the pocket-book, which my niece shall no sooner see, than she will comply with the order, without any further objection; and, with regard to the letter, instead of my subscription, thou shalt cause to be inserted, 'Yours, till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' And though it be written by another hand, it is of small importance, because, now I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor ever set eyes on any writing or letter of mine; for our mutual love has been altogether Platonic, without extending farther than a modest glance; and even that so seldom, that I can safely swear, in twelve years, during which I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which will one day be closed in dust, I have not seen her more than four times, and even in these four times, perhaps, she hath not perceived me looking at her more than once. Such is the restraint and reserve in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up!"

"Ah, ah! (cried Sancho), is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whose other name is Aldonza Lorenzo, the same with the lady Dulcinea?"—"Yes (answered the knight); and she deserves to be lady of the whole universe."—"I know her perfectly well (said Sancho); and this will venture to say in her behalf, that she

will pitch the bar as well as e'er a lusty young fellow in the village. Bless the sender! she is a strapper, tall and hale wind and limb, and can lift out of the mire any 'squire or knight-errant who shall choose her for a sweetheart. Ah! the whore's chick! what a pair of lungs and voice has she got! I heard her one day hollow from the belfry to some young fellows of her acquaintance, who were at work in a corn-field of her father's; and, though it was at the distance of half a league, they heard her as plain as if they had been right under the steeple; and, what is better still, she is not at all coy, but behaves herself civilly, and jokes, and romps, and plays the rogue with any body. Now, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say that your worship not only has cause to run mad for her, but even to despair and hang yourself: and I am sure nobody that heard it, but would say you had done extremely well, even though the devil should run away with you: and truly I wish I were now upon my way, merely to see her; for I have not beheld her these many days; and surely she must be greatly altered; for the sun and weather does very much damage to the face of a woman who is always at work in the field. To tell you the truth, Sir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with respect to my lady Dulcinea, whom I verily believed to be some princess that your worship was in love with; or a person of such rank as to deserve the rich presents you sent to her; namely, the Biscayan and galley-slaves, with many others whom you conquered in the course of your numberless victories, both before and since I have been your 'squire. But, when one considers the affair, what benefits can my lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean, my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, reap from your worship's sending, or having sent, those whom you overcome in battle, to fall upon their knees before her? especially as they might chance to come at a time when she is busy carding flax and threshing corn; in which case, they would be ashamed to see her, and she laugh and be out of humour at their arrival."—"I have frequently observed before now, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that thou art an everlasting babbler, and, though of a shallow understanding, thy bluntness borders often on severity; but, to convince thee of thy own ignorance and my discretion, thou shalt give ear to a short story which I will relate:—

"Know then, that once upon a time, a certain handsome widow, young, free, wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, squat, brawny, lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent: the superior of which being informed of the affair, said to the widow one day, by way of brotherly reproof, 'I am amazed, madam, and not without cause, that a lady of your rank, beauty, and fortune, should bestow your affection upon such a low, simple, clownish fellow, when there are so many masters, graduates, and divines in the convent, among whom your ladyship may choose, as one picks pears, saying, This I like, that I loathe.' The lady answered with great freedom and vivacity, 'Signor, you are very much deceived, and very old-fashioned in your opinion, if you think I have made a bad choice in that fellow who seems so simple: for, in that particular which I admire, he is as much of a philosopher, nay, more than Aristotle himself.' In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso is as proper for my occasions as the highest princess upon earth. All the poets who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe. Dost thou imagine that all the Amaryllisses, Silvias, Phillisis, Dianas, Galateas, Alidas, and other names so often met with in romances, poems, barbers' shops, and on the stage, actually belonged to ladies of flesh and blood, who were adored by those who sing and have sung their praises? No surely; but, on the contrary, are, for the most part, feigned and adopted as the subjects of verse, that the poets may be thought men of amorous and gallant dispositions. Wherefore, let it suffice that I imagine and believe the worthy Aldonza Lorenzo to be beautiful and modest: and, as to her pedigree, it is a matter of small importance; there is no necessity for taking information on that head, as if she were to be invested with some order of knighthood, and I take it for granted, that she is the noblest princess in the universe; for thou must know, Sancho, if it be a thing of which thou art ignorant, that the two qualities, which, above all others, inspire love, are beauty and reputation: and these two is Dulcinea in consummate possession of; for, in beauty, she excels all women, and is equalled by very few in point of reputation. And, to conclude, I imagine that all I have said is true without exaggeration or diminution. I paint her in my fancy, according to my wish, as well in beauty as in rank; unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages past, whether Grecian, Roman, or Barbarian; and let people say what they will, if I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the most rigid of those who are proper judges of the case."—"I say (answered Sancho), that your worship is very much in the right, and I am no better than an ass: but I know not why I should mention the word ass: for one ought not to talk of halters in the house of a man who was hanged. But give me the letter, and farewell till I return."

Don Quixote pulled out the memorandum book, and, stepping aside, with great composure, began to write the letter, which, when he had finished, he called to Sancho, saying he wanted to read it to him, that he might retain it in his memory, in case he should lose it by the way;

for every thing was to be feared from his evil fortune. "Your worship (answered Sancho), may write it down two or three times in the book, and I will take special care to convey it safely; but it is folly to suppose that I can retain it in my memory, which is so bad, that I have many a time forgot my own name; but, notwithstanding, pray, sir, read it to me; I shall be hugely rejoiced to hear it; for it must certainly be curiously penned."—"Listen then, and I will read it," said Don Quixote, who began as follows:—

"*Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.*

"SOVEREIGN AND SUBLIME PRINCESS,

"HE who is wounded by the edge of absence, and whose heart is stuck full of the darts of affliction, most divine Dulcinea del Toboso! wishes thee that health which he is not doomed to enjoy. If I am scorned by that beauty, if thy virtue affords me no relief, if thy disdain completes my misfortune; albeit, I am inured to suffering, I can ill support the misery I bear, which hath not only been excessive, but also of long duration. My trusty 'squire Sancho will give thee an ample relation, O ungrateful beauty and lovely foe! of the situation in which I remain on thy account: if it be thy will to succour me, I am thy slave: if not, use thy pleasure; for the end of my life will satisfy thy cruelty and my desire. Thine till death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE."

"By my father's soul! (cried Sancho), this is the highest thing I ever heard. Odds-niggers! how your worship writes whatsoever you please, and how curiously you conclude, 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' I verily believe your worship is the devil himself, and knows every thing."—"All that knowledge (replied the knight), is necessary for the employment I profess."—"Why then (said the 'squire), be so good as to write on the other leaf the order for the three colts, and be sure to subscribe distinctly, that when it is presented, your handwriting may be known."—"With all my heart," said Don Quixote, who, having written the order, read it aloud in these terms:—

"DEAR NIECE,

"PLEASE deliver to Sancho Panza, my 'squire, or order, at sight of this my first bill of colts, three of the five, which I left at home in your custody: which three colts I order you to pay, in return for the like number received of him: and this bill, together with his receipt, shall be a sufficient acquittance to you.

"Given in the heart of the Brown Mountain, the twentieth and second of August, this present year."

Sancho liked the form, and desired his master to sign it. "There is no occasion for my signing it (said Don Quixote), with any thing but my cipher, which is sufficient not only for three, but three hundred asses."—"As to that I will take your worship's word; and now give me leave to go and saddle Rozinante, which when I have done, and received your blessing, I intend forthwith to depart, without staying to see you play any foolish tricks, though I will affirm I have beheld you perform so many, that she will desire to hear no more of the matter."—"At least, Sancho (said the knight), I would have thee, because there is a necessity for it, stay and see me strip, and perform a dozen or two of mad pranks, which I can easily finish in half an hour; for, when thine eyes shall have been witnesses of some things I will act, thou mayest safely swear to what additions thou shalt make in thy report; and I assure you, thou wilt not relate the half of what I intend to achieve."—"For the love of God! dear sir, (cried Sancho), let me not see your worship naked: for it will give me so much uneasiness, that I shall not be able to refrain from weeping: and my head aches already, with the sorrow I felt last night about Dapple; so that I cannot bear to be set a-mourning again: wherefore, if it be your worship's pleasure, that I should see some of your mad actions, pray despatch them in your clothes; and let them be such as will stand you in most steed: for my own part, I think there is no occasion for any such thing; and if you dispense with them it will save time, and send me back the sooner with such news as your worship desires and deserves. For, if my lady Dulcinea is not prepared to send a reasonable answer, I solemnly protest, I will extract a favourable reply out of her maw, by kicking and cuffing. What! is it to be borne, that such a renowned knight-errant as your worship, should run mad without why or wherefore, on account of a——I would not have her ladyship compel me to speak, or, egad, I shall blab things by the dozen, even though they should spoil the market. I am a rare fellow at that sport. I find she knows little of my temper, otherwise, i'faith! she would take care to give me no offence."—"In good faith, Sancho (said Don Quixote), thou seemest to be as mad as myself."—"Not quite so mad (replied the 'squire), but a little more choleric; but enough of that. What eatables has your worship got to live upon till my return? will you go to the high road, and rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?"—"Let not that give thee any concern (answered the knight), though I had store of provisions by me, I should eat nothing but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees afford: the perfection of my design consisting in abstaining from food, and encountering other hardships."—"Your worship must know (said Sancho), that I am afraid I shall

not find my way back again to this concealed and unfrequented place, in which I leave your worship."—"Take good notice of the marks (answered the knight), and I shall endeavour to remain always near this very spot: nay, I will take care to ascend the highest rocks hereabouts, that I may have a chance of descrying thee afar off, in thy return. But the best scheme for preventing thy being bewildered will be, to cut down some of the furze that grows here in great plenty, and drop bunches of it, at small distances, on the way, until thou shalt reach the flat country: and they will serve as land-marks to guide thee hither on thy return, like the clue of Theseus, in the labyrinth of Crete."

"I will take your advice," said Sancho; who, accordingly, cutting a large bundle, begged his master's blessing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both sides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote strongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the steed as he would shew for his own person, he set out for the plain, scattering by the way the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his master. In this manner, then, did he begin his journey, notwithstanding the incessant importunities of Don Quixote, who solicited him to stay and see some of his extravagancies: but he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, saying, "I confess your worship was in the right, when you observed, that, in order to my swearing with a safe conscience that I have seen you perform mad pranks, it would be necessary for you to play some in my presence; although, in my opinion, I have seen a pretty good sample already in your staying here by yourself."—"Did not I tell thee so, Sancho? (said Don Quixote), wait a little, and I will finish them in a twinkling." So saying, he stript off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his posteriors covered by the tail of his shirt alone, and without further ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, disclosing particulars, which shocked the modesty of Sancho so much, that, in order to avoid the sight of them a second time, he turned Rozinante, fully satisfied and pleased, that he might now honestly swear he had left his master distracted. We will therefore let him pursue his journey, till his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refinements in love, practised by Don Quixote, in the Brown Mountain.

But to return to the account of what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance executed when he found himself alone. The history relates, that, having performed the capers and the tumbles, naked, from the waist downward, and perceived that Sancho was gone, without waiting to see more of his extravagancies, he climbed to the top of a high rock, and there revolved what he had often reflected upon, without coming to any conclusion; namely, whether it was better and more fit for his purpose to imitate Orlando in his outrageous, or Amadis in his melancholy madness. "It is not to be wondered at (said he, within himself), if Orlando was such a stout and valiant knight as he is represented; for he was actually enchanted, and invulnerable by every weapon but the point of a pin, thrust into his foot, upon which he always wore a shoe with seven soles of iron: though that precaution did not avail him against Bernardo del Carpeio, who, being informed of the contrivance, strangled him in his arms at the battle of Roncevalles: but the circumstance of his valour apart, let us consider that of his losing his senses, which actually happened, when he found the tokens in the fountain, and received the information of the shepherd, by which he learned that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Modero, the little Moor with curled locks, who was Agramante's page; and truly, if he was convinced in his own mind that his mistress had misbehaved in that manner, it was no great feat to run mad upon the discovery.—But why should I imitate him in his madness, when the occasion is not similar; for my Dulcinea del Toboso, I dare swear, never, in all the days of her life, beheld one Moor in his own likeness; and is this day as much a virgin as the mother that bore her; I should therefore do her a manifest injury, in imagining otherwise, and adopting that kind of madness which possessed Orlando Furioso. On the other hand, I am sensible that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his senses, or acting the madman, acquired as much, or more fame than he, in the character of a lover; for, according to the history, all that he did, when he found himself in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, who banished him from her presence during pleasure, was to retire, in company of a hermit to the poor rock, where he contented himself with bemoaning his misfortune, until Heaven sent him succour, in the midst of his great necessity and affliction. If this circumstance, therefore, be true, as I know it is, why should I now take the trouble of stripping myself naked, or give umbrage to these trees, which have done me no harm? or what reason have I to defile the pure stream of these rivulets, which, when I want it, will yield me pleasant drink? Flourish then the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible by Don Quixote de la

Mancha, of whom may be said, that which is recorded of another, 'If he did not achieve great things, at least he died in attempting.'* And though I am not banished nor disdained by my Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Come then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye feats of Amadis, and initiate me in the imitation of your fame! I know his chief exercise was prayer, and in that too will I follow his example." So saying, he composed a rosary of the large galls of a cork-tree, which he strung together instead of beads; but he found an insurmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confess and console him: wherefore, he entertained himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verses on the barks of trees and the smooth sand: all of them on the subject of his own melancholy, or in praise of his mistress Dulcinea; but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire:—

Ye trees and herbs, so green and tall,
That shade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor let my grief, though loud, invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-offer'd tax of sorrow, paid
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Toboso.

These are the rocks to which he's driven
By her who seems not much to care for
The truest lover under heaven:
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore.
By love toss'd like a tennis-ball,
A cask of tears will not defray a
Whole day's expense of grief and gall,
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Toboso.

Among these craggy rocks and brambles,
He hangs, alas! on sorrow's tenters;
Or curses, as alone he rambles,
The cruel cause of his misventures.
Unpitying love about his ears,
With scourge severe began to play a
Most dreadful game, that made his tears
Flow for his absent Dulcinea
del Toboso.

These verses, with the addition of del Toboso, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diversion to those who found them: for, they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the stanza could not possibly be understood; and this was really the case, as he afterwards owned. Many other ditties did he compose; but, as we have already observed, none but these three stanzas could be deciphered and read. In this amusement, in sighing, invoking the fawns and sylvans of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with the damp and doleful echo to hear, console, and resound his complaints, and in culling plants to sustain nature, he employed himself till the return of Sancho, who, had he stayed three weeks instead of three days, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance would have been so emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry, in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza in the execution of his embassy. Having reached the highway, this trusty messenger took the road to Toboso, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the disgraceful adventure of the blanketting. He no sooner perceived the unlucky house, than he fancied himself cutting capers in the air again; and was very loath to enter, although it was then dinner-time, and he was very much instigated by the desire of tasting something hot, as he had lived for a great many days past on cold victuals only. This inclination compelled him to ride close up to the inn, where, while he was sitting in suspense, and hesitating whether or not he should enter, two persons happened to come to the door, and, knowing him immediately, the one said to the other, "Pray, Mr Licentiate, is not that man on horseback our neighbour Sancho Panza, who, as the housekeeper told us, went out with our adventurer in quality of 'squire?"—"The very same (answered the licentiate), and that is the individual horse of our friend, Don Quixote." And no wonder they should know him so easily; for they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the scrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the 'squire, and the curate called him by name, saying, "Friend Sancho, where is your master?" Sancho, who recollected them also, resolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his master; and therefore answered, that the knight was in a certain place,

* Probably alluding to the epitaph of Phaeton:—

"Hic situs est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen occidit ausis."

employed about a certain affair of the utmost importance, which he durst not disclose for the eyes that stood in his head."—"That pretence will not do, Sancho (said the barber); if you refuse to tell where he is, we shall imagine, as indeed we do, that you have robbed and murdered him, and taken possession of his horse, so that, in good sooth, you must either produce him, or in this very spot we will——"—"You have no occasion (cried Sancho, interrupting him), to threaten people in this manner; I am not the man to rob or murder any person: every man must fall by his own fortune, or by the will of God that created him: my master is sound and safe, doing penance in the midst of that mountain, to his heart's content." He then, without pausing, in a breath informed them of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was no other than Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his master was up to his ears in love.

They were astonished at what the 'squire related, and though well acquainted with the particular species of Don Quixote's madness, this instance afforded fresh admiration: they desired Sancho to shew them the letter for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and he told them it was only a rough draught written on the leaf of a pocket-book; and that his master had ordered him to get it transcribed on a sheet of paper, with the first convenient opportunity. The curate promised to transcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again desiring a sight of it, Sancho put his hand in his bosom, in search of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpose; for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give, as he to ask it of him, before he set out. Sancho, missing his charge, grew pale as death, and, searching again his whole body with great eagerness, could find nothing; upon which, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vast despatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and nose in such a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with his own person, asked what had happened to him, that made him handle himself so roughly?—"What has happened to me? (cried the 'squire); I have lost and let slip through my fingers, in an instant, three ass colts, each of which was as tall as a tower."—"By what means?" resumed the barber.—"I have lost (answered Sancho), the pocket-book, in which was written the letter for Dulcinea, together with an order, signed by my master's own hand, desiring his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five which he has at home." At the same time, he told them how he had lost Dapple. The curate comforted him, by saying, that when he returned, his master would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the custom is, for those written in pocket-books are never accepted or paid.

With this assurance Sancho consoled himself, observing, since that was the case, he should not give himself much unessiness about the loss of the letter, which, as he retained it by heart, he could cause to be transcribed where and when he pleased. The barber desired him to repeat it, telling him they would transcribe it; upon which Sancho began to scratch his head, in order to recollect it, standing sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other. One while he fixed his eyes upon the ground, then lifted them up to heaven: at last, after a most tedious pause, during which he gnawed off the half of one of his nails, and kept his hearers in the most impatient suspense, "Fore God, Mr Licentiate (said he), I believe the devil has run away with every word that I remembered of this letter, though I am positive it began with 'subterrene and sublime princess!'"—"It could not be subterrene (said the barber), but superterrene, or sovereign."—"You are in the right (resumed Sancho): then, if my memory does not fail me, it went on with 'the smitten, the sleepless, and the sore, kisses your hands, most ungrateful and unregarded beauty:' and something or other of health and distemper which he wished her; running on at this rate, till he concluded with 'Yours, till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

The hearers were not a little diverted with this specimen of Sancho's memory, which they applauded very much, desiring him to repeat the letter again, twice over, that they might retain it, until they could have an opportunity of transcribing it. He accordingly renewed his efforts, repeated it three times; and as often recited three thousand other absurdities. He likewise gave them an account of every thing which had befallen his master; but mentioned not a syllable of the blanketting that had happened to himself, in that very inn which he refused to enter: nay, he gave them to understand, that his master, as soon as he could bring him a favourable despatch from my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, would put himself in the way of becoming an emperor, or monarch at least, according to the plan settled between them. This he represented as a very easy matter, considering the valour of his person and strength of his arm: and told them, that this design would be no sooner accomplished, than the knight would bestow upon him in marriage (for by that time he must of necessity be a widower) one of the maids of honour to the empress, a fine young lady, and heiress of a vast and

wealthy estate upon the main land, without any oilands or islands, which he did not much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-headed information with such composure, wiping his nose from time to time, that his townsmen could not help admiring anew the madness of Don Quixote, which, like a whirlpool, had sucked in and swept along with it the understanding of this poor simpleton. They did not choose to fatigue themselves with endeavours to convince him of his error; but, as they believed it was not prejudicial to his conscience, resolved, for their amusement, to encourage him in his folly: with this view, they advised him to pray to God for long life and health to his master; and observed, that it was a thing both likely and feasible that he should, in process of time, become an emperor, at least an archbishop, or attain some station of equal dignity. To this encouragement, Sancho replied, "Gentlemen, if fortune should bring matters about, so as that my master should incline to be an archbishop rather than an emperor, I should be glad to know what archbishops-errant bestow upon their 'squires?" The curate told him, that they commonly gave them some simple benefice, curacy, or the office of sacristan, with a good yearly income, besides the fees of the altar, which are usually reckoned at as much more. "In order to fill an employment of that kind (answered Sancho), the 'squire must be unmarried, and, at least, capable of assisting at mass; and if that be the case, what will become of me, who have not only the misfortune to be married, but am also ignorant of the first letter of the A, B, C; should my master take it in his head to be an archbishop rather than an emperor, according of the custom of knights-errant?"—"Don't make yourself uneasy about that matter, friend Sancho (said the barber); for we will entreat and advise your master, nay, even make it an affair of conscience, for him to become an emperor rather than archbishop, as a station more suited to his disposition, which is more warlike than studious."—"I was of the same opinion (replied Sancho), but now, I'll venture to say, he has a capacity for every thing: and what I intend to do, is to beseech our Lord to direct his choice to that station which will be most for his own honour and my advantage."—"You speak like a sensible man (said the curate); and in so doing, will act the part of a good Christian: but our present business is to think on some means of putting an end to this useless penance your master has imposed upon himself; and, in the mean time, go in to dinner." Sancho desired them to enter, saying he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him so to do: but begged they would be so good as to bring out something hot for himself, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a little time the barber brought him out a mess of hot victuals. After they had both mutually deliberated about the means of accomplishing their designs, the curate fell upon a scheme, extremely well adapted to the taste of the knight, as well as to their purpose. He proposed to clothe himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and that the barber should disguise himself as well as he could, in the likeness of a 'squire; which being done, they should go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the priest, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, should beg a boon, which he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting: this boon should be a request, that he would accompany her to a certain place whither she would conduct him, there to redress an injury she had received from a discourteous knight; and the boon should be attended with an humble supplication, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor ask any question about her affairs, until he should have done her justice upon her adversary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any request made in that style, he hoped, by these means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his strange disorder.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and Barber set out on the execution of their plan; with other events worthy to be recorded in this sublime history.

This scheme of the curate was so well relished by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately, by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the priest left a new cassock in pawn: while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to stick his comb. When the hostess asked what occasion they had for these things, the curate gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and explained the use to which they intended to put the disguise, in order to disengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately discovered that this lunatic was no other than their quondam guest, who was author of the balsam, and master of the blanketted 'squire; and recounted to the curate every thing that had happened, not even forgetting the circumstance which Sancho was at such pains to conceal. In short, the landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner: she put upon him a cloth petticoat flounced and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet, and a close jerkin of green velvet, garnished with robings of white satin, which, together with the petticoat, seem-

ed to have been made in the reign of King Bamba:* he would not suffer himself to be coifed, but covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a sort of mask with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Over all, he flapped his beaver, which was so broad that it might have served for an umbrella; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, mounted his mule, sitting sideways like a woman: while the barber bestrid his own beast, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made, as we before observed, of a pied ox's tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body present, even the kind Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to mumble a whole rosary over, in prayers to God, for the good success of that arduous and Christian design they had undertaken: but scarce had they sallied from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for disguising himself: it being, in his opinion, indecent for a priest to appear in such a manner, how much soever depended upon their success. He therefore proposed that he should exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damsel in distress, while he took that of the 'squire, which he thought did not so much profane the dignity of the cloth: and unless his neighbour would agree to this proposal, he assured him that he was resolved to go no farther, even if the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote. At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb, could not refrain from laughing: in short, the barber assented to every thing the other proposed; and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to instruct him touching his behaviour and speech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had chosen for the scene of his vain and extravagant penance. The barber told him, that, without his lessons, he knew very well how to demean himself in the character; and as he did not choose to put on the dress till they should be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the priest adjusted his beard, and both together proceeded on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who, by the way, related to them what happened between his master and the madman, whom they met with in the Brown Mountain; concealing, nevertheless, the circumstance of the portmanteau, and its contents; for, notwithstanding his simplicity, our youth was as covetous as wiser people.

Next day they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had strewed, in order to ascertain the place where he had left his master: he no sooner, therefore, perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain, and desired them to put on their dresses, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise was of the utmost importance, in disengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they charged him not to tell his master that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtless he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, that as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence with all convenient speed, on an affair of the utmost consequence to him: for, with this answer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king; and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The 'squire listened to these directions, which he carefully deposited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor's crown rather than an archbishop's mitre, as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for their 'squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this answer of his lady, which, he assured them, would be sufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any further trouble. They approved of his opinion, and resolved to stay where they were until he should return with the news of his having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling brook, and shaded, in a most cool and agreeable manner, by some rocks and trees that grew round it.

It being then the month of August, when the heat in those parts is excessive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hottest time of the day; they were the more charmed with the situation, which was so inviting, that they chose it for the place of their residence, until Sancho should return. While they lay at their ease, under the covert of this shade, their ears were saluted with

* Bamba, or Wamba, king of the Visigoths in Spain, mounted the throne in the year 672, and was famous for his success against the Arabians, as well as for his attachment to the Christian religion; as a proof of which he retired into a monastery, and resigned the kingdom to Ervige.

the sound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment, little expecting to meet with such a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place: for though it is usually said, that the woods and mountains abound with shepherds, who sing most enchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: besides, the verses which they heard were not composed in the rustic phrase of clowns, but in a polite and courtly strain; as may be perceived by the song itself, which follows:—

Ah! what inspires my woeful strain?
Unkind disdain!
Ah! what augments my misery?
Fell jealousy!
Or say, what hath my patience worn?
An absent lover's scorn!
The torments then that I endure
No mortal remedy can cure:
For every languid hope is slain
By absence, jealousy, disdain!

From love, my unrelenting foe,
These sorrows flow!
My infant glory's overthrown,
By fortune's frown;
Confirm'd in this my wretched state
By the decrees of fate.
In death alone, I hope release
From this compounded dire disease;
Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and love conspire with fate!

Ah! what will mitigate my doom?
The silent tomb!
Ah! what retrieve departed joy?
Inconstancy!
Or say, can aught but frenzy bear
This tempest of despair?
All other efforts, then, are vain,
To cure this soul-tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
Than madness, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, and the solitude, conspired with the agreeable voice of the singer, to increase the wonder and satisfaction of the hearers, who listened for some time in expectation of something else: but, the silence having continued a good while, they resolved to go in quest of the person who sung so enchantingly; and were just going to set out in this design, when they were arrested by the same voice, which again saluted their ears with this other song:—

O sacred friendship! mild and gay,
Who to the regions of the blest
Hath soar'd, and left mankind a prey
To fraud, in thy resemblance drest.

Auspicious hear, and hither send
Thy sister truth, with radiant eyes,
To brand the false professing friend,
Detected in the fair disguise.

Or, come thyself, and reinspire
The purpose candid and humane:
Else peace and order will retire,
While horror and confusion reign.

This sonnet was concluded with a most profound sigh, and the curate and barber began again to listen for more; but, finding the music converted into mournful sobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy person was, who sung so well and groaned so piteously. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when, turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same make and appearance that Sancho described, when he related the story of Cardenio: he did not seem surprised at sight of them, but stood with his head reclining upon his breast, in a very pensive posture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their first sudden appearance. The curate, who was a well-spoken man, concluding from the description, that this must be he whose misfortune he had been apprised of, went up, and in a short but pathetic address exhorted and entreated him to quit that miserable course of life, which was the greatest of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio, being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, entirely free of that frantic paroxysm which used so utterly to deprive him of his senses, and seeing two people so differently dressed from those he commonly met with in that solitude, could not help being somewhat surprised; especially, when he heard them talk of his misfortune as a circumstance with which they were well acquainted; for the curate had mentioned it in the course of his expostulation; and therefore he answered in this manner:—"I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that Heaven, which is careful in succouring the good, and sometimes even the bad, hath sent, though I little deserve such favour and condescension, divers people into this unfrequented solitude, so remote from all commerce and society, in order to convince me, by just and various arguments, how unreasonable I act in leading this kind of life, which they have endeavoured to make me exchange for a better; and, as they know not the reasons I have, to think that, in quitting this situation, I shall be plunged into a worse, they have perhaps looked upon me as a person of very shallow understanding, or, which is still a conjecture more unfavourable, a downright madman; and truly it is not to be wondered at, if that was really the case; for I can easily conceive, that my misfortunes operate so intensely upon my imagination, and impair my faculties so much, that

sometimes, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I become like that rock, void of all sentiment and knowledge; and am convinced of my infirmity too late, when people shew me the marks of what I have done, while I was under the influence of that terrible transport: then all that I can do, is to bewail my distemper, curse my lot in vain, and, in excuse of my madness, relate my sufferings to all who express the least desire of hearing them; that those of sounder judgment, knowing the cause, may not wonder at the effects; and, if they cannot prevent, at least pardon my frenzy; converting their indignation at my extravagance into compassion for my woes: and if you, gentlemen, are come with that intention, which hath brought others to this place, before you proceed with your prudent admonitions, I entreat you to hear the detail of my misfortunes, which you do not yet know, and then, perhaps, you will save yourselves the trouble which you might otherwise take, in consoling an affliction that admits of no consolation."

The two friends, who desired nothing else than to hear from his own mouth the cause of his misfortune, earnestly begged he would recount it, and promised to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus assured, the melancholy gentleman began his distressful story, nearly in the same words and circumstances which he had used a few days before to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted in the affair of Mr Elisabat, by the knight's punctuality in asserting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related: but now he remained fortunately free from his paroxysm, and, of consequence, had time to finish the narration, which was imperfect before. When he, therefore, came to the circumstances of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul,* he said he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in these terms:

"LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

"I EVERY day discover new qualities in Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to esteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all suspense, you may effectuate your purpose without the least prejudice to my honour; for my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and, far from tyrannising over my affections, will cheerfully grant that which is so justly your due, if your passion is such as I wish and believe it to be."

"I resolved, as I have already told you, to demand Lucinda in marriage upon the receipt of this letter, which not only confirmed Don Fernando's high opinion of her prudence and virtue, but also inflamed him with the desire of ruining my hopes before I should be able to bring them to maturity. I told this faithless friend, Lucinda's father expected that mine should propose the match; and that I durst not communicate my desire to him, lest he should refuse to comply with it: not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's rank, virtue, beauty, and qualifications, which were sufficient to ennoble any other family in Spain, but, because I understood he was averse to my being married, until he should see what Duke Ricardo would do in my behalf: in short, I told him that I would not venture to propose it, being afraid, not only of this ill consequence, but also of many others which I could not foresee; although I had a strong impression upon my mind, that my wishes would never be completed. In answer to this declaration, Don Fernando undertook to manage the affair, and prevail upon my father to propose the match to Lucinda's parents. O villain! more ambitious than Marius, more cruel than Cataline, more savage than Sylla, more fraudulent than Galalon, more treacherous than Vellido,† more vengeful than Julian, and more covetous than Judas! cruel, false, vindictive traitor! what injuries hadst thou suffered from this poor credulous wretch, who with such confidence disclosed to thee the most secret recesses of his soul! what offence had he given? what words had he uttered, or what advice had he offered, that did not directly tend to thy honour and advantage? But, unhappy that I am! wherefore should I complain? seeing it is a thing certain, that when once the tide of misfortune, heaped up by one's malignant stars, begins to descend with violence and fury, no earthly mound can oppose, nor human industry divert, its course. Who could imagine, that such an illustrious, accomplished young gentleman as Don Fernando, who lay under obligations for the services I had done him, and was powerful enough to obtain the gratification of his wish, whithersoever his amorous inclination pointed, should plague himself, as I may say, in attempts to rob me of my single lamb, even before I had possessed it?

"But let us lay aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and rejoin the broken thread of my unfortunate story. Well, then: Don Fernando, perceiving that my presence would be an obstruction to the execution of his false and perfidious design, resolved to send me back to

* There is no such letter mentioned in his conversation with Don Quixote.

† Who murdered Sancho I. king of Castile, while he was engaged in the siege of Zamora.

his elder brother, on pretence of getting money to pay for six horses, which he purposely bought that very day he undertook to speak to my father, in order to have an excuse for sending me away, that he might, in my absence, the more easily succeed in his villainous intention. Was it possible for me to prevent this treachery, or indeed conceive his design? no, surely. On the contrary, I offered, with the utmost alacrity, to set out forthwith, so pleased was I with the purchase he had made. That very night I had a private conversation with Lucinda, in which I told her the scheme I had concerted with Don Fernando, and bade her rest assured in the hope that our just and honourable desires would soon be gratified. She, as little suspicious of Don Fernando's perfidy as I was, entreated me to return with speed, believing that our wishes would be completed as soon as my father should mention the affair to her's. I don't know upon what account her eyes were filled with tears when she pronounced these words; and something that seemed to swell in her throat prevented her from uttering another syllable, though she looked as if she had something more to say; I was confounded at this new circumstance, which had never happened before: in all our former conversations, which my good fortune offered, or my diligence effected, there had been nothing but joy and satisfaction, without any mixture of tears, sighs, jealousy, dread, or suspicion; all my discourse used to consist of acknowledgments to Heaven for having bestowed upon me such a mistress, whose beauty I extolled, and whose virtue and good sense I admired: while she returned the compliment, by praising those qualities in me, which she, in the partiality of her fondness, deemed worthy of applause; besides, we used to entertain each other with an account of a thousand trifling accidents that happened among our neighbours and acquaintance; and the height of my vivacity never amounted to more than the seizing of one of her delicate white hands, and pressing it to my lips, through the narrow distance betwixt the rails that divided us. But, on that night which preceded the fatal day of my departure, she wept, sighed, and sobbed, and left me filled with confusion and surprise, and terrified at such unusual and melancholy marks of grief and affliction in my Lucinda. But I was flattered by my hopes, which ascribed the whole to the strength of her passion, and that sorrow which is commonly produced by the absence of a beloved object. In fine, I set out, pensive and sad, my imagination tortured with suspicions and doubts, which my reflection could neither digest nor explain,—a sure presage of the melancholy fate that awaited me.

"I arrived at the place of my destination, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother, who received me kindly; but, far from despatching me immediately, desired me, to my infinite regret, to wait eight whole days in a place where his father should not see me, because his brother had writ to him to send the money without the knowledge of the duke. But this was altogether an invention of the false Fernando, whose brother had money enough, and could have sent me back the very same day on which I arrived. This was such an order as I was scarce able to obey; for I thought it impossible to support life for so many days in the absence of Lucinda, considering the sorrow in which I had left her. Yet, notwithstanding, I resolved to do my duty like a faithful servant, though I very well foresaw that my obedience must be at the expense of my peace. Four days of the eight were not yet elapsed, when a man came in search of me, and gave me a letter, the superscription of which I no sooner beheld, than I knew it to be written by Lucinda's own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing that there must be something very extraordinary in the case, which induced her to write to me in my absence; considering, that while I was present she had been so sparing of her pen.* But, before I read a syllable, I asked the messenger, who had put it into his hands? how long he had been upon his journey? He answered, that, passing through a certain street, about noon, he was stopt by a very beautiful young lady, who called to him from a window, saying, with great earnestness, while the tears trickled from her eyes, 'Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I entreat you, for God's sake, to carry this letter to the place and person for whom it is directed; they are both well known; and in so doing, you will render a piece of service acceptable to the Lord. That you may not want conveniences upon the road, here is something to defray the expense of your journey.' So saying, she threw down a handkerchief, in which were tied an hundred rials, this gold ring, and the letter I have delivered. Then, without waiting for a reply, she went from the window, after having seen me take up the handkerchief and the letter, and make signs that I would do as she desired. Accordingly, finding myself so well paid for the trouble I should be at, and seeing, by the direction, that you was the person to whom it was sent (and I know you per-

* The original *pues presente pocas veces lo bazia*, signifies, since while I was present she did it very seldom. This at first sight appears a solecism, and the petulant critic will exclaim, "What occasion had she to write to her lover who was present, unless she had lost the faculty of speech?" But the seeming absurdity will vanish, when we reflect that by *present*, he means, in the same city with his mistress, to whom, however, according to the custom of Spain, he had little or no access but by a literary correspondence.

fectly well), induced, moreover, by the tears of that beautiful young lady, I resolved to trust no other messenger, but come and deliver it with my own hand; and, in sixteen hours, which are past since I received it, I have travelled to this place, which, as you know, is about eighteen leagues from our town.—While I listened attentively to the information of this grateful and extraordinary courier, my legs shook under me in such a manner, that I could scarce stand upright. At length, however, I ventured to read the letter, which contained these words:

'The promise which Don Fernando made, to prevail upon your father to propose a match to mine, hath been performed more to his inclination than your advantage. Know, Cardenio, that your pretended friend asked me in marriage for himself: and my father, swayed by the advantage which he thinks Don Fernando has over you in point of fortune, hath given his consent so much in earnest, that two days hence the nuptials are to be celebrated so privately, that none but Heaven, and some people in the family, are to be present at the marriage. My situation you may guess. If it be in your power, return with all speed, and the event of this affair will shew whether I love you tenderly or not. Heaven grant that this may come to your hand, before mine shall be presented to him who so ill performs the duty of a friend.'

"This, which was the sum of what the letter contained, made me set out immediately, without waiting for an answer, or the money for which I had come. For, by that time, I plainly perceived that it was not the purchase of the horses, but his own treacherous intention, which had induced Don Fernando to send me out of the way. The indignation I conceived against him, together with the fear of losing the jewel which I had acquired, and treasured up with such unwearied services and care, added wings to my speed, and conveyed me to the place of my habitation, just at the hour and minute proper for my going to visit Lucinda. I entered the town privately, and, leaving my mule at the house of the honest man who brought the letter, I went to the rail, which was the constant witness of our love, and there was so far favoured by fortune as to find Lucinda. We knew each other presently: though not as we ought to have known each other. But who is he who can arrogate praise to himself, for having fathomed and discerned the capricious sentiments and fickle disposition of woman? surely no man on earth.—But, this apart. Lucinda perceiving me, 'Cardenio (said she), I am now in my bridal dress, and this moment expected in the hall by the traitor Don Fernando, my covetous father, and some other people, who shall bear witness to my death sooner than to my marriage. Be not confounded, my friend, but endeavour to be present at the sacrifice, which, if I cannot prevent by my declaration, I wear a dagger concealed, which can obstruct a more vigorous determination, and, by putting an end to my life, begin to convince thee of the sincere passion I have always entertained, and still retain, for my Cardenio.' Afraid I should want time to answer her, I replied, with great hurry and confusion, 'Let your words be verified by your deeds, madam. If you have a dagger to assert your love, I wear a sword to defend it; or, should fortune prove our foe, to rid myself of life.' I believe she did not hear all that I said, because she was called away in a hurry, to the bridegroom, who waited for her.

"Thus deepened the night of my distress; thus set the sun of my happiness! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind, for some time: I could neither resolve to enter her father's house, nor remove to any other place; at length, however, considering of what consequence my presence might be, in case any thing extraordinary should happen, I recollected myself as well as I could, and went in, without being perceived, as I was well acquainted with all the passages and corners of the house, and was favoured by the confusion which then prevailed in it, on account of the nuptials. Thus entering, unseen, I found means to conceal myself in the hollow of a window in the hall, that was covered by the meeting of two pieces of tapestry, from behind which I could, without being perceived, observe every thing that happened.

"How shall I describe the throbbings and palpitations of my heart, the images that occurred to my fancy, the reflections that I made while I remained in that situation! they were such as I neither can nor ought to describe. Let it suffice to say, the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than his usual dress, attended by a first cousin of Lucinda, in quality of bridesman, no other person being present, except some servants of the family. A little while after Lucinda came in from her closet, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-women; and as richly dressed and adorned as her rank and beauty deserved, or as the perfection of gayety and gallantry could invent. This suspense and transport of my soul would not allow me to observe and mark the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white; and the blaze of jewels that adorned her, which was even excelled by the singular beauty of her golden locks, that struck the eye with more splendour than all the precious stones, together with the light of four torches that burned in the hall. O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! to what purpose dost thou now represent to my fancy the unparalleled beauty of that adorable foe? cruel remembrance!

rather recall to my view the particulars of what then happened, that, incensed by such a manifest injury, I may take vengeance, if not upon her, at least upon my own life. But you, gentlemen, must be tired with these digressions: though my misfortune is such as neither can, nor ought to be superficially or succinctly related; because every circumstance, in my opinion, requires a full discussion." The curate answered, that, far from being tired, they were very much entertained by those minute particulars, which he thought deserved as much attention as the principal events of the story.

"I say then (resumed Cardenio), that the parties being assembled in the hall, the curate of the parish entered, and, taking them both by the hand, in order to perform his function, he said, 'Madam Lucinda, are you willing to take Don Fernando here present for your lawful spouse, as holy mother church ordains?' At this question, I thrust out my whole head and neck from behind the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and disorder of soul, listened to Lucinda's answer, which I expected, as either the sentence of my death or confirmation of my life. O! that I had then boldly advanced, and called aloud, Ah Lucinda! Lucinda! take care what you do; reflect upon your duty to me, remember you are mine, and can never belong to any other husband. Consider, that my life must end the moment you answer Yes. Ha! treacherous Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what are thy intentions? what wouldest thou have? remember that, as a Christian, thou canst not fulfil thy desires; for I am Lucinda's husband, and she is my lawful wife! Fool that I am! now, when I am absent, and far removed from the danger, I can reflect upon what I ought to have done. Now that I am robbed of all that was dear to my soul! accursed be the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had my heart supplied me with courage, as it now affords inclination to complain. In fine, as I then acted like a booby and a coward, it is but reasonable, that I should now die of madness, sorrow, and shame. The priest waited for the reply of Lucinda, who declined it a good while; and, when I expected she would either unsheathe her dagger to vindicate her love, employ her tongue in the cause of truth, or utter some ingenious fraud that should tend to my advantage, I heard her pronounce, with a weak and faltering voice, 'Yes, I will.' Don Fernando repeated the same words, and the ring being put upon her finger, they were united in the indissoluble bond of marriage: then he embraced his new-married spouse, who, laying her hand on her heart, fainted away in the arms of her mother. It now remains to describe my own situation, when I heard and saw my hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach of promise, and found myself rendered incapable of ever retrieving the happiness I had that instant lost: I remained without sense or reflection, abandoned, as I thought, by Heaven, and a declared enemy to that earth on which I lived. The air refused breath for my sighs, the water denied moisture for my tears, fire alone increased within me, to such a degree, that I was scorched with jealousy and rage! Lucinda's swooning threw the whole company into confusion, and her mother opening her breast to give her air, found in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando taking, read by the light of one of the torches, and then sat down in a chair, and leaned one side of his head upon his hand, in a pensive attitude, without minding the remedies they were applying for the recovery of his spouse.

"I seeing the whole family in confusion, ventured to come out, cost what it would, resolving, should I be seen, to do some desperate action that would convince the whole world of my just indignation, in chastising the false Don Fernando, and the fickle, fainting traitress. But fate, that reserved me, if possible, for greater misfortunes, ordained that I should then abound in reflection, which hath since failed me; and resolved rather than take vengeance upon my greatest enemies, who, as they had no suspicion of me, were then at my mercy, to turn upon myself that resentment which they so justly deserved to feel; and, perhaps, with more rigour than I should have exercised upon them, had I, at that time, sacrificed them to my rage, because sudden death is infinitely more easy than that which is lengthened out by lingering torments. In short, I quitted the house, and went to the place where I had left my mule, which being saddled, I mounted her, and, without taking leave of my host, sallied out of town, dreading, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself alone in the open field, shrouded by the darkness of the night, and invited by the silence to complain, without caution or fear of being overheard or known, I raised my voice, and gave a loose to my indignation, in venting curses upon Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if those vain exclamations could have atoned for the injury they had done me. I bestowed upon her the epithets of cruel, false, perfidious, and ungrateful, but, above all, avaricious; since the wealth of my rival had shut the eyes of her love, detached her from me, and swayed her inclination towards him to whom fortune had shewn herself more kind and liberal. Yet, in the midst of these reproaches and invectives, I could not help excusing her, observing, it was no wonder that a damsel, educated under restraint, in the house of her parents, bred up, and always accustomed to obey them, should comply with their will and pleasure, in marrying a young gentleman of such wealth, rank, and qualifications, that her refusal might have been thought to proceed either from want of sense, or a pas-

sion for some other man, which would have been a suspicion equally prejudicial to her virtue and reputation: then I argued on the other side of the question, saying, had she owned that I was her husband, her parents would have seen she had not committed an unpardonable crime in making such a choice: since, before the offer of Don Fernando, they themselves could not have desired, had their desires been bounded by reason, a better match than me for their daughter; and, consequently, before she complied with that compulsive injunction of giving her hand to another, she might have told them, that she had already given it to me; in which case, I would have appeared and confirmed the truth of every thing she should have feigned for the occasion; in fine, I concluded that superficial love, slender understanding, vast ambition, and thirst after grandeur, had obliterated in her memory those professions by which I had been deceived, cherished, and supported, in the unshaken hope of my honourable desires.

"In this exclamation and anxiety I travelled all night, and in the morning found myself in one of the passages to this mountain, in which I proceeded three days more, without high-road, or by-path, till I stopped at a small meadow, that lies either on the right or left of these rocks; there I inquired of some goatherd, whereabouts the most craggy part of the mountain was; and, according to their directions, thither I rode, resolving to put an end to my life. When I arrived among those ragged rocks, my mule fell down dead of weariness or hunger; or, as I rather believe, to disencumber herself of such a useless load as then burdened her; and I remained on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any support. In this situation, I know not how long I continued stretched upon the ground, but, at length, I got up without feeling any cravings of hunger, and found myself in the midst of some shepherds, who, doubtless, had relieved my necessity. Indeed, they told me in what condition I had been found, uttering such incoherent and extravagant expressions as clearly demonstrated that I had lost my senses. Since that time, I have frequently perceived my intellects so crazy and unsound, that I perform a thousand mad actions, tearing my clothes, bellowing through these unfrequented places, cursing my fate, and repeating, in vain, the beloved name of my fair enemy, without any connected sentences, or indeed any other intent than that of putting an end to my life by violent outcries; and when I recover the use of my senses, I find myself so weak and exhausted that I scarce can move. My usual habitation is the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to contain this miserable carcass; the cow and goatherds who frequent these mountains, maintain me out of charity, by leaving food upon the road, or rocks, on which they think I may chance to find it: and even while I am deprived of my understanding, natural instinct teaches me to distinguish this necessary nourishment, awakening my appetite and desire of seizing it for my use. They tell me too, when they meet with me in one of my lucid intervals, that at other times, I sally out upon the highway, and take it by force from the shepherds, as they are bringing it from their cots, although they offer it of their own accord. In this manner I lead my woeful and wretched life, until Heaven shall be pleased to put a period to it, or give me grace to forget the beauty and falsehood of Lucinda, together with the wrong I have suffered from Don Fernando. If this shall happen before I die, my intellects will return into their right channel; otherwise there is nothing to be done, but to supplicate Heaven to have mercy on my soul: for I find I have neither virtue nor strength to extricate myself out of this extremity into which I was voluntarily plunged.

"This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune; tell me, if you think it could have been rehearsed with less concern than I have shewn; and pray give yourselves no trouble in offering to me such persuasions and advice as your reason prompts you to think will do me service: for they can have no other effect upon me, than the prescription of a celebrated physician, upon a patient who will not receive it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she who is, or ought to be, mine, hath attached herself to another, I, who might have been the child of happiness, am now the willing votary of woe. She, by her inconstancy, wants to fix my perdition, and I welcome it, in order to gratify her desire; and be an example to posterity, of one who wanted that consolation which almost all the wretched use, namely, the impossibility of receiving comfort,—a consideration that increases my misery, which, I fear, will not end even with death."

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long thread of his amorous and unfortunate story; and just as the curate was about to give him his best advice and consolation, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears, and in mournful accent pronounced what will be rehearsed in the fourth book of this narration; for in this place, the third is concluded by the sage and attentive historian Cid Hamet Benengeli.

PART I.—BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the new and agreeable adventure that happened to the curate and barber in the Brown Mountain.

THRICE happy and fortunate was that age which produced the most audacious knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, in consequence of whose honourable resolution to restore and revive the lost, and, as it were, buried order of knight-errantry, we of these times, barren and unfruitful of sprightly amusements, enjoy the agreeable entertainment, not only of his own true and delightful adventures, but also the intervening episodes, which are no less real, artful, and delicious, than the main history itself, the twisted, reeled, and ravelled thread of which is continued thus:—

Just as the curate was ready to offer some consolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears in these mournful accents: "Would to God I could find a place to serve as a private tomb for this wearisome burden of life, which I bear so much against my inclination! this very spot will yield me what I ask, if I can trust the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to Heaven, than that of faithless man; since nature hath not created one of whom I could reasonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in distress!"

This exclamation was distinctly overheard by the priest and his company, who, concluding that the person who spoke must be hard by, arose to make further inquiry, and had not gone twenty paces, when, behind the fragment of a rock, they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant, whose face, as he stooped, in order to wash his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then survey. Their approach they managed with softness and silence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two crystal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprised at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress would have seemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremost, finding himself still unperceived by the youth, made signs to the rest to crouch down, or hide themselves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three stood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hose being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he took out of his cap, and, in so doing, lifted up his head, shewing to the bye-standers a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said, in a whisper, to the curate, "Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but some celestial being!" The youth, taking off his cap, and shaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himself might envy, flowed down upon his shoulders, and discovered to the spectators, that the supposed peasant was no other than a woman, the most delicate and handsome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not seen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in such length and quantity, as not only covered her shoulders, but also concealed every other part of her body except her feet; and, instead of a comb, she made use of her hands, which, if her feet looked like crystal in the brook, appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted snow. All these circumstances increasing the desire of the bye-standers to know who she was, they resolved to shew themselves, and, at the stir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantom raised her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to see what occasioned the noise she heard, no sooner perceived them than she started up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or tie up her hair, seized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herself to flight, full of consternation and surprise; but she had not run six yards, when her delicate feet, unable to bear the roughness of the stones, failed under her, and she fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her assistance, and the curate approaching her first, "Stay, madam (said he), whosoever you are; those whom you see have no other design than that of doing you service; therefore, there is no necessity for your attempting such a precipitate flight, which neither your own feet nor our inclination will allow." To this address she made no reply, being quite astonished and confused; but, the priest taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner: "Madam, though your dress concealed, your hair hath discovered manifest signs, that it must be no slight cause which hath shrouded your beauty in such unworthy disguise, and brought you to this so-

litude where it is our fortune to find you; and to offer, if not a certain remedy for your misfortune, at least our best advice; for no grievance can harass or drive the afflicted to such extremity, while life remains, as to make them shut their ears against that counsel which is given with the most humane and benevolent intention. Wherefore, madam, or sir, or what you please to be, recollect yourself from the confusion in which the sight of us hath thrown you, and tell us the particulars of your good or evil fortune, in full assurance of finding us altogether, or each by himself, disposed to sympathise with your affliction."

While the curate pronounced these words, the disguised damsel stood wrapt in attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one syllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never seen before; but the priest, enforcing what he had said with other arguments to the same effect, she heaved a profound sigh, and broke silence, saying, "Since these solitary mountains have not been able to conceal me, and my loose dishevelled hair allows me not to disguise the truth, it would be in vain for me to feign such things as your reason could not believe, though your courtesy might excuse them. On that supposition I thank you, gentlemen, for your humane offer, which lays me under the obligation of giving you all the satisfaction you desire; though I am afraid that the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will, instead of compassion, excite your disgust; for you will find it impossible either to cure my woes, or teach me to bear them with fortitude; but, nevertheless, that my reputation may not suffer in your opinion, as you have discovered me to be a woman, and a young one, alone, and in this disguise, circumstances which, considered either together or apart, might prejudice my good name in this world, I will freely disclose to you those things which, if possible, I would have willingly concealed."

All this preamble was uttered in a breath by the beautiful apparition, with such volubility of tongue and sweetness of voice, that they admired her good sense as much as her beauty; and, repeating their proffers of service, as well as their entreaties, that she would perform her promise, she, without further importunity, put on her shoes with great modesty, adjusted her hair, and sat down in the midst of her three hearers, upon a seat in the rock, where, after having endeavoured to repress a few tears that started in her eyes, she, with a clear and deliberate voice, began the story of her life in this manner:—

"In this province of Andalusia there is a place from whence a certain duke, one of those who are called grandees of Spain, derives his title: he hath two sons, the eldest of whom is heir to his estate, and, in all appearance, to his good qualities; but the younger inherits nothing that I know, but the treachery of Vellido and the falsehood of Galalon. To this nobleman my parents are vassals; and, though low in pedigree, so considerable in wealth, that if their descent was equal to their fortune, they would have had nothing more to desire, nor I the mortification of seeing myself in this distress; for I believe my misfortunes proceed from their defect in point of birth, which, though not so mean as to make them ashamed of their origin, is not splendid enough to overthrow my conjecture about the source of my affliction; in short, they are farmers, of a plain honest family, without the least intermixture of Moorish blood, but, as the saying is, old rusty Christians; ay, and so rusty, that by their riches and opulent way of living, they are gradually acquiring the title of gentlefolks, nay, of quality too; though what they prized above all riches and title, was their happiness in having me for their daughter; and therefore, as they had no other child to inherit their estate, and were naturally the most affectionate of parents, I was beloved and indulged by them with the utmost degree of parental fondness. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their age, and shared with Heaven their whole attention and desires, with which, as they were pure and unblemished, my own perfectly corresponded; and, therefore, I was mistress of their affection as well as their wealth. By my advice they received and dismissed their servants; the tale and account of what was both sowed and reaped passed through my hands. I managed the oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and the flocks, the bee-hives, and every thing that such a rich farmer as my father may be supposed to possess; in short, I was steward and mistress, and acted with such care and economy, that I should not find it easy to exaggerate the pleasure and satisfaction which my parents enjoyed. Those parts of the day that remained, after I had given all due attention to the herdsmen, overseers, and other day-labourers, I employed in exercises equally decent and necessary for young women, such as lace-making, needlework, and spinning; and if, at any time, I interrupted these employments, in order to recreate the mind, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp; being convinced by experience, that music lulls the disordered thought and elevates the dejected spirits. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and, if I have described it too minutely, it is not through ostentation, in order to display our riches, but with a view of manifesting how innocently I forfeited that happy situation, and incurred the misery of my present state. While I passed my time in these occupations, my retirement was such as almost equalled that of a nunnery, being seen by nobody, as I thought, but the servants

of the family; for I went to mass early in the morning, accompanied by my mother and the maids, and veiled with such reserve, that my eyes scarce beheld the ground on which I trod; yet, nevertheless, I was perceived by those of love, or rather libertinism, which even exceeds the lynx in penetration, and then possessed the faculties of Don Fernando, younger son of the duke whom I have already mentioned."

She no sooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to sweat with such agitation, that the curate and barber perceiving it, were afraid he would be seized with one of those fits of distraction which, as they had heard, assaulted him from time to time: but, after some drops of sweat had burst out upon his skin, he remained quiet, and looking earnestly at the farmer's fair daughter, immediately guessed who she was; while she, without observing the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her story, in these words: "And he no sooner beheld me, than, as he afterwards protested, he deeply felt the power of love, which indeed his behaviour clearly evinced: but, to shorten the account of my misfortune, which is lengthened beyond all comfort, I will pass over in silence the industrious schemes that Don Fernando planned for opportunities of declaring his passion: he bribed every servant in the family, and even made presents and proffers of service to my relations: there was nothing but gayety and rejoicing all day long in our street: and all night, it was impossible to sleep for serenades. The letters, which through an unknown channel came to my hand, were without number, filled with the most amorous flights and professions, and vows and promises in every line; but all these efforts, far from soothing, hardened me against him, as much as if he had been my mortal foe; and all the stratagems he practised, in order to subdue my coyness, had a quite contrary effect; not that I was disgusted at the gallantry of Don Fernando, or enraged at his importunities; for I felt a certain kind of pleasure in being courted and beloved by such a noble cavalier; neither did I take umbrage at seeing myself praised in his letters; for it is my opinion that all women, let them be never so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty; but to all these artifices I opposed my own virtue, together with the repeated advice of my parents, who plainly perceived the passion of Don Fernando; because he himself took no care to conceal it from the world. They assured me, that in my virtue and prudence alone they confided and deposited their own honour and reputation: they bade me consider the inequality between Don Fernando and me, which was a convincing proof that his love, though he himself asserted the contrary, tended more to his own gratification than my advantage; and said, if I could throw any obstruction in his way, to make him quit his unjust pretensions, I should be married immediately according to my own choice, either to one of the principal persons of our own town, or to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, as I had abundance of lovers, attracted by their wealth, and my reputation. With these assurances, the truth of which I could not doubt, I fortified my integrity, and would never send any reply to Don Fernando, that could, in the most distant manner, flatter him with the hope of accomplishing his wish: but all my reserve, which he ought to have looked upon as the effect of disdain, served only to whet his libidinous appetite, which is the true name of the passion he professed; for, had it been genuine love, you would not now be listening to my story, which I should have had no occasion to recount.

In fine, Don Fernando got notice that my parents intended to bestow me in marriage, that they might deprive him of all hope of possessing me, or, at least, provide me with more guards to protect my virtue; and this piece of news alarmed him so much, that he put in practice an expedient to retard the dreaded match. One night, while I sat in my apartment, attended by my maid only, the doors being all fast locked, that through negligence my virtue might not be in danger, without knowing or comprehending the means of his conveyance, he appeared before me in the midst of this reserve, precaution, solitude, silence, and retreat! At sight of him, I was so much confounded, that the light forsook my eyes, and my tongue denied its office; so that, being deprived of the power of utterance, I could not cry for help, neither, I believe, would he have suffered me to exclaim; for he instantly seized me in his arms, my confusion being such, that I had not strength to defend myself, and began to pour forth such protestations, that I cannot conceive how falsehood is able to ape truth so exactly. The traitor's tears gave credit to his words, and his sighs confirmed the honesty of his intentions. I being a poor young creature, by myself, altogether inexperienced in those affairs, began, I know not how, to believe his false professions; but not so as to be moved to weak compassion, either by his vows or artful sorrow; on the contrary, my first surprise being over, I recollected my dissipated spirits, and with more courage than I thought myself possessed of, said to him, 'Signor, if, instead of being within your arms, as I now am, I was in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance entirely depended upon my doing or saying any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to comply with these terms, as it is impossible for that which is to lose its existence: wherefore, though you keep my body confined within your arms, I am in full possession of my soul, with all her chaste desires, which are entirely opposite to yours, as you will plainly perceive, if you resolve to proceed in

gratifying your wishes by force. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the power of dishonouring or despising the lowliness of mine; and my character is as precious to me, though I am but a plebeian farmer's daughter, as your's can be to you, who are a nobleman and cavalier. All your strength shall not effect your purpose; neither am I to be influenced by your riches, deceived by your words, nor melted by your sighs and tears. Any of these expressions in a man, to whom my parents should give me in marriage, would gain my consent and reciprocal inclination; nay, if my honour were safe, I could sacrifice my satisfaction, and voluntarily yield what you, signor, now attempt to obtain by force: this I observe, that you may rest assured I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful spouse."

"'If that be your sole objection, charming Dorothea (for that is the name of this wretched creature), said the perfidious cavalier, behold I here present my hand, in pledge of being yours for ever; and may Heaven, from whom nothing is concealed, together with that image of the Blessed Virgin, bear witness to the sincerity and truth of this declaration.'" Cardenio, when she called herself Dorothea, was surprised anew, and confirmed in his first conjecture: but unwilling to interrupt the story, in which he expected to hear the issue of what he already knew, he only said, "Is your name Dorothea, madam? I have heard of one of that name, to whose misfortunes yours bear a great resemblance: but pray proceed; the time will come when I shall tell you such things as will equally excite your terror and affliction." Dorothea, surprised at the discourse of Cardenio, as well as at his strange and ragged attire, entreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communicate it immediately; saying, that if fortune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any disaster that might befall her; though she was almost certain, that what she had already suffered could admit of no addition. "Madam (replied Cardenio), I would not be the means of impairing that fortitude, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right: neither is there any opportunity lost, nor is it of any consequence to you, whether you hear it or not."—"Be that as it will (answered Dorothea), I will go on with the sequel of my story. Don Fernando addressing himself to the image he found in my apartment, invoked the Blessed Virgin to bear witness to our nuptials, and avowed himself my husband with the most binding and solemn oaths; though, before he proceeded so far, I desired him to reflect upon what he was going to do, and consider how much his father might be incensed at his conduct, when he should find him married to the daughter of his own farmer and vassal. I cautioned him against being blinded with my beauty, such as it was, telling him it would be far from being a sufficient excuse for his error; and begged, if he had any love and regard for me, he would manifest it, in leaving me to a fate more adequate to my rank and circumstances; observing, that such unequal matches were seldom blessed with a long duration of those raptures with which they begin.

"All these reflections I repeated to him, with many more which I do not remember; but they had no effect in diverting him from the prosecution of his purpose; for he was like a man who, in making a bargain, never boggles at the price of the commodity, because he never intends to pay it. At the same time, I held a short conference with my own breast, saying within myself, 'Neither shall I be the first, who, by marriage, has risen from a low station to rank and grandeur; nor will Don Fernando be the first nobleman whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to share his greatness with a partner of unequal birth. Since therefore, I neither make a new world nor a new custom, it is but reasonable in me to embrace this honour that fortune throws in my way; and although the affection he professes should not survive the accomplishment of his wish, I shall nevertheless, in the sight of God, remain his true and lawful wife. Besides, should I treat him with disdain, I see he is determined to transgress the bounds of duty, and avail himself of force; in which case, I shall be dishonoured and inexcusable in the opinion of those who do not know how innocently I have incurred their censure; for where shall I find arguments to persuade my parents, that this cavalier entered my apartment without my knowledge and consent.'

"All these reflections, which my imagination revolved in an instant, began to sway me towards that which (though I little thought so) proved my ruin; especially when aided and enforced by the oaths of Don Fernando, the powers he called to witness, the tears he shed, and, in short, by his genteel carriage and agreeable disposition, accompanied by such marks of real passion, as might have melted any other heart as soft and inexperienced as mine. I called my maid to be a joint evidence with the powers of Heaven: Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths; took other saints to witness his integrity; imprecated a thousand curses on his head, in case he should fail to fulfil his promise; had recourse to sighs and tears again, straining me still closer in his arms, from which he had never released me. By these means, and the departure of my maid, I forfeited that name, and he became a false and finished traitor.

"The morning that succeeded this night of my misfortune did not arrive so soon, I believe, as Don Fernando could have wished; for, when once a man hath satisfied his rage of appetite, his chief inclination is, to quit the scene of his

success. This I observe, because Don Fernando seemed impatient to be gone; and, by the industry of my maid, who had conducted him to my chamber, found himself in the street before day: when he took his leave, he told me, though not with such violence of rapture as he expressed on his first coming, that I might depend upon his honour, and the sincerity of the oaths he had sworn, as a further confirmation of which, he took a ring of value from his finger, and put it upon mine: in short, he vanished, leaving me in a situation which I can neither call joyful nor sad. This I know, that I remained in a state of confusion and perplexity, and, as it were, beside myself, on account of what had happened; but I either wanted courage or memory to quarrel with my maid for the perfidy she had been guilty of, in conducting Don Fernando to my apartment: indeed, I could not as yet determine whether the adventure would redound to my advantage or misfortune. I told him, at parting, that now I was his wife, he might see me any night by the same means he had used to procure this first interview, until he should think proper to make our marriage public: but, excepting the following night, I could never set eyes on him, either in the street or at church, during a whole month, which I spent in the utmost anxiety of expectation, although I knew he was in town, and almost every day employed in the chase, an exercise to which he was greatly addicted. Those were doleful and distracting hours and days to me; for then I began to doubt, and afterwards to disbelieve, the faith of Don Fernando; then was my maid exposed to those rebukes for her presumption, which she had never heard before: then was I obliged to husband my tears, and wear composure on my countenance, that I might not give occasion to my parents to ask the cause of my discontent, and be put to the trouble of inventing falsehoods to deceive them. But all this constraint was banished by an event, the knowledge of which trod down all other respects, put an end to all my prudent measures, and, by destroying my patience, published my misfortune to the world. This was no other than a report that soon after prevailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of exceeding beauty and distinguished birth, though her parents could not give her a portion suitable to such a noble alliance. I understood her name was Lucinda, and that several surprising accidents had happened at their nuptials."

Cardenio hearing Lucinda's name, though he said nothing, shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, contracted the skin of his forehead, and discharged from his eyes two fountains of tears: but, notwithstanding, Dorothea continued her story, saying, "This melancholy piece of news no sooner reached my ears, than, instead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with such rage and fury, that I had well nigh run out into the streets, and published aloud the falsehood and treachery he had practised upon me: but my rage was restrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night. I dressed myself in this garb, which I received from one of the swains belonging to the house, to whom I disclosed my whole misfortune, entreating him to attend me to the city, where I understood my adversary was. After having disapproved of the attempt, and blamed my resolution, seeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he said, to the world's end; that moment I packed up my woman's dress in a pillow-case, together with some jewels and money, as a resource in time of need; and, in the dead of that very night, without giving the least hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's house, and, accompanied by my servant, and a thousand strange imaginations, set out for that city on foot, winged with the desire of finding Don Fernando; and resolved, though I could not prevent what was already done, to demand with what conscience he had done it.

"In two days and a half I arrived at the city, and, inquiring for the house of Lucinda's parents, the first person to whom I put the question, told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house, and related every incident which had happened at his daughter's wedding; a story so public, that it was become the common town-talk. He said, that on the night of their nuptials, after she had pronounced the Yes, by which he became her husband, Lucinda was seized with a violent fit; that, Don Fernando opening her breast to give her fresh air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, importing that she could not lawfully espouse Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of that town; and that she had now pronounced the fatal Yes, merely because she would not swerve from the obedience she owed to her parents: in short, he said the contents of the paper plainly gave them to understand, that she intended to make away with herself immediately after the ceremony, induced by the reasons which were there contained; and this resolution was confirmed by a poniard which they found concealed in some part of her dress. Don Fernando perceiving, by what happened, that Lucinda had baffled, scorned, and undervalued his addresses, ran to her before she had recovered the use of her senses, and, with the poniard they had found, would have stabbed her to the heart, had he not been prevented by her parents and the rest of the company. It was, moreover, reported, that Don Fernando immediately retired; and that Lucinda continued in a fit till next day. When she recovered from her swoon, she de-

clared to her father and mother, that she was the true and lawful wife of that same Cardenio, who, it seems, was present at the ceremony; and who, when he saw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in despair, having first left a writing, that declared the wrong she had done him, and signified his intention to banish himself for ever from the society of mankind. All this transaction was so notorious and public in the city, as to furnish discourse for every body; and the subject was not diminished when it was known, that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's house, or in any other part of the town, which was searched all over by her parents, who had almost run distracted, not knowing what other method they should take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little; for I was better pleased to have missed Don Fernando, than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet shut against me, and that Heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his second marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the first; and reminding him of his being a Christian, consequently more interested in the care of his soul than in any other human concern. All these things I revolved in my imagination; and, as I had no real comfort, consoled myself with the most feeble and distant hope, in order to support a life which I now abhor.

"While I remained in this city, undetermined what course to take, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier describe my person and dress, and offer a considerable reward to any one that should discover where I was. Nay, it was said, that I had seduced from my father's house the young man who attended me,—a circumstance that touched me to the very soul: finding my credit fallen so low, that they were not satisfied with publishing my escape, but must needs also mention my attendant, a creature so mean and unworthy of my attention and regard, as soon as I heard myself proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my servant, who already began to give marks of staggering in his promised faith and fidelity; and that night reached the most woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being discovered; but, as it is commonly observed, one mischance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse; this was literally my case: my trusty servant, who had hitherto behaved with such zeal and fidelity, seeing me in this solitary place, and instigated by his own villainy, rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himself of the opportunity which he thought this desert offered; and, with great impudence, contempt of Heaven, and disregard to me, began to talk of love; when, finding that I rejected his immodest proposals with just indignation and disdain, he laid aside entreaties for the use of those who might please to use them, and began to employ force for the accomplishment of his will: but just Heaven, who seldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and assisted mine so effectually, that, with the little strength I have, and no great trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he survived the fall: then, as nimbly as my weariness and terror would allow, I penetrated farther into the mountain, without any other thought or intention than that of keeping myself concealed from my father, and those whom he had employed to find me out.

"I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazier, who took me into his service, and carried me to his house, which stands in the very heart of the mountain. Him I have served all this time in quality of a cow-herd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more easily conceal that hair which hath now so unexpectedly discovered my sex; yet all my care and industry were vain; for my master having found me out to be a woman, was seised with the same desire that took possession of my own servant. But fortune with the evil does not always send the remedy; for I could neither find rock nor bog by which I might have disabled my master, as I had before punished my man; and therefore, as the least inconvenience, I have left his house, and chosen to hide myself again among these thickets, rather than try my strength against him, in defence of my innocence. I say, I returned to these woods, in hopes of finding a place in which I might, without impediment, implore Heaven, with sighs and tears, to have compassion upon my misery, and give me industry and grace to overcome it, or quit my being in this solitude, without leaving behind me the least trace or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, who, without any fault of her own, hath afforded so much matter for conversation and censure both at home and abroad.

CHAP. II.

Of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion; with other pleasant and entertaining particulars.

"This, gentlemen, is the genuine detail of my tragic story: consider, therefore, and judge whether or not I have sufficient cause to heave more sighs than I have vented, utter more complaints than you have heard, and shed more tears than have flowed from mine eyes; and when you shall have deliberated upon the quality of my misfortune, you will perceive how vain all consolation must be; as the disease admits of no remedy. I only ask what you easily

can, and ought to grant, namely, that you will inform me where I can pass my life, without being harassed by the surprise and fear of being found by those who are in search of me.—For, though I am well assured that my parents, out of their great love and affection, would receive me again into their favour, such is the shame and confusion I feel at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion to my prejudice, that I would rather conceal myself from their sight for ever, than appear in their presence under the suspicion of having acted contrary to the expectations they entertained from my virtue." So saying, she left off speaking, and her face was overspread with a blush that plainly denoted the sentiments and confusion of her soul. Those who had heard her story were equally surprised and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer some consolation and advice, when Cardenio took her by the hand, saying, "It seems then, madam, you are the beauteous Dorothea, only daughter of Cleonardo the rich!" She was astonished to hear her father's name pronounced by one of such a miserable appearance; for we have already observed, how wretchedly Cardenio was clothed, and said to him, "And who are you, brother, who know so well my father's name, which, if I remember aright, I have not once mentioned in the whole course of my unfortunate story?"

"I am (replied Cardenio), that unfortunate man, to whom, as you have observed, Lucinda said she was married. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the villainy of him who reduced you to your present situation hath brought to this deplorable condition in which you now see me, ragged, half-naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, which is still worse, deprived of my understanding, except at certain short intervals, that I enjoy by the permission of Heaven. I, Dorothea, am the person who was present at the perfidy of Don Fernando, and heard Lucinda pronounce the fatal Yes, by which she accepted him for a husband. I am he who wanted resolution to wait the issue of her swoon, or stay and see the result of that paper which was found in her bosom: for my soul could not sustain the shock of such accumulated misfortune; and therefore I quitted the house, already abandoned by my patience, and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hand, betook myself to these deserts, with an intention here to finish the life which from that instant I have abhorred as my most inveterate foe. But fate hath not been pleased to grant my wish, contenting itself with having deprived me of my judgment, with a view, perhaps, of reserving me for better fortune; which I begin to hope may proceed from this lucky meeting with you, since, if that which you have recounted be true, as I believe it is, there is a possibility that Heaven may have in store for us both a more favourable termination of our disasters than we imagine; for, supposing that Lucinda, who is already my wife, as she hath openly declared, cannot be married to Don Fernando, nor he lawfully wed her, being already espoused to you, I think we have room to hope, that Heaven will one day restore what mutually belongs to us; as it is neither alienated, ruined, nor irretrievable. And since this consolation still remains, sprung from hopes that are not very remote, and founded on expectations which are not the effects of a disordered imagination, I entreat you, madam, in the purity of your sentiments, to change your present resolution, as I intend to alter mine, and accommodate yourself to the hopes of better fortune; for I swear upon the faith of a gentleman and a Christian, that I will never abandon you, until I see you in the arms of Don Fernando, whom, if I cannot, by reasonable arguments, bring to a true sense of his duty towards you, I will then use that privilege to which every gentleman is entitled, and, in single combat, demand satisfaction for the injury he has done you, without minding my own wrongs, which I will leave to the vengeance of Heaven, that I may the sooner revenge yours upon earth."

This speech of Cardenio put an end to the surprise of Dorothea, who, being at a loss how to thank him for his kind and generous offer, stooped in order to kiss his feet; but this piece of condescension he would by no means allow. The priest answering for both, approved of Cardenio's declaration; and, in a particular manner, entreated, advised, and persuaded them to accompany him to the village where he lived, in order to provide themselves with what they wanted; and there consult some scheme either for finding Don Fernando, or for carrying Dorothea back to her parents, or, in short, for doing that which should seem most necessary and convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for his courteous offer, which they immediately embraced; and the barber, who had been silent and attentive all this time, having joined the curate in his compliments and hearty proffers of service, briefly recounted the cause which had brought them thither; namely, the strange madness of Don Quixote; observing, that they were then waiting for the return of his 'squire, whom they had sent in quest of his master. Cardenio immediately, as if it had been the faint impression of a dream, recollected and related the quarrel which had happened between the knight and him, though he could not remember the cause of the dispute.

At that instant they heard and recognised the voice of Sancho, who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hollowed aloud; upon which they went to meet him, and, inquiring about Don Quixote, were told by the 'squire, that he found him naked to the shirt,

wan, meagre, half-famished, and sighing for his mistress Dulcinea; that when he (Sancho) told him she had commanded him to quit that place, and go immediately to Toboso, where she waited with impatience to see him, he had answered, that he was determined never to appear before her, until he should have performed such achievements as would render him worthy of her favour; and Sancho observed, that if this resolution should hold, it was possible he might never attain to the rank of an emperor, as he was in duty bound, nor even to that of an archbishop, which was the least he could expect. He desired them, therefore, to consider some means of disengaging the knight from his solitude. The priest bade him be under no concern, for they would fall upon a method to remove his master, whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and Dorothea the plan they had laid to cure Don Quixote of his madness, or, at least, bring him back to his own house. This Dorothea no sooner understood, than she told him, that she was more proper than the barber for acting the part of the distressed damsel; especially, as she had clothes along with her that would answer the purpose; and bade them trust to her for representing every part of the character, which should be necessary towards the success of their design; for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and was perfectly well acquainted with the style in which afflicted damsels were wont to beg boons of knights-errant. "If that be the case (said the curate), let us not delay the execution of our scheme: for, without doubt, Heaven seems to favour my endeavours, not only in opening a door, so unexpectedly, towards the cure of your misfortunes, but also in making you subservient in facilitating our success." Dorothea then pulled out of her pillow-case, a gown and petticoat of very rich stuff, with a beautiful green mantelet, and opening a little casket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which she instantly dressed herself to such advantage, that she appeared like a lady of the first rank and fortune. All these and other ornaments, she said, she had carried off from her father's house, in case of what might happen; though hitherto she had met with no opportunity of using them. Every one present was charmed with her graceful mien, easy deportment, and exceeding beauty, and passed sentence on Don Fernando, as a person of little taste and discernment, for having abandoned such excellence. But the admiration of Sancho was superior to that of all the rest: for he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen such a beautiful creature; and accordingly asked the curate, with great eagerness, who that handsome lady was, and what she looked for in these bye-places? "Friend Sancho (answered the curate), that handsome lady, to say no more of her, is heiress, in the direct male line, of the kingdom of Micomicon,* come hither to beg, as a boon of your master, that he would redress a wrong and grievance done to her by a discourteous giant: for such is the fame and reputation of that excellent knight Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this princess to come from thence in quest of him." —"Blessed quest! (cried Sancho), and happy finding, say I, especially if my master should be so fortunate as to right the wrong, and redress the grievance, by killing that son of a whore of a giant that your worship mentions: and kill him he certainly will, if they should once meet, provided he be not a phantom; for, you must know, my master has no power over phantoms. But one thing, among many others, I must beg of you, Mr Licentiate, and that is, to put my master out of conceit of an archbishopric, for, I am afraid, his inclination leans that way, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand,—a match which will make it impossible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he will the more easily arrive at the seat of empire, and I at the end of my wish.—For I have carefully considered the affair, and by my reckoning, I shall not find my account in his being an archbishop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by the reason of my being married; and for me, who have a wife and childern, to be petitioning for dispensations to hold livings would be an endless task. Wherefore, signor, the point is this: let my master immediately take to wife that same lady, whose name I do not know; for, indeed, I never saw her grace before this blessed minute."—"She is called the princess Micomicona (replied the curate), because her kingdom being Micomicon, it is plain her name must be Micomicona." —"Yes, to be sure (said Sancho), I have known several people take a surname and addition from the place of their nativity, calling themselves, for example, Pedro d'Alcala, Juna de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and I suppose they have the same custom in Guinea, where the queens take their names from the kingdoms they rule." —The priest confirmed Sancho's opinion, and promised to use his utmost influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this assurance Sancho rested as much satisfied as the other was surprised at his simplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cherished, in his imagination, the same extravagant whims that possessed his master, who, he firmly believed, would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommo-

* As if he had said Ape-land, *Mico* signifying an ape.

dated with the ox's tail, by way of beard, they desired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him against pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, assuring him that his master's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his professing ignorance of their persons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; because the presence of this last might recall to the knight's memory, the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the priest should appear: for which reasons, they let the rest proceed by themselves, and they followed at a small distance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea, who desired him to make himself perfectly easy on her account; for she would act the part assigned to her, without having the least occasion for a prompter, in the true style and spirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote already clothed, though still unarmed, sitting in the midst of a labyrinth of rocks; and Dorothea no sooner understood it was he, in consequence of Sancho's information, than she whipt up her palfrey, close attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when she approached the knight, threw himself from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But she, dismounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in spite of his repeated endeavours to raise her, she accosted in these words:—

"Never will I rise from this posture, most valiant and invincible knight, until your benevolence and courtesy grant me a boon, which will not only redound to the honour and applause of your own person, but also to the advantage of the most injured and disconsolate damsel that ever the sun beheld; and if the valour of your mighty arm corresponds with the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favour the unfortunate, who, attracted by the odour of your celebrated name, come from far distant regions in quest of your assistance."—"Beauteous lady (replied Don Quixote), I will not answer one word, nor hear one circumstance of your affairs, until you rise from the ground."—"I will not rise, signor (answered the afflicted damsel), until I shall have obtained from your condescension the boon I beg."—"I condescend and grant it (resumed the knight), provided, in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king, my country, and her who holds my heart and liberty enslaved."*—"Your compliance, worthy signor (replied the mourning lady), shall in no ways affect the exceptions you have made."

At that instant Sancho came up, and whispered softly in his master's ear, "Your worship may safely grant the boon she asks, which is a mere trifle,—no more than slaying a gigantic sort of a fellow; and she who begs it is the high and mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great empire of Micomicon, in Æthiopia."—"Whosoever she is (answered Don Quixote), I will do what I am in duty bound to perform, and act according to the dictates of my own conscience, and conformable to the order I profess." Then turning to Dorothea, "Rise, most beautiful lady (said he), the boon you ask is granted."—"Then what I ask is this (resumed the damsel), that your magnanimity would immediately accompany me to the place from whence I came, and promise to attempt no other adventure, nor grant any other request, until you shall have taken vengeance on a traitor who hath usurped my crown, contrary to all right human and divine."—"I grant your request, madam (answered Don Quixote); henceforth you may dispel that melancholy with which you are depressed, and let your fainting hope resume new strength and vigour; for, with the assistance of God, and this my arm, you shall, in a short time, see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your royal ancestors, in defiance and despite of all those evil-designing persons who mean to oppose you; let us set hands to the work then, for, according to the common observation, Delay breeds danger."

The distressed damsel struggled with great perseverance to kiss his hand; but Don Quixote, who was in all respects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow such humiliation: on the contrary, raising her up, he embraced her with great politeness and cordiality, ordering Sancho to secure Rozinante's girths, and help him to arm with all expedition. The squire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjusting the horse's girths, in a twinkling equipped his master, who finding himself armed, "Now (said he), let us go, in the name of God, to the assistance of this high-born lady." The bar-

* When a knight had once granted a boon in this manner, it was impossible for him to retract, let the request be ever so extravagant. We are told by Joinville, that the queen of St Lewis being big with child, and in the utmost terror of falling alive into the hands of the infidels at Damietta, in Egypt, fell upon her knees before an old knight turned of fourscore, and conjured him to grant her boon: the old man having promised to comply, on the faith of his knighthood, she told him the favour she so pressingly solicited was, that he would cut off her head, before she should fall into the hands of the enemy, provided the Saracens should become masters of the town. The signor answered without hesitation, that she might depend upon his sword; and owned he had taken that resolution even before she signified her request.

her, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preserve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable design, when he found the boon was granted, and saw with what eagerness the knight undertook to fulfil it, rose up, and, with the assistance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector bestrode Rosinante, and he himself mounted his own beast, while Sancho Panza, being left on foot, felt the loss of Dapple anew: but this he contentedly bore, believing that his master was now in the right road, and almost at the very point of being an emperor: for he assured himself, that the knight would wed that princess, and so become king of Micomicon at least: the only uneasiness he felt, was on account of that kingdom's being in the land of negroes, so that all his servants and vassals must be black; but his imagination supplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he said within himself, "Suppose my vassals are negroes, what else have I to do but transport them to Spain, where I can sell them for ready money, with which I may purchase some title or post, that will maintain me at my ease all the days of my life! No, to be sure, sleep on, void of all invention or ability to dispose of your wares, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turning of a straw. Before God! I'll make them fly, little and big, or just as I may; and, blacks as they are, turn them all into whites and yellows. Let me alone to suck my own fingers." With these conceits he was so much engrossed, and so well satisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate saw every thing that passed from behind some bushes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the priest, who was an excellent schemer, thought of an expedient for the purpose: having a pair of scissars about him, he cut off the beard of Cardenio with infinite despatch, and giving him a grey jacket, with his own black cloak, he himself remaining in his doublet and hose, the tattered cavalier was so much altered in point of appearance, that he would scarce have known himself had he looked in a glass. Although the others were jogging on while they disguised themselves in this manner, they easily reached the highway before the knight and his company, whose beasts were retarded by the bushes and rockyness of the ground: and taking their station just at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no sooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earnestly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a person whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, "Blessed be this meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the protector and physician of the distressed, and quintessence of knights-errant!" So saying, he embraced the left knee of Don Quixote, who, being astonished at the words and action of the man, began to consider his features with great attention, and at length recollecting him, was struck dumb with admiration at seeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight; which when the priest opposed, "Give me leave, Mr Licentiate (said he), it is not seemly that I should remain on horseback, when such a reverend person as you travels on foot."—"I will by no means (answered the curate), consent to your alighting; since, on horseback, your mighty arm hath achieved the greatest exploits and adventures that this age hath seen: it shall suffice for me, who am but an unworthy priest, to get up, with permission, behind this gentleman who travels in your worship's company; and then I shall imagine myself mounted upon Pegasus, a Zebra, or that fiercer courser that carried the famous Moor, Muzaraque, who still lies enchanted in the vast mountain Zulema, at a little distance from the great Compluto."—"I did not think of that expedient, Mr Licentiate (resumed the knight), but I know that my lady the princess will, out of regard to me, be pleased to order her 'squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule, and he himself may ride upon the crupper, if the beast will carry double."—"I believe she will (said the princess); and I am sure there will be no occasion to lay my commands upon my 'squire, who is too courteous and polite to suffer an ecclesiastic to travel on foot, when it is in his power to provide him with a beast."—"Your majesty is in the right," answered the barber, who, instantly alighting, complimented the curate with the saddle, which was accepted without much entreaty.

But then the misfortune was, when the 'squire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, consequently mischievous, lifted up her hind-legs, and kicked with such fury, that had they lighted on the head or breast of Mr Nicholas, he would have had reason to curse the hour on which he set out in quest of Don Quixote: such, however, was his confusion, that he came to the ground, and his beard being neglected, fell off; so that he could find no other method to prevent a discovery, than to clap both hands to his face with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demolished. Don Quixote, seeing that huge mass of beard torn from the jaw without blood, and lying at a good distance from the 'squire's face, "Good Heavens! (cried he), what a wonderful phenomenon is this! the beard is taken off and shaved as clean by the heel of the mule, as if it had been done by the hand of a barber." The curate, seeing the risk he ran of being detected in his scheme, snatched up the tail, and running with it to Mr Nicholas, who still lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breast

with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered some words, which, he said, were an infallible charm for fixing on beards, as they should presently see; accordingly, when the affair was adjusted, he quitted the 'squire, who now seemed as well bearded and as sound as ever,—a circumstance that, above measure, surprised the knight, who begged that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm which, he imagined, must contain more virtues than that of cementing beards; because it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the skin and flesh must be lacerated and hurt; and if the application could heal those wounded parts, it was good for something more than mere mustachios." The curate confirmed his conjecture, and promised to disclose the secret to him with the first proper opportunity: then it was agreed, that the priest should mount the mule by himself, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they should arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princess, and the curate, being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, following on foot, the knight told the damsel, that her highness might conduct him whithersoever she pleased; but, before she could make any reply, the priest interposed, saying, "Towards what kingdom is your majesty journeying? I am much mistaken in my notions of kingdoms, if you are not bound for Micomicon." She, who had been well instructed in her cue, concluding that she must answer in the affirmative, said, "Yes, signor, that is the place of my destination."—"Then you must pass through our village (answered the curate), and take your route to Carthagena, where your highness may happily embark; and if you meet with no hurricane, but be favoured with a fair wind and smooth sea, in something less than nine years, you may get sight of that vast lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is a little more than one hundred days journey from your majesty's kingdom."—"Your worship must be mistaken (said the princess), for two years are not yet elapsed since I set out from thence; and though the weather has been always bad, I have already obtained what I so much longed after, namely, the sight of Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose fame reached mine ears as soon as I landed in Spain, and induced me to come in quest of him, that I might solicit his courtesy, and trust my righteous cause to the valour of his invincible arm."—Enough, madam (said Don Quixote); spare your encomiums; for I am an utter enemy to all sorts of adulation; and although you are not to be suspected of flattery, my chaste ears are always offended at that kind of discourse. What I can safely affirm is this: whether I have valour or not, here he is, valiant or pusillanimous, who will exert himself to the last drop of his blood in the service of your highness. But this apart: pray, Mr Licentiate, what cause hath brought you hither alone, where I am really astonished to find you so ill attended, and so slightly clothed."

"In that particular you shall soon be satisfied (answered the curate); your worship must know, that I and our friend Mr Nicholas, the barber, set out for Seville, to recover a sum of money, which was sent to me by a relation of mine that went to the Indies a good many years ago: no less than sixty thousand pieces of eight in good silver, which make no inconsiderable sum: and yesterday, passing through this place, we were set upon by four highwaymen, who stripped us even to our very whiskers, and that in such a manner as obliged the barber to wear artificial ones; and you may see, pointing to Cardenio, how they have despoiled the face of this young man who accompanied us; and the cream of the story is, that, according to the public report which prevails in this neighbourhood, those who robbed us were galley-slaves, that, almost in this very place, were set at liberty by a man so valiant as to let them all loose, in spite of the commissary and his guards. Without all doubt, he must have been deprived of his senses, or as great a villain as any of those he freed, or some person void of all conscience and feeling, who could thus turn loose the wolf among the lambs, the fox among the poultry, and the flies among the honeypots; defrauding justice, and rebelling against his king and rightful sovereign, by acting contrary to his just commands, in depriving the gallies of their hands, and putting in confusion the holy brotherhood, which have continued so many years in undisturbed repose: in short, he hath done a deed that may tend to the perdition of his own soul as well as body."

Sancho had before recounted to them the adventure of the galley-slaves, which he had achieved with so much glory; and, therefore, the curate urged it home, in order to observe the behaviour of Don Quixote, who changed colour at every word, without daring to own himself the deliverer of that worthy crew. "Those (added the priest), were the persons who rifled us; and God of his infinite mercy forgive the man who prevented the punishment they so richly deserved!"

CHAP. III.

The pleasant artifice practised to extricate our enamoured Knight from the most rigorous penance he had imposed upon himself.

Scarce had the curate pronounced this apostrophe, when Sancho blundered out, "Then, in good faith, Mr Licentiate, he who performed this exploit was no other than my master; not that I neglected to tell and advise him before

hand to consider what he was about, and think what a sin it would be to let loose those who were going to the gallies, for the most grievous enormities."—"You blockhead (cried Don Quixote, incensed), it neither concerns, nor belongs to knights-errant, to examine whether the afflicted, the enslaved, and oppressed, whom they meet on the highway, are reduced to these wretched circumstances by their crimes or their misfortunes; our business is only to assist them in their distress, having an eye to their sufferings, and not to their demerits. I chanced to light upon a string of miserable and discontented objects, in behalf of whom I acted according to the dictates of my religion, without minding the consequence; and he who takes umbrage at what I have done, saving the sacred character and honourable person of Mr Licentiate, is, I insist upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry, and lies like the base son of a whore; and this assertion I will make good with my sword, in the most ample manner." So saying, he fixed himself in the stirrups, and cocked his beaver; the barber's basin, which he mistook for Mambrino's helmet, hanging useless at the saddle-bow, until the damage it received from the galley-slaves could be repaired.

Dorothea, who was equally prudent and witty, understanding that every body present, except Sancho, diverted themselves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, was willing to have her share of the entertainment, and accordingly, perceiving that his indignation was raised, "Sir knight (said she), I hope your worship will remember your promise to me, by which you are restricted from engaging in any other adventure, howsoever pressing it may be. Subdue your resentment, therefore, and be assured, that had Mr Licentiate known the galley-slaves were set at liberty by that invincible arm, he would have taken three stitches in his mouth, and bit his tongue three times, rather than have uttered one word that should redound to the prejudice of your worship."—"That I swear I would have done (said the curate), ay, and have plucked off one of my whiskers to boot."—"Madam (answered the knight), I am silent. I will restrain the just indignation which begins to rise within me, and proceed in the utmost peace and quiet, until I shall have fulfilled the boon I promised to your highness: but, in recompense for this my kind intention, I beseech you, if it be not too much trouble, to make me acquainted with the nature of your misfortune; and tell me the number, quality, and condition of those persons on whom I am to take just satisfaction and full vengeance in your behalf."—"With all my heart (answered Dorothea), though I am afraid of tiring you with a recital of my woes and misfortunes." The knight assured her that would be impossible; and she resumed, "Well then, be so good as to favour me with your attention."

At these words Cardenio and the barber went up close to her, in order to hear what story she, in her discretion, would invent; and Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived as his master, followed their example. After she had seated herself firmly in the saddle, cleared her pipes with a hem or two, and made other preliminary gestures, she, with great sprightliness, thus began:—

"In the first place, gentlemen, you must know, that my name is ———." Here she made a full stop, having forgot how the curate had christened her: but this defect was soon remedied; for, immediately conceiving the cause of her hesitation, he said, "It is no wonder, madam, that your highness is disturbed and disordered at the recollection of your misfortunes, which are often so great as to impair the memory to such a degree, that the afflicted cannot even remember their own names: this effect they have had upon you, madam, who have forgot that you are the princess Micomicona, legitimate heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With the assistance of this hint, your highness will easily recall the whole thread of your story to your sorrowful remembrance."—"You are in the right (replied the damsel); and I believe I shall be able to bring my true narrative to a happy conclusion, without further prompting.

"The king, my father, whose name was Tinacrio the Sage, foresaw, by his profound skill in magic, that my mother, who was called Queen Zaramilla, would die before him; and that, as he himself must quit this life soon after, I should be left an helpless orphan: but this consideration (he said), did not give him so much pain and confusion, as the certain foreknowledge, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island that bordered on our kingdoms, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect: (for it is affirmed, that although his eyes are, like any other person's, placed in the middle of his face, he always looks askance, as if he squinted; and this obliquity the malicious tyrant practises, in order to surprise and intimidate those who behold him): I say, my father foresaw, by his art, that this giant, informed of my being an orphan, would invade me with a great army, and deprive me of my whole kingdom, without leaving so much as a village for retreat; and that nothing could prevent this ruin and misfortune, unless I would consent to marry him; though, so far as he could learn, it would never come into my thoughts to make such an unequal match: and truly his conjecture was well founded; for it never entered into my head to wed this giant, or other person, howsoever tall and unmeasureable he might be. My father therefore advised me, that when, after his death, I should get notice that Pandafilando was beginning to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to put myself in a

posture of defence, which would prove my destruction, but freely leave him the possession of my realms, if I was resolved to avoid my own death, and to prevent the total destruction of my good and faithful subjects: for it would be impossible to defend myself against the infernal force of the giant; but that I should immediately set out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for all my misfortunes, in the person of a certain knight-errant, whose fame would be at that time spread over the whole kingdom, and whose name, if I rightly remember, would be Don Hacksot, or Kicksot."—"Don Quixote, your ladyship would say (cried Sancho, interposing), alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."—"The very same (replied Dorothea); he told me, moreover, that this knight would be a tall man, with a long meagre visage, and have on his right side, below his left shoulder, or thereabouts, a grey mole, garnished with hairs, which bear some resemblance to a hog's bristles."

Don Quixote, hearing this circumstance, said to his 'squire, "Come hither, son Sancho, and help me to strip; for I want to see if I am actually the knight of whom that sage king foretold."—"Why should your worship strip?" said Dorothea.—"In order to satisfy myself about that mole which your royal father mentioned."—"You need not give yourself that trouble (said Sancho), I know your worship hath just such a mole on the middle of your back-bone, which is a sign of strength."—"That assurance is sufficient (resumed Dorothea), for, among friends, we ought not to stand upon trifles; and it is of very little consequence whether the mole be upon the shoulder or the back-bone, provided there is really such a mark on any part of your body, which is all composed of the same flesh: without doubt, my worthy father was right in every thing he prognosticated; and I have exactly followed his directions, in recommending my cause to the protection of Signor Don Quixote, who is certainly the individual knight my father described; since his features correspond with his fame, which fills not only Spain, but likewise the whole province of la Mancha;* for scarce had I landed at Ossuna, than, hearing of his vast exploits, my mind suggested, that he must be the very person I came in quest of."—"How could your highness (said Don Quixote), land at Ossuna, which is not a seaport?"

Before she had time to make a reply, the curate took the task upon himself, saying, "The princess must mean, that after she landed at Malaga, Ossuna was the first place in which she heard of your worship."—"That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "There is nothing more plain (answered the priest), and now your majesty may proceed."—"I have nothing more to say (resumed the princess), but that, at length, destiny has been so favourable to me in my finding Don Quixote, I reckon, and look upon myself as queen again, and mistress of my whole realms, since, out of his great courtesy and magnificence, he hath promised, in consequence of the boon I asked, to go with me whithersoever I shall conduct him; and my intention is no other than to bring him face to face with Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may, by putting him to death, restore me to the possession of that which he so unjustly usurps; and all this will literally happen, as it was prophesied by my worthy father Tinacrio the sage, who hath also left it written in Chaldean or Greek characters, for I cannot read them, that if the knight mentioned in the prophecy should, after having cut off the giant's head, demand me in marriage, I must instantly accept of him as my lawful husband, without the least hesitation, and give him immediate possession of my person and throne."

Don Quixote, hearing this circumstance, cried, "What do you think now, friend Sancho? do ye hear what passes? and did not I tell thee as much? Observe now, whether or not we have not a queen to marry and a kingdom to govern."—"Adzookers! it is even so (cried the 'squire), and plague upon the son of a whore who refuses to marry her, as soon as Mr Pandahilado's weasond is cut: then, what a delicate morsel the queen is! odd! I wish all the fleas in my bed were such as she!" So saying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite satisfaction, then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea's mule, made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, besought the princess to let him kiss her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and mistress. Which of the company could behold the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man, without laughing! Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promised to make him a grandee, as soon as, by the favour of Heaven, she could be restored to the possession of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all present.

"This, gentlemen (added the damsel), is my story; and nothing now remains but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one survives, except this well-bearded 'squire; all the rest having perished in a dreadful storm that overtook us after we were within sight of land: he and I

* This is a diverting example of the Bathos, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the Art of Sinking:

"Nor Alps, nor Appennines could keep us out,
Nor fortified redoubt!"

miraculously floated to the shore on two planks; and, indeed, the whole course of my life, as you may have observed in my narration, hath been full of mystery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been less accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that cause assigned by the Licentiate, in the beginning of my story, namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction that often impairs the memory of the unfortunate."—"But mine shall not be impaired, most high and virtuous lady! (said Don Quixote), by all the misfortunes I shall undergo in your service, let them be ever so great and unprecedented: therefore, I again confirm the boon I have promised, and swear to attend you even to the world's end, until I get sight of that ferocious adversary of yours, whose proud head I hope to slice off, with the assistance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to Gines de Passamonte* who run away with my own: (this last apostrophe he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded aloud, saying), and after I shall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable possession of your throne, you shall be at free liberty to dispose of your person, according to your own will and pleasure; for, while my memory is engrossed, my will enslaved, and my understanding subjected to her who——I say no more, but it is impossible I should incline, or have the least thought towards marrying any other person, though she were a perfect phœnix."

Sancho was so much disgusted at this last declaration of his master refusing the marriage, that, raising his voice, he cried with great indignation, "Signor Don Quixote, I vow and swear your worship is crazy, else you would never boggle at marrying such a high-born princess as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer such good luck at every turn as she now presents? or pray, do you think my lady Dulcinea more handsome than the princess? I am sure she is not half so beautiful, and will even venture to say, that she is not worthy to tie her majesty's shoe-strings. How the plague shall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worship goes thus a-fishing for mushrooms at sea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil's name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand; and, after your coronation, make me a marquis or lord-lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the rest."

Don Quixote was enraged, when he heard such blasphemies uttered against his mistress Dulcinea, and, lifting up his lance, without speaking a syllable, or giving the least notice of his intention, discharged two such hearty blows upon the 'squire as brought him instantly to the ground, and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begged of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the spot. "Do you think (said he, after some pause), you plebeian scoundrel, that I will always stand with my hands in my pockets; and that there is nothing to be done, but for you to misbehave and for me to forgive you? I'll teach you better manners, you excommunicated rascal, for such to be sure you are, else you would not wag your tongue against the peerless Dulcinea. Don't you know, you grovelling beggarly villain, that were it not for the valour with which she inspires this arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperish scoffer, what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant's head, and made you a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the valour of Dulcinea that makes use of my arm as the instrument of her exploits? In me she fights and overcomes: in her I live, breathe, and have my being. O thou whoreson, ungrateful ruffian, who seest thyself raised from the dust of the earth to the rank of nobility, and repayest the obligation by slandering thy benefactress."

Sancho was not so roughly handled but he heard every syllable that his master spoke, and, starting up as nimbly as he could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence he said to the knight, "Pray, sir, if your worship is determined against marrying this great princess, is it not plain, that the kingdom cannot be yours; and if that be the case, what favours can you bestow upon me? This is what I complain of. I would your worship would, once for all, marry this queen, who is, as it were, rained down from heaven upon us; and then you may converse with my lady Dulcinea, according to the custom of some kings who keep concubines. As to the affair of beauty, I will not intermeddle, but, if the truth may be told, I like them both very well, though I never saw my lady Dulcinea in my life."—"How! not seen her? blasphemous traitor! (cried Don Quixote); have you not just brought a message from her?"—"I say (answered Sancho), that when I saw her, I had not an opportunity of examining the particulars of her beauty and good qualities one by one; but altogether, she pleased me very much."—"Now, Sancho (said Don Quixote), I exculpate thee, and thou must forgive what I did in my wrath; for no man can command the first emotion of his passion."—"That I can plainly perceive (answered the 'squire), and therefore the desire of speaking is always the first motion in me; and truly, when once my tongue begins

* If the knight was robbed of his own sword by Gines, where did he find that which he wore on this occasion?

to itch, I cannot, for my blood, keep it within my teeth."—" For all that, friend Sancho (said the knight), I would have you consider before you speak; for, though the pitcher goes often to the well—I need not mention what follows."—" In good time (replied the 'squire), there is a God above, who sees the snare, and will judge which of us is most to blame; I in speaking, or your worship in doing evil."—" Let there be no more of this, Sancho (said Dorothea), but run and kiss your master's hand, and beg his pardon; and, henceforth, set a better guard upon your praise and disparagement: above all things, beware of saying any thing to the prejudice of that Lady Toboso, whom I know by nothing else than my inclination to serve her: and if you put your trust in God, you will not fail of acquiring some estate, by which you will live like a prince."

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiss of his master's hand, which was granted with great solemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his blessing also, desiring he would attend him while he rode on a little before the rest of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of asking a few questions, and conversing with him about affairs of the utmost importance. Sancho obeyed the order, and the two having advanced a good way before the rest, " Since thy return (said Don Quixote), I have had neither time nor convenience to inquire about many particular circumstances of thy embassy, with the answer thou hast brought: and now, that fortune favours us with a fit opportunity, thou must not deny me the pleasure I shall receive from thy agreeable information."—" Your worship (answered the 'squire), may ask as many questions as you please: I shall make every thing come out as clear as it went in: but I entreat your worship, dear sir, not to be so revengeful for the future."—" Why dost thou call me revengeful?" said the knight.—" Because (resumed the 'squire), those blows I was just now honoured with, were more owing to the quarrel the devil picked between us t'other night; than to any thing I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, though she be not one, merely because she appertains to your worship."—" No more of these reflections, on thy life (said Don Quixote), else thou wilt give me fresh umbrage: I freely forgave thee at that time, and thou knowest, that, according to the common observation, Every new fault deserves a new penance."

While this conversation passed between them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an ass; and, when he came a little nearer, discerned him to be a gipsy: but Sancho Panza, who sent his soul abroad with his eyes, to examine every ass that appeared, no sooner beheld the rider, than he recognised Gines de Passamonte, and by the thread of the gipsy discovered the clue of his own ass; for it was actually Dapple that carried Passamonte, who, for the better convenience of selling the beast, had disguised himself in the dress of a gipsy, whose language, with many others, he could speak as fluently as his mother tongue. Sancho saw and recollected him, and no sooner had he seen and recollected him, than he bellowed forth, " Ah villain Ginesillo! restore my goods—give me back the comfort of my life—rob me not of my heart's content—give me my ass—give me my darling—fly, thief—skip, robber; and seek not to preserve that which is none of thine own."

There was no need of all this exclamation and reproach; for Gines leaped off at the first word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have passed for a gallop, made the best of his way, and vanished in a twinkling. Sancho running to his ass, embraced it with great affection, saying, " How hast thou been, my dear Dapple my trusty companion and joy of my eyes?" Then kissed and caressed it as if it had been a Christian; while Dapple very peaceably received these demonstrations of love and kindness, without answering one word. The whole company wished him joy of his recovery; particularly Don Quixote, who assured him, that although he had retrieved Dapple, the promise of the three colts should not be annulled; and Sancho thanked him for his generosity.

While the master and man were conversing by themselves, the curate told Dorothea, that she had behaved with great discretion in her story, both with regard to the matter and brevity of it, as well as the resemblance it bore to those legends that are found in books of chivalry. She observed, that she had employed a good part of her leisure time in reading such romances, but, being ignorant of the situation of different provinces and seaports, she had spoken at random, when she mentioned her landing at Ossuna."—" I thought so (resumed the priest), and made all haste to adjust matters by what I said; but is it not very strange, to see with what facility this poor unfortunate gentleman swallows all those lies and fictions, merely because they are delivered in the style and manner of his nonsensical books."—" So very strange and singular (said Cardenio), that I question if there be any genius whatever so fertile as to frame such a character by the mere force of invention."—" And what is a very remarkable circumstance (replied the curate), waiving those extravagancies which this worthy gentleman utters upon the subject of his disorder, he can discourse upon other topics with surprising ability, and appears to be a man of great knowledge and intellects: so that, if you do not touch upon chivalry, his hearers must look upon him as a person of excellent understanding."

While they were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho, to whom he said, " Come, friend Panza,

let us forget what is past, with regard to animosity, and tell me, without any ingredient of rancour and resentment, where and how you found Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did she say? What answer did she make? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for her perusal? These particulars, and every other circumstance of the affair, which you think worthy to be known, asked, and answered, I expect you will explain, without seeking to increase my pleasure with false additions, much less to diminish it by malicious omission."—"Signor (answered Sancho), if the truth must be told, nobody transcribed the letter, because I had no letter to be transcribed."—"That is very true (replied the knight); for, two days after thy departure, I found the pocket-book in which it was written—a circumstance that gave me infinite pain, as I could not conceive what thou wouldest do when the mistake should appear; indeed I always imagined thou wouldest have returned hither immediately upon the discovery."—"That would certainly have been the case (said the 'squire), if, when your worship read it to me, I had not retained it in my memory, so perfect as to be able to dictate it to a parish clerk, who, as I repeated, transcribed it so exactly, that he said in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen such a clever letter as yours."—"And dost thou still retain it?" said Don Quixote.—"No, sir, replied Sancho. For, after I had put it into her hand, I thought there was no farther occasion to retain it, and therefore let it slip out of my remembrance; or, if any part remains, it is that of the subterrene—I mean sovereign lady, and the conclusion. Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; with about three hundred souls, and lives, and pigsnies, which I set down in the middle."

CHAP. IV.

The savoury conversation that passed between Don Quixote and his 'Squire Sancho Panza; with many other incidents.

"All this is pretty well; proceed (said Don Quixote): how was that queen of beauty employed, when you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device for this her captive knight, with threads of gold."—"No, truly (answered the 'squire); I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard."—"Then you may depend upon it (resumed the knight), the grains of that wheat were converted into pearls by the touch of her hand: and didst thou observe, my friend, whether it was of the finer or common sort?"—"Why neither (said Sancho), it seemed to be as it were red wheat."—"But, since it was winnowed by her fair hands (answered Don Quixote), I dare affirm, it will make the whitest bread in Spain. Go on with thy information. When the letter was delivered did she not kiss it, and place it on the crown of her head, in token of respect? did she not perform some ceremony worthy of such a letter? pray, how did she receive it?"—"When I presented the letter (answered Sancho), she was in a main hurry, winnowing a large heap of wheat that was in her sieve; and said to me, 'Friend, lay down the letter on that sack, for I cannot pretend to read it, until I have made an end of my work.'"—"Discreet lady! (cried the knight); her intention certainly was to read it at her leisure, that she might recreate herself with the contents.—Proceed, Sancho—and while she was thus employed, what conversation passed between you? what questions did she ask concerning me? and what answers didst thou make? Recount the whole, without leaving one syllable untold."

"She asked me no questions (replied the 'squire); but I told her, how I had left your worship doing penance for love of her, skipping among those rocks, naked from the waist upwards, like a mere savage, sleeping on the bare ground; neglecting to eat your food like a Christian, or to comb your beard like a decent man, but whining, and weeping, and cursing your fortune."—"If you said I cursed my fortune, you misrepresented me (said Don Quixote); for I bless my fate, and will bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to aspire to the love of such an high lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."—"High indeed! (answered Sancho), for, in faith, she is a good hand taller than I am."—"How, hast thou been measured with her, Sancho?" said the knight.—"I'll tell you how (answered the 'squire); while I was helping to lay a load of corn upon an ass, we came so close together, that I could easily perceive she overtopped me by a full hand."—"That may be true (said Don Quixote), though her tallness is accompanied and adorned by a myriad of mental graces. But, this you will not deny, Sancho, that while you was so near her, your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a certain delicious sensation, for which there is no name. I mean a scent, a perfume, such as fills the shop of some curious glover."—"All that I can say (answered Sancho), is, that I was sensible of a sort of rammish smell, which, I believe, was owing to her being in a muck sweat with hard work."—"That is impossible (cried the knight), thy sense must have been depraved; or that smell must have proceeded from thy own body; for I am perfectly well acquainted with the odour of that rose among briars, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber."—"It may be so (said Sancho): I have often known such smells come from myself, as then seemed

to come from my lady Dulcinea: but that is not to be wondered at: because, as the saying is, every fiend may stink of brimstone."—"Well then (added Don Quixote), she hath now winnowed the wheat, and sent it to the mill, how did she behave after she had read my letter?"—"The letter (answered Sancho), was not read at all: for, as she could neither read nor write, she chose to rend and tear it to pieces, rather than give it to any body who might publish her secrets in the village; saying, she was very well satisfied with the information I gave her, by word of mouth, concerning your worship's love for her, and the extraordinary penance I left you doing on her account. Finally, she bade me tell you, that she kissed your worship's hands, being much more desirous of seeing than writing to you; and therefore she entreated and commanded your worship, by these presents, to quit this desert, and leave off playing the fool, and forthwith set out on your journey to Toboso, provided that something else of greater importance should not happen; for she longed very much for a sight of your worship: and laughed heartily when I told her, that you had taken the name of the Knight with the Rueful Countenance. When I asked if the Biscayan had been lately with her, she answered, Yes; and that he was very much of a gentleman: but, when I inquired about the galley-slaves, she said, she had as yet seen none of them."

"Hitherto all goes well (said the knight); but, pray tell me, what jewel she gave you at parting, for the news you had brought of me her lover; for it is an ancient practice and custom among knights-errant and their mistresses, to bestow upon their 'squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of each other, some rich jewel, as a reward and acknowledgment for the message."—"It may be so (said Sancho), and I think it an excellent custom; but that must have been in times past; for, in this age, it is customary to give nothing but a piece of bread and cheese, which was all the present I received from my lady Dulcinea, who reached it over the yard wall, when I took my leave; by this token, that the cheese was made of ewe's milk."—"She is liberal to excess (said the knight); and if she omitted giving thee a jewel, it must certainly have been owing to her not having any by her; but all in good time:* I shall see her soon, and then every thing will be set to rights. Yet there is one thing, Sancho, which overwhelms me with astonishment. You seem to have travelled through the air; for you have spent little more than three days in your journey, though Toboso is more than thirty leagues distant from hence. From this extraordinary expedition, I conjecture that the sage, who is my friend, and interests himself in my affairs; and such there certainly is, and must be, else I should be no true knight-errant: I say, this enchanter must have assisted thee in thy journey, though thou didst not perceive it; for some there are of that class, who will take up a knight-errant while he is asleep in his bed, and, without his knowing any thing of the matter, he shall awake next morning in some place more than a thousand leagues from the house where he took up his lodging the night before; and without such sudden transportations, it would be impossible for knights to succour each other in distress, as they frequently do. A knight-errant, for example, happens to be fighting in the deserts of Armenia, with some fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or rival knight, and being worsted, and just at the point of being slain, behold, when he least expects it, there suddenly appears in a cloud or fiery chariot, another knight, a friend of his, who, but a minute before, resided in England, and who assists and delivers him from death; and that same night he finds himself supping at his ease in his own house, which is often two or three thousand leagues from the field of battle; and all this is effected by the industry and art of sage enchanters, who take those valiant knights under their protection.

"Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can easily believe that thou hast in so little time travelled from hence to Toboso and back again; because, as I have already observed, some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not perceive it."—"Not unlikely (replied the 'squire), for, in good faith, Rozinante went like a gipsy's ass, with quicksilver in his ears."—"With quicksilver! (cried the knight); ay, and a legion of demons to boot, who are beings that travel themselves, and make other people travel as fast as they please, without tiring.

"But, waiving this subject, how dost thou think I ought to regulate my conduct, now that my mistress commands me to appear in her presence; for, although I find myself obliged to comply with her orders, I am utterly incapacitated by the boon I have granted to this princess; and I am bound, by the laws of chivalry to fulfil my promise, before I indulge my inclination. On one hand, I am persecuted and harassed by the desire of seeing Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited and invited by my honour, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. I am therefore determined to travel with all expedition, until I arrive at the place where the giant resides; and when I shall have restored the princess to the peaceable possession of her kingdom, after having shortened the

* Literally, Sleeves are good even after Easter, *i. e.* though a good thing comes too late, it is never unseasonable.

usurper by the head, I will return to the rays of that beauty which enlightens my thoughts, and excuse myself in such a manner as to obtain her forgiveness, as she will plainly perceive that my delay tended to the increase of her glory and fame: seeing all my reputation in arms, past, present, or to come, proceeds from her favour and inspiration."—"Lord! (cried Sancho), how your worship is concerned about a parcel of potsherds. Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to make this journey for nothing; and to let such a rich and noble marriage as this slip through your fingers, while the dowry is no less than a kingdom; which, I have actually heard, is more than twenty thousand leagues round, plentifully stored with every thing that is needful for the sustenance of mortal man, and larger than Portugal and Castile put together? Hold your tongue, a God's name, and take shame to yourself for what you have said: pardon my freedom, take my advice, and marry in the first place where we can find a curate; or make use of our friend the licentiate, who will buckle you handsomely. Take notice therefore, that I am of an age to give good counsel, and this that I offer will fit you to a hair; for a bird in hand is worth two in the bush; and, as the saying is, he that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly deserveth to rue."

"Sancho (answered Don Quixote), if thou adviseat me to marry, with a view of seeing me king, after I shall have killed the giant, that I may have an opportunity of rewarding thee with what I have promised, thou must know, that I can easily gratify thy wishes without wedding the princess; for, before I engage in the combat, I will covenant, that provided I come off conqueror, and decline the marriage, I shall have it in my power to dispose of one part of the kingdom as I shall think proper; and to whom should I give it but to thee?"—"That is very plain (replied the 'squire); but I beseech your worship to make choice of the sea-coast, because, if I should happen to dislike the country, I may ship off my black slaves, and sell them as I have already hinted. Wherefore, without troubling yourself at present about my lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and slay the giant, and conclude that affair from which, before God! we shall certainly reap much honour and advantage."—"I tell thee, Sancho (said Don Quixote), thou art in the right, and I will follow thy advice, so far as it regards my attendance upon the princess, before I visit Dulcinea. But say not a word to any body, even those of our company not excepted, of this conversation; for, as she is so reserved and careful of concealing her sentiments, it would be inexcusable in me, if I, or any other through my means, should disclose them."—"Since that is the case (said the 'squire), why does your worship command all those who are vanquished by your arm, to go and present themselves before my lady Dulcinea? You may as well give it under your hand, that you are her true and trusty lover; for if you compel them to fall upon their knees before her, and say they are sent by your worship to pay homage to her, how is it possible, that the sentiments of either you or her can be concealed?"

"What an ignorant and simple fellow thou art! (resumed the knight); canst thou not see that all this redounds to her praise and exaltation?—Thou must know, that in our style of chivalry it is deemed a great honour for a lady to be admired by a great many knights, whose wishes extend no farther than to the desire of serving her for her own sake, without expecting any other reward for their great and manifold services, than the glory of being admitted into the number of her knights."—"In like manner (said Sancho), I have heard a priest in the pulpit observe, that we must love our Saviour for his own sake, without being moved thereto by any fear of punishment, or hopes of applause; though, for my own part, I am inclined to love and serve him on account of his power."—"Now, the devil take the clown! (cried Don Quixote), he sometimes makes such shrewd observations, that one would think he had actually studied!"—"And yet, upon my conscience (answered the 'squire), I know not so much as my letters." At that instant, Mr Nicholas calling aloud to them to stop a little, that the rest might have time to drink at a spring which they found in the way, Don Quixote turned back, to the no small satisfaction of Sancho, who was already tired with telling lies, and afraid of being detected by his master; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was the daughter of a peasant at Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. By this time Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and though they were none of the most elegant, he made a much better figure than with his tattered dress, which he now threw away. The whole company sat down by the spring, where, while they appeased the keen hunger that possessed them all, with what the curate had brought from the inn, a lad chanced to pass that way, who, looking earnestly at the whole company, at length ran up to Don Quixote, and, embracing his knees, began to blubber most heartily, saying, "Ah! signor, don't you know me? look at me again: I am that same individual young man, called Andrew, whom your worship delivered from the tree to which I was tied." The knight recollected his features, and, taking him by the hand, addressed himself to the company in these words:—

"That you may see of what importance knight-errantry is, to redress the wrongs and grievances which are daily committed by the insolent and wicked wretches who live upon this earth, know, that as I passed by a wood some

time ago, I heard the screams and woful cries of some afflicted creature in the utmost distress; and, in consequence of my oath and obligation, riding towards the place from which the lamentation seemed to come, I found this very young man tied to an oak tree; and I am glad from my soul that he is here in person, to bear witness to the truth. I say, he was bound to an oak, naked from the waist upwards; and a peasant, who, I afterwards understood, was his master, stood scourging him with the reins of a bridle. When I inquired into the cause of this barbarous treatment, the rustic answered, that he only whipped his own servant for being guilty of some neglect that savoured more of knavishness than simplicity. The boy protested he had done nothing but asked his wages; to this affirmation the master replied by some asseverations which I have forgot; but, though I heard his excuses, I would not admit of them. In short, I ordered the peasant to untie the youth, and made him swear that he would carry him home, and pay him his wages in ready cash, nay, and pay him in rials that should be perfumed. Is not this literally true, son Andrew? didst thou not observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promised to comply with every thing that I imposed, suggested, and desired? Answer without perturbation or doubt, and tell this honourable company what passed, that they may see and be convinced of what use it is, as I said, to have knights-errant continually upon duty."

"All that your worship hath told is very true (answered the young man); but the end of the business was quite the reverse of what you imagined."—"How! the reverse! (cried the knight); has not the peasant paid thee thy wages?"—"Far from paying me my wages (said Andrew), your worship was no sooner out of the wood, and we by ourselves again, than he bound me a second time to the same oak, and lashed me so severely, that I remained like St Bartholomew, flead alive; and, at every stripe, he jeered, and scoffed, and made game of your worship in such a manner, that, if it had not been for the excessive pain I felt, I could not have refrained from laughing at what he said. In short, he treated me so cruelly, that, till this very day, I have been in the hospital, for the cure of the wounds I received from that mischievous farmer; and truly your worship was the cause of all that I suffered; for, if you had followed your own road, without going where nobody called you, or meddling with other people's affairs, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a cool dozen or two, and then loosed and paid me my due. But, when your worship abused him so unseasonably, and called him so many bad names, his choler was inflamed; and, as he could not be revenged upon you, as soon as you was gone he discharged the storm of his wrath upon me in such a manner, that I shall never be my own man again."

"The misfortune (said the knight), was in my leaving him before I had seen thee paid; for I ought to have known, by long experience, that no peasant will keep his word, if he thinks it his interest to break it. But thou mayest remember, Andrew, that I swore, if he did not perform his promise, I would return and search for him until he should be found, even if he should hide himself in the whale's belly."—"Very true (replied Andrew); but that threat signified nothing."—"Thou shalt presently see what it signifies," resumed Don Quixote, who, getting up hastily, ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was following their example, in refreshing himself with grass.

When Dorothea asked what he intended to do, he replied, he was going in quest of the peasant, to chastise him for his villainous behaviour, and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in despite and defiance of all the rustics upon earth. To this declaration she answered, by desiring him to consider, that, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any enterprise until her affair should be finished; and, since this stipulation was known to himself better than to any other person, she entreated him to repress his resentment till his return from her kingdom. "That is very true (resumed the knight), and Andrew must wait with patience for my return, as your majesty observes; but I repeat my oath and my promise, never to desist until I shall have seen his wages paid and his injuries revenged."—"I don't trust to those oaths (said Andrew), and would rather, at present, have wherewithal to bear my expenses to Seville, than all the revenge in the world: be so good, if you have any victuals, to give me something to eat upon my journey, and the Lord be with your worship and all knights-errant, who, I wish, may always err as much in their own affairs as they have done in mine." Sancho, taking a luncheon of bread and cheese from the store, gave it to the young man, saying, "Here, brother Andrew, take this: and now we have all shared in your misfortune." When Andrew asked what share of it had fallen to him, he replied, "That share of bread and cheese which I have given you; and God knows whether I shall not feel the loss of it; for, you must know, friend, that we 'squires of knights-errant are subject to many a hungry belly, with other misfortunes, which are more easily felt than described."

Andrew accepted of the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody offered him any thing else, made his bows, and, as the saying is, took his foot in his hand.* True it is, before he

* Literally, Took the road in his hands.

departed he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying, "For the love of God! sir knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, spare yourself the trouble of coming to my assistance, even though you should see me cut into minced meat, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but that it may be increased by the succour of your worship, whom God confound, together with all the knights-errant that ever were born." Don Quixote started up, in order to chastise him, but he ran away with such nimbleness, that nobody attempted to pursue him; and the knight was so ashamed of his exploit, that the company were at great pains to contain their laughter, to prevent his being quite out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

Which treats of what happened to Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

Their sumptuous meal being ended, they saddled their beasts, and, without meeting any thing worthy of mention, arrived next day at the very inn which was so much the dread and terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he was to enter, he could not avoid going into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the gate, went out to receive them with great demonstrations of joy; and the knight returned their compliments with grave deportment and solemn approbation, desiring them to prepare a better bed for him than that which he had occupied before. To this demand the landlady answered, that, provided he would pay better than he did before, he should lie like a prince; he promised to see her satisfied, and they immediately made up a tolerable bed, in the same garret where he had formerly lodged, in which he laid himself down, very much disordered both in body and mind. He was no sooner locked up in his chamber, than the landlady attacked the barber, and, seizing him by the beard, cried, "By my faith! you shall no longer use my tail for a beard. Give me my tail, I say, for it is a shame to see how my husband's thing is bandied about for want of it; I mean the comb that he used to stick in my tail." But the barber would not part with it for all her tugging, until the priest desired him to restore it; because there was no further occasion for the disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape, and tell the knight, that after he had been robbed by the galley-slaves he had fled to that inn; and if he should inquire for the princess's gentleman usher, they would tell him, she had despatched him away before her, to advertise her friends and subjects that she was upon the road, accompanied by the deliverer of them all. Thus satisfied, the barber willingly restored the landlady's tail, and every thing else they had borrowed with a view of disengaging Don Quixote from the mountain; and all the people of the inn were astonished at the beauty of Dorothea, as also at the genteel mien of the swain Cardenio. The curate ordered them to get ready something to eat; and the innkeeper, in hope of being well paid, dressed, with all despatch, a pretty reasonable dinner; but they did not think proper to waken Don Quixote, who, they believed, stood at that time more in need of sleep than of food.

The discourse at table, in presence of the innkeeper, his wife, daughter, Maritornes, and all the other lodgers, happening to turn upon the uncommon madness of the knight, and the condition in which they found him, the hostess recounted to them what had happened in her house between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanketting, to the no small entertainment of the company. The curate observing that Don Quixote's understanding was disordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, I cannot conceive how that is possible, for really, in my opinion, they are the best reading in the world: I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preserved, not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest time, a great number of reapers come hither to pass the heat of the day, and there being always one among them who can read, he takes up a book, and we, to the number of thirty or more, forming a ring about him, listen with such pleasure, as were enough to make an old man grow young again; at least, I can say for myself, when I hear him read of those furious and terrible strokes that have been given by certain knights, I am seized with the desire of being at it myself; and could listen to such stories whole nights and days without ceasing." —"I wish you would, with all my heart (replied the wife), for, I am sure, I never enjoy a quiet minute in the house, except when they are reading, and then you are so bamboozled with what you hear, you forget to scold for that time."—"That is the very truth of the matter (said Maritornes): in good faith, I myself am hugely diverted when I hear those things; they are so clever, especially when they tell us how yon t'other lady lay among orange trees in the embraces of her knight, while a duenna, half dead with envy and surprise, kept sentry over them—odd! all these things make my chops water."

"And what is your opinion of the matter, my young mistress?" said the priest to the innkeeper's daughter.—"Truly, signor, I don't well know (she replied), but listen among the rest, and really, though I do not understand it, I am pleased with what I hear; yet I take no

delight in those strokes that my father loves, but in the lamentations made by the knights, when they are absent from their mistresses, which, in good sooth, often make me weep with compassion."—"Then you would soon give them relief, if they mourned for you, my pretty maid?" said Dorothea.—"I don't know what I should do (answered the girl); but this I know, that some of those ladies are so cruel, their knights call them lions, tigers, and a thousand other reproachful names. Jesus! I can't conceive what sort of folks those must be who are so hard-hearted or unconscionable as to let a man of honour die, and lose his senses, rather than take the least notice of him: why should they be so coy? if their suitors court them in an honest way, let them marry, and that is all the men desire."—"Hold your peace, child (said the landlady), methinks you are too well acquainted with these things; young maidens, like you, should neither know nor speak so much." The daughter said, as the gentleman asked her the question, she could do no less than answer him; and the curate demanding a sight of the books, "With all my heart," replied the innkeeper, who, going to his own chamber, brought out an old portmanteau, secured with a chain, which, being opened, the priest found in it three large volumes, and some manuscripts, written in a very fair character.

The first book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second, Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the third was the history of the great captain Gonçalo Hernandez de Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Parades. The curate having read the titles of the two first, turned to the barber, saying, "We now want our friend's housekeeper and cousin."—"Not at all (answered Mr Nicholas), I myself can convey them to the yard, or rather to the chimney, where there is actually a special good fire."—"What! you intend to burn these books, then?" said the innkeeper. "Only these two," answered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte. "I suppose, then (resumed the landlord), my books are heretic and phlegmatic?"—"You mean schismatic, honest friend, and not phlegmatic," said the barber. "Even so (replied the landlord), but if any of them be burnt, let it be the history of that great captain, together with Diego Garcia; for I would rather suffer you to commit my son to the flames, than to burn e'er a one of the rest."—"Hark ye, brother (said the curate), these two books are stuffed with lies, vanity, and extravagance; but that of the great captain is a true history, containing the exploits of Gonçalo Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his numerous and valiant achievements, acquired, all the world over, the epithet of the great captain, a renowned and splendid appellation, merited by him alone: and that Diego Garcia de Parades was a noble cavalier, born in the city of Truxillo in Estremadura, a most valiant soldier, and endowed with such bodily strength, that with a single finger he could stop a mill-wheel in the heat of its motion; and being once posted at one end of a bridge, with a two-handed sword, he alone prevented a vast army from passing over it: he performed a great many actions of the same kind, which he himself hath recounted with all the modesty of a gentleman who writes his own memoirs; whereas, had they been committed to writing by any other free and dispassionate author, they would have eclipsed all the Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos, that ever lived."—"You may tell such stuff to my grannam," said the innkeeper. "Lord! how you are surprised at the stopping of a mill-wheel! before God! I advise your worship to read, as I have done,* the history of Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a single back stroke, cut five giants through the middle as easily as if they had been made of beans, like the figures with which the boys divert themselves. Another time, he engaged a most infinite and powerful army, consisting of a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed cap-a-pee, whom he totally routed, as if they had been flocks of sheep. Then what shall we say of the most excellent Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so valiant and courageous, as may be seen in the book of his history, that while he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent rose above the water, which he no sooner saw, than, leaping on his back, he fastened himself astride upon his scaly shoulders, and seized it by the throat, with both hands, so forcibly, that the serpent feeling itself well-nigh strangled, could find no other remedy but dive into the profound with the knight, who would not quit his hold; and when he descended to the bottom, he found himself in a palace situated in the midst of a garden that was wonderfully pleasant; and then the serpent turned itself into an ancient man, who told him such things as you would rejoice to hear.—Say no more, signor, if you was to hear it you would run stark mad for joy—so that, a fig for your great captain, and that same Diego Garcia you talk of."

Dorothea hearing this harangue, whispered to Cardenio, "Our host wants not much to make the second edition of Don Quixote."—"I think so too (answered Cardenio), for by his discourse, he seems to take it for granted, that every thing which is recounted in these books is neither more nor less than the truth; and all

* It will appear in the sequel that the landlord could not read at all; nevertheless, he might boast of what he could not do.

the capuchins in Spain will not be able to alter his belief."—"Consider, brother (resumed the curate), that there never was upon earth such a person as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other of such knights as are celebrated in books of chivalry. The whole is a fiction composed by idle persons of genius, for the very purpose you mentioned, namely, pastime, which was the aim of your readers; for, I swear to you, no such knights ever existed, nor were any such exploits and extravagancies ever performed in this world."—"You must throw that bone to some other dog (replied the landlord), as if I did not know that two and three make five; or where my own shoe pinches. Your worship must not think to feed me with pap, for egad I am no such suckling; a good joke, faith! You would make me believe that all the contents of these books are madness and lies, although they are printed by license from the king's council; as if they were persons who would wink at the printing of such lies, battles, and enchantments, as turn people's brains."—"Friend (replied the curate), I have already told you, that they are designed for the amusement of our idle hours; and as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of chess, billiards, and tennis, are licensed for the entertainment of those who neither can nor ought to work; in like manner those books are allowed to be printed, on the supposition, that nobody is so ignorant as to believe a syllable of what they contain; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give some hints towards the improvement of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both serviceable and entertaining; but I hope the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my suggestions to those who can convert them to general use; meanwhile, Mr Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have said; take your books away, and settle the affair of their truth or falsehood just as your own comprehension will permit; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the same foot on which your lodger Don Quixote is lame."—"I hope (answered the innkeeper), I shall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can easily perceive that the customs now-a-days are quite different from those in times past, when, as it is reported, those famous heroes travelled about the world."

Sancho, who had come into the room about the middle of this conversation, was very much confounded and perplexed, when he heard them observe, that there was no such thing as knight-errantry in the present age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction; he therefore determined within himself, to wait the issue of his master's last undertaking; and if it should not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the books, in order to carry them away, "Stay (said the curate), until I examine these papers which are written in such fair character." The landlord accordingly pulled out a manuscript, consisting of eight sheets of paper, entitled, in large letters, The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity.* The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, "Really the title of this novel pleases me so much, that I have a strong inclination to peruse the whole." To this observation the innkeeper replied, "Then your reverence may read it aloud; for, you must know, the reading of it hath given great satisfaction to several lodgers at this inn, who have earnestly begged the copy; but that request I would not comply with, because I think of restoring it to the right owner, as I expect that the person who left the portmanteau with the books and papers, in a mistake, will return, on purpose to fetch them; or, you know, he may chance to travel this way, on other business; and though I should miss them heavily, in faith they shall be restored; for, though an innkeeper, I am still a Christian."—"Friend (said the curate), you are very much in the right; but for all that, if I like the novel, you shall give me leave to transcribe it."—"With all my heart," replied the landlord. While this discourse passed between them, Cardenio having taken up the manuscript, and begun to read, was of the curate's opinion, and entreated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. "I will (answered the priest), if you think we had not better spend the time in sleeping than in reading."—"For my own part (said Dorothea), it will be a sufficient refreshment for me to listen to some entertaining story; for my mind is not composed enough to let me sleep, even if I stood in need of repose."—"If that be the case (resumed the curate), I will read it out of curiosity at a venture, and perhaps it will yield us some entertainment into the bargain." Master Nicholas earnestly joined in the request, and Sancho himself expressed a desire of hearing it; upon which the licentiate finding he should please the whole company as well as himself, "Well then, listen with attention, for the novel begins in this manner:—

* The original, which is *Curioso Impertinente*, signifies one who is impertinently curious, not a curious impertinent.

CHAP. VI.

The novel of the Impertinent Curiosity.

"In Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, situated in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble cavaliers, so strictly united in the bands of amity, that every body who knew them called them, by way of excellence and epithet, The Two Friends: and indeed, being both bachelors, and their age and education so much alike, it was not to be wondered at if a reciprocal affection sprung up between them: true it is, Anselmo was rather more addicted to amorous pastime than Lothario, whose chief delight was in hunting; yet, upon occasion, Anselmo could quit his own amusements to pursue those of his friend; and Lothario could postpone his favourite diversion, in order to practise that of Anselmo; in this manner their inclination proceeded so mutually, that no clock ever went with more regularity. Anselmo happened to fall desperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty in the same city, descended from such a noble family, and so amiable in herself, that he determined, with the approbation of his friend, without which he did nothing, to demand her of her parents in marriage; and, accordingly, put his resolution in practice. Lothario was intrusted with the message, and concluded the affair so much to the satisfaction of his friend, that in a very little time, Anselmo saw himself in possession of his heart's desire; and Camilla thought herself so happy in having obtained such a husband, that she was incessant in her acknowledgments to Heaven and Lothario, by whose mediation her happiness was effected.

"During the first two days after marriage, which are commonly spent in feasting and mirth, Lothario, as usual, frequented the house of his friend, with a view of honouring his nuptials, and endeavouring, as much as in him lay, to promote the joy and festivity attending all such occasions: but, the wedding being over, and the frequency of visits and congratulations abated, he began carefully and gradually to absent himself from Anselmo's house, thinking, as every prudent person would naturally conclude, that a man ought not to visit and frequent the house of a friend after he is married, in the same manner as he had practised while he was single; for though suspicion should never find harbour with true and virtuous friendship, yet the honour of a married man is so delicate as to be thought subject to injury, not only from a friend, but even from a brother. Anselmo perceived Lothario's remissness, and complained of it loudly, saying, that if he had thought his marriage would have impaired their former correspondence, he never would have altered his condition; and begged, that, as by the mutual friendship which inspired them while he was single, they had acquired such an agreeable title as that of The Two Friends, he would not now suffer that endearing and celebrated name to be lost, by a scrupulous adherence to mere form and punctilio. He therefore entreated him, if he might be allowed to use the expression, to be master of his house, and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that the inclinations of Camilla, in that respect, were exactly conformable to his own; and that, knowing the perfect friendship which subsisted between them, she was extremely mortified at his late shyness.

"To these and many other arguments used by Anselmo, to persuade his friend to frequent his house as usual, Lothario answered with such prudence, force, and discernment, that the other was convinced of his discreet conduct; and it was agreed betwixt them, that Lothario should dine with him twice a week, besides holidays; but, notwithstanding this agreement, he resolved to comply with it no further than he should see convenient for the honour of Anselmo, which was dearer to him than his own. He said, and his observation was just, that a man, on whom Heaven hath bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as cautious of the men he brings home to his house, as careful in observing the female friends with whom his spouse converses abroad: for that which cannot be performed, nor concerted, in the street or the church, or at public shows and diversions, with which a husband must sometimes indulge his wife, may be easily transacted in the house of a female friend or relation, in whom his chief confidence is reposed. Wherefore, Lothario observed, that every married man had occasion for some friend to apprise him of any omission in her conduct; for it often happens, that he is too much in love with his wife to observe, or too much afraid of offending her, to prescribe limits to her behaviour in those things, the following or eschewing of which may tend to his honour or reproach: whereas, that inconvenience might be easily amended by the advice of a friend. But where shall we find such a zealous, discreet, trusty friend as is here required? I really know not, except in Lothario himself, who, consulting the honour of Anselmo with the utmost care and circumspection, was at great pains to contract, abridge, and diminish the number of the days on which he had agreed to frequent his house; that the idle, vulgar, and prying eyes of malice might not indulge their love of slander, when they perceived a genteel young man of such birth, fortune, and accomplishments as he knew himself possessed of, go into the house of such a celebrated beauty as Camilla; for although his virtue and honour might be a sufficient check to the most malevolent tongue, he would not expose his own character or that of his friend to the smallest

censure; and therefore employed the greatest part of those days on which he had agreed to visit Anselmo, in such things as he pretended were indispensable; so that, when they were present, a great deal of time was consumed by the complaints of the one and excuses of the other. One day, however, as they were walking through a meadow, near the suburbs of the city, Anselmo addressed himself to Lothario in these terms:—

"'You believe, my friend Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to Heaven for the blessings I enjoy, not only in the most indulgent parents, and in the abundance of those things which are called the goods of nature and fortune, but also in a friend like you, and a wife like Camilla; two pledges which I esteem, if not as highly as I ought, at least as much as I can. Yet, though I possess all those benefits which usually constitute the happiness of mankind, I find myself one of the most disgusted and discontented men alive. I have been for these many days so harassed and fatigued with such an odd unaccountable desire, that I cannot help being amazed at my infatuation, for which I often blame and rebuke myself, endeavouring to suppress and conceal it from my own reflection; but I find it is as impossible to keep the secret as if I had industriously published it to the whole world; and since it must actually be disclosed to some body, I would have it deposited in the most secret archives of your heart, in full confidence, that by the diligence which you, as a trusty friend, will exert in my behalf, when you know it, I shall soon see myself delivered from that anxiety to which it hath reduced me; and, by your assiduity, be raised to a pitch of joy equal to the degree of vexation which my own folly hath entailed upon me.'

"Lothario was astonished at this discourse of Anselmo, as he could not comprehend the meaning of such a long preface and preamble; and endeavoured, by revolving every thing in his imagination, to find out what this desire could be, that preyed so much upon the spirits of his friend; but, finding himself always wide of the mark, he was willing to ease himself immediately of the excessive pain his suspense occasioned; and with this view, told Anselmo, that he did a manifest injury to the warmth of his friendship, in going about the bush, seeking indirect methods to impart his most secret thoughts, since he was well assured, that he might entirely depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them. 'I am well convinced of the truth of what you say (answered Anselmo), and in that confidence will tell you, my friend, that the desire with which I am possessed, is to be certain, whether or not my wife, Camilla, is as virtuous and perfect as I believe her to be: and this truth I shall never be fully persuaded of, until the perfection of her nature appear upon trial, as pure gold is proved by fire: for it is my opinion, that there is no woman virtuous but in proportion to the solicitation she hath withstood; and that she only is chaste, who hath not yielded to the promises, presents, tears, and continual importunities of persevering lovers. And pray, where is the merit in a woman's being chaste, when nobody ever courted her to be otherwise? what wonder, that she should be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity of indulging loose inclinations, and who knows her husband would immediately put her to death, should he once catch her tripping? Wherefore, I can never entertain the same degree of esteem for a woman who is chaste out of fear, or want of opportunity, as I would for her who hath triumphed over perseverance of solicitation: so that, for these and many other reasons I could urge to sanction and enforce my opinion, I desire that my wife, Camilla, may undergo the test, and be refined in the fire of importunate addresses, by one possessed of sufficient accomplishments to inspire a woman with love; and, if she comes off, as I believe she will, victorious in the trial, I shall think my own happiness unparralleled. I shall then be able to say, that my wishes are fulfilled; and that she hath fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man saith, "Who hath found her?" And even, if the contrary of what I expect should happen, the satisfaction of seeing my opinion confirmed will help me to bear with patience that which would otherwise prove such a costly experiment. Supposing then, that nothing you can say, in opposition to this desire of mine, can avail in diverting me from my purpose, I expect and entreat that you, my friend Lothario, will condescend to be the instrument with which I execute this work of my inclination. I will give you proper opportunities, and supply you with every thing I see necessary for soliciting a woman of virtue, honour, and disinterested reserve; and what, among other things, induces me to intrust you with this enterprise, is the consideration, that, should Camilla's scruples be overcome, you will not pursue your conquest to the last circumstance of rigour, but only suppose that done, which, for good reason, ought to remain undone; so that I shall be injured by her inclination alone, and my wrongs lie buried in the virtue of your silence, which, I know, in whatever concerns my welfare, will be eternal as that of death. Wherefore, if you would have me enjoy what deserves to be called life, you will forthwith undertake this amorous contest, not with lukewarmness and languor, but with that eagerness and diligence which corresponds with my wish, and the confidence in which I am secured by your friendship.'

"Such was the discourse of Anselmo, to which Lothario listened so attentively, that, except what he is already said to have uttered, he did not open his lips, until his friend had finished

his proposal; but finding he had nothing more to allege, after having for some time gazed upon him as an object hitherto unseen, that inspired him with astonishment and surprise, 'I cannot be persuaded, Anselmo (said he), but what you have said was spoke in jest; for had I thought you in earnest, I should not have suffered you to proceed so far, but, by refusing to listen, have prevented such a long harangue. Without doubt, you must either mistake my disposition, or I be utterly unacquainted with yours; and yet I know you to be Anselmo, and you must be sensible that I am Lothario: the misfortune is, I no longer find you the same Anselmo you was wont to be, nor do I appear to you the same Lothario as before; your discourse savours not of that Anselmo who was my friend; nor is what you ask a thing to be demanded of that Lothario who shared your confidence. Good men, as a certain poet observes, may try and avail themselves of their friend, *usque ad aras;* I mean, not presume upon their friendship, in things contrary to the decrees of Heaven. Now, if a heathen entertained such ideas of friendship, how much more should they be cherished by a Christian, who knows, that no human affection ought to interfere with our love of God; and when a person stretches his connexions so far as to lay aside all respect for Heaven, in order to manifest his regard for a friend, he ought not to be swayed by trifles or matters of small consequence, but by those things only on which the life and honour of a friend depend. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these is in danger, before I venture to gratify your wish, by complying with the detestable proposal you have made? Surely, neither; on the contrary, if I conceive you aright, you are desirous that I should indefatigably endeavour to deprive you and myself also of that very life and honour which it is my duty to preserve: for, if I rob you of honour, I rob you of life; since a man without honour is worse than dead; and I being the instrument, as you desire I should be, that entails such a curse upon you, shall not I be dishonoured, and, of consequence, dead to all enjoyment and fame? Listen with patience, my friend Anselmo, and make no answer, until I shall have done with imparting the suggestions of my mind, concerning the strange proposal you have made; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to listen in my turn.' —'With all my heart (cried Anselmo); you may speak as long as you please.'

"Accordingly Lothario proceeded, saying, 'In my opinion, Anselmo, your disposition is at present like that of the Moors, who will not suffer themselves to be convicted of the errors of their sect, by quotations from the holy scripture, nor with arguments founded on speculation, or the articles of faith; but must be confuted or convinced by examples that are palpable, easy, familiar, and subject to the certainty of mathematical demonstration: for instance, if from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are equal. And if they do not understand this proposition verbally, as is frequently the case, it must be explained and set before their eyes by manual operation, which is also insufficient to persuade them of the truth of our holy religion. The self-same method must I practise with you, whose desire deviates so far from every thing that bears the least shadow of reason, that I should look upon it as time misspent, to endeavour to convince you of your folly, which is the only name your intention seems to deserve. Nay, I am even tempted to leave you in your extravagancy, as a punishment for your preposterous desire; but I am prevented from using such rigour by my friendship, which will not permit me to desert you in such manifest danger of perdition. But to make this affair still more plain, tell me, Anselmo, did not you desire me to solicit one that was reserved, seduce one that was chaste, make presents to one that was disinterested, and assiduously court one that was wise? Yes, such was your demand. If you are apprised, then, of the reserve, virtue, disinterestedness, and prudence of your wife, pray what is your aim? If you believe that she will triumph over all my assaults, as undoubtedly she will, what fairer titles can you bestow upon her, than those she possesses already? or how will she be more perfect after that trial, than she is at present? You either do not believe she is so virtuous as you have represented her, or know not the nature of your demand. If you think she is not so chaste as you have described her, you should not hazard the trial, but rather, according to the dictates of your own prudence, treat her as a vicious woman: if you are satisfied of her virtue, it would be altogether impertinent to make trial of that truth, which, from the test, can acquire no additional esteem. From whence we may reasonably conclude, that for men to execute designs which are clearly productive of more hurt than benefit, is the province of madness and temerity, especially when they are not incited or compelled to these designs by any sort of consideration; but, on the contrary, may, at a greater distance, perceive the manifest madness of their intention. Difficulties are undertaken, either for the sake of God, of this world, or of both. The first are incurred by holy men, who live the life of angels here on earth; the second, by those who traverse the boundless ocean, visiting such a diversity of climates and nations, with a view of acquiring what are called the goods of fortune: and such undertakings as equally regard God and man fall to the share of those valiant soldiers, who no sooner behold, in the wall of an adverse city, a breach, though no bigger than that which is made by a single cannon-ball, than, laying aside all fear, and overlooking with unconcern the manifest danger that

menaces them, winged with desire of signalising their valour in behalf of their king, country, and religion, throw themselves, with the utmost intrepidity, into the midst of a thousand deaths that oppose and await them. These are the enterprises which are generally undertaken, and though full of peril and inconvenience, attended with glory, honour, and advantage; but that which you have planned, and purpose to put in execution, neither tends to your acquiring the approbation of God, the goods of fortune, nor the applause of mankind: for, granting that the experiment should succeed to your wish, it will make you neither more happy, rich, nor respected than you are; and should it turn out contrary to your expectation, you will find yourself the most miserable of all mortals. It will then give you little ease to reflect that your misfortune is unknown; for the bare knowing it yourself will be sufficient to plunge you in affliction and despair. As a confirmation of this truth, you must give me leave to repeat the following stanza, written by the celebrated poet Lewis Tansilo, at the end of the first part of the Tears of St Peter:—

When Peter saw the approach of rosy morn,
His soul with sorrow and remorse was torn;
For, though from every mortal eye conceal'd,
The guilt to his own bosom stood reveal'd:
The candid breast will, self-accusing, own
Each conscious fault, though to the world unknown:
Nor will th' offender 'scape eternal shame,
Though unimpeach'd by justice or by fame.

"'Wherefore, secrecy will never assuage your grief; but, on the contrary, you will incessantly weep, not tears from your eyes, but drops of blood from your heart, like that simple doctor, whom our poet mentions,* who made trial of the vessel, which the prudent Rinaldo, with more discretion, refused to touch; and although this be a poetical fiction, it nevertheless contains a well-couched moral, worthy of notice, study, and imitation; especially as what I am going to say will, I hope, bring you to a due sense of the great error you want to commit.

"'Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune, had made you master and lawful possessor of an exquisite diamond, the brilliancy of which was admired by all the lapidaries who had seen it, and unanimously allowed to be the most perfect of its kind,—an opinion which, as you knew nothing to the contrary, was exactly conformable to your own; would it be wise or pardonable in you, to put that jewel betwixt an anvil and a hammer, and, by mere dint of blows and strength of arm, try if it was as hard and perfect as it had been pronounced? for, supposing that the diamond should resist the force of this foolish experiment, it would thereby acquire no addition of value or fame; and if it should be broken to pieces, a thing that might easily happen, would not it all be lost? Yes, for certain; and the owner be universally deemed a fool. Consider then, my friend, that Camilla is an exquisite diamond, not only in your estimation, but in that of every one who knows her, and it would be highly unreasonable to expose her to the least possibility of being broke; for, even should she remain entire, her reputation will receive no increase; but, should she fail in the trial, reflect upon what you must feel, and the reason you will then have to complain of yourself, for having been the fatal cause of her perdition and your own despair. Consider, that no jewel upon earth is comparable to a woman of virtue and honour; and that the honour of the sex consists in the fair characters they maintain. Since, therefore, the reputation of your wife is already as high as it possibly can be, why would you bring this truth into question? Remember, my friend, that woman is an imperfect creature; and that, far from laying blocks in her way, over which she might stumble and fall, we ought to remove them with care, and clear her paths from all obstructions, that she may, without trouble, proceed smoothly in attaining to that perfection which she may still want, namely, immaculate virtue. We are informed by naturalists, that the ermin is a little animal, covered with a fur of excessive whiteness, and that the hunters use this artifice to catch it: being well acquainted with the places through which it chooses to pass in its flight, they daub them all over with mud, and as soon as they get sight of the creature, drive it directly thither. The ermin, finding itself thus barricaded, stands still, and is taken; choosing captivity, rather than, by passing through the filth, to stain and sully the whiteness of its fur, which it prizes above liberty, and even life itself. A chaste and virtuous wife is like the ermin, her character being more pure and white than drifted snow; but he who would guard and preserve it, must use a method quite different from that which is practised upon the little animal, and beware of clogging her way with the mud of entertainments, and the addresses of importunate lovers; lest perhaps, nay, without a perhaps, she should not possess such virtue and resolution as are sufficient of them.

* Ludovico Ariosto, author of Orlando Furioso, to which poem Cervantes frequently alludes. Here, however, he seems to have forgot the passage he meant to cite: for the person who proffered the cup to Rinaldo was no doctor. In Canto 43, of the Orlando Furioso, mention is made indeed of one Anselmo, who was a doctor of law, but not at all concerned in the enchanted cup; yet it must be owned, that Dr Anselmo had recourse to an astrologer, in order to know whether his wife preserved her chastity in his absence.

selves to surmount those obstructions. It is therefore necessary to remove them, and place before her the purity of virtue and the beauty of an unblemished reputation. A virtuous woman also resembles a bright transparent mirror, which is liable to be stained and obscured by the breath of those who approach too near it. A virtuous woman, like reliques, ought to be adored at a distance. She ought to be preserved and esteemed as a beautiful garden full of flowers and roses, the owner of which will suffer nobody to handle them or pass through it, permitting them only to enjoy its fragrance and beauty afar off, through the iron rails that surround it. In fine, I will repeat a few verses that I just now recollect, from a modern comedy, because they seem to have been composed upon the very subject of our present discourse. A sage old man, advising his friend, who is blessed with a handsome daughter, to look her up, and watch over her with the utmost vigilance and care, among other reasons, cautions him with these:—

Woman is form'd of brittle ware,
Then wherefore rashly seek to know
What force, unbroken, she will bear,
And strike, perhaps, some fatal blow?

Though easily to fragments tore,
'Twere equally absurd and vain,
To dash in pieces on the floor
What never can be join'd again.

This maxim, then, by facts assured,
Should henceforth be espoused by all;
Where'er a Danaë ties immured,
The tempting shower of gold will fall.

"'All that I have hitherto suggested, Anselmo, regards yourself; and now, it is but reasonable you should hear something that concerns me; and if I should be prolix in my observations, you must excuse me, because it is absolutely necessary to expatiate on the subject, in order to extricate you from the labyrinth in which you are involved, and from which you desire to be disengaged by my assistance. You consider me as your friend, and yet seek to deprive me of my honour; a desire opposite to all friendship or regard; nay, even endeavour to make me rob you of your own. That you want to destroy mine is plain; for Camilla, finding herself exposed to my solicitations, as you desire, will certainly look upon me as a man void of all principle and honour; because I attempt to succeed in a design so contrary to the dignity of my own character and the friendship subsisting between us. That you desire I should rob you of yours is not to be doubted; because Camilla, seeing herself importuned by my addresses, will think I must have observed some levity in her conduct, which hath encouraged me to disclose my vicious inclinations, and think herself dishonoured accordingly; so that you will be as much concerned in her dishonour as if it was your own. Hence springs the common observation, that the husband of a lewd woman, though he neither knows, nor hath given the least occasion for the misconduct of his wife, and though his misfortune was neither owing to his want of prudence or care, is, notwithstanding, pointed at, and distinguished by a name of scandal and reproach; being looked upon by those who know the frailty of his wife, with an eye of disdain, instead of compassion, which he certainly deserves, as his disgrace proceeds not from any fault of his, but from the loose inclinations of his worthless spouse. I will now explain the reason why the husband of a bad woman is justly dishonoured, though he neither knows, nor hath been in any shape accessary to her backslidings; and you must hear me with patience, because my remarks will, I hope, redound to your own advantage.

"'When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, we are told by the holy scripture, that he was thrown into a deep sleep, during which, the Almighty took a rib from his left side; and of this Eve being formed, Adam no sooner awoke, and beheld her, than he cried, 'This creature is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.'—Nay, God himself pronounced, 'For this shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' Then was instituted the divine sacrament of marriage, consisting of such ties as death alone can unbind; and endowed with such miraculous virtue and power, as to unite two different persons in one flesh; nay, what is still more wonderful, to combine two souls, so as to produce but one will; provided the union be happily effected. From hence it follows, that the flesh of the wife being the same with that of the husband, whatever stains or blemishes are imbibed by the first, must equally affect the other, although, as I have already observed, he is in no manner accessary to the misfortune. Wherefore, as the whole person is affected by the pain of the foot, or any other member of the human body; and the head, though no way concerned in the cause, be a fellow-sufferer with the uncle, when it is hurt; by the same rule an husband, being a part of the same whole, must bear a share of his wife's dishonour; for, as all the honours and disgraces of this life proceed from flesh and blood, the infamy of a vicious woman, being of the same origin, must be shared by her husband, who ought to be looked upon as a dishonoured person, though he be utterly ignorant of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, Anselmo, on the danger into which you bring yourself, by seeking to disturb the peace and tranquillity of your virtuous wife. Reflect upon the vanity and impertinence of that curiosity, which prompts you to awaken and stir up those humours that now lie tamed and quiet in the bo-

son of your chaste spouse. Consider that, in this rash adventure, your gain must be very small, but your loss may be so great, that I leave it unmentioned, because I want words to express its estimation. On the whole, if what I have said be insufficient to divert you from your mischievous design, I desire you will chuse some other instrument of your misfortune and disgrace; for I will not undertake the office, though, by my refusal, I should even lose your friendship, which is dearer to me than any thing upon earth.'

"Here the virtuous and prudent Lothario left off speaking, and Anselmo remained in such confusion and perplexity, that for some time he could not answer one word: at length, however, he broke silence, saying, 'I have listened, my friend Lothario, as you may have perceived, with great attention to all you had to say, and by your arguments, examples, and comparisons, am fully convinced, not only of your great discretion, but also of that perfection of friendship to which you have attained; I see also, and own, that in refusing your counsel, and following my own, I avoid the good and pursue the evil. This truth being acknowledged, you must consider me as a person afflicted with that infirmity, which induces some women to swallow earth, chalk, coals, and other things of a worse nature, which, if loathsome to the sight, how much more disagreeable must they be to the taste. Wherefore, there is an absolute necessity for using some method of cure, which you may easily effect, by beginning to solicit the love of Camilla, though coldly and feignedly; and sure she cannot be so frail as to surrender her virtue at the first encounter. With this slight attempt I shall rest satisfied, and you fulfil the duty of friendship, not only in giving me new life, but also in dissuading me from being the cause of my own dishonour. Nay, you are obliged to comply with my request, by this other consideration, that, determined as I am to put my design in execution, you ought not to allow me to communicate this extravagant resolution to any other person, lest I run the risk of losing that honour which you endeavour to preserve: and as to your suffering in the opinion of Camilla, by attempting to seduce her, that is a reflection of small importance, because, when her integrity is proved, you can soon inform her of our whole contrivance; consequently, regain and repossess the former place you held in her esteem. Since therefore, by adventuring so little, it is in your power to give me so much satisfaction, I hope you will not refuse the office, even if it was attended with more inconvenience; for I have already told you, that I shall look upon the affair as concluded, whenever you shall have made the first attempt.'

"Lothario seeing him fixed in his resolution, even after he had exhausted all his rhetoric to dissuade him from it, and fearing he would execute his threat of imparting his unhappy design to some other person, determined to prevent a greater misfortune, by complying with his desire; purposing, however, to manage the business in such a manner as to satisfy Anselmo, without altering the sentiments of his wife. With this view, he told Anselmo, that he should have no occasion to communicate his intention to any other man; for he, Lothario, would undertake the affair, and begin when he pleased. Anselmo, embracing his friend with great tenderness and affection, thanked him as much for his compliance, as if he had granted him some vast favour; and it was concerted between them, that Lothario should begin the enterprise the very next day, when Anselmo would give him time and opportunity of being alone with Camilla, that he might speak to her with freedom; and also supply him with money and jewels, that with such presents he might promote his suit; he, moreover, advised him to attempt her by music, and write verses in her praise; or, if that would be too much trouble for the gallant, he himself would compose them for the purpose. Lothario undertook every thing, but with a very different intention from what Anselmo supposed; and the agreement being made, they returned to the house of this last, where they found Camilla waiting with great anxiety for her husband, who had that day tarried longer than usual abroad. Lothario soon after went home to his own lodgings, leaving his friend as happy as he himself was perplexed how to contrive a scheme for bringing this affair to a fortunate issue: but that night he fell upon an expedient to deceive Anselmo, without giving offence to his wife.

"Next day he went to dine with his friend, and was very kindly received by Camilla, who entertained him with great cordiality, as her husband's intimate companion. Dinner being ended, and the table withdrawn, Anselmo, rising up, desired Lothario to stay with Camilla till his return from an indispensable piece of business, that would detain him an hour and a half. Camilla entreated him to defer it until another time, and Lothario offered to go along with him; but he was deaf to both, pressing Lothario to let him go, while he should wait at his house till he came back, for he wanted to talk with him upon a subject of the last importance; at the same time, desiring Camilla to keep Lothario company till his return: in short, he so well feigned the necessity, or rather folly of his absence, that nobody could have suspected the deceit. He accordingly went out, and left Camilla and his friend by themselves; for the rest of the family had gone to dinner: so that Lothario seeing himself within the lists, according to Anselmo's desire, with his fair enemy, whose beauty alone was powerful enough to overcome a whole squadron of

armed knights, it may be easily conceived what reason he had to fear: yet all he did, was to lean his head on his hand, while his elbow rested upon the arm of the chair in which he sat, and, after having begged pardon for his ill manners, to tell Camilla, he would take a nap until Anselmo's return. She said, he would be more at his ease in a couch than in the chair, and advised him to walk into a chamber where he would find one. This offer, however, he declined, and slept where he was till the return of his friend, who, finding Camilla in her own apartment, and Lothario asleep, concluded, that, by his long stay, he had given them time, not only to speak, but also to take their repose; and was impatient for Lothario's waking, that he might carry him out to walk, and inquire about his own fortune.

Every thing succeeded to his wish: when his friend awoke, they went forth together, and he put every question to him that his curiosity suggested: Lothario answered, that, thinking it improper to explain himself, on the first occasion, he had done nothing but praised Camilla's beauty, which, together with her discretion, he told her, engrossed the conversation of the whole city: this, he imagined, was the most prudent beginning, as it might prepossess her in his favour, and dispose her to listen to him another time with pleasure; being the same artifice which is practised by the devil, who, when he would seduce those who are on their guard, transforms himself from an imp of darkness into an angel of light, and, flattering them with specious appearances, at length discovers his cloven foot, and succeeds in his design, provided his deceit be not detected in the beginning. This declaration was altogether satisfactory to Anselmo, who said, he would give him the same opportunity every day, without quitting the house, in which he would employ himself so artfully, that Camilla should never suspect his design. Many days passed, in which, though Lothario never opened his mouth on the subject to Camilla, he told Anselmo that he had made many efforts, but could never perceive in her the least tendency to weakness, or obtain the least shadow of hope; on the contrary, that she had threatened, if he did not lay aside his wicked design, to disclose the whole affair to her husband. 'Very well (said Anselmo), hitherto she is proof against words; we must now try whether or not she can resist works also: tomorrow you shall have two thousand crowns in gold for a present to her, and as much more to purchase jewels for a bait: these are things with which all beautiful women are captivated; for, be they ever so chaste, they love finery and gay apparel; if she withstands that temptation, I will rest satisfied, and give you no further trouble.'

"Lothario promised to go through with the enterprise, now that he had begun, though he was persuaded he should be fatigued and baffled in the execution. Next day he received four thousand crowns, and as many perplexities along with them; for he did not know what lie he should next invent: however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as invincible to presents as to words; and that he should give himself no further vexation, since all his endeavours were thrown away to no purpose: but fortune, which conducted matters in another manner, ordained, that Anselmo, one day, after having, according to custom, left Lothario and his wife by themselves, and gone to his own chamber, should peep through the keyhole, and listen to their conversation: it was then he perceived, that in half an hour and more, Lothario did not speak one word; neither would he have opened his mouth, had he remained a whole age in the same situation. From hence he concluded, that every thing his friend had told him of Camilla's replies was mere fiction: but to be still more assured, he came out of his chamber, and calling Lothario aside, asked what news he had, and how Camilla stood affected to him? He replied, that he was resolved to drop the business entirely; for she had checked him with such bitterness and indignation, that he had no mind to return to the charge. 'Ah Lothario! Lothario! (said Anselmo), how much you have failed in the duty of friendship, and abused the confidence I have reposed in your affection! I have been all this time looking through the keyhole of that door, and perceived that you have not spoken one word to Camilla: from whence I suspect that your first declaration is yet to come; and if that be the case, as without doubt it is, wherefore have you thus deceived me; and, in so doing, prevented me from other means to satisfy my desire?' He said no more, but this was sufficient to cover Lothario with shame and confusion; who, thinking his honour concerned, in being convicted of a lie, swore to Anselmo he would from that moment take the charge of giving him the satisfaction he required, without the least equivocation, as he might perceive by watching him narrowly; though there would be no occasion for such diligence, because his future behaviour in that affair would acquit him of all suspicion.

"Anselmo gave credit to his protestation; and, that his opportunities might be more secure, and less subjected to interruption, resolved to absent himself from his own house for eight days, during which he proposed to visit a friend who lived in a village not far from the city; and whom he desired to invite him to his house with the most earnest entreaties, that he might excuse himself to Camilla for his absence.—Unfortunate and imprudent Anselmo! what art thou doing? What art thou contriving and concerting? Consider that thou art acting against thyself, planning thy own dishonour and perdition. Your wife Camilla is virtuous and sober, and you possess her at present in

quiet; enjoying uninterrupted pleasure: her inclinations never ramble beyond the walls of your own house; you are her paradise upon earth, the goal of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the standard by which she measures her will, adjusting it, in all respects, according to your pleasure and the directions of Heaven. Since the mine of her honour, beauty, modesty, and virtue, yields thee, without trouble, all the riches which it contains, or thou canst desire, why wouldst thou, by digging in search of a new and unheard-of treasure, risk the fall or destruction of the whole, which is sustained by the feeble props of female constancy? Remember, it is but just, that he who builds on impossibilities, should be denied the privilege of any other foundation; as the poet hath better expressed it, in the following couplets:—

In death I sought new life to find,
And health, where pale distemper pined:
I look'd for freedom in the gaol,
And faith, where perjuries prevail:
But fate supreme, whose stern decree
To sorrow match'd my destiny,
All possible relief withdrew;
Because th' impossible I kept in view.

"Next day Anselmo went to the country, after having told Camilla, that, in his absence, Lothario would take charge of the family, and dine with her every day; he therefore desired her to treat him with all the respect due to his own person. Camilla, being a woman of honour and discretion, was disgusted at this order, and bade him consider how unseemly it was for another man to sit at the head of his table in his absence; at the same time begging, that if his directions proceeded from his diffidence in her capacity, he would for once put her management to the trial, and be convinced, by experience, that she was equal to a more important charge. Anselmo replied, that such was his pleasure, and her province was to bow the head and obey; upon which she, though unwillingly, submitted. Next day he set out accordingly, and Lothario went to his house, where he met with a very kind and honourable reception from Camilla, who never gave him an opportunity of being alone with her, but was always surrounded by her servants, generally attended by her own maid, whose name was Leonela, for whom her mistress had a particular affection, because they had been brought up together from their infancy, in the house of Camilla's parents, and when she married Anselmo, she accompanied her to his house in quality of waiting-woman.

"During the first three days, Lothario did not declare himself, although he had opportunities immediately after the table was uncovered, while the servants were at dinner, which Camilla always ordered them to finish with all expedition. Nay, she gave directions to Leonela to dine every day before the cloth was laid for herself, that she might always be in waiting; but her maid's thoughts were too much engrossed by her own amusements, the enjoyment of which required such time and opportunity, as often hindered her from obeying the commands of her mistress; so that she frequently behaved as if she had received orders to leave them alone: but the dignified presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and awfulness of person, were such as effectually bridled Lothario's tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in having this very effect, redounded the more to the disadvantage of them both; for, though his tongue was restricted, his thoughts had a full and a free opportunity of contemplating, at leisure, the charms both of her mind and person, which were sufficient to captivate not only an heart of flesh, but even a statue of stone.

"Lothario, by gazing at her, during those opportunities, beheld how worthy she was to be beloved; and this conviction began gradually to sap his regard for his friend; so that he made a thousand resolutions to quit the city, and go where he should never more be seen by Anselmo, or be exposed to danger from the beauty of his wife: but all these were baffled by the pleasure he had already felt, in seeing and admiring her charms: he constrained himself, and combated his own inclinations, in order to expel and efface that satisfaction; when he was alone, he condemned his own madness, and reproached himself as a false friend and worthless Christian; he made a thousand reflections and comparisons between himself and Anselmo; and they all terminated in this conclusion, that the madness and rash confidence of his friend greatly exceeded his own infidelity; and that, if he could excuse himself to Heaven, for what he intended to do, as easily as to mankind, he had no reason to dread any punishment for the crime: in short, the beauty and other accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant husband put into his hands, entirely overthrew the integrity of Lothario; who, giving way at once to the dictates of his passion, began at the end of three days, during which he had been at continual war with his desires, to address himself to Camilla, with such disorder and amorous discourse, that she was utterly astonished, and, rising up, went to her own chamber, without answering one word: but this coyness did not abate Lothario's hope, which always increases with a man's love; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts, while she, perceiving him behave so wide of expectation, did not well know what conduct to espouse; but, thinking it would be both unseemly and unsafe in her to grant him another opportunity, she determined that very

night to send a message to her husband, and actually despatched a servant to him, with the following letter:—

CHAP. VII.

The continuation of the novel called the Impertinent Curiosity.

"'It is a common observation, that an army without a general, and a garrison without a chief, make but a very indifferent appearance; but I say, that a young married woman without a husband makes a worse, especially when his absence is not the effect of absolute necessity: for my own part, I find myself so uneasy, and unable to support our separation, that if you do not return immediately, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I should leave your's without a guard; for, I believe, he that you left, if he was designed for that purpose, hath more regard to his own pleasure than to your advantage; and since you are wise, I have nothing more to say, nor is it proper I should.'

"When Anselmo received this letter, he was convinced that Lothario had begun the enterprise, and that his wife had behaved according to his wish; rejoiced beyond measure at this information, he answered by a verbal message, that she should by no means leave the house; for he would return in a very little time.—Camilla was astonished at this reply, which perplexed her more than ever, as she durst neither stay in her own house, nor go to her father's; for, in staying at home, she endangered her honour, and in going to her parents, she transgressed the commands of her husband. In fine, she resolved upon that which was worst of all; namely, to remain where she was, determined not to avoid Lothario, that the servants might not observe her situation; and she was already sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived some levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aside the decorum he ought to have preserved. Confident of her own virtue, she trusted to God and her conscious prudence, by the help of which she thought she could, in silence, resist all the solicitations of Lothario, without giving her husband any further information, lest it should involve him in some trouble or dangerous dispute; nay, she was even industrious in inventing some excuse for Lothario, in case Anselmo should ask the reason that induced her to write such a letter.

"With these sentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, she, next day, sat listening to Lothario, who exerted himself in such a manner, as to shake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely sufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifest indications of the amorous compassion that his tears and addresses had awakened in her breast. All this tenderness, which Lothario observed, inflamed his passion the more; and, thinking there was a necessity for shortening the siege, while this opportunity of Anselmo's absence lasted, he assaulted her pride with the praises of her beauty; for nothing sooner succeeds in overthrowing the embattled towers of female vanity, than vanity itself, employed by the tongue of adulation: in short, he so assiduously undermined the fortress of her virtue, and plied it with such irresistible engines, that though she had been made of brass, she must have surrendered at mercy: he wept, entreated, promised, flattered, feigned, and importuned, with such earnest expressions of love, as conquered all her reserve; at last he obtained a complete triumph, which, though what he least expected, was what of all things he most ardently desired: she yielded—the chaste Camilla yielded! But, what wonder? since even Lothario's friendship gave way,—a clear and incontestible proof, that love is to be conquered by flight alone, and that no person whatever ought to engage such a powerful adversary hand to hand, because nothing but force divine can subdue that human power.

"Leonela alone was privy to the weakness of her mistress, which the two new lovers and false friends could not possibly conceal from her knowledge: and Lothario did not choose to tell Camilla the contrivance of Anselmo, who had given him the opportunity of accomplishing his design, that she might not undervalue his love by supposing that he courted her by accident, without being at first really enamoured of her charms. Anselmo returning in a few days, did not perceive the loss of that which, though he preserved with the least care, he prized above all other possessions: but going in quest of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodgings, after a mutual embrace, he desired he would tell him the news that must determine his life or death. 'The news which I have to give you, my friend (said Lothario), are these: you have a wife who truly deserves to be the pattern and queen of all good women. The expressions I used to her were spent in the air, my promises were despised, my presents rejected, and some tears that I feigned, most heartily ridiculed: in short, Camilla is the sum of all beauty, and the casket in which are deposited honour, affability, modesty, and all the qualifications that dignify and adorn a woman of virtue. Here, take back your money, which I have had no occasion to use: the chastity of your wife is not to be shaken by such mean considerations as those of promises and presents: be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no more unprofitable trials; since you have dry-shod crossed

the sea of those doubts and suspicions, which are and may be entertained of women; seek not to plunge yourself anew into the dangerous gulf of fresh difficulties, by using another pilot to make a second trial of the strength and tightness of the vessel, which you have received from Heaven to perform the voyage of this life: but consider yourself as in a safe harbour, where you ought to secure yourself with the anchor of sound reflection, and remain until you are called upon to pay that tax from which no human rank can exempt you.'

"Anselmo was infinitely rejoiced at this information of Lothario, which he believed as implicitly as if it had been pronounced by an oracle: but, nevertheless, he besought him to continue his addresses, merely for curiosity and amusement, though not with the same eagerness and diligence which he had used before: he desired him to write verses in praise of Camilla, under the name of Chloris, promising to tell his wife, that he, Lothario, was in love with a lady whom he celebrated under that fictitious name, in order to preserve the decorum due to her character; and he assured him, that if Lothario did not choose to take the trouble of making verses, he himself would compose them for the occasion. 'You shall not need (said Lothario); the muses are not quite so averse, but they visit me sometimes; you may tell Camilla what you have mentioned concerning my pretended love; and as for the verses, if not adequate to the subject, they shall, at all events, be the best I can make.'

"This agreement being concerted between the impertinent husband and treacherous friend, Anselmo returned to his own house, and asked Camilla what she wondered he had not mentioned before; namely, the meaning of that letter which she had despatched to him in the country. She answered, that she then fancied Lothario looked at her with more freedom than he used to take when Anselmo was at home; but now she was undeceived, and convinced of its being no more than mere imagination; for he had of late avoided all occasions of being alone with her. Anselmo said, she might make herself entirely easy from that quarter; for he knew that Lothario was in love with a lady of fashion in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and even, if he was free of any such engagements, there was nothing to be feared from the honour of Lothario and the friendship subsisting between them. If Camilla had not been previously advertised by her secret gallant of this supposed love of Chloris, with which he intended to hoodwink her husband, that he might sometimes indulge himself in her own praise, under the cover of that name, she would, without doubt, have been distracted with jealousy, but, thus instructed, she heard him without surprise or concern.

"Next day, while they were at dinner, Anselmo entreated his friend to repeat some of the verses he had composed in praise of Chloris, who being utterly unknown to Camilla, he might securely say what he pleased: 'Though she were of her acquaintance (answered Lothario), I should not think myself bound to conceal my passion; for when a lover praises the beauty, and, at the same time, bewails the cruelty of his mistress, her reputation can suffer no prejudice; but, be that as it will, I own I yesterday wrote a song on the ingratitude of Chloris, which you shall hear:—

When night extends her silent reign,
And sleep vouchsafes the world to bless
To Heav'n and Chloris I complain
Of dire and affluent distress.

When Phœbus, led by rosy morn,
At first his radiant visage shews,
With tears, and sighs, and groans forlorn,
My soul the bitter plaint renews.

When from his bright meridian throne,
The dazzling rays descend amain,
With aggravated grief I moan,
And night brings back the woful strain.
Thus, to my vows and pray'rs, I find
My Chloris deaf, and Heaven unkind.'

"This song was approved by Camilla, and much more so by her husband, who applauded it to the skies, and observed, that the lady must be excessively cruel who could resist such a true and pathetic complaint. 'What! (said Camilla), is every thing true that we are told by the poets when they are in love?'—'What they rehearse as poets (answered Lothario), is not always truth; but what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart.'—'You are certainly in the right,' replied Anselmo, with a view of supporting and giving sanction to Lothario's sentiments in the opinion of Camilla, whose indifference about her husband's artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleased, therefore, with his performances, because she very well knew that his inclinations and compositions were inspired by, and addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he had any more songs or verses, to repeat them. 'I have another (said Lothario), but, I believe, it is not so good, or rather, it is less tolerable than the last. However, you shall judge for yourself—here it is:

Yes, cruel maid! I welcome death,
And tho' I perish undeplored,
Thy beauty, with my latest breath,
Shall be applauded and adored.

Tho' lost in dark oblivion's shade,
Bereft of favour, life, and fame,
My faithful heart, when open laid,
Will shew thine image and thy name.

These relics I preserve with care,
My comfort in disastrous fate;
For, steel'd and whetted by despair,
My love new force acquires from hate.
Unhappy those! who, darkling, sail
Where stars, and ports, and pilots fail.'

"This song was commended as much as the first, by Anselmo, who, in this manner, added link to link of the chain with which he enslaved himself, and secured his own dishonour; for then Lothario disgraced him most, when he thought himself most honoured, and every step that Camilla descended towards the very centre of contempt, she, in the opinion of her husband, mounted to the very summit of virtuous reputation. About this time, happening to be alone with her maid, 'I am ashamed, dear Leonela (said she), when I consider how I have undervalued myself; for I ought to have made Lothario employ a great deal of time in purchasing the entire possession of my favours, which I so willingly surrendered at once: and I am afraid that he will look upon my sudden yielding as the effect of levity, without reflecting upon the violence of his own addresses, which it was impossible to resist.'—'Let not that give you the least disturbance, madam (answered Leonela); for there is no reason why a thing should lose its estimation by being freely given, if it is actually good in its kind and worthy of esteem; nay it is a common saying, that he who gives freely gives twice.'—'There is also another common observation (replied Camilla), that which is easily got is little valued.'—'You are not at all affected by that observation (resumed Leonela); for love, they say, sometimes flies, sometimes walks, runs with one, creeps with another, warms a third, burns a fourth, wounding some, and slaying others. In one moment it begins, performs, and concludes its career; lays siege in the morning to a fortress, which is surrendered before night, there being no force that can withstand its power. This being the case, what cause have you to be alarmed or afraid? This was the power that assisted Lothario, by making use of my master's absence as the instrument of his success; and what love had determined, must of necessity have been concluded during that period, before Anselmo could, by his return, prevent the perfection of the work. Opportunity is the best minister for executing the designs of love; and is employed in all his undertakings, especially in the beginning of them. This I know to be true, more by experience than hearsay; and I shall one day tell you, madam, that I am a girl of flesh and blood as well as your ladyship. Besides, your ladyship did not yield until you had discerned in the looks, sighs, protestations, promises, and presents of Lothario, his whole soul undisguised, and adorned with such virtues as rendered him worthy of your love. Let not, therefore, these scrupulous and whining reflections harass your imagination; but assure yourself, that Lothario's love and your's are mutual; so that you may think yourself extremely happy, in being caught in the amorous snare by a man of worth and honour, who not only possesses the four qualities beginning with S,* which ought to be the case of all true lovers, but also a whole alphabet of accomplishments. Listen, and you shall hear how cleverly I will recount them. He is, in my simple opinion, amiable, benevolent, courageous, diverting, enamoured, firm, gay, honourable, illustrious, loyal, mettlesome, noble, obedient, princely, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I have already observed. Then, he is trusty, vigilant, the X does not suit him, because it is a harsh letter; Y stands for youth, and Z for zeal, in his attachment to you.'

"Camilla laughed at the alphabet of her maid, whom she found more knowing in the affairs of love than she had pretended to be; and this knowledge indeed she confessed, disclosing to her mistress an intrigue that she carried on with a young man of a good family in town. Camilla was disturbed at this information, fearing that her honour ran some risk from their correspondence; and when she pressed her to confess, whether or not it had been brought to the last extremity, she, without the least symptom of shame, answered in the affirmative: for it is very certain, that the failings of mistresses divest their servants of all modesty; because, seeing their ladies trip, they think themselves entitled to halt, without being at the trouble to conceal their defect. Camilla, thus circumstanced, could fall upon no other expedient than that of cautioning her maid against betraying her to the person who was her gallant, and beseeching her to keep her own intrigue secret, that it might not fall under the observation of Anselmo and Lothario.

"Leonela promised to be upon her guard; but managed her affairs with so little discretion, that she confirmed Camilla in the apprehension of losing her reputation by the carelessness of her maid; for the bold and immodest Leonela, seeing that her lady's conduct was not the same as formerly, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, conscious, that although her mistress should perceive, she durst not detect him, in that situation. Among other disadvantages incurred by the slips of women of fashion, they become slaves to their own servants, and find themselves obliged to connive at their impudence and vice.

"This was the very case of Camilla, who, though

* *Sensato, secreto, sobrepujado, sencero*—Sensible, secret, surpassing, and sincere.

she more than once observed Leonela engaged with her gallant, in one of the chambers, far from reprimanding her on that score, she gave opportunities of concealing him, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all their caution could not screen him from the notice of Lothario, who, perceiving him come out of the house one morning at break of day, and not knowing who he was, at first mistook him for a phantom; but, seeing him run away, and seek to hide himself with care and concern, he soon changed that simple opinion for another, which would have ruined them all, had not Camilla found out an expedient to prevent their destruction. He was so far from thinking that this man, whom he saw coming out of Anselmo's house, at such an unseasonable hour, had gone in on Leonela's account, that he did not even remember there was such a person in the world; on the contrary, he was firmly persuaded, that Camilla, who yielded so easily to his addresses, had acted in the same manner to some other person: for this additional misfortune attends a loose woman, that she loses her credit even with the man by whose importunities and entreaties her honour was subdued: nay, he believes that she will be more easily won by another than by him, and implicitly credits every suspicion that may arise from that unjust inference. On this occasion, Lothario's good sense failed, and all his caution seemed to vanish; since, regardless of every thing that was right or reasonable, without further examination, he hied him to Anselmo before he was up, where, impatient and blind with the jealous fury that preyed upon his entrails, and inflamed with the desire of being revenged upon Camilla, who had given him no offence, he expressed himself thus:

"'You must know, Anselmo, that for some days past, I have had a continual struggle with myself, endeavouring to suppress that which I no longer either can or ought to conceal from your knowledge. The fortress of Camilla is at last surrendered, and submitted entirely to the dominion of my will. This I have delayed imparting to you, until I should be certain, whether her compliance was owing to some transient flash of affection, or to the desire of trying the sincerity of those addresses which, by your own direction, were carried on; and I likewise concluded, that if she was a woman of honour and virtue, as we both imagined, she would, ere now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, finding that still undone, I take it for granted, she means to keep her promise of giving me an interview in the wardrobe, the very next time you go to the country: (and here it was where Camilla actually used to entertain him), but I should not wish that you would run precipitately into any scheme of vengeance. However, as the crime is committed in thought only, before an opportunity offers of performing that promise, Camilla may change her mind, and repent of her weakness. Wherefore, as you have hitherto, in whole or in part, followed my advice, I hope you will treasure up and observe one which I shall now offer, that you may, without the least possibility of being deceived, carefully and cautiously satisfy yourself, so as to take such measures as your prudence shall suggest. You may pretend that you are going, as usual, for two or three days, to the country, and, in the mean time, conceal yourself in the wardrobe, where you will find tapestry and plenty of other things for the purpose: from thence you, with your own eyes, as I with mine, will observe the conduct of Camilla, and if unhappily you should find more cause to fear than to hope, you may, in person, revenge your own wrongs, with silence, safety, and discretion.'

"Anselmo was thunderstruck at this declaration of Lothario, which came upon him when he least expected it; for he already looked upon Camilla as a conqueror in the fictitious assaults of his friend, and had actually begun to enjoy the glory of her triumph. After having stood silent for a long time, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, 'Lothario (said he), you have acted up to the expectation of my friendship: I will adhere to your advice in every thing; do what you please; I hope you will keep this unexpected affair as secret as the nature of it requires.'

"His false friend promised to observe the caution: but soon as he quitted the apartment, repented of every thing he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had proceeded, and that he might have punished Camilla by means less cruel and dishonourable. He cursed his own folly, condemned his precipitation, and endeavoured to find out some expedient to undo what he had done, or at least bring it to some favourable issue. At length, he resolved to disclose the whole to Camilla, as there wanted not opportunities of being with her alone; and that very day, being together, she made use of the first that happened, addressing herself to him in this manner: 'Know, my dear Lothario, that my heart is ready to burst with one affliction, which is so grievous, that it will be a wonder if I survive it: Leonela is arrived to such a pitch of impudence, that every night she introduces a gallant into the house, and remains with him till morning, very much at the expense of my reputation, as the field is left open for any malicious construction, upon seeing a man come out of my house at such unseasonable hours: and the misfortune is, I dare neither chide nor chastise her for her audacity; for her being privy to our correspondence puts a bridle in my mouth, obliging me to be silent on the subject of her folly, from which, I fear, some mischance will befall us.'

"When Camilla began this discourse, Lotha-

rio imagined it was an artifice to deceive and persuade him, that the man he had seen coming out of the house had been there on Leonela's account only; but seeing his mistress weep, and in the utmost affliction entreat him to find out some remedy for this inconvenience, he was convinced of the truth, and covered with shame and remorse for what he had done: nevertheless, he desired Camilla to make herself easy, and promised to fall upon some method to curb Leonela's insolence. He then told her what, instigated by the rage of jealousy, he had disclosed to Anselmo, who, by his appointment, was to conceal himself in the wardrobe, that he might have an incontestible proof of her infidelity: he begged pardon for his madness, with advice how to remedy it, and to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he was involved by his own imprudence. Camilla was astonished at the discourse of Lothario, whom she chid and reprimanded with great reason and resentment, for the groundless suspicion which had driven him to such a mad and mischievous resolution. But, women having naturally more invention than man can boast of, either for a good or bad occasion, though sometimes they fail in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly thought of a cure for this seemingly incurable dilemma, and bade Lothario prevail upon her husband to conceal himself in the appointed place the very next day; for she hoped to reap such advantage from his concealment, as that, for the future, they should enjoy each other, without the least fear or interruption. She, therefore, without disclosing to her lover the whole of her plan, desired him to take care, when Anselmo was hid, to come at Leonela's call, and answer every question she should ask, in the same manner as he would reply, if he did not know that her husband was within hearing. Lothario insisted upon knowing the particulars of her scheme, that he might with more security and success perform his cue; but Camilla assured him, he had nothing to do but answer her questions with truth and sincerity; being unwilling to make him previously acquainted with her design, lest he should disapprove of that which to her seemed so necessary, and recommend another, which perhaps she might not think so effectual. Accordingly, Lothario took his leave; and next day, Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country-house, set out, but soon returned to his hiding-place; Camilla and her maid having purposely given him an opportunity of getting in unseen. There he remained in a state of perturbation, which may be easily conceived to harass the breast of a man who expected to see, with his own eyes, the bowels of his honour dissected, and found himself on the brink of losing that supreme bliss which he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla.

"She and her maid, by this time, certified of his being there, went to the wardrobe, which Camilla no sooner entered, than heaving a profound sigh, 'Dear Leonela (said she), rather than execute the design which I conceal from your knowledge, that you may not endeavour to prevent it, would it not be better for you to take this poniard of Anselmo, and plunge it in my unfortunate bosom? Yet do not, Leonela; for it were unreasonable that I should be punished for another's crime; I want, first, to know what the daring and licentious eyes of Lothario have discerned in my conduct, that should encourage him to declare a passion so guilty as that which he hath owned, so much to my dishonour, and the prejudice of his friend. Go to that window, Leonela, and beckon to him, for, doubtless, he is now in the street, expecting to succeed in his wicked intention: but I shall first execute mine, which is equally honourable and severe.'—'Alas, madam! (answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela), how do you intend to use that fatal poniard? are you determined to take away your own life, or that of Lothario? by sacrificing either the one or the other, you will entirely ruin your own reputation. You should rather stifle your wrongs, than give that wicked wretch an opportunity of finding us here alone: consider, madam, that we are but weak women, and he a determined man, who, blinded by his guilty passion, may by force deprive you of that which you value more than life, before you can execute your purpose upon him. A plague upon my master Anselmo, for allowing that impudent fellow to be so free in his house! Besides, madam, should you kill him, as I believe you intend to do, what shall we do with him after he is dead?'—'Nothing, my friend (replied Camilla), but let Anselmo bury him; for he ought to take pleasure in the task of interring his own infamy. Go and beckon to him, I say, for every moment I delay, my just revenge seems to injure afresh that fidelity which I owe to my husband.'

"All this conversation was overheard by Anselmo, whose sentiments were entirely changed by what Camilla said: and when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to come out and discover himself, in order to prevent the deed: but he was diverted from that resolution by the desire of seeing the issue of his wife's gallant and virtuous determination; purposing, however, to appear seasonably enough for the safety of his friend.

"About this time Camilla, throwing herself upon a couch, was seized with a violent fit, during which Leonela wept bitterly, exclaiming, 'Ah, wo is me! must I then see expiring in these unfortunate arms the flower of human virtue, the queen of excellent wives, the pattern of chastity!' with other epithets of the same kind, which nobody could have heard, without esteeming her the most faithful and afflicted

damsel upon earth, and her mistress another persecuted Penelope. Camilla having soon recovered from her fit, said to her woman, 'Why don't you go and call this the most faithful friend that was ever seen by the day, or shrouded by the night? make haste, go, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage be consumed by your delay, and the just vengeance I mean to take evaporate in curses and unsubstantial threats.'—'I go (answered Leonela), but you must first give me that poniard, lest, in my absence, you do a deed to make all those who love you weep to the end of their lives.'—'Go, dear Leonela (replied her mistress), and fear nothing: for although, in your opinion, I may be rash and even unreasonable in thus resenting the affront upon my honour, I shall not behave like that Lucretia, who, 'tis said, killed herself, though innocent, without having first punished the villainous cause of her misfortune. If I must die, I will at least fall fully revenged of him who is the occasion of my being here, to bewail his audacious behaviour, which, I am sure, proceeded from no misconduct of mine.'

"Many entreaties did she use, before Leonela would go and call Lothario, but at length she prevailed; the maid went out to seek him, and, in her absence, Camilla uttered the following soliloquy: 'Good Heaven! would it not have been more prudent to dismiss Lothario as usual, than to give him this occasion to think me vicious and immodest, even though that opinion can only last until I have an opportunity of undeceiving him? Yes, certainly; but, I shall not think myself revenged, nor the honour of my husband sufficiently vindicated, if he escapes so smooth and clean from this snare into which his wicked inclinations have decoyed him. Let the traitor pay with his life for the enterprise of his lascivious desire;—the world shall know, if even the affair be made public, that Camilla not only preserved her affection for her husband inviolate, but also took vengeance on the man who sought to impair it. Yet, methinks, I ought to disclose the whole to Anselmo: but I have already touched upon the subject in the letter I sent to him when he was in the country; and his omitting to apply a remedy to the evil I then hinted at must certainly be owing to his own integrity and unsuspecting heart, which would not suffer him to believe, that the breast of such a constant friend could harbour one thought to the prejudice of his honour: indeed, this was my own opinion, until his behaviour became intolerably licentious, and his presents, promises, and tears, fully manifested his guilty purpose. But wherefore these reflections? Does a gallant resolution stand in need of hesitating advice? No!—traitor, avaunt! hither vengeance! enter, thou false, perfidious wretch! come quick, be speedy, die, and let the consequence be what it will! Pure and unspotted I came into the possession of him whom Heaven appointed to be my husband and my lord, and equally pure shall I leave his embrace, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and imbrued in the tainted gore of the falsest friend that ever friendship saw?' So saying, she brandished the drawn dagger in her hand, and stalked across the room with such disordered steps and violent gestures, that she seemed to have lost her senses, and looked more like a desperate ruffian than a delicate wife.

"All this transport and agitation was perceived with astonishment by Anselmo, where he stood concealed behind the tapestry: he thought he had now seen and heard enough to dispel suspicions of a stronger kind than those he entertained; and even wished that the proof might proceed no farther, by Lothario's failing to keep the appointment; for he was afraid that some sudden unlucky accident might happen. Being therefore on the point of shewing himself, and running to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with his friend, whom Camilla no sooner beheld, than, drawing a line before her with the dagger, she said, 'Take notice, Lothario, if you attempt to pass this line, or even approach it, the moment I perceive your intention, I will plunge the poniard in my breast. Without offering the least reply, therefore, to this declaration, I desire you will listen to some questions I mean to ask, which you may answer as you shall think proper: in the first place, tell me, Lothario, if you know my husband Anselmo, and what station he maintains in your opinion? and then be as explicit in your sentiments of me: answer without perturbation or difficulty; for the questions I ask are easily solved.'

"Lothario was not so ignorant, but that he had conceived her design, from the moment of her desiring him to advise Anselmo to conceal himself; and, therefore, his replies were so seasonable, and corresponded so exactly with her aim, that his fiction had all the air of the most genuine truth. 'Beauteous Camilla (said he), I did not imagine you had sent for me, with a view of asking questions so foreign to the purpose for which I come: if you mean to delay the promised bliss, you might have protracted the assignation to a more distant term; for the nearer the prospect of enjoyment is, the more grievous will the disappointment be: but, that you may have no cause to complain of my refusing to answer your demands, I will own that I know your husband Anselmo, with whom I have been intimate from our most tender years. Of the friendship (as you know) subsisting between us, I will say nothing, that I may not bear witness to the wrong which love, the powerful excuse of greater crimes, compels me to commit: you too I know, and rate as high as you can possibly be in his esteem; for a prize of less value I should not have acted so unbecoming my own character, or transgressed those

laws of perfect friendship which I have broken and violated at the instigation of that mischievous and irresistible power.'

"'Since thou art self-convicted so far (replied Camilla), thou mortal enemy to all that merits love! with what face darest thou appear before her who is the mirror that reflects him, and in which thou oughtest to have seen how little reason and encouragement thou hadst to wrong his honour: but, unfortunate that I am! I have found out the cause that induced thee to forget thyself so far: it must have been some lightness of carriage in me; immodesty I will not call it, because it could not be the effect of deliberate determination, but must have proceeded from a neglect of some of those forms which women often inadvertently omit before those whom they think they can entertain without ceremony. Otherwise, tell me, traitor, when did I ever answer thy addresses with any word or sign that could awaken in thy breast the least glimpse of hope to accomplish thy infamous aim! Did I not always reject and reprove thy amorous protestations with rigour and severity? and when were thy promises and presents believed and accepted? But, as I think no person could long persevere in such a flagitious intention, without being supported by some sort of hope, I am willing to lay the blame of your impertinence at my own door; since, without doubt, some failure of care in me hath enabled you to exert yours so long; and, therefore, I will inflict upon myself the punishment that your crime deserves: but that you may see, in being thus inhuman to myself, it was impossible for me to deal mildly by you, I have invited you hither to be witness of the sacrifice I mean to offer to the injured honour of my noble husband, whom you have aggrieved to the utmost of your power, I myself being accessory to the wrong, because I have not industriously enough avoided all occasion, if I gave you any, of favouring and countenancing your wicked inclinations. I say, the suspicion I have, that some levity of mine engendered such frantic sentiments in your bosom, gives me the utmost pain, and prompts me to chastise my indiscretion with my own hands, rather than make my fault more public, by submitting to another executioner: but if I must perish, my fall shall be accompanied with the death of him whose blood will satisfy the vengeance which I already in some measure enjoy, when I consider that, wheresoever I go, I shall have before mine eyes the victim I offered to the most disinterested justice, in punishing the wretch who hath reduced me to this despair.'

"So saying, she assaulted Lothario with incredible force and agility, manifesting such eagerness to plunge the poniard in his breast, that he himself doubted whether her endeavours were feigned or real, and was actually obliged to exert his whole strength in defending himself from Camilla, who acted this strange imposture so much to the life, that, in order to give it the greater appearance of truth, she resolved to colour it with her own blood: for, seeing, or feigning, that she could not touch Lothario, she cried, 'Though fate denies me the full satisfaction of my just desire, it cannot rob me of one part of my revenge.' With these words, struggling to disengage her dagger hand, which was held by Lothario, she at last succeeded, and directing her poniard to a part of her body, which she thought she might slightly wound without danger, she sheathed it between her shoulder and left breast, and fell upon the floor as in a swoon.

"Leonela and Lothario were astonished and confounded at this event, and still dubious whether or not Camilla was in earnest, when they saw her stretched upon the ground, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran in the utmost fright and consternation, to draw forth the dagger; but perceiving what a superficial wound she had made, he recovered of the terror which had begun to seize him, and could not help admiring anew the uncommon sagacity, prudence, and discretion of the beautiful Camilla; that he might therefore proceed in the part he had to act, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body, as if she had been really dead, imprecating a thousand curses, not only upon himself, but also upon him who was the original cause of this disaster: and as he knew that Anselmo was listening, said such melancholy things, that whosoever had heard him, would have pitied his case as much as that of Camilla, though they had believed her actually dead.

"Leonela lifted her up, and, laying her on the bed, earnestly entreated Lothario to find some person who would cure her privately; and begged he would advise her, with regard to what she should tell Anselmo, about her lady's wound, in case he should return before she was cured: he said she might tell him what she pleased, for he was then in no condition to give any profitable advice about the matter: he only desired her to fall upon some method of staunching the blood; and declared, that, for his own part, he would go where man should never see him. He accordingly departed, with the appearance of infinite grief and anxiety, and, when he found himself alone in a private place, crossed himself with amazement at the invention of Camilla, and the artful behaviour of her maid: he could easily conceive that Anselmo was, by this time, thoroughly convinced of his having a second Portia for his wife; and was impatient to see him, that they might together extol her behaviour, which, though imposture, had more appearance of truth than any thing of the same kind that had ever been practised.

"Leonela, as she was desired, stopt her lady's blood, of which there was just enough to give credit to her artifice; and washing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well as she

could, uttering such sorrowful expressions all the time as would have been sufficient, without any previous lamentation, to persuade Anselmo that his wife was the mirror of chastity. Leonela's complaints were joined by those of her mistress, who taxed herself with cowardice and pusillanimity, in having lost the best opportunity she should ever have of parting with that life which she abhorred. She consulted her maid about disclosing the whole affair to her beloved spouse; but this scheme Leonela opposed, observing that it would lay her master under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario,—a satisfaction he could not enjoy without exposing himself to great danger: and that a virtuous woman, far from seeking to involve her husband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free of all such disputes, by every method in her power. Camilla seemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promised to follow her advice; but said it would be necessary, at all events, to invent some excuse to Anselmo, about the wound, which he could not fail of observing. Leonela assuring her that she could never tell a lie even in jest, the mistress replied, 'What shall I do then, child? for I would not attempt to frame and maintain a falsehood, even though my life depended upon it: since, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourselves otherwise, we must e'en discover the naked truth, rather than run the risk of being detected in a lie.'—'Don't give yourself any further uneasiness, madam (said Leonela), by to-morrow morning I shall have found some expedient: perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and Heaven vouchsafe to favour our upright and honourable intention. Compose yourself, dear madam; endeavour to calm the perturbation of your spirits, that my master may not perceive your disorder; and leave the consequence to my care, and that of Heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous design.'

"Anselmo listened with the utmost attention to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which was represented with such exquisite and surprising address, that the actors seemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned: he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of escaping unseen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulations upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue; they took care to furnish him with the occasion he wanted; and he, without letting it slip, ran immediately in quest of Lothario: it would be difficult to describe the eagerness of his embraces at meeting, or to recount the expressions he used in the overflowings of his satisfaction, and the extravagant praises he bestowed on Camilla. All these Lothario heard, without being able to manifest the least signs of joy; his reflection taxed him with the deceit he had practised, and the injury he had done his unsuspecting friend. Anselmo took notice that he did not seem to participate in his pleasure, but believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occasion of Camilla's wound: he therefore, among other things, told him to make himself easy on that score, for the hurt must certainly have been very slight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge; and since there was no bad consequence to be apprehended, he hoped, for the future, to enjoy, in mirth and good humour, the friendship of his dear Lothario, by whose industry and mediation he now saw himself raised to the most sublime pitch of human felicity; at the same time he signified, that his desire and design was to pursue no other amusement than that of composing verses in praise of Camilla, that should transmit to latest posterity the remembrance of her worth.

"Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promised to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of such an illustrious edifice: so that Anselmo, being the most agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand, to his own house, the very man who, though in his opinion the instrument of his glory, was the total perdition of his fame. Camilla received him with a countenance expressing resentment, but a soul brimful of joy; and their secret correspondence continued uninterrupted for a few months, at the end of which, the wheel of fortune having performed a full circle, the intrigue, which had been hitherto so artfully concealed, was discovered, and Anselmo's Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life."

CHAP. VIII.

The conclusion of the Impertinent Curiosity.

A LITTLE more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running, in great confusion, from the garret where his master, Don Quixote, lay, bawling aloud, "Come hither, gentlemen! make haste to the assistance of my master, who is this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld! Egad! he has given that same giant, the enemy of my lady the princess of Micomicona, such a back-stroke, as hath sliced off his head as smooth and clean as the skin of a turnip."—"What do you mean, brother? (said the curate, closing the book), are you in your right wits, Sancho? how the devil can your master be fighting with a giant who is two thousand leagues from hence?"

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, "Stay, villain, robber, caitiff, here I have thee, and thy scimetar shall not avail." Then he be-

gan to strike furiously at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, "Don't stand here listening, but go in and part the fray, or lend your assistance to my master; though I believe that will be needless by this time; for the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked and misspent life: nay, I saw with my own eyes his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, lying on one side as a large wine-bag."—"May I be hanged (cried the innkeeper, at these words), if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not cut open one of the skins filled with red wine, that stood at his bed's head, and the wine that ran out is mistaken by this simple fellow for blood!"

So saying, he rushed into the apartment, with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous situation: he appeared in his shirt, which was too scanty before to cover his thighs, and still shorter behind, by six inches at least, and displayed a pair of long lank legs, embrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little red, greasy nightcap, belonging to the landlord; round his left arm he had wrapt the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reasons known to himself, bore an inveterate grudge; and, in his right, he wielded his drawn sword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant: but what was very surprising, his eyes were shut all the time, and he was fast asleep, dreaming of this encounter; for his imagination was so much engrossed by the adventure he had undertaken to achieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in single combat with his gigantic adversary, instead of whom he hacked the wine-bags so furiously, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no sooner perceived this havock, than, incensed to the last degree, he assaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fists, and began to pummel him so severely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interposed, he would soon have put an end to the adventure of the giant: yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake, until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, soused him all over; even then, though sleep forsook him, he did not recollect the situation he was in; and Dorothea seeing him so slight and airily equipt, did not choose to be a spectator of the combat between her adversary and protector. Meanwhile, Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and searching for the giant's head, which, when he could not find, "I knew (said he), that every thing goes by enchantment in this house: the last time I was in this very spot, I received a great many thwacks and thumps, without seeing a soul, or being able to guess from whence they came; and now this head is vanished, though I saw it cut off with mine own eyes, and the blood spout out of the body, like water from a fountain."—"What dost thou talk of blood and fountains, thou enemy of God and his saints! (cried the innkeeper); don't you see, rascal, that there is no blood or fountain, but the skins that are pierced, and the red wine that swims about the room? I hope the soul of him who pierced them will swim in hell!"—"I know nothing of the matter (replied Sancho); but that, on account of my not finding the head, I shall see my earldom dissolve like salt in water."

Thus the 'squire, though awake, was more extravagant than Don Qxixote in his dream: such an impression had his master's promises made upon his imagination. The phlegmatic temper of the 'squire, together with the mischievous disposition of the knight, well nigh distracted the landlord, who swore, that they should not now, as formerly, go away without paying; and that all the privilege of their errantry should not exempt them from paying both reckonings to the last farthing, for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for botching the wine-skins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finished the adventure, and was in presence of the princess Micomicona, fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, "Renowned princess, your highness may henceforth live secure of what that misbegotten wretch can do; and I, from this day forward, am acquitted of my promise, which is now, by the assistance of Heaven above, and the favour of her for whom I live and breathe, happily and fully performed."—"Did not I tell you so? (cried Sancho, hearing these words). You see I am not drunk, and may take notice that my master hath put the giant in pickle—the holidays will certainly come round, and the earldom fit me to a hair."

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the master and man? they occasioned abundance of mirth to every one present, except the landlord, who cursed himself to the devil. At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell asleep in an instant, like one who had been excessively fatigued: they left him to his repose, and went out to console Sancho for his disappointment in losing the giant's head; but they found it a harder task to pacify the innkeeper, who was driven almost to despair by the sudden death of his wine-bags: besides, the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, "In an unlucky minute and evil hour did this knight-errant enter my doors; for I am sure I never beheld him, without paying dearly for the sight! The last time he was here, he refused to defray a whole night's expense of supper, lodging, straw, and barley, for himself and his 'squire, his horse and his

ass; saying, that he was a knight-errant, forsooth; (God send him and all other knights-errant upon errands that will tend to their sorrow)! and therefore was not obliged to pay for any thing, because it was not ordained in the registers of chivalry: then this gentleman coming after him t'other day, borrowed my tail, and though I have got it again, it is a good penny the worse for the wearing, the hair being plucked off in such a manner as makes it unfit for my husband's purpose; and, to finish and conclude the whole, my bags are broke, and my wine spilt; (would I could see his heart's blood in the same condition)! but he must not think to get off so easily, for, by the bones of my father and my mother's soul! they shall pay for every thing upon the nail, or may I never be called by my own name again, or believed to be my father's own child!"

These, and other expressions of the same kind, were uttered, with great bitterness, by the landlady; and her faithful servant, Maritornes, joined in the exclamation, while the daughter held her peace, and, from time to time, smiled at their indignation, which at last was appeased by the curate, who promised to give them satisfaction, to the best of his power, for the loss they had sustained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so highly; and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as soon as ever it should appear that his master had actually cut off the giant's head, and she should find herself in quiet possession of her kingdom, she would bestow upon him the best earldom in her gift. The 'squire was consoled by this promise, and assured the princess, that he was certain he had seen the giant's head, by the same token, that he had a huge beard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vanished, because every thing in that house was performed by enchantment, as he had found by woful experience, the last time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea said, she was of the same opinion, desiring he would give himself no uneasiness, for every thing would be for the best, and succeed to his heart's content. The quiet of the house being thus re-established, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which, he perceived, already drew near a close; and Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreating him to finish the story, he, with a view of pleasing them as well as himself, proceeded in these words:—

"Anselmo being now satisfied of his wife's virtue, enjoyed himself without the least disturbance or care; while Camilla, in order to disguise her real sentiments, affected always to frown upon Lothario; who, as a further sanction to this stratagem, desired Anselmo to excuse him from coming to his house, since it was plain that Camilla was disgusted at his presence; but the infatuated Anselmo would by no means comply with this request, so that this unhappy husband was, in a thousand shapes, the author of his own dishonour; while, in his own opinion, he was laying up a store of happiness and reputation.

"About this time, Leonela's desire of gratifying her own loose wishes, carried her to a pitch of imprudence, that she gave her wantonness the rein without the least caution; conscious that her mistress would conceal her conduct, and even advise her how to carry on the intrigue without the least danger of being detected. At length, however, Anselmo, one night, heard somebody walking in her apartment, and, endeavouring to get in and see who it was, found the door shut against him. This circumstance increased his desire, he made a violent effort, and the door flew open, upon which he entered; and seeing a man leap out of the window into the street, ran hastily to lay hold or get sight of him; but he was disappointed in both by Leonela, who, hanging upon her master, cried, 'Hold, dear sir, be not surprised, nor seek to pursue the person who is fled; he was here on my account, and is as good as my wedded husband.'

"Anselmo would give no credit to her words, but, blinded with passion, drew his poniard to stab Leonela, whom he commanded to reveal the truth, on pain of immediate death. She, terrified by his threats, answered, without knowing what she said, 'Spare my life, good sir, and I will disclose things of greater importance than you imagine.'—'Speak then (cried Anselmo), or thou shalt instantly die.'—'At present (replied Leonela), I am in such perturbation, that I cannot possibly make a distinct confession—delay your vengeance till to-morrow morning, and then you shall hear something that will strike you with astonishment; meanwhile, be assured, that he who leapt out of the window is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage.'

"Anselmo being somewhat pacified by this declaration, resolved to grant the respite she demanded; though he never dreamed of hearing any thing to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was satisfied and secure: he therefore quitted the room, in which, however, he locked up Leonela, telling her, she must continue in that place until she should have made this promised discovery; then going to Camilla, informed her of every thing that had passed, together with the promise her maid had made of discovering things of great importance. It is almost needless to say that Camilla was disturbed at this information; the terror that took possession of her was such, that believing, with good reason too, Leonela would actually disclose to Anselmo every circumstance of her infidelity, she had not resolution enough to wait the issue of her suspicion; but that very night, while her husband was asleep, collected

the person who, by the lacquey's information, was chief of the company, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, "Do not fatigue yourself, madam, in making proffers of service to that woman, who cannot be grateful for any favour she receives; nor importune her for any reply, unless you desire to hear some falsehoods proceed from her lips."—"My lips (said the hitherto silent lady), were never profaned with falsehood; on the contrary, my present misfortune is owing to my sincerity and my abhorrence of lies. Of this assertion, you yourself are too sensible; since your own perfidy and falsehood are the effects of my constancy and truth."

These words were distinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only separated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no sooner reached his ears, than he cried aloud, "Good heaven! What do I hear! What voice is that which struck my sense!" The lady being exceedingly surprised at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not seeing the person that pronounced it, started up and ran towards the apartment from whence it seemed to come; but was prevented by her conductor, who would not suffer her to move one step farther. In the disorder occasioned by her struggle, her mask dropped off, and discovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even though disguised with paleness and horror; for her eyes rolled about to every corner which her sight could reach, with such eagerness and wildness, that she looked like a woman possessed.

Dorothea, and all present, were infinitely concerned at these symptoms, the meaning of which they could not understand: meanwhile, the cavalier was so busied in holding her fast by the shoulders, that he could not attend to his mask, which also fell to the ground: and Dorothea, lifting up her eyes towards him, as he held the lady in his arms, perceived that this cavalier was no other than her own husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognise his features, than, fetching a long and melancholy sigh from the very bottom of her soul, she fell backwards in a swoon, and, if the barber had not been at hand to support her, would have certainly come to the ground: the curate ran instantly to take off her veil, that he might sprinkle water on her face, which was immediately known by Don Fernando, who held the other lady in his arms, and was thunderstruck at the sight: he would not, however, quit Lucinda, who struggled to get loose: she and Cardenio having by this time recognized each other by their mutual exclamations: he had also overheard the groan uttered by Dorothea, when she fainted, and believing that it proceeded from Lucinda, rushed out of his apartment in a fright, when the first object he beheld was Don Fernando clasping her in his arms. This nobleman knew him immediately, and all three, namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were struck dumb with astonishment, and seemed insensible of what had happened; gazing in silence at one another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to Don Fernando, who stared at Cardenio, whose eyes were fixed upon Lucinda, who looked wishfully at him; but the first that broke silence was this last, who addressed herself in these words to Don Fernando: "Suffer me, signor, in regard to your own character, since you are deaf to every other consideration, to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy, to avail myself of that prop from which you could not disengage me, with all your importunities, promises, and threats. Behold how Heaven, by unusual and mysterious means, hath brought me to my true and lawful husband; and since you know, by dear-bought experience, that nothing but death can expel his image from my breast, let this plain demonstration, since all other attempts are vain, convert your love into rage, your friendship into hate, and instantly deprive me of life, which I shall yield with pleasure in the presence of my legal lord, who will then, perhaps, be convinced of the fidelity I preserved to the last moment of my existence."

In the mean time, Dorothea, being recovered from her swoon, had listened to Lucinda's declaration, by which she discovered her situation and name: but perceiving that Don Fernando neither quitted his hold, nor answered one word to her solicitation, she exerted her whole strength in falling down on her knees before him, and having shed a large quantity of tears from her beautiful eyes, accosted him in these words: "My dear lord! if your eyes were not dazzled and obscured by the rays of that sun which you hold eclipsed within your arms, you would perceive that she who thus kneels before you is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased she should be so) and forlorn Dorothea—I am that humble country-maiden whom your generosity or passion vouchsafed to raise to the honour of calling your own. I am she who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until, moved by your importunities and seemingly upright addresses, she opened the gates of her reserve, and surrendered to you the keys of her freedom,—an offering but ill requited, as plainly appears by that hard fate, in consequence of which I am found in this place, and also find you in your present situation. Nevertheless, I would not have you imagine that I came hither, induced by any dishonourable motives; but that the sorrow conceived at seeing myself forsaken and forgotten by you was the sole cause of my retreat. You desired I should be your own, and that desire you accomplished so effectually, that although your inclinations may be changed, it is impossible you should cease to be mine. Consider,

my lord, that my unparalleled affection may counterbalance the beauty and birth of her for whom I am abandoned: you cannot be the fair Lucinda's husband, because you are already mine, nor she become your wife, while she appertains to Cardenio; and it will be a much easier task, if you reflect upon it impartially, to recall your love for her who adores you, than to gain the affection of one by whom you are abhorred. You solicited my unsuspecting heart, you importuned my integrity, you was not ignorant of my lowly station, and know in what manner I yielded to your will; so that you have no subterfuge, nor the least room to say you was deceived. If this be the case, as doubtless it is, and you be a Christian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by such evasions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at least admit me into the number of your slaves; for in whatever shape I belong to you, I shall account myself fortunate and blessed: do not, therefore, by renouncing me entirely, give scandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miserable in their old age; their faithful services to your father merit a more kind return: if you think your blood will be debased in mixing with mine, consider, that almost all the great families on earth have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illustrious descents; besides, true nobility consists in virtue, and in that shall I have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppose the justice of my claim. In fine, the last argument I shall use is this, whether you are pleased or displeased with your destiny, I am your lawful wife: witness your own words, which neither are nor ought to be false, if you value yourself on that for which you undervalue me; witness your hand-writing, and Heaven above, to the testimony of which you appealed for the performance of your promise; and if all these should fail, your conscience will never cease whispering to you, amidst your pleasures, in vindication of this truth, which will disturb your most exalted enjoyments."

This supplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced so feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of sympathy were shed by all present, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himself listened without answering one word, until she had made an end of her address, and begun to utter such woful sighs and groans as were almost sufficient to melt an heart of brass. Lucinda stood gazing upon her with equal compassion for her sorrow, and admiration of her beauty and good sense; nay, she would have gone and offered her all the consolation in her power, had she not still been kept fast locked in the arms of Don Fernando, who, full of confusion and surprise, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea with great attention, opened his arms, and, leaving Lucinda at liberty, said, "You have conquered, beauteous Dorothea—the victory is your's; for so many truths conjoined are surely irresistible."

Lucinda was so faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, she would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himself behind her ravisher, that he might not be known;* but now, laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, he sprung to the assistance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms, "If (said he), it be the will and pleasure of pitying Heaven that you should find repose, my faithful, constant, and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where so securely as in these arms, which now receive, and formerly encircled you, when fortune was pleased that I should call you mine."

At these words she gazed upon him with great eagerness; she had before begun to recognise his voice, and now recollecting his features, like a person deprived of judgment, who disregards all decency and form, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, "Yes, my dear Cardenio (said she), you are the real lord of this your slave, in spite of adverse fate, and all those threats, though greater than they are, that persecute my life, which now depends on your's alone."

An unexpected sight was this to Don Fernando, and all the bye-standers, who were not a little surprised at what they saw. While Dorothea, observing her husband change colour, and signify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his sword, ran, with incredible agility, and clasping his knees, which she kissed, held him so firmly embraced that he could not move, saying, while the tears incessantly trickled from her eyes, "What means my only refuge to do on this unexpected occasion? Your own wife is now kneeling before you, and she whom you desire to wed is in the arms of her lawful husband; consider whether it be just or possible for you to undo that which Heaven hath done, why should you seek to unite yourself with one who, disdaining all opposition and inconvenience, and confirmed in her own constancy and truth, even before your eyes, lets fall from hers a shower of tenderness into the bosom of her lawful spouse? For the sake of God and of yourself, I entreat and beseech you, that this

* But it appears, p 432, that he was already known both to Fernando and Lucinda. *Aliquando bonus dormitat homerus.*

remarkable recognition may not only fail to increase your indignation, but even diminish it in such a manner, that these two lovers may, without any impediment from you, enjoy each other as long as Heaven will permit them to live. In this self-denial you will manifest the generosity of your noble and illustrious soul, and convince the world that you are governed more by reason than by appetite."

While Dorothea pronounced these words, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes still fixed upon Don Fernando, with full resolution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself as well as he could against his adversary and all his adherents, although it should cost him his life. But this young nobleman's friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honest Sancho Panza, who were present at the whole affair, interposed, and making a circle about him, begged earnestly that he would be pleased to consider the tears of Dorothea, and, if what she alleged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer suffer her to be defrauded of her just and reasonable hope. They desired him to observe, that, in all appearance, it was not by accident, but the immediate direction of Providence, that they had all met together so unexpectedly in this place; and the curate entreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that, though they might be parted by the edge of the sword, they would look upon death as the greatest blessing that could befall them; and that, in a case of this kind, which admitted of no other remedy, it would be his wisest course to constrain and conquer his own passion, and demonstrate the generosity of his heart, by permitting, of his own free-will, these two lovers to enjoy that state of happiness which Heaven had ordained for their lot; that he should contemplate Dorothea's beauty, which, far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty add the consideration of her humility and excessive love; above all, take notice, that if he valued himself upon being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given, and in so doing act in conformity to the will of God, and satisfy the discreet part of mankind, who are very sensible that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low estate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the highest rank, without any disparagement to the person who thus raises it to an equality with himself; and since the irresistible force of inclination must prevail, provided there be nothing criminal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to its dictates.

To these arguments were added so many of the same sort that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nourished by illustrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth which, however inclined, he could not deny. The signal of his surrender and yielding to this reasonable and just proposal, was his stooping down and embracing Dorothea, to whom he said, "Rise, madam; it is not just that she who reigns in my soul should lie prostrate at my feet. If hitherto I have given small proof of what I now profess, perhaps my omission hath been owing to the appointment of Heaven, that, by giving you an opportunity of manifesting the sincerity of your love, I might know how to esteem you according to your deserts. I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid me with my misconduct and unkind neglect; since the same force and occasion that attached me to you was the cause of my endeavour to disengage myself. That you may be convinced of the truth, behold and contemplate the eyes of the now contended Lucinda, in which you will find an excuse for all my errors: and, since she hath found and attained her heart's desire, and my utmost wish is fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may she live in peace and quiet, for many happy years, with her Cardenio, and may Heaven grant the same felicity to me with Dorothea."

So saying, he embraced her again, pressing his lips to hers with such tenderness, that it required his greatest efforts to forbear giving, with his tears, indubitable signs of his affection and remorse. But those endeavours did not succeed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and every other person present, who began to weep so plentifully, either at their own happiness, or the satisfaction of their friends, that one would have thought some grievous misfortune had happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered, though he afterwards owned, that his sorrow proceeded from seeing that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the queen of Micomicon, from whom he expected such favours.

This universal admiration and thaw having lasted some time, Cardenio and Lucinda fell upon their knees before Don Fernando, whom they thanked for his generosity in such polite terms, that he scarce knew what answer to make, but raised and embraced them both with demonstrations of uncommon courtesy and affection. Then asking Dorothea how she had come to that place so distant from her own home, she, with great elegance and brevity, repeated what she had before recounted to Cardenio; and her husband and his company were so pleased with her narration, that they wished it could have been spun out to a much greater length; so gracefully did she relate her own misfortunes.

Her task being finished, Don Fernando informed them of what had happened to him in the city, after he found, in Lucinda's bosom, the paper in which she declared herself Cardenio's wife. Seeing that she could not possibly be his, he said, he was determined to put her to death, and would actually have executed his purpose, had not her parents interposed. He

then quitted the house, full of shame and resentment, resolving to revenge himself with the first opportunity; and next day understood that she was gone off, without any body's knowing whither she had directed her flight. At length, however, in a few months he got notice, that she was in a certain monastery, where she intended to spend her whole life, if she could not enjoy it in the company of Cardenio. He no sooner received this intimation, than, choosing these three gentlemen for his companions, he went straight to the place of her residence, but without speaking to her, or making himself known, lest the monastery should be more strictly guarded on his account. He waited, therefore, until one day he found the porter's lodge open, when, leaving two of his friends to secure the door, he entered the monastery with the other in quest of Lucinda, whom he found in the cloisters, talking with a nun; and snatching her off, without giving her a moment's time for recollection, carried her instantly to a place where they provided themselves with necessaries for their journey. This exploit they were enabled to perform with safety, because the monastery stood in the middle of a field, at a good distance from any village or town. He said, Lucinda no sooner perceived herself in his power, than she fainted away; and when she recovered the use of her senses, did nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking one word; so that, accompanied with silence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which she looked upon as the heavenly goal where all earthly misfortunes were happily terminated.

CHAP. X.

A continuation of the History of the Renowned Princess Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

Sancho heard every thing that passed with no small anxiety of mind, seeing the hopes of his preferment vanish into smoke, the beautiful Princess Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his master in a sound sleep, little dreaming of what had happened. Dorothea could not persuade herself, that all her good fortune was not a dream; Cardenio entertained the same opinion, which was also embraced by Lucinda; while Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for its favour, in extricating him from that labyrinth of perplexity, in which he was at the point of losing his reputation and soul. In fine, every person present was well satisfied, and rejoiced at the happy issue of such intricate and desperate affairs. The curate represented every thing in the right point of view, with great discretion, and congratulated the parties concerned on the felicity they had acquired; but she whose joy was most vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promise of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with interest for the damage she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already observed, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sad, and going to his master, who was just awake, said, with a lamentable tone, "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, your worship may now sleep as long as you please, without giving yourself the trouble of slaying the giant, or restoring the princess to her throne—that whole affair is already brought to a conclusion."

"I readily believe what you say (answered the knight); for I have been engaged with the giant in the most obstinate and outrageous combat that I believe I shall ever fight in all the days of my life: with one back stroke, slam went his head to the ground; and discharged such a quantity of blood, that it ran like rills of water along the field."—"Or rather like red wine, your worship should say (replied the 'squire); for I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the dead giant is no other than a wine-bag, and the blood eighteen gallons of good red wine, which was contained in its belly; the head you cut off is the whore my mother, and the whole affair is gone to the devil."—"What does the lunatic mean (said Don Quixote), are you in your right senses, Sancho?"—"Rise, sir (resumed the 'squire), and see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a score you have run. You shall behold the queen converted into a private lady, called Dorothea, with many other strange events, at which, if you take them right, you will be hugely astonished."—"I shall not wonder at any thing of that kind (replied his master): for thou mayest remember, the last time we were in the house, I told thee, that every incident which happened was conducted and brought about by enchantment; so that we need not be surprised if the same power should prevail at present."—"I should be of your worship's opinion (answered Sancho), if my blanketting had been of the same stamp: but that was not the case; for it was really and truly a substantial tossing. This very innkeeper, whom we saw to-day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me into the air with great strength and nimbleness, passing a thousand waggish jokes, and laughing at me all the while; from whence I concluded, simple and sinner as I am, that as I knew their persons, there was no enchantment in the case, but abundance of bruising and bad fortune."—"Well, Heaven will make thee amends (said the knight): meanwhile, reach me my clothes; for I want to go forth, and examine those events and transformations which thou hast mentioned."

While Sancho was helping him to dress, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company an account of Don Quixote's madness, and the artifice they had used to disengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined himself exiled

by the disdain of his mistress. He also recounted all those adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little surprised, and laughed immoderately; agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the strangest extravagance that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest, moreover, observed, that since the good fortune of Dorothea obstructed the progress of their design, there was a necessity for inventing another plan that should bring him home to his own house. Cardenio proposed that they should prosecute the scheme they had already begun; and Lucinda would act and represent the part of Dorothea."—" No (said Don Fernando), that must not be, Dorothea shall still proceed with her own invention; for, as it cannot be far from hence to the habitation of that honest gentleman, I shall be glad to contribute towards his cure." And when he understood that they would arrive in two days at his house, " Were it farther off (said he), I should go with pleasure to assist in such a laudable design."

At that instant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrino's helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his shield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this strange apparition, when they beheld such a rueful length of face, so withered and tawny, together with his ill-sorted armour and the solemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him, in silent expectation of what he would say; while he, with infinite gravity of aspect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accosted her in these words: " Fair lady, I am informed by this my 'squire that your greatness is annihilated, and your quality undone, by being changed from your former rank of queen and sovereign princess into the condition of a private damsel. If this has been done by the necromancy of the king your father, who is, perhaps, afraid that I should not be able to give you the assistance required, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, the half of that art which he professeth; and that he is but little conversant in the history of chivalry; for had he perused it with such leisure and attention as I have bestowed upon that subject, he would have found that, on every occasion, knights of much less reputation than I possess, have achieved much more difficult enterprises than this; it being a matter of small moment to kill a pitiful giant, let him be as arrogant as he will: for not many hours ago I saw myself engaged with one—but I choose to be silent, rather than have my veracity called in question, though time, that unmasks all things, will shew, when we least expect it—"

" That you was engaged with wine-bags, and not with a giant," cried the innkeeper, who was silenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight's discourse in any shape whatever. So that Don Quixote proceeded, saying, " In fine, if the father of your disinherited highness hath performed this metamorphosis on your person, for the causes I have mentioned, I hope you will give no credit to such considerations, for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword will not open a way, and by laying the head of your adversary in the dust, in a few days invest your's with that crown to which you have an undoubted right."

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, in expectation of a reply from the princess, who, knowing it was Don Fernando's pleasure that she should continue the deceit until the knight could be brought back to his own house, answered with equal gravity and grace, " Whosoever hath told you, most valiant Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that I am changed and transformed from what I was, has not adhered to the truth in his information: indeed I am somewhat changed by certain fortunate events which have happened even beyond my own expectation; but, nevertheless, I have not ceased to be what I was, nor altered that resolution which I have always maintained, of taking the advantage of your valiant and invincible arm. Wherefore, dear sir, be so good as to do justice to the honour of the father who begat me, and look upon him as a man of sagacity and foresight; since, by the science he possessed, he found such an easy and effectual path to the cure of my misfortune: for I firmly believe, that were it not for you, I should not now be so happy as I am, as the greatest part of these gentlemen can truly witness. Nothing then remains, but that we set out to-morrow, because we could not propose to travel far to-day; and as for the success on which my hopes are built, I leave it entirely to God and the worth of your heroic breast."

Don Quixote hearing these words, turned to Sancho, in the most violent indignation, saying, " I protest, sirrah! you are the most malicious little slanderer in Spain. Say, you rascal—you vagabond! did not you tell me just now, that the princess was transformed into a private gentlewoman called Dorothea; and that the head, which I know I cut from the giant's shoulders, was the whore your mother; with many more foolish particulars, which threw me into the greatest confusion that ever I felt since I was born? By Heaven! (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) I have a strong inclination to commit such slaughter upon thee as will be an instructive warning* to all the lying

* In the original, As will put salt in the skull.

'squires who shall henceforward attend knights-errant in the course of their adventures."

"Pray be pacified, good your worship (cried Sancho), I may possibly be deceived in what concerns the change of my lady princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head being a wine-bag, and the blood no other than good red wine, I am not mistaken, as I shall answer to God! for the skins that were slashed are still to be seen by your worship's bed-side, and the whole room is flooded by the wine. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it:* you will be convinced when Mr What d'ye call him, our landlord here, makes out a bill of the damage he has suffered. As to the rest, I am rejoiced from my soul to find that the queen's majesty is the same as usual; because it concerns me as well as any other neighbour's child." —"I tell thee, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), that thou art distracted; forgive me, that is enough."—"Enough in all conscience (said Don Fernando), there is nothing more to be said on this subject. I think the princess judges very prudently in deferring her journey till to-morrow, because the day is already far advanced; let us therefore spend this night in agreeable conversation, and at the approach of day, we will in a body attend the gallant Don Quixote, that we may be witnesses of the unheard-of exploits which he will doubtless perform in the course of this vast enterprise he hath undertaken."—"It is my duty and resolution to serve and attend you (answered the knight): and I have the most grateful sense of your favour and good opinion, which I shall endeavour to justify, though it should cost me my life, or even more, if more I can pay."

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but they were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller; who, by his garb, seemed to be a Christian slave, lately escaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with short skirts and half-sleeves; his breeches and cap were of the same stuff; and he wore date-coloured buskins, with a Moorish scimetar slung in a shoulder-belt across his breast. He was followed by a woman dressed in the Moorish habit, mounted upon an ass; with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her shoulders to her heels. The man was robust and well-proportioned, seemingly turned of forty, with a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-furnished beard; in short, his mien was so genteel, that, if he had been properly dressed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and seemed very much concerned, when he understood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged: however, he went to the lady in the Moorish dress, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her, their curiosity being excited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever seen before; and Dorothea, who was always good-humoured, mannerly, and discreet, concluded that both she and her conductor were chagrined at their want of a chamber, spoke to her thus: "Be not uneasy, madam, at your want of accommodation here; it is the inconvenience of almost all inns; but if you will be pleased to partake with us, pointing to Lucinda, perhaps you will find that, in the course of your journey, you have been fain to put up with harder fare." The veiled lady made no answer, but only, rising from her seat, signified her thanks, by crossing her hands upon her bosom, bending her body and bowing her head: so that, from her silence, they conjectured that she must be a native Moor, and that she could not speak any Christian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been employed in something else, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, said to them, "Ladies, this young woman understands little or no Spanish, and speaks no language but that of her own country; so that she is incapable of answering any questions you may have asked."—"We have asked no questions (said Lucinda), but only made her an offer of our company for this night, with a share of our lodging, and what accommodation is to be had; and this we tender with that hearty good-will which obliges us to serve all strangers, especially those of our own sex, who stand in need of our assistance."—"Dear madam (replied the conductor), in her name and in my own, I return you a thousand thanks; and highly esteem your proffered favour, which on this occasion, and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, must certainly be very kind and condescending."—"Signor (said Dorothea), is this lady Christian or Moor? By her silence and her dress we are induced to believe she is not what we could wish her to be."—"In her body and dress (replied the stranger) she is a Moor, but altogether a Christian in her soul; for she longs ardently to be a professed convert to our faith."—"Then she is not baptised?" resumed Lucinda. "She has had no opportunity (said the captive) since she quitted Algiers, which is her native country;

* Literally, You shall see when the eggs are fried,—a phrase alluding to the story of a thief, who having stole a frying-pan, and being asked by the owner what he carried under his cloak? replied, You will see when the eggs are fried. Metaphorically, Time will discover.

and hitherto hath never been in such imminent danger of her life, as to make it necessary, before she is instructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by her holy mother church; but if it please Heaven, she shall be baptised very soon, with decency suitable to the quality of her person, which is greater than either her dress or mine seems to declare."

This intimation raised the curiosity of all the spectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but nobody chose to ask the question at that time, which seemed more proper for reposing themselves than relating the history of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, seated the stranger close by her side, and entreated her to take off the veil: she looked at her conductor, as if she wanted to know what the lady desired, and he told her in Arabic, that they entreated her to be uncovered; at the same time advising her to comply with their request. She accordingly unveiled herself, and discovered a face so amiable, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all present concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this Moorish lady, who, in the opinion of some of the company, excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body present were seized with an inclination to serve and cherish the charming Moor. Don Fernando asked her name of the captive, who answered, Lela Zorayda: this she no sooner heard, than, understanding the question which had been put to the Christian, she pronounced, with great eagerness and sweetness of concern, "No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria;" signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: these words, with the affecting manner in which they were expressed, brought tears from the eyes of some of the hearers, especially the women, who are naturally tender and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, saying, "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria:" and to this the Moor replied, "Yes, yes, Maria—Zorayda macange," which, in the Arabic, signifies No.

Meanwhile it grew late, and the innkeeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared, with great diligence and care, as good a repast as he could possibly provide: so that, when supper-time arrived, they sat down altogether at a long hall-table; for there was neither a round nor square one in the house: they forced the head and principal seat, in spite of all his excuses, on Don Quixote, who desired that the princess Micomicona might sit by the side of her protector: next to her, Lucinda and Zorayda placed themselves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whose left hand sat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their station close to the ladies. In this manner they supped with vast satisfaction, which was still increased, when Don Quixote, leaving off eating, and, inspired by the same spirit that moved him to harangue among the goatherds, began the following dissertation: "Verily, gentlemen, if it be duly considered, great and unexpected events are seen by those who profess the order of knight-errantry.—What inhabitant of this earth, if he should now enter the gates of this castle, and behold us seated in this manner, could conceive or credit that we are what we are? Who could imagine that this lady on my right hand is the great queen whom we all know her to be, and that I am the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, so celebrated by the voice of fame?—Now there is no manner of doubt, that this exercise and art exceeds all others hitherto invented by man, and that it ought to be more esteemed, because it is more exposed to danger. Away with those who give letters the preference over arms: I affirm, that such people, whosoever they are, know not what they say; for the sole reason to which they adhere in this decision is, that the labour of the body is exceeded by that of the mind; and that the profession of arms is altogether as corporeal as the exercise and office of a common day-labourer, that requires nothing more than bodily strength; as if that which is called soldiership, by us who profess it, did not include acts of valour which none but persons of uncommon genius could execute: or as if the toil of a warrior who has the charge of an army, or commands in a town that is besieged, doth not affect the mind as well as the body: is it to be supposed, that by mere corporeal strength he can penetrate and discover the intention of the enemy? To anticipate designs, baffle stratagems, surmount difficulties, and prevent the mischief that is to be dreaded, are all efforts of the understanding, in which the body hath no share; if the profession of arms, therefore, requires genius, as well as that of letters, let us see which of the two requires most mental toil: and this question may be determined by considering the end and aim of each; for that occupation deserves the highest esteem which hath the noblest purpose in view—the end and scope of letters. I speak not here of that divine learning, whose aim is to raise and conduct the soul to heaven; to an end so infinite, no intention whatever can be compared: I speak of human learning, the ultimate end of which is, to regulate distributive justice, render to every one his due, and to understand and protect the equitable laws,—an aim certainly generous and highly commendable! yet not so deserving of the most sublime praise as the profession of arms, the object and the end of which is peace, the greatest good that mortals can enjoy; for the first blessed news which this world and mankind heard were those pronounced by the angels, on that night

which was our day, when they sung in the air, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men!' and the salutation which the best master either in heaven or upon earth taught his adherents and favourites; which was to say, when they entered any house, 'Peace be to this house!' Nay, he himself at different times said, 'My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave with you. Peace be among you.' A jewel and legacy well worthy of him who left it! a jewel, without which there can be no felicity either on earth or in heaven! This peace is the genuine aim of war; for arms and war are the same; and this being taken for granted, the end of war is nobler than that of learning: wherefore let us next consider the bodily toil sustained by each, that we may see on which side the balance lies in that particular."

In this sensible manner did Don Quixote continue his discourse, from which nobody that heard him could distinguish that he was mad: on the contrary, his audience consisting chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profession of arms is annexed, they listened with great pleasure, while he proceeded thus:

"The hardships of a student, I say, are these: first of all, poverty (not that all students are poor, but that we may suppose the worst that can happen); and when I have named his indigence the whole of his misfortune is mentioned; for he that is poor can enjoy nothing that is good, but must endure necessity in all its forms, sometimes hunger, sometimes cold, sometimes nakedness, and often all three together: nevertheless, his necessity is not so great but that he eats, though perhaps later than usual, or, though he may feed upon the leavings of the rich, or which is the greatest misery to which a scholar can be reduced, go a-sopping,* as they term it: then they are always admitted to some charitable person's fire-side or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themselves effectually, they may at least defy the cold; and at night they sleep under cover. I need not descend to minute particulars, such as want of linen, scarcity of shoes, flimsy and threadbare clothes, nor the surfeits which they so eagerly incur, when their good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already described it, after many tumblings, slidings, risings, and fallings, they at last attain to the wished degree, which being gained, we have seen many who have passed with a favourable gale of fortune through these quicksands and straits of Scylla and Charybdis: I say, we have seen many such command and dictate to the world from a chair of state; their hunger being changed into satiety; their cold into refreshment; their rags into gay apparel; and the matts, on which they lay, to the richest damask and finest holland,—a recompense which their merit most justly enjoys! but their labours, when fairly stated and compared, are infinitely short of the warrior's, as I shall now clearly demonstrate."

CHAP. XI.

The sequel of Don Quixote's curious discourse on the subjects of learning and war.

The knight proceeded thus: "Since we began with the student, representing his poverty in all its circumstances, let us see if the soldier be more wealthy: and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer: for he is restricted to his miserable pay, which comes always late, if ever, or to what he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and conscience: and frequently his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff doublet serves him instead of coat, shirt, and all other parts of apparel. In a winter campaign, while he remains in the open field, he has nothing to mitigate the severity of the cold but his own breath, which, as it proceeds from an empty place, must, I believe, be cold, contrary to all the rules of nature: but stay till the approach of night, when it is to be hoped his bed will make amends for all these inconveniences; and this, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure as many feet of ground as he thinks sufficient, and there tumble about at pleasure, without any danger of discomposing the sheets: then instead of the day and hour of receiving the degrees of his art, comes the day of battle, in which his head is adorned with the doctoral tassel, made in form of a pledgit, to stuff the wound made by some ball, which, perhaps, hath gone through his temples, or left him maimed of a leg or arm: and even if this should not happen, but merciful Heaven guard and preserve him safe and sound, he continues as poor as ever; he must risk himself in several more rencounters and battles, and be victorious in each, before his circumstances be bettered; but these miracles rarely happen. Tell me, gentlemen, have you considered what a small proportion those who make their fortunes by war bear to those who perish in the field? Doubtless you must answer, that there is no sort of comparison; that the slain are scarce to be numbered, while the living, who are recompensed for their services, may be comprehended within three figures of arithmetic.† The case of

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monasteries.

† *i. e.* Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expressed by four figures.

the learned is quite the reverse:* for, one way or other, they are all provided; so that, though the toil of a soldier is greater, his reward is much less. To this observation it may be replied, that it is far more easy to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers; for the first are recompensed with offices which must, of course, be bestowed on people of their profession; whereas the others can enjoy no reward, except a share of the property belonging to their master whom they serve; even this impossibility strengthens my asseveration.

"But, waiving that consideration, which would lead us into a most intricate labyrinth, let us return to the pre-eminence which arms have over learning, a point hitherto undecided: of such force are the reasons alledged on both sides of the question: one of which, in favour of the last, is, that without letters, the profession of arms could not be supported, because there are laws to which war itself is subject; and all laws fall within the province of letters and learned men. To this observation, the partizans of the other opinion reply, that no laws could be maintained without arms, which preserve the constitution, defend kingdoms, guard cities, scour the highways, and clear the seas of piratical corsairs. In short, that without arms, all republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land, and voyages by sea, would be exposed to the horror and confusion that attend unbridled war, while it continues in all its licentious privilege and force. It is a general and established maxim, that every thing ought to be esteemed in proportion to what it costs: now, to become eminent in letters, costs the student much time, watching, hunger, nakedness, vertigoes, indigestion, and their consequences, which are in part mentioned above; but to acquire, in a regular manner, the character of a good soldier, a man must undergo all these inconveniences in an incomparably greater degree, because he is every moment in danger of losing his life. What fear of indigence and poverty can seize and harass the student's apprehension equal to that which must possess the soldier besieged in a fortress, who, being placed sentinel or guard in some ravelin or cavalier,† perceives the enemy at work undermining the very spot whereon he stands, without daring to stir from his post, or avoid the danger by which he is so imminently threatened? All he can do, is to give notice of what passes to his captain, who must endeavour to baffle the foe by some countermine, while he remains upon the place in terror, and expectation of being suddenly whirled aloft into the clouds without wings, and of falling thence headlong into the profound abyss: if this danger seems inconsiderable, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded in the grappling of two gallies, by their prows, in the midst of the extended ocean; when they are locked and fastened into each other, and the soldier hath not an inch more than two feet of the beak to stand upon, while he sees himself threatened and opposed by as many ministers of death as there are cannon in the enemy's vessel, and these within a spear's length of his body; and is sensible that if his feet should chance to slip, he would instantly visit the profound bosom of the sea; yet, nevertheless, with an intrepid heart, incited and transported by honour, he bears the brunt of their whole artillery, and endeavours, by that narrow passage, to board the adverse vessel: and, what is very much to be admired, is, that as soon as one falls, never to rise again till the general resurrection, another occupies his place; and should he also drop into the sea, which, like an enemy, gapes to devour him, another and another still succeeds, without the smallest intermission,—an instance of gallantry and boldness the greatest to be found in all the extremities of war. Happy were the ages past, while strangers to those infernal instruments of artillery, the author of which is, I firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying the reward of his diabolical invention, that puts it in the power of an infamous coward to deprive the most valiant cavalier of life; for often in the heat of that courage and resolution that fires and animates the gallant breast, there comes a random ball, how or from whence no man can tell, shot off, perhaps, by one that fled and was afraid at the flash of his own accursed machine, and, in an instant, puts an end to the schemes and existence of a man who deserved to live for ages. This very consideration makes me almost own that I am sorry for having chosen this profession of a knight-errant in this detestable age; for though no danger can daunt my resolution, it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and shot may deprive me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned through the whole globe for the valour of my arm and the keenness of my sword: but let the will of

* The literal translation is, "From the skirts" (for I would not mention the sleeves). The Spaniards, instead of the English phrase, by Hook or by Crook, use this of "From the sleeves or the skirts;" derived from the practice of tailors, who are supposed to cabbage from those parts of the habit in which there is the greatest quantity of cloth; but the knight's exception of sleeves, on this occasion, seems to have proceeded from a supposition that poor scholars are generally provided for in the church, and consequently wear cassocks, which descend to their heels.

† Cavalier is an artificial mount raised on a fortress for the convenience of scouring a field, or opposing a commanding work of the enemy.

Heaven be fulfilled; if I accomplish my aim, I shall be more esteemed, because I have faced more danger than ever was incurred by the knights-errant in ages past."

While the rest of the company were employed in eating, this long harangue was uttered by Don Quixote, who never thought of swallowing a morsel; though Sancho frequently put him in mind of eating his supper, observing, that he would afterwards have time enough to say what he pleased. The hearers were moved with fresh concern, at seeing a man who, in every other subject, seemed to have a large share of sense and discernment, lose it so irrecoverably whenever the discourse turned upon the cursed mischievous theme of chivalry. The curate observed, that there was a great deal of reason in what he had advanced in favour of arms; and that he himself, though a graduate, consequently a man of letters, was entirely of the knight's opinion.

Supper being ended, and the table uncovered, while the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, were busied in fitting up the garret of Don Quixote de la Mancha, in which it was determined the three ladies should pass the night by themselves, Don Fernando entreated the captive to recount the story of his life, which he imagined must be both uncommon and entertaining, from the specimen they had already seen, in his arriving thus equipped, in company with the fair Zorayda. To this request the stranger answered, that he would willingly obey his command, though he was afraid the company would not find the relation to their liking; but nevertheless, rather than fail in point of obedience, he was ready to make it. The curate and whole company thanked him for his complaisance, and joined in the request; and he seeing himself besought by so many, said, there was no occasion for entreaties, where they might so effectually command: "Lend me your attention therefore, and you shall hear a true story, perhaps unequalled by those fictions which are usually adorned with all the curious and profound artifice of composition."

At this preamble, all present adjusted and composed themselves; and he perceiving the general silence in which they waited for the performance of his promise, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice:—

CHAP. XII.

In which the captive recounts his life and adventures.

"In a certain place among the mountains of Leon, my family had its origin, more beholden to the liberality of nature than to the smiles of fortune: though amidst the narrowness of circumstances, which prevails in that country, my father had the reputation of being rich; and really was so, had he possessed the art of preserving, as he practised the means of spending his estate. This liberal and profuse disposition was owing to his having been a soldier in his youth: the army being a school in which the miser becomes generous and the benevolent man grows prodigal; for a covetous soldier is a monster which is rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon those of prodigality,—a disposition of very little service to a married man who has children to succeed him in rank as well as name: and he had no less than three; all of them sons, already at an age to choose for themselves. The old gentleman finding it impossible, as he said, to resist the bent of his inclination, was resolved to deprive himself of the means that induced and enabled him to spend so lavishly, by giving up his estate; as, without money, Alexander himself must have seemed frugal.

"One day, therefore, calling us all three together into his chamber, he delivered himself in these or the like words: 'Sons, to say I love you, is no more than to say and know you are my own children: though it would seem that I do not love you, by my squandering away the fortune which is your due: but that you may be henceforward convinced that I love you like a true parent, rather than seek your destruction like a stepfather, I am resolved to execute a plan which I have formed a good while ago, and digested with the most mature deliberation. You are now of an age to choose settlements for yourselves, or at least to pitch upon employments which, in your riper years, may conduce to your honour and advantage. My intention is to divide my estate into four equal parts, three of which you shall receive among you in equal shares, without the least difference or distinction; and the fourth I will reserve for my own sustenance and support, while Heaven will be pleased to protract the days of my life. But after you have received your portions, I should be glad to find you inclined to follow the paths which I shall propose. We have a saying in Spain, which, I believe, is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, because they are short sentences dictated by long and sage experience: that which I mean contains no more than these words: 'The church, the court, or the sea;' as if it more fully expressed the following advice: He that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to sea as a merchant, or attach himself to the court: for it is commonly observed, that 'The king's crumb is worth the baron's batch.' This I mention, because I wish and desire that one of you would follow letters, another merchandize, and a third serve his sovereign in the field, since it is difficult to obtain an office at court: and although much wealth cannot be expected, there is a great deal of valour and repu-

tation to be acquired in war. In eight days I will give each of you his share, in ready money, without defrauding you of one farthing, as you will see by my distribution. Tell me, therefore, if you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed?' said my father, addressing himself to me as the eldest. After having dissuaded him from parting with his estate, and desired him to spend as much of it as he pleased, observing, that we were young men, and capable of making our own fortunes, I concluded with saying, I would obey his will, and, for my own part, choose to serve God and my king, in adhering to the exercise of arms. My second brother made the same offer, proposing to set sail for the Indies, and employ his stock of ready money in traffic. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would qualify himself for the church, by going and finishing his studies at Salamanca.

"We having thus agreed in the choice of our different employments, our father embraced us all affectionately, and within the time he had proposed, performed his promise of giving us our portions, which, to the best of my remembrance, amounted to three thousand ducats each: for an uncle of ours paid ready money for the whole estate, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one day, all three took leave of our worthy father, when I, thinking it a piece of inhumanity to leave him so straitened in his old age, prevailed upon him to accept two thousand of the three I had received, as the remainder was sufficient to accommodate me with all the necessaries of a soldier. Each of my brothers, induced by my example, gave him back one-third of their shares, so that he remained possessed of four thousand ducats in cash, and the value of three thousand more in land, which he did not choose to sell. At length, I say, we took leave of him, and that uncle whom I have mentioned, not without great concern and many tears on all sides; they charging us to seize every opportunity of making them acquainted with our adventures, either in prosperity or adversity. Having given this promise, and received their embraces and blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another went to Seville, and I set out for Alicant, where I understood there was a ship taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. Two-and-twenty years are now elapsed since I left my father's house; and during all that time, though I have written several letters, I never received the least information concerning him or my brothers. What hath happened to me within that period I will briefly relate.

"Embarking at Alicant, I had a favourable passage to Genoa, from whence I went to Milan, where I provided myself with arms and some gay military furniture. Then I departed from Piedmont, with a resolution of enlisting in the service; and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, was informed that the great Duke of Alva was on his march into Flanders. Upon receiving this intimation, I changed my design, attended him to the Low Countries, served in all his campaigns, and was present at the death of the Counts Egmont and Horn. There I obtained an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina: but after I had been some time in Flanders, the news arrived of the league between his holiness Pope Pius the Fifth, of happy memory, and the Spanish monarchy, against their common enemy the Turk, who about that time had, by means of his fleet, made a conquest of the famous island of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians,—a most lamentable and unfortunate loss. It was certainly known that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother to our good King Philip, was to be general of this league; and the vast preparations for this war were publicly reported. All these rumours raised and excited within me the desire and resolution of being present in a campaign of such expectation; and though I had strong hopes, and indeed certain promises, of being promoted to the rank of a captain as soon as a vacancy should happen, I chose to quit that prospect and go, as I actually did, to Italy; and luckily for me, Don John of Austria was then at Genoa, just going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. In short, I served in that most happy campaign, and was advanced to the rank of captain of foot, which honourable post I obtained more by good fortune than merit; and that day, which was so fortunate for Christendom, on which the world was convinced of the error they had espoused in believing the Turks invincible by sea; on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and insolence was humbled and broke, among so many happy Christians there present (and sure those who fell were happier than the living victors)! I alone was unfortunate; for instead of receiving a naval crown, which would have been my reward, had I lived in the Roman ages, on the night that succeeded that glorious day, I found myself a captive loaded with chains; and this was the cause of my misfortune; Uchali, King of Algiers, a bold and fortunate corsair, having attacked and mastered the capitan galley of Malta, in which there remained only three knights alive, and these desperately wounded; the vessel commanded by John Andrea Doria, in which my company was stationed, hastened to her relief, and I doing my duty on that occasion, leaped into the enemy's ship, which disengaging herself immediately from our galley that was grappled with her, my soldiers were prevented from following their officer, and I found myself alone among my foes, whom, by reason of their numbers, I could not resist; therefore was obliged

to submit, after having been almost covered over with wounds; and Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen, having saved himself with his whole squadron, I remained his prisoner, the only sad person amidst the general joy, and captive among so many that were set free; for full fifteen thousand Christians who came into the action, chained to the Turkish oars, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty.

"I was carried to Constantinople, where Selim the Grand Turk created my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the battle, and, as a proof of his valour, brought off the high standard of Malta. Next year, which was that of seventy-two, I rowed in the capitan galley of the three lanterns, at Navarino, where I saw and observed the Christians lose the opportunity of taking the whole Turkish fleet in the harbour; for all the Levantines and Janizaries belonging to it laid their account with being attacked in port, and had actually got in readiness their knapsacks and passamaques, which are a kind of shoes, in order to go on shore, and seek their safety in flight, without waiting for the assault, such was the consternation that prevailed among them! But Heaven ordained things to happen in another manner, not through any error or neglect of the general who commanded the expedition, but on account of the sins of Christendom, it being the will and permission of God that we should never want executioners to chastise us. In short, Uchali retreated to Modon, which is an island almost contiguous to Navarino, where he disembarked his men, fortified the mouth of the harbour, and remained until Don John set sail on his return. In this expedition, the galley called the Prize, commanded by a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the capitan galley of Naples, called the She-wolf, the commander of which was that thunderbolt of war, that father of his soldiers, that fortunate and invincible chief, Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquis of Santa Cruz; and I cannot help mentioning what happened at the taking of this prize: the son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so inhumanly, that when the rowers perceived the She-wolf ready to board, and in a fair way of taking her, they quitted their oars all at once, and, seizing the captain, who stood upon the stentrel,* calling to them to row lustily, they tossed him forwards from bench to bench, and hit him so severely as he went along, that, before he passed the mainmast, his soul passed into hell. Such was his barbarity, as I have already observed, and such the revenge which their hatred to him inspired.

"We returned to Constantinople, and during the following year, which was seventy-three, understood that Don John had taken Tunis, wrested that whole kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of the whole; thus cutting off all the hopes of a restoration from Muley Hamida, the most valiant and most cruel Moor of his time. The Grand Signor was deeply affected with this loss, and, practising that sagacity which is peculiar to all those of his family, clapt up a peace with the Venetians, who were much more desirous of it than he. Next year, being seventy-four, he attacked the goleta and fort, which Don John had left half-finished, near Tunis; and on all these occasions I was present, being tied to the oar, without the least hope of freedom, especially by ransom; for I was resolved not to write to my father on account of my misfortune. At length, the goleta and fort were both lost, having been besieged by seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers, regularly paid, and upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from the other parts of Africa; this multitude being provided with a vast quantity of warlike stores and ammunition, and attended with such a number of pioneers, that, by throwing handfuls of earth, they might have covered both the places they came to besiege. The goleta, which had been counted impregnable, was first taken; not through any fault of the besieged, who performed all that men could do in its defence, but because experience shewed that trenches could be made with ease in that loose sand, under which, though water was commonly found at the depth of two spans, the Turks, at that time, dug as many fathoms, without finding one drop; and so, filling a vast number of sacks, raised their works so high as to overlook the fort; then mounting this cavalier with cannon, kept such a firing as rendered it impossible for the garrison to make any longer defence. It was a common opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the goleta, but opposed the disembarkation in the plain; however, those who talk in that manner, speak at random, and must be persons of small experience in such affairs; for if the whole garrison in both places scarce amounted to seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though ever so valiant, take the field, and, at the same time, defend the forts against such a multitude of foes? And how could the forts be possibly maintained without supplies in an enemy's country, when they were hemmed in by such a numerous and obstinate army? But others thought, and I am of the same opinion, that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in permitting them to destroy that rendezvous and pretence of mischief, that sink, sponge, and devourer of infinite sums of money, which were there unprofitably spent,

* The stentrel, or estanterol, is a post that supports the awning of the poop.

without serving any other purpose than that of preserving the memory of its being the most happy conquest of the invincible Charles V., as if it was necessary for those stones to support his fame, which is already immortal. The fort was also yielded, though the Turks won it by inches, for the garrison behaved with such gallantry and resolution, that in two-and-twenty general assaults the enemy lost upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and of the three hundred Spanish soldiers that remained alive, they did not make one prisoner who had not been wounded during the siege,—a clear and certain proof of the obstinate valour with which the places were defended. A small fort or tower, that stood in the middle of the lake, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a Valentian knight and celebrated soldier, surrendered upon terms; but Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the goleta, was made prisoner; and though he did all that man could do in defence of the place, he was so deeply affected by the loss of it, that he died of grief on the road to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. The general of the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and excellent soldier, was likewise taken prisoner: and in these two forts perished many persons of note, among whom was one Pagan d'Oria, a knight of St John, a gentleman of a most generous disposition, as appeared from his excessive liberality to his brother, the famous Juan Andri d'Oria; and what made his death still more lamentable was, that he perished by the hands of some Arabs, to whom, seeing the fort already lost, he trusted himself, relying upon their promise to carry him, disguised in a Moorish dress, to Tabarca, which is a small port or settlement belonging to the Genoese, who fish for coral on that part of the coast; but those perfidious Arabs cut off his head, which they carried to the general of the Turkish navy, who fulfilled upon them our old Castilian proverb, which imports, that though we love the treason we abhor the traitor; for it was reported, that he ordered them all to be hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

"Among the Christians who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a soldier of great worth and rare endowments, particularly blessed with a happy talent for poetry. This circumstance I mention, because it was his fate to belong to our galley, where he was my companion at the oar and fellow-slave; and before we departed from that harbour, he composed two songs, by way of epitaph, upon the goleta and the fort. As I have them both by heart, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the company if I repeat them."

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who smiled, and when the stranger was going to repeat the songs, one of the three said to him, "Before you proceed, I beg the favour to know what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar?"—"All that I know of the matter (replied the captive), is, that after having staid two years at Constantinople, he made off in the habit of an arnaut,* with a Greek spy; but I do not know whether or not he obtained his liberty, though I believe he succeeded; for about a year after I saw the same Greek at Constantinople; but I had not an opportunity to inquire about the success of their scheme."—"Then I can satisfy you in that particular (resumed the cavalier); Don Pedro is my brother, and now lives at home, in good health and easy circumstances, blessed with a wife and three hopeful sons."—"Thanks be to God for the great mercies bestowed upon him! (answered the captive), for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained."—"Besides (said the gentleman), I retain in my memory the songs which my brother composed."—"Be so good then (replied the stranger), as to entertain the company with them; for, doubtless, you can repeat them more perfectly than I can."—"With all my heart (said the cavalier); that upon the goleta runs thus:"—

CHAP. XIII.

The continuation of the Captive's History.

Ye happy shades, whose deeds renown'd
Have freed you from encumb'ring clay;
From this low scene where woes abound,
Ascending to eternal day.

With glorious zeal your bosoms glow'd,
Your bodies braved excessive toil;
Your blood with that of Pagans flow'd,
To drench the hostile barren soil.

Your lives, but not your courage, fail'd,
Death seal'd your just victorious claim;
Enjoy, still honour'd and bewail'd,
Immortal happiness and fame.

"These are the very words which I remember," said the captive. "And if my memory does not fail me (replied the gentleman), the other upon the fort is this:"—

* A Dalmatian trooper.

Lo! from yon ruins on the desert plain,
Oppress'd with numbers, in th' unequal fight,
Three thousand souls of Christian warriors slain,
To happier regions wing'd their joyous flight.

Yet, not before, in vain, they had essay'd
The force and vigour of their dauntless arms;
'Till wearied and reduced, though undismay'd,
They welcomed death encompass'd with alarms.

On Afric's coast, as records tell,
The scene of past and present woes,
More valiant bodies never fell,
More spotless spirits never rose.

The songs were not disliked, and the captive, rejoicing at the good fortune of his comrade, proceeded thus in his narration:

"The goleta and forts being taken, the Turks ordered the first to be dismantled, the other being quite demolished before it was surrendered; and that this might be done with the less trouble and greater despatch, it was undermined in three parts; but they could by no means blow up the old walls, which seemed to be the weakest part, while that which was executed by Fratin was destroyed with great facility. In short, the victorious fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, where, in a few months, happened the death of my master, Uchali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which, in the language of that country, signifies the scabby renegado; for such he actually was, and it is a custom among the Turks to bestow epithets upon people, derived either from some defect or virtue inherent in them: this method they practise, because they have but four families distinguished by particular names, and these are descended from the house of Ottoman; so that the rest, as I have observed, adopt some appellation either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper, therefore, tugged at the oar, during fourteen years, as a slave to the Grand Signor; and when he was turned of thirty-four, apostatized, out of resentment against a Turk, who struck him at the oar, renouncing his religion, that he might be able to revenge the affront. Such was his gallantry and conduct, that without practising those vile steps and methods by which the sultan's favourites are raised, he was promoted to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards created general at sea, which is the third post in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and behaved with great humanity to his slaves, who, to the number of three thousand, were, at his death, in consequence of his last will, divided between his renegadoes and the Grand Signor, who is also co-heir with the children of all his deceased subjects. I fell to the share of a Venetian, who had been a common sailor when he was taken; and Uchali had such an affection for him, that he enjoyed the greatest share of his favour, and became the most cruel renegado that ever was known. This man, whose name was Azanaga, acquired great riches, and even succeeded to the crown of Algiers, to which place I accompanied him from Constantinople, with some degree of satisfaction at the thoughts of being so near my own country; not that I intended to send home an account of my unhappy fate, but to see if fortune would not prove more favourable at Algiers than at Constantinople, where I had laid a thousand schemes for my escape, without having an opportunity of putting one of them in execution: but I was in hope of finding at Algiers some other more effectual means of obtaining that which I so ardently desired; for the hope of gaining my liberty never forsook my breast: on the contrary, when all my pains, efforts, and expectations miscarried, far from abandoning myself to despair, I endeavoured to find out some new expedient, which, though ever so frail and unsubstantial, served to support my spirits and flatter my imagination. Thus I made shift to live within a house or prison, called a bath, in which the Turks confine the Christian captives, whether belonging to the king or private persons, or of that class which they call magazine slaves; these are the captives of the council, who serve the state in public works, and other kinds of day-labour, and find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, because they belong to the community, and have no particular master, with whom they can treat concerning their ransom, even though they can command money for the purpose.

"In these baths, as I have already said, some private persons lodge their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; and there they remain secure, and at their ease until it arrives. Neither do the king's captives, who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the crew, except when the money is delayed; and then, that they may be induced to write with more importunity, they are sent out with the rest to cut wood, an office of no small mortification and toil. As they knew I had been a captain, I in vain assured them that I had neither interest nor money; they put me into the number of those who were to be ransomed, loading me with a chain, rather to denote my condition than to secure my person; so that I spent my time in that bath, among a great many cavaliers and people of fashion, who were thus marked and designed for ransom: and though we were sometimes, nay, almost always, exposed to hunger and nakedness, nothing gave us so much pain as to hear and see, upon every occasion, the new and unheard-of cruelties which my master exercised upon the Christians. He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus

out of mere wantonness of barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him was a Spanish soldier, called Such-a-one de Saavedra, who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him to be once chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks were sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprise you more than the relation of my own story.

"But to return to the thread of my narration, just over the yard of our prison were the windows of a rich and principal Moor; but, according to the custom of the country, they were rather like peep-holes than windows, and even these covered with very thick and close lattices. One day I chanced to be on the terrace of our gaol, with three of my companions, passing the time in trying which of us could leap farthest in our shackles, the rest of the Christians being gone out to work: I casually lifted up my eyes, and perceived a cane with a handkerchief tied to it held out at these little openings I have mentioned, and waving to and fro, as if by way of signal for some of us to go and catch it. This object was no sooner observed, than one of my companions ran hastily to the place that was directly under it, to see if the cane would be dropped, or what would be the consequence; but, when he arrived it was pulled up, and moved from one side to another, as if a man should signify his dissent from any proposal by shaking his head: when the Christian returned, the cane was lowered again, with the same motion as at first; upon which another of our company tried the experiment, but succeeded no better than the first; a third went, and miscarried like the other two. Observing their disappointment, I was resolved to try my fortune also; accordingly, I had no sooner placed myself under the cane, than it was dropped, and fell down within the bath, just at my feet. I snatched it up immediately, and untied the handkerchief, in which I found a knot containing ten zianiys, which are pieces of bad gold, current among the Moors, each of them valued at ten rials of our money. It would be superfluous to say that I rejoiced at this windfall; indeed my joy was equal to my surprise, for I could not conceive from whence that present could come, especially to me, the circumstance of the cane's being refused to every other person plainly shewing that the favour was intended for me. I pocketed this lucky sum, broke the cane, returned to the terrace, and looked at the window, through which appeared a very white hand, that opened the lattice, and hastily shut it again: from this circumstance we understood, or at least imagined, that we owed the present to some lady who lived in that house; and, in token of thanks, made our obeisance in the Moorish manner, by bowing the head, bending the body, and crossing the hands upon the breast. Soon after this ceremony, a small cross made of cane was held out at the window, and immediately withdrawn,—a signal which confirmed us in the opinion that we were befriended by some Christian woman, who lived as a slave in that house; but this supposition was changed, when we reflected upon the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets which we had perceived; and then we concluded that she must be one of those Christian renegadoes whom their masters frequently take to wife, and even think themselves fortunate in having such an opportunity; for they esteem them much more than the women of their own nation; but all our conjectures were wide of the truth.

"From this day forward our whole entertainment was to gaze at the window, as the north in which the star of the cane had appeared; but full fifteen days elapsed before we had another glimpse either of that or the hand, or indeed of any other signal; and during the interval, though we endeavoured, by all the means in our power, to learn who lived in that house, and whether or not there was a Christian renegado in it, we never could get any other information but that it belonged to a rich Moor of great note, called Agimorato, who had been alcade of Pata, an office of great honour among that people; but, when we least expected another shower of zianiys, the cane re-appeared all of a sudden, with another handkerchief, and a larger knot than before; and this occurrence happened as formerly, when none but ourselves were in the bath: we made the usual experiment; each of my three companions going towards it, as at first, without success, until I approached, and then it was immediately dropped. I untied the knot, within which I found forty crowns in Spanish gold, and a paper written in Arabian characters, with a large cross at the head of the page: I kissed the sacred sign, put up the money, returned to the terrace, where we made our obeisance: the hand appearing again, I made signs that I should read the letter, and then the window was shut. We were equally pleased and perplexed at this event; for none of us understood Arabic: and although our impatience to know the contents of the paper was very great, the difficulty of finding an interpreter was still greater; at length, I determined to trust a renegado, a native of Murcia, who had professed himself my friend, and given me such pledges of his fidelity as obliged him to keep any secret I should think proper to impart: for those re-

negadoes who intended to return to Christendom usually carry about with them certificates signed by the principal captives, attesting, in the most ample form they can devise, that such a renegado is an honest man, who hath always been obliging to the Christians, and is desirous of making his escape with the first opportunity. Some there are who procure these testimonials with a good intention; others use them occasionally as the instruments of their craft; for going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, if they should chance to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and observe, that these papers will shew the real design of their coming on a cruise with Turks, which was no other than to take the first occasion of returning to their native country: by these means they escape the first fury of resentment, and are reconciled to the church, without suffering the least damage; but when they see their opportunity, they return to Barbary, and re-assume their former way of life: whereas those who procure recommendations with a good design make use of them accordingly and remain in peace among the Christians. Such a renegado was this friend, who had obtained certificates from all my companions, conceived in the strongest terms of confidence and applause: for which, had he been detected, the Moors would have burned him alive. I knew that he could both speak and write the Arabian tongue; but before I would disclose the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I had found by chance in a corner of my cabin. He opened it accordingly, and having pored and perused it a good while, muttering between his teeth, I asked if he understood the contents? He answered in the affirmative, bidding me, if I chose to have the literal meaning, furnish him with pen and ink, that he might translate it more exactly. I accordingly accommodated him with what he desired, and when he had made an end of the translation at his own leisure, he said, 'This that I have written in Spanish, is the literal meaning of that Moorish paper; and you are to take notice, that wherever you meet with the words Lela Marien, they signify our lady the Blessed Virgin.'

"The paper contained these words: 'When I was a child, my father had a woman slave, who, in my own language, taught me the Christian worship, and told me divers things of Lela Marien. This Christian died, and I am sure her soul did not go to the fire, but to Ala; for I saw her twice after her death, and she advised me to go to the land of the Christians, where I should see Lela Marien, by whom I was beloved. I know not which way to go: many Christians I have seen from this window, but not one who seems so much a gentleman as yourself. I am very beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money in my possession: if thou canst find out any method of carrying me to thy country, thou shalt there be my husband, if thou art so inclined; but if that be contrary to thy inclination, I shall not be uneasy, for Lela Marien will provide me with a spouse. I write this with my own hand: let nobody read it but such as you can trust. Beware of the Moors; for they are altogether deceitful: therefore, I am very much concerned, for I would not have it disclosed to any person whatever; because, if it should come to my father's ears, he would instantly cause me to be sunk in a well and covered with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane, to which thou mayest tie thine answer; and if thou hast not a proper person to write for thee in Arabic, let me know by signs; for Lela Marien will help me to understand them. May she and Ala preserve thee by means of this cross, which I often kiss, according to the direction of my deceased slave.'

"You may easily conceive, gentlemen, whether or not we were surprised and rejoiced at the contents of this paper. Indeed, the symptoms of joy and admiration appeared so plain in our behaviour, that the renegado suspected it was not found by accident, but actually written and addressed to one of our company. He accordingly entreated us to tell him if his conjecture was true; protesting that we might safely trust to his fidelity, and assuring us, if we would favour him with our confidence, he would venture his life in procuring our freedom. So saying, he pulled from his bosom a crucifix of metal, and, with many tears, swore by the God represented under the form of that image, in whom he, though a wretched sinner, fully and faithfully believed, that he would be trusty and secret in every thing we should please to communicate; for he firmly believed, and, as it were, prognosticated, that by means of her who had written the paper, we should all obtain liberty, and he accomplish that which he had so much at heart, namely, his re-admission into the bosom of his holy mother church, from which he, through his ignorance and guilt, had been like a rotten member, divided and cut off. This declaration he made with so many tears and signs of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to intrust him with the affair, and accordingly gave him an account of every thing that had happened, without suppressing one circumstance; and shewed him the window at which the cane had appeared; so that from thence he took his mark of the house, resolving to inform himself, with great care and caution, of the name and quality of those who lived in it. Meanwhile, we were all of opinion, that there was a necessity for answering the billet; and there being a person present who could perform that office, the renegado that instant wrote in Arabic what I dictated, which was literally as I shall now repeat; for of all the material circumstances of that

affair, not one hath escaped my memory, which will retain them all to my last breath. In short, this was the answer which I sent the beautiful Moor:—

'My dear Lady!

'Mayest thou be protected by the true Alla, and that blessed Mary, the real mother of God, who, because she loves thee, hath put it into thy heart to go to the land of Christians: beseech her, therefore, that she will be pleased to teach thee how thou mayest obey her commands; for she is so benevolent, that she will grant thy request. For my own part, and in behalf of those who are my fellow-prisoners, I promise to serve thee with our whole power, even unto death. Fail not to write, and give me notice of what thou shalt resolve to do; and I will always answer thy letters; for the great Alla hath favoured us with the friendship of a Christian captive, who can speak and write thy language, as thou wilt perceive by this paper: wherefore, thou mayest communicate thy will and pleasure to us without fear. As to thy offer of becoming my wife, when thou shalt be safely settled in the land of the Christians, I pledge myself thine, on the faith of a good Christian; and know, that those of our religion perform their promises more punctually than the Moors. God, and his mother Mary, take my dear lady into their holy protection.'

"This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days, until the bath was empty, and then went to the usual place on the terrace, to look for the cane, which in a little time appeared. I no sooner perceived the sign, though I could not see who made it, than I held up the letter, to make her understand that she should fasten a thread to the cane; but that was already done, and I tied the paper to it accordingly. In a little time our star appeared again, loaded with the white flag of peace; which being dropped, I took it up, and found in it different coins of gold and silver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increased our satisfaction fifty-fold, and confirmed us in the hope of obtaining our freedom. That same night our renegado returned, and told us, he was informed the house was inhabited by that same Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato, who was excessively rich, and had only one daughter to inherit his whole fortune; that, by the current report in the city, she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who went thither had demanded her in marriage, but she would never yield her consent; he likewise understood, that she had once a Christian slave, who had died some time ago: so that all these circumstances agreed with the contents of her letter. We then consulted with the renegado about the means of transporting ourselves, with the Moorish lady, into Christendom; and at length we came to the resolution of waiting for another intimation from Zorayda, which is the name of her who now desires to be called Maria; for we plainly perceived, that by means of her and no other, we should be enabled to surmount all the difficulties that occurred.

"Having come to this determination, the renegado bid us give ourselves no uneasiness; for he would either procure our liberty, or forfeit his own life. The bath being full of people, during four days, no cane appeared all that time, at the end of which the usual solitude prevailing, we perceived it, with a handkerchief, so pregnant as to promise a most happy birth. I stood under it; the whole was dropped as usual, and I found in the handkerchief another paper, with one hundred crowns in gold, without any mixture of other coin. The renegado being then present, we carried him to our cabin, where we desired him to read the letter, which he interpreted in these words:—

'I know not, dear sir, how to give directions about our passage into Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told me, though I have earnestly implored her assistance. But what may be easily effected is this: I will from this window furnish you with a great quantity of money; so that you may ransom yourself and your companions, and, going to the land of the Christians, purchase a bark, with which you may return for the rest; and you will find me in my father's garden, which is by the gate of Barbazon, close to the sea-side. There I shall be during the whole summer, with my father and servants; and from thence you may, in the night, carry me to the bark without fear. But remember thou shalt be my husband, otherwise I will pray to Marien to chastise thee. If thou canst depend upon no other person for purchasing the bark, ransom thyself for that purpose. I know thou wilt be more apt than any other body to return, because thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Be sure to inform thyself well about the garden. When I see thee walking where thou art at present, I shall know the bath is empty, and provide thee with more money.

'Alla preserve thee, my dear gentleman.'

"These were the contents and purport of the second paper; which being read in presence of us all, each proposed himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with the utmost punctuality; I likewise offered myself for that purpose. But the renegado opposed the proposal, saying, that he could by no means consent that one should be set free, before we had all obtained our liberty; because experience had taught him how ill those who are free perform the promises they have made in their captivity: for prisoners of note had of-

ten practised the expedient of ransoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed bark, and return for his companions; but they never saw his face again; for, having once obtained his own liberty, the dread of losing it again by returning, blots all manner of obligations out of his remembrance. As a confirmation of the truth of what he alleged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentleman, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known even in these parts, where the most uncommon and surprising events occur almost every day. In short, he told us the most practicable and prudent scheme was, to give him the money we should receive for our ransom, with which he would purchase a bark at Algiers, under pretence of becoming merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and the other places on that coast; and that, being master of the vessel, he would soon contrive the means of disengaging us from the bath, and getting us all on board; especially if the Moorish lady should perform her promise in supplying us with money sufficient to pay the ransom of our whole company; in which case, being no longer slaves, we might embark with the greatest ease and safety, even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty that occurred was the backwardness of the Moors to allow a renegado to purchase or command a vessel, unless it be a large cruiser for pirating; because they suspect, especially if he be a Spaniard, that his sole motive in buying a small bark is to make his escape into Christendom; but he undertook to remedy that inconvenience, by giving a share of the bark and profits of the merchandise to a Tagarin Moor; by which means he should be master of the bark, and of consequence have it in his power to accomplish the whole affair.

"Although, in the opinion of me and my companions, there was no better plan than that of sending to Majorca for a bark, as the Moorish lady had proposed, we durst not contradict the sentiments of the renegado, lest he, being disobliged by our acting contrary to his intention, should make a discovery of our correspondence with the fair Moor, and endanger not only our own lives, but also that of Zorayda, for which we would have willingly sacrificed our own. We therefore determined to rely upon God and the renegado; and immediately wrote an answer to Zorayda, importing, that we would adhere in every thing to her advice, which was as prudent as if it had been dictated by Lela Marien; and that it depended solely upon her either to hasten or retard the negotiation: pledging my faith anew to become her spouse. In consequence of this intimation, the very next day, when the bath happened to be empty, she at different times, by means of the cane and handkerchief, transmitted two thousand crowns in gold, with a paper signifying, that on the first Jama, which is Friday, she should set out for her father's garden, but, before her departure, supply us with more money; and desired us to inform her if we should find that insufficient; for she would give us as much as we could desire, her father having such vast sums, that he would never be sensible of what she took, especially as all his keys were in her possession. We immediately accommodated the renegado with five hundred crowns, for the purchase of the bark: with eight hundred more I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a Valentian merchant then residing at Algiers, who bargained for my ransom with the king, and obtained my freedom, upon giving his word to pay the money on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia; for if he had paid it immediately, the king would have suspected that the ransom had been some time at Algiers, and that the merchant had hitherto detained it for his own convenience. In short, my master was so contentious, that I durst by no means disburse the money at once. On the Thursday before the fair Zorayda removed to her father's country-house, she gave us another thousand crowns, and apprised us of her departure: entreating me, as soon as I should be ransomed, to make myself acquainted with her father's garden, and find some opportunity of going thither to see her. I answered, in few words, that I would obey her in every thing, desiring she would fervently recommend us to Lela Marien in all those prayers which she had learned of the slave.

"This affair being transacted, means were concerted for ransoming my three companions; lest, seeing me at liberty, and themselves confined, since I had money enough to procure their freedom, they should be chagrined, and tempted by the devil to do something to the prejudice of Zorayda: for although their honour and integrity might have secured me against any such apprehension, I would not run the smallest risk, and therefore took care they should be ransomed by the same channel through which my liberty was obtained; depositing the whole sum required in the merchant's hands, that he might, with more certainty and confidence, act the part of their bondsman; though we never disclosed to him our secret commerce with Zorayda, for fear of what might happen."

CHAP. XIV.

The continuation of the captive's adventures.

"Before fifteen days had elapsed, our renegado had purchased a stout vessel, capable of containing thirty persons at least; and to secure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran, where there is a great traffic of

dried figs: and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are, in Barbary, called Tagarins, and those of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though these last are, in the kingdom of Fez, called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uses in his wars. I say then, in every passage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a small creek, within two bow-shots of Agimorato's garden; and there purposely employed himself and his Moorish rowers in practising the Zala;* or attempted that in jest which he intended to execute in earnest. He went frequently to Zorayda's garden, on pretence of asking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him: but although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to speak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to the land of the Christians, that she might be satisfied and secure of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity of executing his design: for the Moorish women avoid the sight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unless when they are commanded to appear by their parents and husbands: though they talk and converse with Christian captives, even more freely than decency allows. I should have been very much concerned had he spoke with her, because it would, perhaps, have given her great uneasiness to see renegadoes intrusted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the best, gave him no opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

"Perceiving how securely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleased, his partner submitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ransomed, there was nothing wanted but some Christians to row, he desired me to pick out those who should accompany me, exclusive of my friends who were ransomed, and bespeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I spoke to a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could easily get out of the city: and indeed it was no small difficulty to find so many at that conjuncture: for no fewer than twenty gallies being then out upon the cruise, almost all the rowers were employed, so that I should not have found those I have mentioned, had not their master staid at home that summer, to finish a vessel which he had on the stocks. All I said to them was, that next Friday in the evening they should slily slip out of the city, one by one, and betake themselves to Agimorato's garden, where they should wait my coming; and I directed every one by himself, if he should meet with other Christians at the rendezvous, to say nothing, but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

"This point being settled, another precaution, still more necessary, remained untaken; this was to advertise Zorayda of the situation of our affairs, that she might be prepared and guarded against surprise at our sudden assault, before she could think it possible that the Christian bark was arrived. Resolved, therefore, to seek and speak with her, if possible, one day before our departure, I went to the garden, on pretence of gathering some herbs; and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used through all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, between the captives and the Moors; it is neither Arabic nor Castilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues, by which we make shift to understand each other. I say, he asked in this sort of jargon, who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I answered, that I was a slave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his; and that I wanted a few herbs for a salad. In consequence of this answer, he inquired whether or not I was to be ransomed, and what my master demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus conversing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the house; and, as the Moorish women make no scruple of shewing themselves to Christians, with whom, as I have already observed, they are not at all shy, she, without any hesitation, walked towards the place where I was standing with her father, who no sooner saw her, than he called at a distance, desiring her to come up. It would be a difficult task for me at present to describe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before mine eyes: I shall only observe, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears outnumbered the hairs of her head. On her ancles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she wore carcaxes (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Morisco language), of the purest gold, set with such a quantity of diamonds, that she afterwards told me, her father valued them at twenty thousand ducats; and those she wore upon her wrists were of equal richness. The pearls, though in such a vast number, were extremely fine: for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearls in Barbary than in all the other nations of the world, and Zorayda's father had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all

* Zala, or Sala, is the Moorish salutation.

which she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether, with the assistance of all these ornaments, she appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she hath undergone; for it is well known, that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of dress and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up, her father told her, in their own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a salad; upon which she took up the discourse, and in that jumble of languages before mentioned, asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself? I answered, that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master, by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultanins. To this observation she replied, 'Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum; for you Christians always dissemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors.'—'That may be sometimes the case, madam (said I); but I adhered to the truth, in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind.' She then asked how soon I intended to depart; and I answered, 'To-morrow, I believe: there is a French ship in the harbour to sail in the morning, and I have some thoughts of taking my passage on board of her.'—'Had not you better stay until the arrival of a vessel from Spain (said Zoradya), than trust yourself with the French, who are no good friends of yours?'—'No, madam (answered I); though, as there is a Spanish ship expected, if she arrives immediately, I believe I shall wait for her: but it is more likely that I shall sail to-morrow; for the desire I have to see myself in my native country with those I love, is too strong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever so good.'—'Without doubt (said Zoradya), thou art married in thy own country, and therefore desirous of being with thy wife.'—'I am not yet wedded (I replied); but under promise of being married at my return.'—'And is the woman beautiful to whom thou hast pledged thy faith?' said she.—'So beautiful (answered I), that to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, she is the exact resemblance of thyself.'

"Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, saying, 'Truly, Christian, she must be very handsome indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt see whether or not I speak truth.'

"In the greatest part of this conversation, Agimorato served as an interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this spurious language, which, though she understood a little, in consequence of its being much spoke among the Moors, she explained her meaning by signs oftener than by words.

"While we were engaged in this and other such conversation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden-wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda started; for the Moors are commonly, and as it were naturally, afraid of the Turks, especially of the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious to their Moorish subjects, that they treat them worse than if they were slaves. Accordingly, the father said to Zorayda, 'Daughter, retire to the house, and lock thyself up, while I go and talk to those dogs; and thou, Christian (turning to me), gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Alla send thee safe into thy own country.' I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward, according to her father's desire; but no sooner was he out of sight, among the trees of the garden, than she came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, saying, 'Amexi, Christiano, amexi!' the signification of which address is, 'Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going away!'—'Yes, madam (answered I), but by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you see us; for we shall certainly go to the land of the Christians.' I made shift to express myself in such a manner, that she understood this and every thing else that I said; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the house with a slow and faltering pace: but it pleased fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwise ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were observed by her father, on his return from having sent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourselves discovered. Nevertheless, Zorayda, prompted by her discretion and presence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck; but, on the contrary, coming closer to me, let her head drop upon my bosom, and her knees sink under her, as if she was fainting; while I seemed to support her with a sort of strained civility.

"The father seeing his daughter in this situation, ran towards her with great concern, and asked what was the matter? but she making no reply, 'Doubtless (said he), she hath fainted with the fright occasioned by the insolence of those

dogs.' Then taking her out of my arms, he supported her in his own; while she, fetching a deep sigh, the tears still continuing in her eyes, repeated, 'Amexi, Christiano, amexi:'—'Begone, Christian, begone.'—'There is no necessity for the Christian's departure (said the father), he hath done thee no harm; and as the Turks are gone already, be not disturbed: thou hast no cause to be uneasy: for, as I have already said, the Turks at my entreaty went out as they had come in.'—'Indeed, sir (said I), they have discomposed her very much, as you observe; but since she desires me to go, I will not stay to give offence. Peace be with you. I will, with your permission, return to this garden for herbs, if they should be wanted; for my master says there are none better to be found in any other place.'—'Thou mayest come as often as thou wilt (answered Agimorato): what my daughter says is not out of resentment to thee, or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks begone, she applied the words to thee, or else thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs.' I then took leave of them both; and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my salad, went round the whole garden, at my pleasure, observing all the entries and outlets, together with the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpose.

"Having thus reconnoitred, I went and communicated my observations to the renegado and the rest of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of seeing myself in peaceable possession of the blessing which fortune presented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapsed, and the long-wished-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvassed, and at last settled, after the most mature deliberation, our desires were happily accomplished. On the Friday after I had spoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegado's name, anchored his bark, at nightfall, opposite to the place where my charming mistress resided; and the Christians who were to row, in consequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and desire of attacking the vessel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegado, and believed that they must win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark: wherefore, as soon as I and my companions appeared, those who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were shut; so that not a soul was to be seen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in some doubt whether we should go immediately for Zorayda, or first of all secure the Moorish rowers belonging to the bark. While we hesitated on this point, the renegado arriving, asked what we waited for? observing, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greatest part of them actually asleep: we told him the subject of our doubt; upon which he assured us, that it was of the greatest consequence to make ourselves first masters of the bark, a precaution which might be easily taken without running the least hazard; and then we could go in quest of Zorayda with greater security. His advice was unanimously approved; and therefore, without farther delay, we followed him as a guide to the vessel, into which he leaped, and drawing a scimetar, called in the Moorish language, 'Let none of you stir on pain of death.' The Christians were at his back in an instant; while the Moors being naturally pusillanimous, hearing their master talk in this manner, were seized with consternation; and as there were few or no arms on board, suffered themselves, without the least resistance, to be fettered by the Christians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and despatch, threatening to put them all to the sword if any one of them should raise his voice, or attempt to make the least noise.

"This scheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the rest, using the renegado still as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden-door, which fortunately opened with as much ease as if it had not been locked; so that, without being perceived, we proceeded to the house with great silence and composure. The adorable Zorayda, who stood waiting for us at a window, no sooner perceived people at the door, than she asked, with a low voice, if we were Nazarini? which in their language signifies Christians. I replied in the affirmative, desiring her to come down: when she knew my voice, she made no delay, but without answering one syllable came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared so beautiful and richly dressed as to surpass all description. Transported at the sight, I took her hand and kissed it most devoutly: the renegado and my two companions did the same, and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, followed our example, thinking we expressed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked, in the Moresco tongue, if her father was in the house? and she assuring him that he was asleep in his own apartment: 'Then it will be necessary (said Morrenago), to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value in this agreeable habitation.' 'Touch not my father (said she), and take my word for it, there is nothing valuable in this house but what I have secured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy: stay a little and thou shalt see.'

"So saying, she went back into the house, protesting she would immediately return, and desiring us to make no noise. I then asked the

renegado what had passed between them, and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that should be disagreeable to Zorayda, who soon returned with a coffer so full of golden crowns, that she could scarce support the weight; but our evil fortune ordained that her father should wake in the interim, and hear a noise in the garden; upon which he started up, and, running to the window, no sooner perceived that we were all Christians, than he began to bawl, in Arabic, with vast vociferation, 'Christians! Christians! thieves! thieves!' and his cries threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion: however, the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprise without being detected, ran up to Agimorato with infinite agility, being accompanied with some others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms: in short, those who entered the house managed him so well, that in a moment they brought him down, with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he presumed to speak, it would cost him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that she might not see her father in that condition; while he was astonished at sight of her, little thinking how willingly she had put herself in our power; and our feet being then more necessary than our hands, we with great industry and despatch returned to the vessel, where we were expected with impatience by those we had left, who had begun to fear we had met with some mischance.

"Before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all safe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth, though the renegado commanded him again to be silent on pain of death. Seeing his daughter also in our power, he began to sigh most bitterly, more especially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without resisting, complaining, or the least appearance of constraint: but he was fain to hold his tongue, lest the renegado should put his repeated threats in execution. Zorayda now seeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered as prisoners among us, bade the renegado desire, in her name, that I would be so good as to dismiss the Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would rather throw herself into the sea, than behold a parent, who loved her so much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago, having made me acquainted with her request, I consented to the proposal; but he said it was by no means expedient, because, should we leave them there, they would instantly alarm both town and country; so that some light frigates would be sent out in pursuit of us, and then we should be so beset, both by sea and land, that it would be impossible for us to escape: he proposed, therefore, to set them at liberty on the first Christian land he should make. We were all of the same opinion, which was also embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reasons which hindered us from complying immediately with her desire; then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, silence, and alacrity, and, recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers: we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the gallies which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant vessel not fitted out, or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we thus coasted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom, that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

"When we had rowed about thirty miles, day breaking discovered that we were about three gun-shots distant from the shore of a desert country, where not a soul appeared to detect us: but for all that, we plied hard to get a little further off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars: this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran; for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were consoled by the renegado's telling them, that they were not slaves, and should have their freedom with the first opportunity; the same declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who answered, 'I might expect any other favour from your generosity and courteous behaviour, O Christians! but you must not think me so simple as to believe you

will give me my freedom; for you would never have run such risk in depriving me of it with a view of restoring it so liberally; especially when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ransom, which, if you will now propose, I here promise to pay to your utmost demand for myself and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul.'

"So saying, he wept with such bitterness as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and, rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it; but when Agimorato perceived her so gaily dressed, with all her jewels about her, he said, with some surprise, in their language, 'What is the meaning of all this finery, my child? Last night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I saw thee in thy ordinary and common dress; but now, though thou hadst neither time, nor any happy tidings to solemnize with such ornaments and finery, I see thee decked in all the richest apparel I could contrive or bestow upon thee while fortune was much more favourable than at present! Answer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and surprised than at the mishap which hath befallen us.' The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw, on one side of the bark, the coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country house, he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained? To this question the renegado replied, without waiting for Zorayda's answer, 'You need not weary yourself, signor, in putting so many questions to your daughter; for I can satisfy you in one word: know then, that Zorayda is a Christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that she came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well satisfied with her present condition as one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph.'—'Daughter (cried the Moor), is that which he affirms true?'—'Yes,' replied Zorayda. 'That thou art actually a Christian, and the very person who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?' resumed the old man. 'I am a Christian, 'tis true (said Zorayda), but not the person who reduced you to this situation; for my desire never extended so far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my sole intention being to provide for my own welfare.'—'And how hast thou provided for it, my child?' replied the father. 'Put that question to Lela Marien (said she), who will inform you better than I can.'

"Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea, where, without all doubt, he must have perished, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda, shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and, laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half-drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when she was so much affected with his condition, that she uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses in the space of two hours, during which the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running aground; but by good fortune we arrived in a creek formed by a small creek or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which signifies the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them that Cava,* on whose account they lost their possessions in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia signifies Christian: so that they look upon it as a bad omen when they are obliged by necessity to drop anchor here, and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed sentinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the Blessed Virgin to favour and assist us in bringing such a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the entreaty of Zorayda, to set her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on shore, because she had not resolution enough, nor could her tender disposition endure to see her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives: we accordingly promised to gratify her desire at our departure, since we ran no risk in setting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

"Our prayers were not so vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that sent a favourable wind and a smooth sea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderick King of Spain, and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into that kingdom in the year 712.

we no sooner perceived, than, unbinding the Moors, we put them all on shore, one by one, to their no small astonishment; but when we came to dismiss Zorayda's father, who by this time had recovered the entire use of his senses, 'Christiana (said he), do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No, surely, but merely to be rid of the check which she would receive from my presence in seeking to gratify her vicious desires. Do not imagine that she hath been induced to change her religion because she believes that the Christian faith is preferable to ours. No, she hath apostatized, because she understood that, in your country, she might indulge her loose inclinations more freely than in her own.' Then turning to Zorayda, while I and another Christian held him fast, that he might not commit some desperate action, he said, 'O infamous wretch, and ill-advised maiden! what blindness and distraction hath prompted thee to put thyself in the power of these dogs, who are all our natural foes? Cursed be the hour in which thou wast engendered! and cursed be the gayety and indulgence in which I brought thee up!'

"Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his exclamations for some time, I presently set him on shore, where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations, and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Alla, to confound, overwhelm, and destroy us; and when we had sailed out of hearing, we could perceive him act his despair, pulling his beard, and rolling himself upon the ground; nay, once he raised his voice in such a manner, that we could distinctly hear him pronounce, 'Return, my beloved daughter! return to the shore; I forgive all that is past: leave with these men the money which they already have in their possession, and return to comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, will lie down and breathe his last upon this barren sand!' This pathetic address was heard by Zorayda, who lamented his affliction with the utmost sensibility, though she could make no other reply than this, 'Alla grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who was the cause of my conversion, may console you in your distress! Alla knows that I could not do otherwise than I have acted, and that these Christians owe nothing to any particular good-will I bore them; for if I had not assisted and accompanied them in their escape, but remained at home with you, it would have been impossible for me, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of my own soul, to execute that which, in my opinion, is as righteous as it is infamous and wicked in yours.' But these words never reached the ears of her father, whom by this time we could not perceive: I therefore endeavoured to console my amiable mistress, while the rest were intent upon our voyage, which was so much favoured by a fair wind, that we laid our accounts with being next day on the coast of Spain.

"But as good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended or unpursued by some troublesome and unexpected circumstance, it was ordained by Heaven, perhaps in consequence of the curses imprecated by the Moor upon his daughter; for such curses are to be dreaded, let the parent be what he will: I say, Heaven ordained, that when we were a good way off at sea, with a flowing sheet, three hours of the night being already spent, the oars lashed up, because the fair wind made it unnecessary to use them, and the moon shining with remarkable brightness, we perceived a large round vessel with all her sails out, steering a little upon the wind, right athwart our hawse, and so near, that we were obliged to shorten sail that she might not run foul of us, while she clapped her helm aweather that we might have time to pass: those upon deck hailed us, asking who we were, whence we came, and whither bound? but as they spoke in French, the renegado said, 'Let no man answer; these are French privateers, who make prize of every thing that falls in their way.'

"Thus cautioned, we made no reply, but sailed on, leaving the ship a little to windward, when all of a sudden they discharged two pieces of cannon, loaded in all appearance with chain-shot; for one of them cut away our mast in the middle, which, with the sail, fell overboard into the sea; and the other, coming a moment after, took us amidships, and laid the side of the bark entirely open, without doing any other mischief. Seeing ourselves going to the bottom, we began to cry aloud for assistance, beseeching the people in the ship to save us from perishing; then they brought to, and hoisting out their boat or pinnace, it was instantly manned by a dozen of Frenchmen, well armed with their muskets and lighted match, who, rowing up to us, and seeing how few we were, as also that our bark was on the point of foundering, took us in, observing that this misfortune had happened because we had been so uncivil as to refuse an answer to their hail; while the renegado, without being perceived, took up the coffer in which Zorayda's treasure was contained, and threw it into the sea. In short, we went on board with the French, who, when they had informed themselves of every thing we could impart for their purpose, as if they had been our enemies, plundered us of all that we had, taking from Zorayda the very bracelets she wore upon her ancles; but their behaviour to her gave me the more anxiety, as I was afraid that, after having pilfered all her rich and precious jewels, they would proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value, and which she herself esteemed infinitely more than all the rest; but the desires of those people extend no farther than to money, and with that they can never satiate

their avarice, which then engrossed them so much, that they would even have robbed us of the wretched garments we wore in our captivity, if they could have applied them to any sort of use: nay, some among them proposed to wrap us altogether in a sail, and throw us into the sea, because they intended to trade in the ports of Spain, under pretence of being Britons, and if they carried us thither alive, their depredations would be discovered, and themselves chastised accordingly. But the captain, who had with his own hands rifled my beloved Zorayda, said, he was satisfied with the prize he had got, and resolved to touch at no port in Spain, but pass the streights of Gibraltar in the night, or take the best opportunity of so doing that should occur, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had sailed on the cruise: they therefore agreed to give us their boat, with what necessaries we should want, to finish the little that remained of our voyage: this promise they actually performed next day, at a small distance from the Spanish coast, at sight of which all our poverty and vexation vanished from our remembrance, as if we had never endured them; such is the transport occasioned by liberty regained! It might be about noon when we were put into the boat, with two casks of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved to compassion at the distress of the lovely Zorayda, gave her to the amount of forty crowns in gold, and would not suffer his soldiers to strip her of the clothes which she now wears; so that, at parting, instead of complaining of the hard usage we met with, we thanked them kindly for the benefit we had received at their hands. They steered right before the wind for the streights, while we, without minding any other compass than that of the land that appeared a-head, plied our oars so vigorously, that, at sunset, we were near enough to conclude, that we could easily reach the shore before the night should be far advanced; but that night being dark, without any moonshine, and every body on board ignorant of the coast, some of our company judged it unsafe to row ashore, while others insisted upon our running that hazard, even if we should land among rocks, or in some uninhabited part of the country, that we might be secured from the just apprehension of meeting with some rovers from Tetuan, who are frequently in the beginning of the night in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spanish coast, where, having taken a prize, they return on the same day, and sleep at home in their own houses. Of these contrary opinions we chose that of rowing gently towards the shore, with intent, if the smoothness of the sea would permit, to land at the first convenient place; in consequence of this resolution, a little before midnight we arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty mountain, though not so rocky towards the sea but that there was a little space left for commodious landing: the boat being run ashore, and all of us disembarked, we kissed the ground, and, with tears of unutterable joy, returned sincere thanks to our gracious Lord, for his unparalleled protection vouchsafed to us in the voyage; then we took out the provision, and dragging her on shore, ascended a vast way up the mountain; not being as yet able to quiet our apprehensions, or persuade ourselves, though it actually was so, that the soil we trod was Christian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wished, and about this time we gained the summit of the mountain, purposing to look from thence for some village or shepherd-huts; but, although we viewed the whole country around, we could neither discern village, house, highway, path, nor the least trace of human footsteps. Nevertheless, we determined to penetrate farther into the country, since it could not be long before we should discover some person who would give us information: but what gave me the greatest concern was, to see Zorayda travelling on foot among the flinty rocks; for though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, she was much more fatigued with seeing me weary, than refreshed by finding herself exempted from walking; and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but proceeded with infinite cheerfulness and patience, while I led her by the hand all the way.

"In this manner we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were saluted by the sound of a small sheep-bell, which was a sure sign of a flock being somewhere not far off; looking therefore attentively to discover it, we perceived a young shepherd sitting with great composure at the root of a cork tree, smoothing a stick with his knife: when we called to him he raised his head, and started nimbly up, and, as we afterwards understood, the renegado and Zorayda, who were in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his eyes, he thought all the corsairs of Barbary were upon him, and, running with incredible swiftness into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud as he could bawl, 'The Moors! the Moors are landed! the Moors, the Moors! to arms, to arms!' This exclamation threw us all into perplexity; but, reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coast would immediately come and see what was the matter, it was agreed, that the renegado should pull off his Turkish robes, and put on a slave's jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, though he himself remained in his shirt. This being done, we recommended ourselves to God, and followed the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment to see ourselves surrounded by the cavalry of the coast. Neither were we deceived in our expectation; for in less than two hours, having crossed those thickets, and entered a plain on the

other side, we descried about fifty horsemen riding briskly towards us, at a hand-gallop; upon which we halted until they should come up; but when they arrived, and, instead of the Moors they came in quest of, beheld so many poor Christian captives, they were utterly confounded, and one of them asked, if we were the people who had been the occasion of a shepherd's calling to arms? I answered in the affirmative, and being desirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us, one of our company knew the horseman who accosted us, and without giving me time to speak another word, said, 'Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to such an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Velez Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance, you, signor, who ask that question, are Pedro Bustamante, my uncle.'

"Scarce had the captive pronounced these words, when the cavalier threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying, 'Dear nephew of my life and soul! I now recollect thee; thy supposed death has been mourned by myself, my sister, thy mother, and all thy relations, who are still alive; for Heaven hath been pleased to spare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing thee again: I knew thou wast at Algiers, and from the information of thy habit, and that of all your company, I guess you have made a miraculous escape.'—'Your conjecture is true (replied the young man), and we shall have time to recount the particulars.' As soon as the horsemen understood we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where she lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the Christian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprised of our arrival by one of the troopers who had pushed on before; not that they were surprised at the sight of captives freed, or Moors in captivity; for the inhabitants on that coast are accustomed to see great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty of Zorayda, which was at that instant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey co-operating with the joy she felt in seeing herself in a Christian country, without the fear of being lost, having produced such a bloom upon her countenance, that, unless I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to say the world never produced, at least I had never seen, a more beautiful creature.

"We went directly to church to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as soon as Zorayda entered, she said she perceived some faces that resembled Lela Marien: we told her those were the images of the Blessed Virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their signification, that she might adore them, as if each was actually the person of Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; so that, having naturally a good understanding, with a docile and discerning disposition, she easily comprehended what he said upon the subject. From thence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Christian who escaped with us to the house of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the same affection he expressed for his own son. Six days we tarried at Velez, during which the renegado, having informed himself of what was necessary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there, by means of the holy inquisition, to be re-admitted into the bosom of our most sacred church: the rest of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourselves, destitute of every thing but the few crowns which she received from the courtesy of the French corsair. With part of these I bought the animal on which she arrived at this inn, and hitherto have cherished her with the affection of a parent, and the service of a 'squire, without using the prerogative of a husband: we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to see if my father be still alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate than myself; though, as Heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting that possibly, in my own country, I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall scarce meet with a soul that knows me.

"This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story: whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment, assuring you that I wish I could have related it more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances."

CHAP. XV.

Of what further happened at the inn, with many other particulars worthy to be known.

Here the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, "Really, signor captive, the novelty of your strange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole story is uncomm on, surprising, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and suspense; and such is the pleasure we have received from it, tl at though the narration should have continued till to-morrow morning, we should rejoice at your beginning it anew."

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand godfather to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was entitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging: and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. "Be that as it will (said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate), there must be some found for my lord judge." At mention of that name, the hostess was disturbed, saying, "Signor, the greatest difficulty is my want of beds: but if his lordship hath brought one along with him, as I suppose he hath, he is very welcome to come in; I and my husband will quit our own apartment to accommodate his worship."—"Be it so," said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady, seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her; so that those who had seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda, then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and young lady as they entered, pronounced, with great solemnity, "Your worship may securely enter and recreate yourself in this castle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness and inconveniences in this world but what will make room for arms and letters; especially if they have for their guide and conductor such beauty as that which accompanies the letters of your worship, in the person of that amiable young lady, to whom not only castles ought to open and unfold their gates, but also rocks divide and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I say, this paradise, where you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven which you have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in excess."

The judge marvelled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprised at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda, who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonished at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence: but the mien, visage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniences of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the ladies, she herself willingly consenting to the proposal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made shift to pass the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that this was his own brother, asked of one of the servants that attended him his master's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himself had before observed, confirmed him in the opinion that he was his brother, who, by his father's advice, had followed his studies.—Transported with this discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and assured them that the judge was his own brother by the ser-

vant's report, so far on his way to the West Indies in quality of supreme judge of Mexico. He understood also by the same channel, that the young lady was his daughter, whose birth had cost the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been settled on the children of the marriage. The captive, therefore, consulted them about the method he should take to make himself known, or rather to be assured beforehand, whether, upon the discovery, his brother would be ashamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. "Leave that task to my conduct, signor captive (said the curate); though there is all the reason in the world to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception; for the virtue and prudence that appear in his courteous demeanour give no indications of his being proud and unnatural; but rather declare that he knows how to consider the accidents of fortune in the right point of view."—"Nevertheless (replied the captain), I would not willingly disclose myself of a sudden, but prepare him by some round-about insinuation."—"I have already told you (answered the curate), that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction." By this time, the cloth being laid,* and every body sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying, "I had once a comrade of your lordship's name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years. He was one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry; but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability."—"Dear sir (cried the judge), what was that officer's name?"—"He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma (replied the priest), and a native of some town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumstance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himself, which, had it not been affirmed by a person of his veracity, I should have looked upon as one of those tales which old women tell by the fireside in winter: for he said his father divided his estates equally among his three sons, whom he, at the same time, enriched with advice more salutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain of foot, and saw himself in the straight road of becoming a field officer very soon: but there, where he had reason to expect the smiles of fortune, she proved most unkind, he having lost her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by so many Christians. I was taken in the goleta, and, after various vicissitudes, we happened to be fellow-slaves at Constantinople, from whence he was transported to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures that ever was known."

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench.† But the priest brought it no farther than the period when the French corsairs plundered the Christians who were in the bark, describing the poverty and distress to which they had reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and observing that he did not know what further befell them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain stood at some distance behind, listening to what the curate said, and, observing the emotions of his brother, who, seeing that the curate had made an end of his story, uttered a profound sigh, saying, while the tears gushed from his eyes, "O, signor! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at these tears, which, in spite of all my fortitude and discretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldest son, who, being more brave and noble-minded than my youngest brother ‡ and me, chose the honourable exercise of arms, which was one of the three paths proposed by our father in his advice, as you seem to have been informed by your companion in adversity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleased to reward my diligence with that station which you see I now maintain: my youngest brother is at present in Peru, so rich that his remittances to my father and me have made large amends for the small sum he carried with him at first; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal disposition, empowering me also to prosecute my studies with more honour and decency, until I acquired the post I now enjoy. My father is still alive, though daily pining with the desire of hearing from his eldest son, and putting up petitions to Heaven incessantly, that his own eyes may not be closed for ever until he shall have seen those of his first-born in life. What gives me a great deal of surprise is, that a person of his discretion should, in the midst of such trouble and

* This is the second time they have sat down to supper in one night. Vide p. 438.

† A judge in Spanish is called Oyder, *i. e.* Hearer, and the original literally translated is, "The hearer was never so much an hearer before."

‡ Cervantes seems to have forgot that the judge was the youngest of the three brothers, the second having gone to the Indies.

affliction, or even in his prosperity, omit writing to his father; for if he, or either of us, had known his situation, he should have had no occasion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty; but, at present, the uncertainty of his fate gives me the greatest concern, as it is doubtful whether those French have set him at liberty, or taken away his life to conceal their robbery. This apprehension will convert the joy and satisfaction with which I undertook my journey into melancholy and despondence. O my dear brother! would to Heaven I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expense of my own. Who shall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father; that, although thou art shut up in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, thou mayest be delivered by my brother's riches and my own! O generous and lovely Zorayda! who shall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be present at the regeneration of thy soul, and assist at the nuptials which would afford such pleasure to us all!"

These and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with such symptoms of sorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers sympathised with him in the expressions of his grief. The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation and the captain's desire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguish and the impatience of the whole company; so, rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived; then, taking in his other hand the captain, who stood waiting to see what he intended, he went into the room where the judge and the rest of the gentlemen sat, and, presenting them both, said, "Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wish; behold your worthy brother and virtuous sister-in-law: this is Captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved so generously to him in his distress: the French corsairs have reduced them to this extremity, that you may have an opportunity of displaying the liberality of your noble breast."

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his shoulders, that he might consider him the more attentively; but no sooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms and shed a flood of tears of joy, while the greatest part of those who were present wept in concert at the affecting scene. The expressions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonstrations of affection, are, I believe, scarce to be conceived, much less described. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifested the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making her a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual caresses of the beautiful Christian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote silently observed these surprising accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; there it was concerted that the captive and Zorayda should return to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertise their father of the liberty and arrival of his son; that the old gentleman, being still able to undertake such a journey, might come and be present at the baptism and nuptials of his daughter-in-law; as it would be impossible for the judge to go far out of his way, because he was informed that in a month the flota would set sail from Seville for New Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to lose his passage. In short, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune; and two-thirds of the night being already exhausted, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained. Those of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his strange disorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was distracted at their sitting up so late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the rest; for he made his bed of the furniture of his ass, which cost him so dear, as will hereafter be seen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other person disposed of himself as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle gate, according to his promise; and a little before morning the ladies were serenaded by a voice so clear and well-tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, especially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, the voice being single, and unaccompanied by any instrument, and seeming to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the court-yard. While they listened with equal surprise and attention, Cardenio came to the door, saying, "You that are not asleep, take notice, and you will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chants most enchantingly." When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away, while she, employing her whole attention, when he began to sing again, could plainly distinguish the following words:—

CHAP. XVI.

The agreeable story of the young Muleteer, with many other strange incidents that happened in the inn.

Toss'd in a sea of doubts and fears,
Love's hapless mariner I sail,
Where no inviting port appears
To screen me from the stormy gale.

At distance view'd, a cheering star
Conducts me through the swelling tide;
A brighter luminary far
Than Palinurus e'er descry'd.

My soul, attracted by its blaze,
Still follows where it points the way,
And while attentively I gaze,
Considers not how far I stray.

But female pride, reserved and shy,
Like clouds that deepen on the day,
Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
When most I need the genial ray.

O lovely star, so pure and bright!
Whose splendour feeds my vital fire,
The moment thou deny'st thy light
Thy lost adorer will expire!

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was a pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging, she waked her, saying, "I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you; but my intention in so doing was to regale you with one of the best voices that ever you heard." Clara, being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly: but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, "Ah! dear lady of my life and soul, why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician."—"What do you mean, my dear child? (answered Dorothea); consider what you say, he that sings is a young muleteer."—"Ah, no! (replied Clara), he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much master of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord, it shall remain eternally in his possession." Dorothea was surprised at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years, and said to her, "Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner, that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions about fortune, and heart, and that musician, whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but say no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer, who now seems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another song."—"With all my heart," said Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers, to the further admiration of Dorothea, who, listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words:—

Aspiring hope, thou, unconfined,
Pursuest th' imaginary path,
Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves combined,
Defying danger, toil, and death.

No laurel shall adorn his brow,
No happiness the sluggard crown,
Who tamely can to fortune bow,
And slumber on th' inglorious down.

The joys unmatch'd bestow'd by love,
Can never be too dearly prized,
For undeny'd examples prove
What's cheaply bought is soon despised.

Success, by the consenting fair,
Is oft to perseverance given;
Then wherefore should my soul despair
Of mounting from this earth to Heaven?

Here the voice ended; and Clara's sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable music and grievous lamentation; she therefore now desired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart: then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, "Dear madam (said she), that singer is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father's house: and although our windows are covered with canvass in winter and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he prosecuted his studies, got sight of me either at church or somewhere else; and, in short, being smitten, disclosed his passion from the windows of his own apartment by so many tears and significant expressions, that I believed him sincere, and even loved him in my turn, without knowing the nature of my own desires. Among other signs, he made that of joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to wife; and though I should have been extremely glad to comply with that proposal, as I was alone and motherless, I had nobody to consult, and therefore let

it rest, without granting him any other favour, except, when his father and mine were abroad, that of lifting up the canvass or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my person; and this condescension always transported him so much, that I was afraid he would have run stark mad with joy: in the midst of this commerce, the time of my father's departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understand, of grief; so that, when we set out, I could not see him, as I wished, to indulge one parting look: but having travelled two days, just as I entered the place at which we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impossible for me to know him, had not his image been so deeply imprinted on my soul. The sight of him filled me with joy and surprise; and he gazed upon me by stealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he crosses the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inns where we lodge; knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing so much hardship and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and wheresoever he sets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes: I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to escape from his father, who loves him tenderly, because he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deserves all his affection, as you will perceive when you see him. I can moreover assure you, what he sings is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great scholar, and an excellent poet: every time I behold him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble from head to foot, being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him I shall not be able to live. This, dear madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure; and is alone sufficient to convince you, that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him."

"Enough, Donna Clara (said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection): say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end."—"Ah, madam! (replied the young lady), what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife, of his son? and as to marrying him without my own father's consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though, I must own, I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age, and my father says, that till Michaelmas next I shall not be sixteen."—Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara, to whom she said, "Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of night: God will grant us a new day, and if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish."

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who, by this time, being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms, and on horseback, determined to play some trick upon him, or, at least, divert themselves in listening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw, this pair of demi-ladies* there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs as seemed to tear his very soul: they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, "O, my dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso! thou perfection of beauty, scope and sum-total of discretion, cabinet of good humour, depository of virtue, and, lastly, the idea of all that is useful, chaste, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at present employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily subjects himself to such dangers with the sole view of serving thee? Give me some information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdest her walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, revolving in her mind how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, she may assuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how she may crown my sufferings with glory, my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my service with reward: and thou sun, who by this time must be busy in harnessing thy

* In the original Demi-Donzellas, equivalent to the modern term Damireps.

steeds to light the world, and to enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereign of my soul, I entreat thee to salute her in my behalf; but in thy salutation beware of touching her amiable countenance, else I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of that nimble ingrate, who made thee sweat so much along the plains of Thessaly, or banks of Peneus; for I do not remember through which thou ran'st so jealous and enamoured."

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the innkeeper's daughter whispered softly, "Sir knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way?" Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he mistook for a window, adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared: then his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that the beauteous damsel, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two lasses, than he said, "I am extremely concerned, most beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your disappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but to her, who at first sight took absolute possession of my soul. Pardon my refusal, honoured madam, and retire to your apartment, without seeking to explain your sentiments more fully, that I may not appear insensible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other sort of satisfaction, you may freely command my service; for I swear by that absent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wish immediately, even if you should desire to have a lock of Medusa's hair, which was altogether composed of snakes, or the rays of the sun confined in a vial."

"Sir knight (answered Maritornes), my lady has no occasion for either of these things."—"What then is your lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?" resumed the knight. "Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands (replied Maritornes), with which she may, in some measure, indulge the longing desire that brought her to this straw-hole, so much to the danger of her reputation, that if she should be detected by her father, the first slice of his indignation would cost her an ear at least."—"I would fain see him take that liberty (said Don Quixote), but he will take care to refrain from any such acts of barbarity, unless he has a mind that I should bring him to the most calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid violent hands upon the delicate members of his enamoured daughter."

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the request, and having already determined on what she was to do, ran down to the stable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's ass, with which she instantly returned, just when Don Quixote had made shift to set his feet on the saddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damsel was standing: presenting therefore his hand, "Receive, madam (said he), that hand, or rather that chastiser of all evil-doers; receive, I say, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in possession of my whole body. I do not present it to be kissed; but that you may contemplate the contexture of its nerves, the knittings of the muscles, the large and swelling veins; from whence you may conjecture what strength must reside in the arm to which it belongs."—"That we shall see presently," said Maritornes, who having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wrist, and, descending from the hole, made fast the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughness of this bracelet, said, "Your ladyship seems to rasp rather than to clasp my hand: do not treat it so cruelly; for it is not to blame for what you suffer from my inclination; nor is it just that such a small part should bear the whole brunt of your indignation: consider that one who is such a friend to love ought not to be so attached to revenge."

All these expostulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for as soon as Maritornes had tied him up, she and her companion, ready to expire with laughing, left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose: thus, while he stood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thrust up into the straw-hole, and fast tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmost apprehension and dread, that if his horse should make the least motion to either side, he might lose his support, and the weight of his body hang by one arm; so that he durst not venture to stir, though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful disposition of Rozinante, that he would stand motionless for a whole century. In short, finding himself thus tucked up, and the ladies vanished, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before in that same castle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and cursed within himself his want of conduct and discretion, in entering a second time that fortress in which he had fared so ill at first; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure without success, they conclude it is reserved for an-

other, and therefore think it unnecessary to make a second trial. Nevertheless, he pulled with intention to disengage his arm, but he was so well secured, that all his efforts were ineffectual: true it is he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be disturbed; and though he had a longing desire for sitting down upon the saddle again, he found that he must either continue in his present upright posture, or part with his hand: then he began to wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment could prevail; then cursed his fortune, then exaggerated the loss which the world would sustain while he remained enchanted, as he firmly believed himself to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called to his trusty 'squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon the pannel of his ass, and buried in sleep, at that instant retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the assistance of the two sages Lirgando and Alquife; then he invoked his good friend Urganda, for succour in his distress: and, in fine, the morning found him in that situation, so distracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to the disaster, which he thought would be eternal, believing himself actually enchanted: and this opinion was confirmed by his seeing that Rozinante scarce offered to stir; for he was persuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he and his horse would continue until the evil influence of the stars should pass over, or some other sage of superior skill disengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was mistaken in his calculation; for day had scarce begun to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted and accoutred, with carabines hanging at their saddle bows: the knight perceiving from the place, where, in spite of his misfortune, he still kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was still shut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, "Knights or 'squires, or whosoever you are, you have no business to make such a noise at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain that either the people within are asleep, or unaccustomed at these hours to open the fortress, which you cannot enter before the sun rise. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be further advanced, and then we shall see whether or not you have any title to be admitted.

"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this, that we must observe such ceremony! (said one of the company): if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door: we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haste."—"Gentlemen (replied Don Quixote), do you think I resemble an innkeeper?"—"I don't know what you resemble (answered the other), but this I know, that you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle."—"A castle it is (cried the knight), and one of the best in the province; nay, at this very instant, it contains those who have worn crowns on their heads and wielded sceptres in their hands."—"Or rather the reverse (said the traveller): that is, the sceptre on the head and crown in the hand;* but perhaps there may be within some company of strollers who frequently wear these crowns and sceptres you mention; for otherwise, in such a sorry inn, without any sort of noise or stir, I cannot believe that any persons of such note would lodge."—"You know little of the world (replied Don Quixote), since you are so ignorant of the events that happen in knight-errantry."

The other horsemen, being tired with this dialogue that passed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with such vociferation, that the landlord and all the persons in the inn waking, rose to see who called so furiously; about this time, one of the horses belonging to the travellers drew near, and smelled at Rozinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, stood supporting his outstretched master, without stirring; but at length, being made of flesh, though he seemed to have been carved out of a block, he was sensible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous stranger; and scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had not he hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder. He was suspended so low, that the tops of his toes almost touched the ground,—a circumstance that increased his calamity; for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly sustained, he stretched and fatigued himself with endeavouring to set his feet upon the ground, like those wretches, who, in undergoing the strappado, being hoisted up a very little space, increase their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, misled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

CHAP. XVII.

A continuation of the surprising events that happened in the inn.

Don Quixote actually made such a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with these figures.

ran out to see what was the matter; while the strangers that remained without were no less astonished at his bellowing. Maritornes being also waked by the same noise, conjectured what might be the case, and going straight to the hay-loft, without being perceived, untied the halter that sustained him, so that the knight came to the ground, in sight of the landlord and strangers, who running up, asked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried so violently? Without answering one word, he loosed the tether from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphasis, "If any person whatever sayeth that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my lady princess Micomicona, give him the lie, challenge and defy him to single combat."

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their astonishment abated, when the inn-keeper told them who Don Quixote was, observing that they ought not to mind what he did, because he was disordered in his brain: then they asked if he had seen a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a young muleteer, with such and such marks, giving an exact description of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord answered, there were so many people in his house, that he could not possibly distinguish the person for whom they inquired; but one of them perceiving the judge's coach, "He must certainly be here (said he); for this is the coach which they say he followed: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to search for him; it will also be proper that one go round the whole house, to prevent his escaping over the yard-wall. This plan being agreed upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the house to reconnoitre; while the landlord, observing every thing that passed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in search of the youth whom they had described. By this time it was clear daylight, and upon that account, as well as in consequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept very little that night; the first being disturbed and alarmed, by reflecting that her lover was so near, and the other kept awake by the desire of seeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorising a knight-errant to undertake another enterprise, while he was under promise and oath to abstain from any adventure till that in which he was engaged already was achieved; he would have assaulted them altogether, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination; but thinking it was neither expedient nor just to begin a new enterprise until he had re-established the princess Micomicona on her throne, he chose to be silent, waiting to see the effects of that diligence practised by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in search of him, much less that he was in any danger of being discovered. The man, however, shook him by the arm, saying, "Truly, Signor Don Lewis, this is a very suitable dress for one of your quality; and the bed in which you now lie extremely well adapted to the tenderness and delicacy in which your mother brought you up."

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking stedfastly at the person who held him by the arm, no sooner perceived that he was one of his father's servants, than he was so surprised and confounded, that for a good while he could not speak one word: while the domestic proceeded, saying, "At present, Don Lewis, there is nothing else to be done, but to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not resolved that your father and my lady shall visit the other world; for nothing else can be expected from their anxiety at your absence."—"How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit?" said Don Lewis.—"A student (replied the servant), to whom you imparted your intention, was so much moved by the sorrow that took possession of your parents the moment you were missed, that he disclosed your scheme to your father, who instantly despatched four of his domestics in search of you; and we are all here at your service, infinitely rejoiced that we have now an opportunity of returning speedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of those by whom you are so much beloved."—"That may depend upon my own will and the appointment of Heaven," said the young nobleman.—"What should you will, or Heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot possibly avoid."

All this conversation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dressed, told them how the man called his fellow-servant Don, and communicated every thing that passed between them concerning the domestic's proposal of conducting him home again, and the youth's refusal to comply with his desire. This information, together with the knowledge of that sweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a desire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of assisting him, should they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpose, therefore, they repaired to the place where he still stood, talking and disputing with his father's

servant. At the same time Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmost confusion, called Cardenio aside, and briefly related to him the story of the musician and the judge's daughter: and he, in his turn, informed her of what passed on the arrival of his father's servants. This he spoke not so softly, but that he was overheard by Clara, who was so much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not supported her, she would have fallen to the ground: but Cardenio desired them to retire into their apartment, saying, he would endeavour to set every thing to rights, and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four, who had come in quest of Don Lewis, stood round him in the inn, persuading him to return without loss of time, and console his melancholy father; but he assured them, he could by no means comply with their request, until he had finished an affair, upon which his honour, life, and soul depended. Then the domestics began to be more urgent, protesting they would, in no shape, return without him; and declaring, that if he would not go willingly, they should be obliged to carry him off by force. "That you shall never do (replied Don Lewis), unless you carry me off dead: and indeed you may as well kill me as force me away in any shape."

Most of the people in the house were now gathered together to hear the dispute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked what reason the domestics had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination? "Our motive (replied one of the four) is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being lost, on account of this young gentleman's absence." To this declaration Don Lewis answered, "There is no reason why I should here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return, if I please; otherwise none of you shall compel me into your measures."—"Your honour will, I hope, hear reason (said the servant); or, if you should not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound."

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, "My lord judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who had absented himself from his father's house in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive?" Then the judge, looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him, said, "What a frolic is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill suited to your rank and fortune?" The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domestics to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn-door, occasioned by two men, who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers, resolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, stopped them on the threshold, demanded his money, and upbraided them for their evil intention with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dexterously, that the poor landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody so idle, consequently so proper for the purpose, as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly." To this request the knight replied, with great leisure and infinite phlegm, "Beautiful young lady I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one, in which my honour is already engaged: all that I can do for your service is this, run and desire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be overcome, until I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to succour him in his distress; and, if I obtain it, be assured that I will rescue him from all danger." "Sinner that I am! (cried Maritornes, who was then present), before your worship can obtain that permission, my master will be in the other world."—"Allow me, madam (answered Don Quixote), to go and solicit the license I mention, which if I obtain, I shall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all its inhabitants should combine to oppose me, at least I shall take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither as will give you full and ample satisfaction."

So saying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging, in the style and manner of knight-errantry, that her highness would be pleased to give him permission to run and assist the constable of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous disaster. The princess having very graciously granted his request, he braced on his target, unsheathed his sword, and ran to the gate where the two guests still continued pummelling the landlord; but as soon as he beheld them, he stopped short, as if suddenly surprised, and when Maritornes and her mistress asked what hindered him from

giving assistance to their master and husband, "I am hindered (answered the knight), by a law, which will not permit me to use my sword against plebeians; but call hither my 'squire Sancho, for to him it belongs and is peculiar to engage in such vengeance or defence."

This transaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no small prejudice of the innkeeper's carcass, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half-distracted at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote and the distress of their lord and master. But let us here leave him a while; for he shall not want one to assist him; or else, let him suffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes those who rashly undertake adventures which they have not strength to achieve; and let us retreat backwards about fifty yards, to see what answer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left inquiring the cause of his travelling on foot in such a mean habit. The youth, squeezing both his hands with great eagerness, in token of the excessive grief that wrung his heart, and shedding a flood of tears, replied to this question, "Dear sir, I can give you no other reason, but that from the first moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I should see Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I that instant made her mistress of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppose my happiness, this very day she shall be my lawful wife: for her I forsook my father's house, and disguised myself in this manner, with a resolution to follow withersoever she should go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to its mark, and the needle to the pole, though she knows no more of my passion than what she may have understood from the tears which, at a distance, she hath often seen me shed. You yourself, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whose sole heir I am: if you think that a motive sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your son; and though my father, prompted, perhaps, by other views, should be disobliged at the blessing which I have chosen for myself, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foresee."

Here the enamoured youth left off speaking, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense; not only admiring the discretion with which Don Lewis had disclosed his passion, but also finding himself perplexed about the resolution he was to take in such a sudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the present, but to desire he would make himself easy, and detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the innkeeper and his two lodgers, who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations of Don Quixote more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution, when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters, that the barber should just then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his ass, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual shaver, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the 'squire in a trice, crying, "Ha! Don Thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my basin and pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me."

Sancho, seeing himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a slap in the face as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that he would not quit the pannel which he had also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, "Justice! help me in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property."—"You lie (answered the 'squire), I am no robber; my lord Don Quixote won these spoils fairly in battle." The knight coming up, among the rest, beheld, with infinite satisfaction, his 'squire so alert in offending and defending; and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, resolved, in his heart, to have him dubbed with the first opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well bestowed. Among other things alleged by the barber in the course of the fray, "Gentlemen (said he), that pannel belongs as much to me as my soul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body; and though I had all the mind in the world, my ass, which is now in the stable, would not suffer me to tell a falsehood: since you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I shall give you leave to call me the greatest liar upon earth. Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also robbed m'

new brass basin never hanselled, that cost me a good crown."*

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer, but interposed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depositing the pannel on the ground, to be publicly viewed until the truth should appear, addressed himself thus to the spectators: "Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifestly perceive how this honest 'squire errs in his judgment by calling that a basin, which was, is, and shall be, Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour I won in fair and open battle, and now possess by the just laws of conquest. With regard to the pannel, I will not intermeddle: all that I can say of the matter is, that my 'squire Sancho having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry; yet, as a confirmation of what I say, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honest man calls a basin."

"'Fore God (answered Sancho), if your worship has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a basin as certainly as this honest man's trappings are transmographied into a pannel."—"Do what I order (replied the knight); sure I am, every thing in this castle cannot but be conducted by enchantment." Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this basin, or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, "Behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear by the order of knighthood I profess, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the least addition or diminution."—"Without all manner of doubt (said Sancho); for since my master won it to this good hour he hath used it but in one battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had not been for that same basin-helmet, he could not have come off so well, for there was a deadly shower of stones rained upon his pate in that storm."

CHAP. XVIII.

The decision of the doubts concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pannel; with a full and true account of many other adventures.

"Gentlemen (said the barber), pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so obstinately maintain that this is not a basin but a helmet?"—"And if any one affirms to the contrary (replied Don Quixote), I will make him sensible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thousand times." His own townsman, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, "Mr Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession: I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty years, and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one: I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a casque, with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's basin, but also as far from being one as black is from white, or falsehood from truth. I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire."—"You are certainly in the right (said Don Quixote), for it wants one half, which is the beaver."

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded this asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

"Good God! (cried the barber with amazement), is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this basin to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be ever so learned. Well, if that basin be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be an horse's trappings too, as this gentleman says."—"To me it seems a pannel (replied the knight); but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed."—"Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion (said the curate); for, in affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding."—"By Heaven! gentlemen (cried the knight), so many strange accidents have happened to me, twice that I have lodged in

* Literally, "Lad of a crown."

this castle, that I will not venture positively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be asked relating to it; for I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of enchantment. The first time I passed the night in this place, I was harassed extremely by an enchanted Moor that resides in the castle, while Sancho was almost as roughly handled by some of his attendants; and this very night I was suspended by one arm for the space of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me, therefore, to give my opinion in a case of such perplexity, would be a rash decision: with regard to the helmet, which they say is a basin, I have already expressed my sentiments; but dare not give a definitive sentence, by delaring whether that be a pannel or horse's furniture. That I leave to the judgment of the good company; who, not being knights as I am, perhaps are not subjected to the enchantments of this place; but, enjoying their faculties, clear and undisturbed, can judge of these things as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination."—"Doubtless (replied Don Fernando), Signor Don Quixote manifests his own prudence, in observing, that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will, in private, take the opinions of this company, one by one, and then openly declare the full result of my inquiry."

To those who were acquainted with the knight's humour, this proposal afforded matter of infinite diversion; but the rest being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madness; this was particularly the opinion of the domestics belonging to Don Lewis, which was even espoused by himself and three travellers just arrived, who seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almost ran distracted was the barber, whose basin was, even in his own sight, transformed into Mambrino's helmet, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando going about with great gravity, collecting opinions in whispers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel, about which there had been such obstinate disputes, was the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed. Having received the answers of all those who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, "Truly, honest friend, I am quite tired with asking so many opinions; for every one, to whom I put the question, affirms it is downright distraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horse, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore you must even have patience; for, in spite of you and the testimony of your ass to boot, an horse's furniture it must remain, as you have failed so egregiously in the proof of what you allege."—"May I never taste the joys of Heaven! (cried the transported barber), if you are not all deceived; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a mere pannel, and not the furniture of an horse! but thus might overcomes*—I say no more, neither am I drunk, being fresh and fasting from every thing but sin."

The company laughed as heartily at the simplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who, upon this decision, said, "Nothing now remains, but that every one should take his own again; and may St Peter bless what God bestows."† One of the four servants belonging to Don Lewis now interposed, saying, "If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that people of sound understanding, such as all this company are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is no basin, nor that a pannel; yet seeing this is both said and affirmed, I conceive there must be some mystery in thus insisting upon a thing so contrary to truth and experience; for by God! (an oath he swore with great emphasis) all the people on earth shall never make me believe that this is not a barber's basin, or that not the pannel of an he-ass."—"Why not of a she-ass?" said the curate. "That distinction makes no difference (said the servant); nor has it any concern with the dispute, which is occasioned by your saying that it is not a pannel at all."

At the same time, one of the troopers, who had entered and been witness to the quarrel and question, could no longer contain his choler and displeasure at what he heard, and therefore said, in a furious tone, "If that is not a pannel my father never begat me; and he that says, or shall say, the contrary, must be drunk."—"You lie, like an infamous scoundrel," replied Don Quixote; who, lifting up his lance, which he still kept in his hand, aimed such a stroke at the trooper's skull, that, if he had not been very expeditious in shifting it, he would have been stretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was shivered to pieces. The rest of the troop, seeing their companion so roughly handled, raised their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood. The innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipstaff and sword, and espoused the cause of his brethren; the domestics surrounded Don Lewis,

* The original would be more literally translated by saying, "The law's measure is the king's pleasure."
† A bridal benediction.

that he might not escape in the scuffle; the barber seeing the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the same time seized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers sword in hand; Don Lewis called to his servants to leave him, and go to the assistance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themselves on the side of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady screamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away; the barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the servants, presuming to seize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him such a slap in the face as bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himself in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcass to his heart's content. The landlord raised his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood; so that the whole inn was a scene of lamentation, cries, shrieks, confusion, dread, dismay, disaster, back-strokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this labyrinth, chaos, and composition of mischief, Don Quixote's imagination suggested, that he was all of a sudden involved in the confusion of Agramonte's camp; and therefore pronounced, with a voice that made the whole inn resound, "Let every man forbear, put up his sword, be quiet, and listen, unless he be weary of his life."

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants paused, while he proceeded thus: "Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and doubtless inhabited by a whole legion of devils; as a proof of which, you may now perceive, with your own eyes, how the discord and mutiny in Agramonte's camp is translated hither: behold, in one place we fight for a sword; in another for a horse; in a third for an eagle; and in a fourth for a helmet; in short, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what. Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and Mr Curate, and in the presence of Agramonte and King Sobrino, re-establish peace among us; for, by Almighty God! it were wicked and absurd that persons of our importance should be slain in such a frivolous cause."

The troopers, who did not understand the knight's style, and found themselves very severely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwise with the barber, who, in the scuffle, had lost both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful servant, minded the least hint of his master, willingly obeyed; and the servants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, seeing how little they had got by concerning themselves in the fray; the innkeeper alone insisted upon their chastising the insolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole house into confusion; at length the disturbance was appeased, the pannel remained as an horse's furniture till the day of judgment, the basin as an helmet, and the inn as a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably composed by the persuasion of the judge and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obstinacy to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion, imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made; at last, it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was; and express a desire, that Don Lewis should accompany him to Andalusia, where his brother the marquis should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces, rather than return to his father at that time. The domestics being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined amongst themselves, that three of them should return and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased, by the authority of Agrimonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprised of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet, and retreat from the fray, concluding, that whatever might happen, they would have the worst of the battle; but one of them, who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected, that among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, issued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having set the galley-slaves at liberty, as Sancho had very justly feared; this coming into his head, he was resolved to assure himself, whether or not the knight's person agreed with the description; and pulling out of his bosom a bundle of parchment, he soon found what he sought, and beginning to spell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader), between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whose physiognomy he compared with the

marks specified in the warrant, and discovered, beyond all doubt, that he was the very person described: no sooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, he with his right seized Don Quixote so fast by the collar, that he could scarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, "Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may see my demand is just, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman."

The curate, upon perusing the warrant, found what the trooper said was true, and that the description exactly agreed with the person of Don Quixote, who, seeing himself so unworthily treated by such a ragamuffin, was incensed to the highest degree, so that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made shift to fasten on the trooper's throat with both hands so violently, that if his companions had not come to his assistance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to succour his brethren, ran immediately to their assistance; his wife seeing her husband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter squalled in concert, imploring Heaven and the bye-standers for help: Sancho, perceiving what passed, "By the Lord! (cried he), what my master says about the enchantments of this castle is certainly true; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet within its walls!"

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual satisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were fast clenched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the windpipe of the other: but, for all that, they did not cease demanding their prisoner, and the assistance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the service of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whose behalf they repeated their demand of favour and assistance, to secure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied, "Come hither, ye vile and base-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to loose the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free; to succour the miserable, raise the fallen, and relieve the distressed? Ah! infamous crew! whose low and grovelling understanding renders you unworthy that Heaven should reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your sin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very shadow, much more the substance, of my knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers licensed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was who signed a warrant of caption against such a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own sword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and restricted only by his will and pleasure? Who was the blockhead, I say, who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains so many rights and indulgences as adhere to a knight-errant the very day on which he is dubbed and devotes himself to the painful exercise of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, custom, duty, or excise? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his castle? What king did ever neglect to seat him at his own table? What damsel ever resisted his charms, or refused to submit herself entirely to his pleasure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whose single valour is not sufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, should they presume to oppose him?"

CHAP. XIX.

In which is concluded the notable adventure of the troopers; with an account of the surprising ferocity of our worthy knight Don Quixote.

While Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in persuading the troopers that he was a man disordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any further in the affair; for even if they should apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person *non compos*. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over if they would. "For all that (said the priest), you must not carry him off at present, nor do I believe he will suffer himself to be so treated."

In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagances, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the cause to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner, as left both parties, if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the basin, taking a receipt in

full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud, from thenceforward, for ever, amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good luck and favourable fortune had already begun to quell the spirit of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domestics were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed,—a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable until he should be satisfied to the last farthing.* The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself: in this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar: and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils, in which both he and his 'squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen: he, therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner: "It is a common proverb, beauteous princess, that diligence is the mother of success; and in many important causes, experience hath shewn, that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue; but the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and despatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory, before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence. This I observe, most high and excellent princess, because, in my opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late; for who knows but by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and, taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail: wherefore, most noble princess, let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary."

Here the knight left off speaking, and, with great composure, expected the answer of the beautiful infanta, who, with a most princely air, and in a style perfectly well suited to his address, replied in this manner: "I thank you, sir knight, for the desire you express to assist me in my necessity, like a true knight, whose duty and province it is to succour the fatherless and distressed; and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may see there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose of me, therefore, according to your own pleasure; for she who hath once invested you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon your valour, for being re-established on her throne, would act preposterously in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain."—"In the name of God, then (cried Don Quixote), since a princess humbles herself thus before me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her up, and placing her upon the throne of her ancestors: let us depart immediately; for the desire of seeing you restored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, 'that delays are dangerous,' act as spurs upon my resolution; and since Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever seen an object that could strike me with terror and consternation, go, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own ass, while we take leave of the constable and these noble personages, and set forward on our journey, without loss of time."

Here Sancho, who was present all the time,

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

shook his head, saying, "Ah, master, master! there are more tricks in town than you dream of: with submission to the honourable lappets be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be either in town or city that can redound to my discredit, rascal?" cried the knight. "Nay, if your worship be in a passion (replied the 'squire), I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a syllable of what, as a trusty 'squire and faithful servant, I am bound to reveal to my master."—"Say what thou wouldst (answered Don Quixote), so thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for in being susceptible of fear, thou shewest the baseness of thy own character, as I, in being proof against all sorts of terror, preserve the dignity of mine."—"As I am a sinner to God (cried Sancho), that is not the case; but this I know for truth and positive certainty, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every snatch of an opportunity."

Dorothea's face was overspread with a blush at these words of Sancho; for, sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved; and in so doing he was observed by Sancho, who thought that such condescension in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtezan than that of such a mighty princess; so that she neither could nor would answer one word to this charge, but suffered him to proceed in these words: "This, dear master, I make bold to mention, because, if after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and passed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn should gather the fruit of all our labour, we need not be in such a perilous hurry to saddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the ass; but had better remain in peace where we are, and, as the saying is, 'While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her spinning-wheel.'"

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breast of Don Quixote, when he heard these indecent expressions of his 'squire: such, I say, was the rage that took possession of his faculties, that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while his eyes flashed lightning, he exclaimed, "O villainous, inconsiderate, indecent, and ignorant peasant! thou foul-mouthed, unmannerly, insolent, and malicious slanderer! darest thou utter such language against these honourable ladies in my presence? darest thou entertain such disgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confused imagination? Get out of my sight, monster of nature, depository of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of mischief, publisher of folly, and foe to that respect which is due to royalty; go, nor presume to see my face again, on pain of my highest displeasure!" So saying, he pulled up his eyebrows, distended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot stamped violently upon the floor, in consequence of the wrath that preyed upon his entrails.

Sancho was so shrunk and terrified at these words and furious gestures, that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that instant under his feet and swallowed him up: and not knowing what else to do, he sneaked off from the presence of his incensed master: but the discreet Dorothea, who was so well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appease his indignation, accosted him thus: "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the nonsense which your good 'squire hath uttered; for, perhaps, he might have had some sort of reason for what he said: and as from his good understanding and Christian conscience, he cannot be suspected of a design to bear false witness against any person whatever, if it is to be supposed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this castle, as you, sir knight, have observed, being conducted by means of enchantment, Sancho, through that diabolical medium, must have seen what he affirms, so much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation."—"I swear by Almighty God! (cried Don Quixote), that your highness hath hit upon the true cause, and the eyes of that poor sinner Sancho have been fascinated by some delusive vision of what could not possibly be real; for unless he had been misled by enchantment, such is the innocence and simplicity of that miserable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a slander against any living soul."—"That certainly is and shall be the case (said Don Fernando); for which reason, Signor Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the bosom of his favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before those illusions impaired his understanding."

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master's hand: this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, "Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment."—"I believe so too (replied the 'squire), except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary course of things."—"Thou must not imagine any such thing (answered the knight); for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now

do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I, find any persons to chastise as the cause of thy disaster."

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the 'squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment: though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least mixture of doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the scheme concerning the restoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan they agreed with the master of an ox waggon, who chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner: having made a sort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some in one shape, some in another, so as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable silence, into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the skirmishes already described; and laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he waked in surprise, he could neither move nor do any other thing but testify his wonder and perplexity at sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his distempered imagination continually suggested, and concluded that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing he could not even stir in his own defence: and this conceit was exactly foreseen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho, who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master's infirmity, was not so mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth, until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected, in silence, the issue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they enclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel), who pronounced these words: "O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be achieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke. From which unheard-of conjunction the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talents of their valiant sire; and this will happen ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the resplendent constellations, in his natural and rapid course. And O! thou the most noble and obedient 'squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed, as that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberiana,* that thy salary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see: follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight; for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewell, and will return I well know whither." Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then sunk it gradually to such a faint and distant tone, that even those who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no sooner heard than comprehended; interpreting

* A word of equal signification with Mentisoniana, from Menteroso, a liar.

the whole into a promise, that he should one day see himself joined in the just and holy bonds of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose fortunate womb would proceed those whelps (meaning his sons) which would perpetuate the glory of la Mancha. In this persuasion, therefore, and firm belief, he raised his voice, and, heaving a profound sigh, replied, "O thou! whosoever thou art, whose prognostication sounds so favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beseech the sage enchanter who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to perish in the confinement which I now suffer, until I shall have seen the accomplishment of those joyful and incomparable promises which thou hast uttered in my behalf. So shall I glory in the hardships of this prison, and bear with pleasure these chains with which my limbs are fettered: and instead of comparing the boards on which I lie to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, consider them as the soothing down of the most happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With respect to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my 'squire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forsake me either in prosperity or adversity; for should his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from bestowing upon him the island, or some equivalent according to my promise, at least he shall not lose his wages, specified and bequeathed to him in my will that is already made,—a recompense which, though proportioned to my own slender ability, comes far short of his great and faithful services."

Here the 'squire bowed in the most respectful manner, and kissed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being fast bound together. Then the apparitions taking the cage upon their shoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

CHAP. XX.

An account of the strange manner in which Don Quixote was enchanted, with other remarkable events.

Don Quixote seeing himself thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, "Many very grave histories have I read concerning knights-errant; but never did I read, see, or hear that enchanted knights were transported in this manner, at such a pace as these lazy, slow-footed animals seem to promise; for they used always to be carried through the air with surprising swiftness, wrapt up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or some such creature: so that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus transported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was pursued of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the first who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they may have also newly invented other kinds of incantation and other methods of conveying those whom they enchant. What is thy opinion of the matter, son Sancho?"—"I know not what my opinion is (replied the 'squire), because I am not so well read in the scriptures of errantry as your worship; but for all that I will venture to affirm, ay and swear to it, that these apparitions who stroll about us, are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic! my stars!* (answered the knight), how can they be catholic, when they are all devils who have assumed fantastical shapes, and come hither on purpose to perform this deed, and leave me in my present situation? But that thou mayest be convinced of the truth of what I allege, endeavour to touch and feel them,† and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condensed air, consisting of nothing but mere semblance."—"'Fore God! sir (cried Sancho), I have made that trial already, and that same devil who goes about so busy is well provided with good substantial flesh, and has another property widely different from what is reported of evil spirits, all of whom, they say, stink of brimstone and other bad smells; whereas he is so well scented with amber, that you may perceive it at the distance of half a league." Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who being a man of fashion, probably wore scented linen. "Marvel not at that circumstance, friend Sancho (replied the knight); for thou must know that devils are a set of very sagacious beings, and although they bring smells along with them, they themselves being spirits, can produce no smell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather stinking and unwholesome, because they carry their hell about them wheresoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation: now sweet smells, being agreeable and delicious, can-

* In the original, *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently used in our language.

† In the text the knight is guilty of a palpable solecism, in desiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himself expressly observes was subject neither to touch nor feeling.

not possibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil: therefore if, in thy opinion, that devil smells of amber, either thy senses are perverted, or he wants to impose upon thy understanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell."

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the master and his 'squire, were afraid of Sancho's stumbling upon the discovery of their whole plot, in which he seemed already to have made great progress: therefore determined to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside, ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's ass. This task he performed with great despatch, while the curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pummel of Rozinante's saddle, and the basin to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master's steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers, with their carbines, on each side of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Qxixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all these disasters are incident to those who choose my profession; and if I were not subject to such calamities, I should not deem myself a renowned knight-errant; for these things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, scarce even remembered on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwise with the valiant, whose virtue and valour are envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the most perfidious means to destroy them; but nevertheless, virtue is so powerful, that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any disgust, through neglect or omission; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul; and pray to God to deliver me from this prison in which I am confined by some malicious enchanter: for if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courtesy in this castle shall never escape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, service, and respect."

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda: they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters, Don Fernando giving the curate a direction, by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure: and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zoraydа, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house: the priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers, which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them; for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture: the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, Rinconete and Cortadilla,* a novel; from whence he concluded that, since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the waggon, and the order of their march was this; first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all, came the curate and the barber masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within his cage, his hands fettered and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of flesh and blood; in this slow and silent manner they had travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate, that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion, that they should proceed a little farther to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley

* Written by Cervantes himself.

better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them six or seven men well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastic mules, and were desirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon; these expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously, and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and, in particular, Don Quixote encaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered, "Signor, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts, we know nothing at all of the matter." The knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, "Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation."

By this time the curate and barber having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight came up, in order to prevent their plot from being discovered, just as the canon had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: "Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the summaries of Villalpando; so that, if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please."—"A God's name, then (said Don Quixote), if that be the case, you must know, signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mischievous necromancers; for virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous: a knight-errant I am, though none of those whose names fame never enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophists of Æthiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights-errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms."

Here the curate interposing, said, "Signor Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth; he is enchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanors, but through the malice of those who are disgusted at virtue and offended at valour: this, signor, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty achievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel and of envy to obscure them."

The canon hearing such a style proceed not only from the prisoner's mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, "Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the case is this: my master Don Quixote is no more enchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occasions, like other men, and as he himself was wont to do before he was encaged: now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man persuade me that he is enchanted? since I have heard divers persons observe, that those who are enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak; whereas my master, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barristers. (Then turning to the curate he proceeded thus:) Ah, Mr Curate, Mr Curate! you think I don't know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of these new enchantments; but you are mistaken: I know you very well, for all your masking; and can smell out your plots, disguise them as you will; in short, as the saying is, 'Just are virtue's fears, where envy domineers;' and 'Bounty will not stay, where niggards bear the sway.' Damn the devil, if it had not been for your reverence, my master, by this time, would have been married to the princess Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least; for less I could I not expect, either from the generosity of my lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatness of my own services: but now I see the truth of what is commonly said, that 'fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel;' and those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom to-day. It grieves me, on account of my poor wife and children, who, instead of seeing their father come home in the post of governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, as they had great reason to expect, will behold him returning in the station of a common groom; all this I have observed, Mr Curate, for no other reason but to prevail upon your fathership to make a conscience of the ill treatment my master receives at your hands;

and consider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my lord Don Quixote, and for all the succours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined."

"Snuff me these candles (cried the barber, hearing the 'squire's declaration), why sure, Sancho, you belong to your master's fraternity; by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the same sort of enchantment, so much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promises, and in an evil hour did that island you harp so much upon take possession of your skull."—"I am not with child by any person whatever (answered Sancho), nor will I suffer any king in Christendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I'm an old Christian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an island, others long for things that are worse, every one being the son of his own works: the lowest mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an island, especially as my master may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr Barber, you had better think before you speak: there is something else to do than shaving of beards; and one Pedro may differ from another:* this I say, because we know one another; and you must not think to palm false dice upon me: with regard to the enchantment of my master, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the saying is, the more you stir it, the more it will——you know what."

The barber durst not make any reply, lest Sancho's simplicity should discover what he and the curate were so desirous of concealing; and the priest being under the same apprehension, desired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promising to disclose the mystery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him some diversion: the canon put on accordingly, with his servants, listening attentively to every thing the curate was pleased to communicate, concerning the rank, employment, madness, and manners of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cause and beginning of his disorder, with the whole progress of his adventures until he was secured in the cage, by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper.

The canon and his servants were astonished anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote, which being finished, the Toledan replied, "Truly, Mr Curate, I am firmly persuaded that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for though I have been induced by a false taste and idle curiosity to read the beginning of almost every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myself to read any one of them from the first to the last page; because, in my opinion, they are all of the same stamp, without any essential difference; and indeed that kind of composition seems to fall under that species of writing called the Milesian Fables, which are no other than extravagant tales calculated for mere amusement, without any tendency to instruction: on the contrary, the scope of your apologues is to convey instruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of those books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not see how they can answer that end, being, as they are, stuffed with such improbable nonsense: for the pleasure that the soul conceives is from the beauty and harmony of those things which are contemplated by the view, or suggested by the imagination; so that we can receive no pleasure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, symmetry, or proportion can be observed in a book, containing the history of a youth of seventeen, who, with one back-stroke, cuts though the middle a giant like a tower, with as much ease as if he had been made of paste; and in the description of a battle, after having observed that there are no less than a million of combatants on the side opposite to that which the hero of the piece espouses, we must, in despite of common sense, believe, that such a knight obtained a victory by the single valour of his invincible arm. Then, how shall we account for the confidence with which some queen, empress, or orphan heiress, throws herself into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleased with an account of a huge tower full of knights, sailing upon the sea, like a ship before the wind; being over-night upon the coast of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Prester John, in the Indies, or in some other country which Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Polus ever saw? If to this observation it be answered, that the authors of those books do not pretend that the stories they contain are true, and therefore they are under no necessity of adhering to such niceties of composition, I reply, that fiction is always the better the nearer it resembles truth; and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it inspires. Wherefore, all such fables ought to be suited to the understanding of those who read them, and written so, as that by softening impossibilities, smoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may surprise, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and these never can be excit-

* Equivalent to our saying, "Every Jack is not a good fellow."

ed by authors who forsake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never as yet seen in any book of chivalry, an entire body of a fable, with all its members so proportioned as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is suitable to both: on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monster, instead of a figure well proportioned in all its parts. Besides, their style is usually harsh, their achievements incredible, their amours lascivious, their courtesy impertinent, their battles tedious, their dialogue insipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in short, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; so that they deserve to be banished as useless members from every Christian commonwealth."

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said, observing that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scrutiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve, namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field in which the pen might, at leisure, expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage and penetrating into the enemy's designs; eloquent and effectual, either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story; at another time, describing a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, endued with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, considerate, gallant prince: not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magic: he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæsar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zophyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and, finally, all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters; and the whole being expressed in an agreeable style and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon truth, will, doubtless, produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as, when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings, which, as I have already observed, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of shewing his talents in epics, lyrics, tragedy and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric: for epics may be written in prose as well as verse."

CHAP. XXI.

In which the canon prosecutes the subject of knight-errantry, and makes other observations worthy of his genius.

"Mr Canon (said the curate), what you have observed is extremely just; and therefore those authors deserve the greater reprehension, who have composed such books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse."—"I myself (replied the canon), "have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down: nay, to tell you the truth, no less than an hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people, who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all; nevertheless, I have not proceeded in the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and, though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind: but what contributed most to my laying aside the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a conclusion, was a reflection I

made upon the comedies of the present age. If, said I to myself, our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or for the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose and the actors who represent them affirm, that this and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce a fable, digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of the plan, which utterly escape all the rest of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few; at this rate, said I, if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my whiskers in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last like the sagacious botcher,* who sewed for nothing, and found his customers in thread. I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players that they were mistaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their house, and acquire much more reputation, by representing regular comedies, than such absurd performances; but I always found them so obstinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonstration could alter their opinion in the least. I remember I once said to one of those pragmatic fellows, 'Don't you recollect that a few years ago three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raised admiration, pleasure, and surprise, in all who saw them exhibited, gentle as well as simple, ignorant as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the best that have since appeared?' 'Doubtless (answered the player), you mean Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandria?'—'The very same (said I); and pray take notice whether or not they are composed according to rule, or failed to please every body because they were regular. Wherefore the fault does not lie in the multitude's demanding absurdities, but in those who can represent nothing else; for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantia, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable Female Foe, nor in some others which were composed by poets of genius to their own reputation, and the advantage of those who represented them.' I made use of many more arguments, by which he seemed to be confuted, though not so much satisfied or convinced as to retract his erroneous opinions."

"Mr Canon (said the curate, interrupting him in this place), the subject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern plays, even equal to that I entertain against books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas those that are represented in this age are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness; for sure nothing can be more absurd in a dramatic performance, than to see the person who, in the first scene of the first act, was produced a child in swaddling-clothes, appear a full-grown man with a beard in the second; or to represent an old man active and valiant, a young soldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullion. Then what shall we say concerning their management of the time and place in which the actions have, or may be supposed to have, happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third was finished in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the scene would have shifted to America, so that the fable would have travelled through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who, being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Bulloign, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre; an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other: or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented, both with regard to persons and times; not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexcusable errors and stupidity: and what is worst of all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wildgoose chace.† Again, if we consider those plays that are written on divine subjects, how many false miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events misunderstood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one saint with those of another? nay, in profane subjects, they have the assurance to work miracles, for no other respect or consideration, but because they think such a miracle will make a

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

† *Buscar Gallinas* signifies, to seek dainties.

very decent appearance in such a place; and as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play; but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of history, and scandal of our Spanish wits; so that the authors of other nations, who punctually observe the unities of the drama, conclude, that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our absurd and preposterous productions. Neither is it a sufficient excuse to say, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with some honest recreation, in order to divert those bad humours which idleness usually engenders; and that, since this end is answered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occasion to cramp and limit the authors or actors to the just laws of composition; the purpose of the legislature being, as I have said, accomplished without any such restriction. To this suggestion I answer, that the same end, without any sort of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad comedies; for, after having seen an artful and well-digested play represented, the hearer will go away delighted with the comic parts, instructed by the serious, and agreeably surprised by the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated: for of all impossibilities it is the most impossible that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them if they were of any other stamp: so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies, which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms,* with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of versification, genteel dialogue, sententious gravity, and finally, with such elocution and sublimity of style, that the whole world resounds with his fame: yet, in suiting himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of perfection. Others again are so inconsiderate in their productions, that, after a representation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abscond for fear of chastisement, on account of having exhibited something to the prejudice of royal heads, or dishonour of noble families: now all these inconveniences, with many more that I do not choose to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning appointed to examine every dramatic performance before its appearance on the stage; and this precaution should affect not only the plays composed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be represented within the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licenser, signed and sealed, no magistrate should allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his jurisdiction. In consequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to submit every play to the censure of the examiner, that they might afterwards represent them with safety; and the authors would employ more caution and study in their compositions, knowing that they must pass the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge: in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of such writings happily accomplished, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spanish wits; while the actors would represent them with security and advantage, and the state be exempted from the trouble of chastising such delinquents. And if the same licenser, or any other person, were invested with the charge of examining books of chivalry before they see the light, some performances of that sort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have described, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treasure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipsed by the light of the new, that would furnish rational amusement not only for the idle, but also for those who are most industrious; seeing it is impossible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can subsist without some innocent recreation."

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their conversation, when the barber coming up to them, said to his townsman, "Mr Licentiate, this is the place in which I proposed to halt, that the oxen might have fresh pasture in abundance." The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who resolved to stay with them, being invited by the situation of a delicious valley that presented itself to his view: that he might, therefore, enjoy the agreeable spot, together with the conversation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered his domestics to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals sufficient for the whole company; for

* Lopez de Vega Carpio.

he was resolved to spend the afternoon where he was. One of the servants told him that the sumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried provision enough, and that they should want nothing but barley for the beasts. "If that be the case (said the canon), carry the rest to the inn, and bring the sumpter-mule hither."

Meanwhile Sancho, perceiving that he might now speak to his master, without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was suspicious, approached the cage, and thus addressed himself to the knight: "Truly, sir, in order to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something concerning this same enchantment. These people with masks on their faces are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off in this manner, out of pure envy and spite, because your worship has got the heels of them in your famous achievements: now, this being supposed, it follows, as plain as the nose upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I desire to ask you one question, which, if you answer, as I do believe you will, your worship may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topsy-turvy."—"Ask what you will, son Sancho (replied Don Quixote), I will freely answer, and satisfy your doubts to the best of my power: with regard to your saying, that those who attend us are our friends and townsmen, the curate and barber, so indeed they may appear to your eye: but that they are really and effectually so you must by no means believe; on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they resemble our friends, the enchanters, who can assume what form they please, have taken that appearance and resemblance, to mislead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in such a labyrinth of perplexity, that even the clue of Theseus would not extricate your thoughts: besides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to guess from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for if on one hand you affirm that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town, and on the other I find myself encaged, though I am sensible that nothing but supernatural force could suffice to confine me thus, what would you have me say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read of in all the histories that treat of enchanted knights? Wherefore set your heart at rest, and take it for granted that these are as far from being the persons you have mentioned as I am from being a Turk. With respect to the desire of asking me questions, I repeat my promise of answering, even if thy interrogations should last till to-morrow morning."—"God's blessed mother! (cried the 'squire with great vociferation), is it possible that your worship can be so thick-skulled and brainless as not to perceive the truth of what I allege, and see that this imprisonment and misfortune is more owing to malice than enchantment? But, seeing it is so, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my ass: tell me, therefore, as God shall deliver you from this mischance, and as you hope to see yourself in the arms of my lady Dulcinea, when you least expect any such good luck—"—"Truce with thy conjuration (said the knight), and ask what thou wilt; I have already promised to answer with the utmost punctuality."—"That is my request (answered Sancho); and what I want to know is, that your worship will tell me, without eking or curtailing God's precious truth, but in honest simplicity of heart, as it ought to be, and always is told those who, like your worship, profess the occupation of arms, under the title of knights-errant—"—"I tell thee (cried the knight, interrupting him), I will not in the least prevaricate; despatch them, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with so many salves, solicitations, and preambles."—"I make no bold (replied the 'squire), because I am well aware of my master's goodness and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with reverence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and, as you suppose, enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is?"—"I do not know what you mean by undamming (answered Don Quixote); you must be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose."—"Is it possible (said the 'squire), that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the first thing the boys learn at school? Well then, you must know, I wanted to ask if you never had any inclination to do that which nobody else can do for you."—"Now I understand thee, Sancho (said the knight); verily I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very importunate: pray fall upon some method to disembarrass me; for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be."

CHAP. XXII.

The sage conversation that passed between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote.

"HA! (cried Sancho), have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know, with all my heart and soul: come on, sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is spoke to; sure the man must be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that

those who are enchanted neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do their natural occasions, as I have observed; but this is not the case with such as are disturbed with the inclination that your worship at present feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain answers to every question that is asked."—"Thou art in the right (replied Don Quixote): but I have already told thee, that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have so entirely altered the fashion, that those who are under the power of enchantment in this age may, like me, retain the use of their faculties, though it was quite otherwise of old; so that there is no arguing or drawing consequences against the different practice of different times. I am sensible and certain of my being enchanted; and that is sufficient for the quiet of my conscience, which would give me great uneasiness, if I had the least doubt about my fate, and allowed myself to be in this cage, like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my succour from a great number of the needy and oppressed, who, at this very hour, must be in the most absolute and extreme necessity, from the want of my aid and protection."—"Nevertheless (answered the 'squire), for your more abundant satisfaction, your worship methinks might try to escape from this prison; for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my assistance, but even to work your deliverance; and then you may endeavour to remount your trusty Rozinante, who trudges along as melancholy and sad as if he was enchanted also. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in quest of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to this cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a true and loyal 'squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention should not succeed."—"I am content to follow thy counsel, brother Sancho (replied the knight); and whenever thou shalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing; but thou wilt soon find thyself deceived in thy opinion of my mishap."

This conversation between the knight-errant and the erring 'squire lasted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them loose in that verdant and delicious spot, the coolness of which was extremely inviting, not only to enchanted people, like Don Quixote, but also to persons of intelligence and discretion, like his 'squire, who besought the curate to let his master come out of the cage for a few minutes; because, without such permission, the prison would not be quite so clean as the decency of such a knight required. The curate, understanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his request, were he not under some apprehension that his master, finding himself at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men should never see his face again. "I will be bound for his good behaviour," answered Sancho: "And I also (said the canon), especially if he will promise, on the word of a knight, not to stir from our presence until he shall have obtained our consent."

"I will (cried the knight, who overheard all that passed), the more so, as one who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make use of his own person; for the enchanter can so utterly deprive him of all motion, that he shall not be able to stir from the place for three whole ages; and if he should make his escape, would whisk him back through the air in a twinkling." This being the case, he said, they might very safely uncage him, especially as such indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company: for he protested, that if they did not comply with his present necessities, he should be obliged to incommode their sense of smelling, unless they removed to a greater distance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to descend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary deliverance, stretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, saying, "I still hope in God and his blessed mother, thou flower and mirror of steeds! that in a short time we shall both obtain our heart's desire; thou prancing under the agreeable pressure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy trusty back, exercising the employment for which Heaven sent me into the world." Having pronounced this apostrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eased and comforted, and more desirous than ever of executing the project of his 'squire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being struck with admiration at the strange unaccountable symptoms of his disorder; for, in all his conversations and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent understanding, and never lost himself,* except on the subject of chivalry, as we have formerly observed: he was therefore touched with compassion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were seated on the grass, waiting for the return of the sumpter-mule, addressed himself to the knight in this manner:—

"Is it possible, good sir, that the idle and

* Literally, Never lost the stirrups.

unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true as truth is distant from falsehood? Is it possible that the human understanding can suppose that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadises, with the whole crowd of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebisond, Fleximartes of Hyrcania, palfreys, damsels, serpents, dragons, and giants; so many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princesses, 'squires created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expressions, valiant ladies; and, finally, such extravagant events as are contained in books of knight-errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that sort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my imagination is a little amused; but as soon as I begin to consider it in the right point of view, I dash the volume against the wall, and would even commit it to the flames (if I should chance to be near a fire), as a criminal richly deserving such punishment, on account of its falsehood and imposture, so contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common sense; and as an inventor of new sects and preposterous ways of life; misleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the absurdities which it contains: nay, so presumptuous are such productions as to disturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, signor, whom they have reduced to such a pass as to make it necessary that you should be cooped up in a cage, and transported from place to place in a waggon, like a lion or tiger, exhibited as a show for money. Go to, Signor Don Quixote; have pity upon yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put those happy talents which Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon you to a better use; employing your better genius in other studies, which may redound to the increase of your honour, as well as to the good of your soul; or, if swayed by your natural inclination, you are still desirous of reading the histories of exploits and achievements, you may have recourse to the book of Judges in the Holy Scripture; and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Variatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandes, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprise, and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as this [illegible] worthy of the good sense of Signor Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved in worth, bettered in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I understand his family and origin is derived."

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to this harangue; and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time before he answered in these words: "Signor Hidalgo, if I am not mistaken, the scope of your discourse was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay, mischievous in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more so in believing, and most of all in imitating the characters they describe, by following the most painful profession of knight-errantry; and lastly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vast number of knights recorded in those writings had any real existence."—"You have exactly summed up my allegations," said the canon. "You were likewise pleased to add (resumed the knight), that such books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the necessity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my course of studies, and to use performances which contain more truth, instruction, and delight."—"That (said the canon), was my precise meaning."—"Why then (cried Don Quixote), in my opinion, the person impaired in his judgment, and enchanted, is no other than your worship, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against an order so well received in the world, and established as truth, that he who, like you, denies it, deserves the same punishment you inflicted upon those books that gave you disgust; for to say that there never was such a person as Amadis, or any other of those adventurous knights with whom history abounds, is like an endeavour to persuade people that frost is not cold, that the sun yields no light, and the earth no sustenance. Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe that the story of the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy is false; or that or Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and, I vow to God, is as true as that the sun shines at noon-day? If this be a lie, you may also affirm that there never was such an event as the Trojan war, nor such persons as Hector and Achilles, or the twelve peers of France, or Arthur, King of England, who to this day survives in the likeness of a raven, and is every moment expected to reascend his throne. People may as well venture to say, that the history of Guarino Mezquino and the suit of St

Grial are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, with those of Ginebra and Lancelot, as altogether apocryphal; though there are people who almost remember to have seen the duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinker in Great Britain: this is so true, that I myself have heard my grandmother by my father's side often say, when she happened to see a duenna with a reverend biggen,* 'Grandson, there is a person very like the duenna Quintanona.' From whence I conclude, that she must either have known her personally, or, at least, seen some picture of that venerable matron; then who can deny the history of Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, since, to this day, may be seen, in the royal armoury, the very peg that turned the wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter travelled through the air; by the same token, that it is something larger than the pole of a coach, and stands near the saddle of Babieca: nay, at Roncevalles you may see Orlando's horn, as big as a weaver's beam? From all which circumstances we may justly infer, that the twelve peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all those who were called knights-errant, actually existed, according to the records of their fame; otherwise they may as well deny, that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de Merlo, was a knight-errant; though it is well known that he went to Burgundy, and fought in the city of Ras with the famous lord of Charne, called Monseigneur Pierre, and afterwards in the city of Basil with Monseigneur Henrique de Remestan, gaining the victory in each of these combats, with abundance of honourable fame: neither, I suppose, will they credit the defiance and adventures that were also achieved in Burgundy by those valiant Spaniards, Pedro, Barba, and Guttierre Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended on the father's side), who conquered the sons of the Count de St Paul: nay, let them likewise refuse to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the household to the Duke of Austria; and say that the justs and tournaments of Suero de Quinones and the Pass were mere illusion, as well as the enterprises of Monseigneur Lewis de Falses, against Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, together with many other exploits performed by Christian warriors belonging to these and other foreign realms, so authentic and true, that (I repeat my asseveration), he who denies them is void of all reason and common sense."

The canon was struck with admiration, when he heard Don Quixote utter such a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumstance regarding and concerning the achievements of knight-errantry, answered him in these words: "Signor Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have said is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spanish knights: I grant also that there was an order called the twelve peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all those exploits recounted by Archbishop Turpin; for the truth is, they were a set of knights chosen by the kings of France, under the title of the twelve peers, because they were all equal in point of virtue, rank, and valour; at least, if they were not, they ought to have been possessed of this parity of qualifications; for it was an association resembling the modern orders of St Jago and Calatrava, which suppose that every member is valiant, virtuous, and noble; and as we now say a knight of St Juan or Alcantara, in those days they said a knight of the twelve peers; because those who professed that military order were equal in all respects, and twelve in number: that there were such persons as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio I make no question; but whether or not they performed all those exploits which are ascribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful: with respect to the peg of Count Peter, which you say stands by the saddle of Babieca in the royal armoury, to my shame be it spoken, I am either so ignorant or short-sighted, that although I have seen the saddle, I could never observe the peg, large as you have been pleased to describe it."—"But there it certainly is (replied the knight); and what makes it the more remarkable, it is said to be kept in a case of calf's leather, that it may not rust."—"It may be so (said the canon); but by my holy orders, I do not remember to have seen any such thing: yet granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the stories that are recounted of so many Amadises, and such a rabble of knights: nor is it reasonable that a person of honour, like you, endowed with so many happy talents, should give credit to such extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry."

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the sage contest between Don Quixote and the Canon, with other events.

A GOOD jest, truly! (replied Don Quixote), that books printed with the license of kings, and approbation of those who are appointed to examine them, read with universal delight, celebrated by great and small, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate; finally, by persons of all ranks and degrees whatever, should contain nothing but lies; not-

* Toca, which is the original word, signifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

withstanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, country, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight: cease, therefore, good sir, to vent such blasphemy, and believe that, in this particular, I advise you to act according to the dictates of good sense: read them again, and you will see what pleasure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to see, as it were before your eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of serpents, snakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a most dismal voice, that seems to issue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, 'O knight, whosoever thou art, that now standest gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the bliss that is concealed beneath these sable waves, display the valour of thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself amidst these black and burning billows; otherwise thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders deposited and contained within the seven castles of the seven nymphs that dwell below this sullen flood.'—Scarce had the sound of this dismal voice ceased to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the least hesitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himself to God and his mistress, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himself in the midst of a delightful plain, by which the Elysian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven seems more transparent, and the sun shines with new lustre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable forest of tall and leafy trees, whose verdure delights the view, while the ear is regaled with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers that hop from bough to bough: here he perceives a brook, whose refreshing waters, clear as liquid crystal, run murmuring on the yellow sand and glistening pebbles, that emulate the purest pearls and heaps of sifted gold.

In one place springs an artificial fountain adorned with variegated jasper and polished marble; in another rises a rustic grotto, in which the small shells of the muscle, and the white and yellow twisted domes of the snail, placed in beauteous disorder, and mixed with bits of shining crystal and counterfeit emeralds, compose such an agreeable variety, that nature seems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a sudden, appears a strong castle or magnificent palace, the walls of massy gold, the battlements of diamond, the gates of hyacinth, and finally, the workmanship so admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no less than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus feasted his eyes, there still remains for him to see a fair bevy of damsels coming out at the castle-gate, dressed in such gay and splendid attire, that were I to describe it minutely, as it is represented in the history, I should never have done. Then she, who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight who threw himself into the boiling lake, and silently leading him into the rich castle or palace, strips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic essences, and puts upon him a shirt of the finest lawn, all scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, which, at least, is usually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a sight it is, when, as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furnished with such elegance as to excite his admiration and suspense! when they sprinkle upon his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is seated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all those damsels, who serve him in amazing silence! when he is allured by such a variety of dishes, and so savourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! then to hear music during his repast without seeing the minstrel, or knowing from whence the sound proceeds; and after he has refreshed himself and the table is uncovered, while he lolls at ease upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, he is surprised with the sight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and sitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whose castle that is, and how she is enchanted within it, relating other circumstances which create wonder in him, and raise the admiration of those who read the story. I need not further expatiate on this subject, since, from what hath been said, it plainly appears, that any part whatever of the history of any knight-errant whatever, must yield pleasure and surprise to any reader whatsoever. Believe me, therefore, good sir, and, as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading those books, and you will see what effectual antidotes they are against melancholy, and how they improve the disposition when it is bad. For my own part, I can safely aver, that since I professed the order of knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I so lately found myself shut up in a cage, like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided Heaven shall favour and fortune cease to oppose me, in a few days to see myself sovereign of some kingdom, when I shall be enabled

to demonstrate the gratitude and generosity which reside within my breast: for truly, signor, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him possess it in never so eminent a degree: and that gratitude which is restrained to good-will alone, is like faith without works; no more than the ghost of virtue. Wherefore I wish fortune would speedily furnish me with an opportunity of making myself an emperor, that I may exercise the virtues of my heart, in bestowing benefits on my friends, especially on my poor 'squire Sancho Panza, one of the best men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in consequence of a promise which he obtained from me long ago; though I fear he wants capacity to manage his estate."

These last words being overheard by Sancho, he said to his master, "Signor Don Quixote, I wish you would take the trouble to give me that same earldom, which is as firmly promised by your worship as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or if I should find myself at a loss, I have heard it often said, that there are certain persons who farm the estates of great noblemen at so much a-year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his ease, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very same manner, minding the cares of this world as little as possible; but leaving off all sorts of business, enjoying my rents, like any duke, and let the world wag."—"Brother Sancho (said the canon), that is to be understood only of the spending your income; but the lord of a great estate must have regard to the administration of justice, which requires ability, sound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven usually assists the righteous intent of the simple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning."—"I know nothing of these philosophers (answered the 'squire), but this I know, that I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have as big a soul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more; and would be as much a king in my own estate as any he that wears a head: and so being, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should please myself; and pleasing myself, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, I should have nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there would be an end; so let the earldom come a God's name: I wish we could see it, as one blind man said to another."—"These are no bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho (said the canon); but, for all that, there is much to be said on the subject of earldoms."—"I know not what more can be said (replied Don Quixote); for my own part, I do no more than follow the example transmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created his 'squire Earl of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, bestow the same honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the best 'squires that ever served knight-errant."

The canon was amazed at the methodical madness of Don Quixote, manifested in his description of the knight of the lake, and in the impression which the false adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination: neither was his wonder diminished, when he considered the folly of Sancho, who so ardently desired the possession of that island which his master had promised to give him as the reward of his services.

By this time the canon's servant had returned from the inn with the sumpter-mule; and, instead of a table, spread a carpet on the green grass, under the shade of some trees, where the company, seating themselves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not lose the opportunity of such a convenient situation, as we have already observed. While they thus enjoyed themselves, their ears were struck with a sudden noise, and the sound of a bell, issuing from the midst of some briers and thickets that surrounded the place where they sat: and immediately appeared a beautiful she-goat, her skin speckled with spots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd, who, in his rustic dialect, called to her to stop and return to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there stopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words, as if she had been possessed of sense and understanding: "Ah! you spotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feast upon you one day—what is the matter with you, my pretty child? yet what else can it be, but that you are a female, and consequently inconstant? a plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble: return, return, my darling; and if you are not so happy, at least you will be more secure in the fold among your companions; for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the rest, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them?"

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, "I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which, being a female, as you observe, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morsel, and assuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the meantime the goat will repose herself."

So saying, he presented to him, on the point

of a fork, the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd, who, having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, "Gentlemen, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk to this animal as if it were a rational creature; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peasant, 'tis true; yet not so rustic, but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts."—"I firmly believe what you say (replied the curate): for I myself have experienced that the mountains produced learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot."—"At least (resumed the goatherd), the cottage may contain those who are warned by woful experience; and to convince you feelingly that what I allege is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what that gentleman (pointing to the curate) and myself have observed."

To this proposal Don Quixote replied: "As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I, for my part, will gladly give you the hearing, brother; and so will all those gentlemen, who are persons of taste, and lovers of curious novels, that surprise, delight, and entertain the sensible hearer; for I hope your story will certainly produce these agreeable effects: begin then, friend; we are all attention."—"By your leave (cried Sancho), I will e'en betake myself, with this piece of pasty, to yonder brook, and lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote observe, that the 'squire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can, because they are frequently so bewildered in woods and forests, that it will take them six whole days to disengage themselves; and if a man's belly or his bags be not well lined with provision, there he may stay, as he often does, till he withers into perfect mummy."—"You are in the right, Sancho (said the knight), go where you will, and eat as much as you please; for my own part, my grosser appetite is satisfied, and now I want refreshment for the mind, which I shall enjoy in listening to this honest countryman's story."—"We shall all share in the repast," replied the canon, who entreated the peasant to perform his promise.

Then the goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the buttocks, saying, "Lie down by my side, you speckled nanny; we shall have time enough to return to the fold." The creature seemed to understand his meaning; for he was no sooner set, than she lay down very quietly, and, looking in his face, gave him to understand that she was attentive to what he was going to say; upon which he began his story in these words:—

CHAP. XXIV.

The story which the Goatherd recounted to the conductors of Don Quixote.

"THREE leagues from this valley stands a village, which, though small, is one of the richest in all this country; and therein dwelt a farmer in great repute: and albeit respect follows worldly wealth, he was more beloved for his virtue than respected for his riches; but what he regarded as the best part of his fortune (as he himself was wont to say) was a daughter he had, of such exceeding beauty, rare discretion, modesty, and grace, that every one who saw and knew her marvelled at the happy talents with which Heaven and nature had enriched her body and her soul: in the cradle she was handsome, and continually increased in beauty, till at the age of sixteen she was a most enchanting creature: the fame of her charms began to spread over all the neighbouring villages; but what need I say the neighbouring villages! it extended to distant cities, and even made its way into the king's court, filling the ears of all sorts of people, who came from all parts to see her, as if she had been some great curiosity, or miracle-working image. Her father watched over her with great care, and she took great care of herself; for, truly, a maiden's own prudent reserve is a better guard upon her conduct than all the bolts, and spies, and padlocks upon earth. The father's wealth and the daughter's beauty moved a great many people, both of town and country, to demand her in marriage; but he, like one who has the disposal of a rich jewel, was perplexed in his mind, and could not determine in favour of any one of the infinite number that solicited his consent. Among the crowd of her suitors I was one, who conceived great and flattering hopes of success; because her father knew me to be his townsman, of an honest family, in the flower of my age, rich in wealth, and, in point of understanding, not very poor. She was also courted by another young man of our town, who was in every respect my equal; so that her father was perplexed, and wavered in his choice, because he thought his daughter would be well bestowed upon either of us: wherefore, in order to deliver himself from this suspense, he resolved to communicate our demands to Leandra (for that is the name of this wealthy maiden, who hath made me miserable); and, since we were equal in all qualifications, to refer the whole affair to the choice and decision of his beloved daughter, —an example worthy to be followed by every father in the settlement of his children: not that I would have parents leave them to their own choice in things that are manifestly wicked and base; but first propose a number of prudent schemes, out of which they may be allowed to

fix upon that which is most to their liking. I know not to which of us Leandra gave the preference; this only I know, that her father put us off, on pretence of his daughter's tender years, in general terms, which neither laid him under any obligation, nor gave us any cause of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anselmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is still depending; though one may easily foresee that it must have a melancholy end.

"But to return to my story: just about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de la Rosa, the son of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was just returned from being a soldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march through the town with his company: and now, after an absence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a soldier, pinked up in a thousand colours, and bedecked with a power of glass toys and slender chains of steel. To-day he dressed himself out in one gay suit, to-morrow in another; but all this finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleness gives them opportunity, downright malice itself, observed and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three suits of different colours, with garters and hose; but he found means to disguise them by such inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have sworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dresses, and in upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and you must not think it impertinent or foolish in me to give you this account of his clothes, because they bear a considerable share in the story. He used to seat himself upon a stone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping round him at the exploits which he recounted: if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth which he had not seen, nor a battle in which he had not served: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account, fought more single combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without losing one single drop of his blood: then he would shew the marks of wounds, which, though not to be distinguished, he gave us to understand were the effects of musket-shot he had received in different actions and encounters: finally, with incredible arrogance, he used to hout his own equals, even those who knew his extraction, and say, that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and, being a soldier, he owed nothing even to the king himself: with all his boasting, he knew something of music, and could thrum upon the guitar, so as that some people said he made it speak: but his talents did not end here; for he was also a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long, upon every silly trifle that happened in the village. Well then, this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this braggadocio, this gallant, this musician and poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place: she was captivated by the tinsel of his gaudy clothes, and enchanted by his ballads, for he gave away twenty copies of each that he composed; the feats he related of himself reached her ears; in short (as the devil himself must certainly have ordained), she fell in love with him, even before he had the presumption to make any attempt upon her heart; and as, in the affairs of love, every thing is easily accomplished by the man who is already in possession of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a right understanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least inkling of her inclination, she had already gratified it, by leaving the house of her loving and indulgent father (mother had she none), and running away with the soldier, who triumphed in that enterprise, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

"This event filled not only the whole village, but likewise all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anselmo astonished, the father overwhelmed with sorrow, and the relations with shame. Justice, however, being solicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copse and thicket thereabouts, and, after a search of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the smock, and stripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which she had carried off when she made her escape: when she was brought back to the presence of her afflicted father, and questioned about her misfortune, she frankly owned that Vincent de la Rosa had imposed upon her; that, under promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to forsake her father's house, promising to conduct her to Naples, which, he said, was the most beautiful and flourishing city in the whole world; that she inadvertently and fondly believed his false professions, and, robbing her father, put herself under his protection that same night she was missed, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where she was found: she likewise affirmed that the soldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had stripped her of all she had, and left her in that forlorn condition,—a circumstance

that surprised all that heard it, the soldier's continence being so incredible; but she insisted upon it with such earnest asseverations, that the disconsolate father was in some sort comforted, making little account of the money he had lost, since his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel, which, when once lost, there is no hope of retrieving.

"The same day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and shut her up in a monastery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface some part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred: the tender years of Leandra served as an excuse for her misconduct, especially with those who are not concerned in the affair; but those who know her discretion and good sense, do not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural disposition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus secured, Anselmo's eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleasure; and mine remained in darkness, without the least glimpse of light, to direct them to any agreeable object: the absence of Leandra increased our affliction and exhausted our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and exclaimed against her father's want of care: at length we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where, he feeding a vast flock of sheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are also mine, we spend our lives under the cool shade of lofty trees, and give vent to our passion, either by singing in concert the praise or dispraise of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself sighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra's lovers have betaken themselves to these rugged mountains, and the exercise of the same employment; so that this spot seems to be transformed into a pastoral Arcadia, every field being crowded with shepherds and folds, and every corner resounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curses and calls her fickle, inconstant, and immodest; a second condemns her credulity and lightness of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her; while she is arraigned and reproached by a fourth: some celebrate her beauty, others find fault with her disposition: in short, she is censured and adored by them all; nay, to such a pitch hath their extravagance risen, that some of them complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealousy, which is a passion she never inspired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was suspected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name of Leandra; the hills resound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrong-headed society, he that shews the least, though he had the greatest share of judgment, is my rival Anselmo, who, notwithstanding all the cause he has to be dissatisfied, complains of absence only, tuning his lamentation to the sound of a rebeck, which he touches with admirable skill, in verses that shew the excellence of his genius: I follow a more easy, and, in my opinion, a wiser course; namely, to inveigh against the levity of the female sex; their fickleness, their double-dealing, their rotten promises, their broken faith; and finally, their want of judgment in bestowing their affections. These, gentlemen, are my reasons for the discourse you heard me address to my goat, whom (because she is a female) I despise, although she be the best of the fold: this is the story I promised to recount; and if I have been prolix in the narration, I shall not be brief in what service you shall be pleased to command: hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk and most savoury cheese, with abundance of the fruit in season, no less agreeable to the taste than to the view."

CHAP. XXV.

Of the quarrel that happened between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the curious adventure of the Disciplinants, which the knight happily achieved with the sweat of his brow.

THIS story of the goatherd gave infinite pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who observed with admiration his manner of relating it, as distant from the rustic phrase of a peasant as near approaching to the polite style of a courtier; and therefore, he said, the curate had justly observed, that the mountains sometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of service to Eugenio, but he that shewed himself most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, "Truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery in which she is, doubtless, detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all that should oppose my design; and would put her into your hands, to be treated according to your good-will and pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damsels are protected from wrongs; though I hope in God, that a malicious enchanter shall not so far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power by another of a more righteous disposition; and then you may depend upon my favour and assistance, according to

the duty of my profession, which is no other than to succour the wretched and the weak."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote; and being struck with admiration at his rueful aspect and dishevelled locks, said to the barber, who sat near him, "Signor, pray who is that man who looks and talks so wildly?"—"Who should it be (answered the barber), but the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and thunderbolt of war?"—"That discourse (replied the peasant), puts me in mind of those books which treat of knights-errant, who were commonly distinguished by such titles as you bestow on that man; but I suppose you are pleased to be merry, or else the apartments of this poor gentleman's skull are but indifferently furnished."

"You are a most impudent rascal (cried the knight, overhearing what he said); it is your skull that is unfurnished and unsound; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth." So saying, he snatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with such fury that he levelled his nose with his face.

Eugenio, who did not understand raillery, finding himself maltreated in earnest, without any respect for the carpet, tablecloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and, laying hold of his collar with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that instant sprung to his master's assistance; and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himself disengaged, arose, and in his turn got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the master, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all four in quest of a table-knife, with which he intended to take some bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate; the goatherd, however, managed matters so, as that he got the knight under him, when he rained such a shower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcass, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own: the curate and canon were ready to burst with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company halloo-ed, according to the practice of the spectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was distracted, because he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's servants, who hindered him from assisting his master. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter such a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the sound seemed to come; but he on whom it made the greatest impression was Don Quixote, who, though lying under his antagonist, very much against his inclination, and more than sufficiently pummelled, said to the goatherd, "Brother devil (for sure thou canst be nothing else, who has strength and valour sufficient to overcome my efforts), I beg a truce for one hour only, because the doleful sound of that trumpet which salutes our ears seems to summon me to some new adventure."

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing, as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his request; and Don Quixote starting up, directed his view towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue, where he descried a great number of people dressed in white, like disciplinants, coming down the side of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreshing showers from the earth; and through all the villages of that district the people instituted processions, disciplines, and prayers, beseeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpose, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in procession to a holy hermitage, built on an eminence that skirted the valley; and Don Quixote seeing the strange dress of the disciplinants,* without recollecting that he had frequently seen such habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him, as a knight-errant, to achieve: what served to confirm him in this notion, was an image clothed in black, which was carried before them, and which he supposed to be some princess, whom those discourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly; and taking the bridle and shield, which hung upon the pummel of the saddle, clapt the bit in his mouth in a twinkling; and, demanding his sword from Sancho, mounted his steed and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, "Now, honourable gentlemen, ye shall perceive the importance of those who profess the order of knight-errantry! now, I say, ye shall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at present a captive, behold how much knights-errant ought to be esteemed."

So saying, he clapt heels to Rozinante (spurs he had none), and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find, in this true history, that ever Rozinante went full speed), rode up to attack the disciplinants. Though the canon, curate, and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found

* Persons hired to whip themselves on such occasions.

it impracticable; he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled with great vociferation, "Where are you going, Signor Don Quixote? what devil possesses and provokes you to act against our catholic faith? take notice—a plague upon me! take notice that this is no other than a procession of disciplinants, and that lady carried on the bier the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin! Consider, signor, what you are about; for sure I am you do not know!"

In vain did Sancho strain his lungs: his master was so intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and setting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one syllable; nor, if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him so to do. When he approached the procession, he stopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and with a hoarse disordered voice, pronounced, "You there, who, perhaps, disguise yourselves for no good, stop, and give ear to what I am going to say."

Those who carried the image were the first that halted; and one of the four priests who sung the litanies, observing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumstances belonging to both, answered in these words: "Friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly, for these our brethren are all this while scourging their own flesh; and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words."—I will comprehend what I have to say in one (replied the knight), and it is this: I command you instantly to set free that beautiful lady, whose tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonstrate that you are carrying her off contrary to her inclination, after having done her some notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redress such grievances, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther until she shall have obtained that liberty she deserves."

From these words, concluding that he must be some madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his sword, and, without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they supported the bier, Don Quixote, with a furious back-stroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received such a thwack upon the shoulder, above his sword-arm, that his buckler was unable to sustain the shock of such a rude assault, and down came the poor knight in a most lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his master, seeing him fall, called aloud to his antagonist to forbear; for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the least harm to man, woman, or child; but the peasant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the 'squire so much as to the situation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; so that, believing he had done his business, he hastily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and those belonging to the procession seeing so many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their cross-bows, began to be in dread of some mischievous event, and formed themselves into a circle around the image; then the disciplinants lifting up their hoods, and wielding their scourges, and the priests their long tapers, waited the assault, with full determination to defend themselves; and, if possible, act offensively against all who should attack them. But fortune disposed of things more favourably than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himself upon the body of his master, who, he believed, was actually dead, and utter the most doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the procession; and this acquaintance dispelled the apprehension which both squadrons had begun to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of disciplinants went to see whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in these words: "O! flower of chivalry, who, by the single stroke of a cudgel, hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O! thou honour of thy family, thou glory of la Mancha, ay, and of the whole world; which, being deprived of thee, will soon be filled with evil-doers, who will prosper without fear of chastisement for their wicked deeds! Oh! thou wast more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived; for thou gavest me, for eight months service only, the best island that ever the sea surrounded. Oh! thou wast humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring disgraces, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourging the wicked, a professed enemy to every thing that was base; in short, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!"

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his master, and the first words he pronounced were these: "He who is condemned to live absent from thee, most amiable Dulcinea! is subjected to much greater hardships than these. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the enchanted car, for I am incapable of pressing Rozinante's saddle, this whole shoulder being crushed to pieces."—"That I'll do very willingly, dear master (replied the 'squire), and let us return to our own habitation, in company of these gentlemen, who

wish you well; and there we will lay a scheme for another sally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable."—"You are in the right, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the stars pass over."

The canon, curate, and barber, approved of his intention, and, being extremely diverted with the 'squire's simplicity, conveyed the knight to his former situation in the waggon. The procession was formed anew, and set forwards accordingly; the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having entreated the priest to inform him by letter of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him farewell, and proceeded on his journey; in short, there was a general separation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by themselves, with the trusty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his master, bore and beheld every thing that passed.

The waggoner, yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truss of hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged on according to the priest's directions, till, at the end of six days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place through which they were obliged to pass was crowded with people, who, running to see what was in the cage, recognized their townsman, and were struck with astonishment. A boy ran immediately to his housekeeper and niece, whom when he informed of their master's arrival, in a most meagre, withered condition, stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by these worthy ladies, who buffeted themselves through vexation, and vented bitter curses against the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffetings, and curses, were repeated with greater violence than ever when they saw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his 'squire, hearing of their return, ran straight to her husband, and the first question she asked was, Whether or not the ass was in good health? when the 'squire answered, that the ass was in better health than his master. "Thanks be to God (cried she), for that and all his other mercies. But now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your 'squireship? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or shoes for your children?"—"I have brought no such matters, my dear (replied Sancho), but things of greater consideration and importance."—"I am glad of that, with all my heart (said the wife); pray shew me these things of greater consideration and importance, that the sight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been so sad and discontented all the weary time of your being away."—"You shall see them at home (answered Sancho); and hearke, wife, make yourself easy for the present; for an' it please God that we set out again in quest of adventures, you shall speedily behold your husband an earl, or governor of an island; I don't mean your common islands, but one of the best that ever was seen."—"The Lord in Heaven grant it, husband! for I am sure we have need enough of such windfalls; but tell me, what is an island, for truly, I know not the meaning of the word?"—"Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass (said the 'squire); you shall see what it is, all in good time, my dear; ay, and admire to hear all your vassals call you my lady."—"What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands, and vassals?" cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the 'squire's wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in la Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. "Don't be in such a hurry to know every thing, Joan (replied the 'squire); it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this therefore stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be 'squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one's liking as one could wish; for, out of an hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally cross and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketted: but howsomever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lies to the lowest pit of hell; in short, they were half distracted with the apprehension of losing him again as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But the author of this history, although he

inquired with the utmost curiosity and diligence concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third sally, could never find any satisfactory and authentic account of them; only fame hath preserved some memoirs in la Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information, and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written in Gothic characters, and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rosinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read and fairly copied are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprising history, who, in recompense for the immense trouble he has undergone in his inquiries, and in examining the archives of la Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied, and perhaps be animated to search after and find out other histories, if not as authentic, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these:

The Academicians of Argamasilla, a Town of La Mancha, on the Life and Death of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, *hoc scripserunt.*

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulchre of Don Quixote:

EPITAPH.

The bully that La Mancha deck'd
With spoils that shame the Cretan Jason,
Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
The trumpet of renown shall blazon;
That arm, whose valour did extend
To Gaeta, from remote Cathay,
That muse which did the welkin rend
With verse which brazen plates display;
Who Amadis left far behind,
And doom'd Galaor a mere baby;
Whose valour with such lustre shined,
As shew'd ev'n Belianis shabby;
He that on Rosinante rode,
Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

Panigudo, Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Dulcinea del Toboso.

SONG.

The maid you see with cheeks so blousy,
High-chested, vigorous, and frouzy,
Dulcinea, famed Toboso's princess,
Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
For her, on foot, he did explore
The sable mountain o'er and o'er,
Through many a weary field did halt,
And all through Rozinante's fault.
Hard fate! that such a dame should die
In spite of him and chivalry;
That he, whose deeds ev'n stones proclaim,
Should mourn a disappointed flame!

Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Rosinante, the renowned Steed of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

On a proud trunk of adamant,
Whose bloody branches smell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantic wight did plant
His standard glitt'ring from afar.
There hung his arms, there gleam'd his sword,
That wont to level, hack, and hew,
Yet shall the wond'ring muse afford
For new exploits, a style that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
Greece boast the champions she hath bore;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
Of all the warlike knights of yore:
For neither Gaul nor Greece can vie
With famed La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rosinante wears the bay;
*Let Brilladore and Bayard bray.**

Burlador, an Argamasillan Academician, on Sancho Panza.

SONG.

Here Sancho view, of body small,
But great in worth, in action clear,
The best and simplest 'squire of all
The world e'er saw, I vow and swear.
An earl he surely might have been,
Had not this knavish age of brass,

* The horse of Orlando Furioso was called Brigliadoro; as Bayardo was the name of the steed belonging to Ruggiero, the second, if not the first, hero in Ariosto's incomparable poem.

With insolence and envious spleen,
Conspired against him and his ass:
That ass! on which he gently trotted
At gentle Rozinante's tail:
Vain man! with flatt'ring hope besotted,
How, in a dream, thy prospects fail!

Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulchre of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

On Rozinante's back
The knight that whilome travell'd
Through highway, path, and track,
Is here bemired and gravell'd:
And eke as stiff as he,
The block of Sancho Panza,
A trusty 'squire perdie!
As ever mortal man saw.

Tiquitoc, Academician of Aragamasilla, on the Sepulchre of Dulcinea del Toboso.

Here lies Dulcinea, once so plump,
But now her fat all melts away;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turn'd her into dust and clay.
Of a true breed she surely sprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Don Quixote's heart with love she stung,
And shone the glory of her race.

These were all the verses which could be read; the rest being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task, we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

"Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro."

END OF PART FIRST.

PREFACE.

HEAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hope of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches, and revenge against the author of the second Don Quixote: him, I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordesillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction; for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breasts, mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination; his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him: let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are, at least, esteemed by those who know where they were acquired;* and who think, that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the haven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though, I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and, if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtue; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying that my novels† are more satirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done; for well do I know what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a short story:

* The battle of Lepanto.

† Novellas Exemplares.

There was in Seville, a certain madman, seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind-legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball; this operation being performed, he clapt him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying very gravely to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, "Gentlemen, I suppose now you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog." In like manner, I say, "I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book." If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman:

There was another idiot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him slily, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling the length of three whole streets before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to discharge his burden on a capmaker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, and the injured beast set up the howl; the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and, sallying out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his skin, saying, at every blow he bestowed, "Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?" Thus repeating the word spaniel a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and, coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention, but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, "'Ware, spaniel!" In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastiffs, were in his opinion spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment. Now this may be the fate of our historian, who will not choose to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell him likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he says, that his performance will deprive me of bread; but answer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga, "To four-and-twenty live, my lord, and Christ be with us all." Long live the great Count de Lemos, whose well-known Christian generosity supports me against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious Archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo, these two princes, unsolicited by any adulation or other kind of praise on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man: nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for virtue, shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniences and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needst say no more to him; nor will I give thee any further trouble, except to observe, that thou art to consider this second part of Don Quixote as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried, that no man, for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject: for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayest expect the Persiles, which I am now finishing, together with the second part of Galatea.

APPROBATION.

By order of Signor Doctor Gutierres de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement, not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection, but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hinderance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who, not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened; by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize, and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown: so that, instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings: while the vicious are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for the knife and caustic are not proper for all kinds of tumors, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them,—a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his style, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God one thousand six hundred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match between the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the belles lettres, in their conversation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us: I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination; but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almost repeat, with the Novels, and the first part of Don Quixote. Such was the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality,

and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age, one of them replied in these very words: "What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury?" Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, "If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works."

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

THE LICENTIATE MARQUIS TORRES.

Madrid, February 27, 1615.

THE ORDINARY LICENSE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined the book specified in this petition; which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ DE CET NA.

Madrid, November 5, 1615.

APPROBATION.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation and agreeable amusement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth; even the severe Lacedæmonians erected a statue to the goddess of laughter; and the Thessalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, lib. ii. De Signis Eccles. cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits, as observed by Tully, in his first book, De Legibus, and by the poet, who says, 'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis;' which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the book of reproof with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed scheme to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In short, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with submission, &c.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.

Madrid, March 17, 1615.

THE

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.—BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the behaviour of the Curate and Barber, with regard to Don Quixote's infirmity.

Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates, that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recall to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible: though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan nightcap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy: he received them very courteously; and when they inquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. Their conversations happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming one custom and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furbish up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was, to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he, from one thing to another, came to mention some news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, said, he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst: but that these prepa-

rations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of."

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness into the profound abyss of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was perhaps such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. "Mine, Mr Shaver (said Don Quixote), will be pertinent, not impertinent."—"I don't say otherwise (replied the barber); I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn that all, or the greatest part, of those projects which have been offered to his majesty are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state."—"My scheme (answered the knight), is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious that ever projector conceived."—"Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, Signor Don Quixote," said the priest. "I should not choose (answered the knight), to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means another may reap the credit and reward of my labour."—"For my own part (cried the barber), I here give my word before God, never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man,—an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats and ambling mule."—"I am not acquainted with the story (said Don Quixote), but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced that Mr Nicholas is an honest man."—"Be that as it will (replied the curate), I will be bound for him, and undertake that, with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict."—"And who will be security for you, Mr Curate?" said the knight. "My profession (answered the priest), by which I am bound to keep secrets."—"Body of me! (cried Don Quixote), his majesty has nothing to do but to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it such a new thing for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of gingerbread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me (I will not say for any other), that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now living to confront the Turks, in good sooth I should not choose to farm their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least will be inferior to none of them in point of courage.*—Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no more."—"Lack-a-day! (cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation), I'll be hanged if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again."—"A knight-errant (replied Don Quixote), I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents when they will, with all the power they are masters of—I say again, Heaven knows my meaning"—Here the barber interposing, "Gentlemen (said he), I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what once happened at Seville; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it." Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words:—

"There was in the madhouse at Seville, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had sent thither on account of the defect in his judgment. He had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna; and many were of opinion,

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John king of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacquieers, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse; and, among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The duchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the Count de Foix and the captal of Buch, who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser: this graduate, having been confined some years, took it in his head that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this imagination wrote to the archbishop, earnestly entreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and, in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of the chaplains to go to the rector of the madhouse, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alleged, and even to talk with himself, that, if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long-run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet: however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence; but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect; among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him still distracted, though with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations: so that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man: in short, he talked so effectually as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the clothes in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own clothes, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction: the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him in order to see the patients; upon which they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house; for God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put therefore your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it; for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brains being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place: thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you (answered the madman): halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back."—"I know that I am perfectly recovered (said the licentiate), and shall have no farther occasion to visit the Stations."*—"You recovered! (cried the other), good! we shall see—adieu—but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Seville, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Dost thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But with one devil only will I chastise

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

this ignorant people: I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful!" The bye-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for if he who is Jupiter withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise the chaplain replied, "Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it will not be politic to incense Signor Jupiter; therefore your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you. The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell; and so ends my story."

"And this is the story, Mr Barber (said Don Quixote), which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr Shaver, Mr Shaver, he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve: is it possible your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so; the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and, without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but, leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take, as it were, a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where finding, in some creek, a crazy boat without oars, sails, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm: then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and, leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, achieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass: but now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero, from whom (according to Turpin in his Cosmographia), the present Dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these, and many more which I could name, Mr Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expense, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair: in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent: this I mention, that Mr Basin there may know I understand his meaning."—"Verily, Signor Don Quixote (said Mr Nicholas), I meant no harm, so help me God! my intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased."—"Whether I am displeased or not (replied the knight), I myself know best."

Here the curate interposing, said, "Though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what Signor Don Quixote hath just now asserted."—"In greater matters Mr Curate may command me (answered the knight): out with your scruple then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions."—"With your

good permission (replied the priest), this it is: I can by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship has named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood: on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep."—"That (said Don Quixote), is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and sundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth: sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions."—"Signor Don Quixote (said the barber), how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?"—"As to the affair of giants (answered the knight), there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying, the existence of any such beings: but the holy Scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height: a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder-bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration: but, nevertheless, I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante, though I believe he was not very tall, because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary."—"No, surely (said the curate); who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant."—"With regard to Reynaldo (answered Don Quixote), I will venture to say, he was broad-visaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for he is mentioned in history by all these names, it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well-bred."—"If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him (replied the curate), I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth, and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and, surely, she was in the right to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan."—"That same Angelica, Mr Curate (said the knight), was an unsettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines:

Another bard may sing in loftier lay,
How he obtain'd the sceptre of Cathay.

And truly this was a sort of prophecy, for the poets are also called *vates*, which in Latin signifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andalusian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty."

"Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote (said the barber), among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other composed a satire against my lady Angelica?"—"I firmly believe (replied the knight), that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she made strange confusion in the world."—"That is a wonder, indeed," said the curate; when, hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had some time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

CHAP. II.

The notable fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper; with other diverting incidents.

The history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. "What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house? (said the housekeeper): get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home to stroll about the highways." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "Housekeeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to stroll about the highways, and not my master; for he carried me a rambling; so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour."—"Devil choke thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant! (cried the niece), and pray what is an island? is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?"—"No, not to eat, but to govern (answered Sancho), and a fat government it is. Better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades."—"Be that as it will (said the housekeeper), thou sha'n't set thy foot in this house, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oil-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburden himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. "You shall see, neighbour (said the curate to the barber), that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another sally."—"That I make no doubt of (answered the barber); but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the 'squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull."—"God mend them! (replied the curate), meanwhile let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing."—"True (said the barber), and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of."—"I dare say (replied the curate), the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening."

In the meantime, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, "It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed."—"And that's but reasonable (replied Sancho), according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their 'squires."—"There you are mistaken, Sancho (said Don Quixote); for the Latin adage says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*"—"Nay (quoth Sancho), I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue."—"The meaning (said the master), is, When the head aches, all the members are affected. I, therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, as my servant, art a part of me, so that whatever mischief has happened or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings."—"So it ought to be (said Sancho); but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ache with the members."—"How canst thou affirm, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), that I felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? say or think so no more; for I was at that time more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

"But let us waive this subject for the present, and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? what say the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adula-

tion, nor diminished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other eras would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me, with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.—"That I will with all my heart, sir (answered Sancho), on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge."—"I shall not be offended in the least (replied Don Quixote); speak therefore freely, without going about the bush."

"Well then (said the 'squire), in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights forsooth are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy 'squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk."—"That observation (said Don Quixote), cannot affect me; for I always wear good clothes, and never appear patched. My doublet may indeed be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time."—"Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship (said Sancho), there are different opinions. Some say he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left."—"You see, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel; Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard; and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me, since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated."—"That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. "What, is there any thing more?" said his master. "More! (cried the 'squire), the tail is yet unflayed. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a bachelor's degree: and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of 'the Ingenious 'Squire Don Quixote de la Mancha; and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which, I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian."—"You may depend upon it, Sancho (said Don Quixote), the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class."—"How can he be a sage enchanter (said Sancho), when bachelor Sampson Carrasco—for that's the name of him who told me—says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?"—"That name is Moorish," (replied Don Quixote).—"Very like (said the 'squire); for I have often heard that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies."—"Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho (said Don Quixote), in the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabic, signifies Signor."—"Very possible (answered the 'squire); but if your worship desires to see the bachelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling."—"Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend (said Don Quixote); for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair."—"Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho,—who, leaving his master, went in quest of the bachelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasing dialogue ensued.

CHAP. III.

The ludicrous conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

Don Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself in print, according to Sancho's information,—though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain being scarce as yet dry upon the blade of his sword, and yet they would have his high achievements

already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off by the power of enchantment; if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any 'squire. "Although (said he within himself), the deeds of 'squires are never committed to writing, and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be pompous, sublime, surprising, magnificent, and true." This reflection consoled him a little; but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed, therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four-and-twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, "Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; for, by the habit of St Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blest be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blest that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind." Don Quixote, raising him up, said, "'Tis true then that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor?" —"So true, signor (said Sampson), that to my certain knowledge there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print—let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated."—"One of the things (said Don Quixote), on this occasion, which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print with universal approbation; I say with approbation, because to be represented otherwise is worse than the worst of deaths." —"In point of reputation and renown (said the bachelor), your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the Moor in Arabic, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your Platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho interposing, said, "I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong."—"That is no material objection," answered Carrasco. "No sure (replied the knight); but tell me, Mr Bachelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history?"—"As to that particular (said the bachelor), there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes.—Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others to that of the fulling-mills: this reader to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner."

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, "Tell me, Mr Bachelor, is the adventure of the Yanguesians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante longed for green pease in December?"* "Nothing, (replied Sampson) has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket."—"I cut no capers in the blanket (answered Sancho); but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired."—"In my opinion (said Don Quixote), there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success."—"Nevertheless (resumed the bachelor), some who have

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea,—a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations and unreasonable in their desires.

read your history say they should not have been sorry, had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings, which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote." —"But in this consists the truth of history," said the 'squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. "Take my word for it (said he), Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer."—"True (said Sampson); but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were, without adding to or subtracting the least tittle from it."—"Since this Moorish gentleman has told all the truth (said Sancho), I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain."—"You are a sly rogue, Sancho (replied Don Quixote); and I find you don't want memory when you think proper to use it."—"If I had all the mind in the world (said Sancho), to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcass, would by no means allow me."

"Hold your peace (said the knight), and don't interrupt Mr Bachelor, whom I entreat to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history."—"Ay, and of me too (cried Sancho), who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it."—"You mean persons and not personages, friend Sancho," said Sampson. "What! have we got another reprimander of words? (said the 'squire): since it is come to this, we shall never have done." —"Plague light upon thee, Sancho (replied the bachelor), if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; though some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island which was promised to you by Signor Don Quixote, here present."—"There is no time lost* (said Don Quixote): while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present."—"'Fore God! sir (said Sancho), the island which I cannot govern with these years I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it."—"Recommend it, Sancho (said Don Quixote), to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the best, and may, perhaps, exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree without the permission of God."—"True (said Sampson), if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one to govern."—"I have seen governors in my time (quoth Sancho), who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate."—"Those were not governors of islands (replied Sampson), but of other governments more easily managed; for such as govern islands ought, at least, to have some grammatical knowledge."—"I know very well how to cram† (said Sancho); but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it: but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good 'squire! if he had said any thing of me that did not become an old Christian as I am, the deaf should have heard of it."—"That were a miracle indeed!" answered Sampson. "Miracle or no miracle (said Sancho), let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolter-head."

"One of the faults that are found with the history (added the bachelor), is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, The Impertinent Curiosity. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed, but because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Signor Don Quixote."— "I'll lay a wager (cried Sancho), that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole."—"Now I find (said the knight), that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, 'Just as it happens;' and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mis-shapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, This is a cock; and my history being of the same kind,

* *Aun ay sol en las bardas*—There is still sunshine on the wall—*i. e.* It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

will need a commentary to make it intelligible."—"Not at all (answered Sampson), it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it: the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumbed, so read, so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, 'There goes Rozinante;' but those who peruse it most are your pages: you cannot go into a nobleman's antechamber where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen: for in the whole book there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic."—"To write otherwise (said Don Quixote), were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money: but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he doubtless stuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed it matters not how;* for, truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large as all the works of Tostatus bound together:† really, Mr Bachelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment and a ripe understanding to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuses only: the wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside; yet there are some who compose and cast off books as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

"There is no book so bad (said the bachelor), but you may find something good in it."—"Doubtless (replied the knight); but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them."—"The reason (said Sampson), is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own."—"That is not to be wondered at (said Don Quixote); for there are many theologists who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well."—"That is all true, Signor Don Quixote (said Carrasco); and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance with as little shade as possible: perhaps too those things which disgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader."—"I believe few will relish that which treats of me," said the knight. "Quite the contrary (answered Sampson); for as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, the number of those who are delighted with your history is infinite; though some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned; we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by we find the 'squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved: they say likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, though many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

"Mr Sampson (answered the 'squire), I am not in a humour at present to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for I feel a certain qualmishness in my stomach, and if I don't re-

* The original is *De paja, y di heno, el jergon lleno;* i. e. The bed is filled, though it be with hay and straw.

† Alphonso Tostatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil; wrote twenty-seven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:

His stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne.

cruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking;* I have a cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship and all the world in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns." So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, and stayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary: he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse; the repast ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sancho Panza satisfies the doubts and answers the questions of bachelor Sampson Carrasco; with other incidents worthy to be recited and known.

Sancho, returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation to gratify Mr Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom his ass had been stolen: "You must know then (said he), that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the Brown Mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds; I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride, so that he slipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least."—"And this is no difficult matter, nor new device (said Don Quixote); for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo."†—"When morning came (proceeded Sancho), I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance: a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me in the habit of a gipsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the history (replied the bachelor), but consists in the author's saying that Sancho rode on the same ass before it appears that he had retrieved him."—"As to that affair (said the 'squire), I can give you no satisfactory answer: perhaps it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer."—"Doubtless it was so (replied Sampson); but what became of those hundred crowns? were they laid up or laid out?"—"I laid them out (answered Sancho) in necessaries for my own person, my wife, and children; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip's bearing patiently my ramblings and rovings in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one-half of the score: therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an hawk for a hand-saw;‡ for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse."

"I will take care (said Carrasco) to apprize the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work."—"Mr Bachelor (said the knight), did you, in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?"—"There might be some things altered for the better (replied Carrasco); but none of such consequence as those already mentioned."—"And pray (resumed Don Quix-

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St Lucia's thorn: applicable to any uneasy situation.

† As related in the famous poem of *Orlando Inamorato*, composed by *Boyardo*, of which the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto* is the continuation.

‡ In the original, "Black for white."

ote), does the author promise a second part?" —" Yes (said Sampson), but he says he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is; so that we are still in doubt whether or not it will see the light: on that account, therefore, and likewise, because some people say that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part; though there is a third sort more jovial than wise, who cry, " Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangue; come what will we shall be satisfied."—" And how does the author seem inclined?" said the knight. " How! (answered Carrasco), to set the press agoing, as soon as he can find the history, for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence; thereto swayed by interest more than by any motive of praise."— " Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye (said Sancho), it will be a wonder if he succeeds: for he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a tailor on Easter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in haste, are never finished with that perfection they require: I would have Mr Moore take care and consider what he is about; for my master and I will furnish him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but a hundred second parts. What! I suppose the honest man thinks we are now sleeping among straw; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod; all that I shall say is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days to set out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the bachelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the route he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where, in a few days, was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his design as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

" That is the very thing I propose, Mr Sampson (said the 'squire); for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half-a-dozen pippins:* body of the universe! Mr Bachelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating: the cry must not always be, St Jago! charge, Spain;† especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will jig it away with pleasure;‡ but to think I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyalest 'squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone: besides, the bread I eat without a government mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but nevertheless, if, by the the favour of Providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, when the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome."

" Brother Sancho (said the bachelor), you have spoke like a professor; but for all that, put

* Literally *Badeas*, a kind of water-melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

your trust in God, and Signor Don Quixote, who, instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom."—"The one as likely as the other (answered Sancho); though I dare venture to assure Signor Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master."—"Consider, Sancho (said the bachelor), that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you."—"That may be the case (answered the 'squire), with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old Christian suet on my ribs: then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever."—"God grant it be so (said the knight), but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in mine eye."

He then entreated the bachelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half,* promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the by, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number: however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could; so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. "That must be done at all events (said Don Quixote); for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem." This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

CHAP. V.

Of the sage and pleasant dialogue between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, with other incidents worthy to be most happily recorded.

The translator says, he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words:—

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gayety at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, "What is the matter (friend Sancho), that you seem so joyful?" To this question the 'squire answered, "An' it please God, wife, I should be very glad if I were not so joyful as I seem to be."—"Truly, husband (replied Teresa),† I don't understand you, nor conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad an' it pleased God you were not so joyful; for, simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful."—"Mark me, Teresa (said the 'squire), I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and, if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths (and this might be done at a small expense, if he would only say the word); it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at present is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore I justly said I should be glad an' it pleased God I were less joyful."—"Verily, Sancho (said his wife), ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about man-

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Auraucana; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Austriada; Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the Monserratte; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

† Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

ner, that there is no understanding what you say."—"Let it suffice (answered the 'squire), that I am understood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it rest: meanwhile take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care: let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguesians and enchanted Moors."—"I very well believe that 'squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness (replied Teresa); and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord to deliver you from such misfortunes."—"I tell thee, wife (said Sancho), if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot."—"By no means, dear husband (cried Teresa), let the hen live, though she have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth; without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments; and yet for all that they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best sauce; and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat: but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter, Mary Sancha, will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband as much as you do for a government; and the short and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife than well kept as a concubine."

"Take my word for it (answered Sancho), if, by the blessing of God, I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, that nobody shall come near her without calling her your ladyship."—"Never think of that, Sancho! (cried Teresa), match her with her equal; which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hodden grey to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly and thou, to Donna and my lady such-a-one: the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder that would discover the coarse thread of her homespun breeding."—"Shut that foolish mouth of thine (said Sancho); in two or three years' practice quality and politeness will become quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify; let her first be a lady, and then happen what will."—"Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station (replied Teresa), and seek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat: that shall never happen in my life-time, husband; it was not for that I brought up my child: do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care: there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl: besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons-in-law and grandsons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us: wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood."—"Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barabbas! (replied Sancho); why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? Remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us, therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon style, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye (proceeded Sancho), that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government, that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure? then thou wilt hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated at church upon carpets, cushions, and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, though thou shouldst cry thy heart out."—"Look before you leap,

husband (answered Teresa): after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition: take your own way, and make her duchess or princess, or what you please; but I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good-will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture, and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, though by rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo: but as the king minds, the law binds: and with that name am I contented, though it be not burdened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind Mrs Porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her.' If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for the wife that deserves a good name, stays at home as if she were lame; and the maid must still be a-doing, that hopes to see the men come a-wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures; for God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; though, truly, I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure neither his father nor grandfather had any such title."—"I tell thee, wife (replied the 'squire), thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcass of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail! What the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast; for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune when it lies in thy way; were I to say that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world like the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou wouldst have reason to contradict my pleasure: but if, in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should lay a title across our shoulders, and, raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet almohadas,* than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore wouldst not thou consent, and with me enjoy the good luck that falls?"—"I'll tell thee wherefore, husband (replied Teresa), because, as the saying is, what covers, discovers thee: the eyes of people always run slightly over the poor, but make an halt to examine the rich; and, if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling and the slandering; and he is persecuted by backbiters who swarm in our streets like bees."

"Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say (answered Sancho); for mayhap thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life: and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent in our village: he said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view exist, and are impressed upon the imagination with much greater energy and force than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho contributed also to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the 'squire, who proceeded thus): From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him respect; although the memory should, at that instant, represent to us some mean circumstances of his former life; because that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view: and if the person whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of envy, from whom no thriving person is secure."—"I really do not understand you (said Teresa); you may do what you will; but seek not to distract my brain with your rhetoric and haranguing, for if you be revolved to do what you say——" "You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband (answered Teresa); I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns. If you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profession; for it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and

* Almohada signifies a cushion.

learn the trade of their fathers."—"As soon as I have obtained my government (said Sancho), I will send thee money for him by the post, as by that time I shall have plenty; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be sure you clothe him in such a manner as to disguise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be."—"Send you the money (answered Teresa), and I will dress him up like any branch of palm."*—"Well then (said Sancho), we are agreed about making our daughter a countess——."—"That day I behold her a countess (cried the wife), I shall reckon her dead and buried; but I tell you again, you may use your pleasure; for we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, though they are no better than blocks."

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave: Sancho consoled her, by saying, that although she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the 'squire went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their speedy departure.

CHAP. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper, being one of the most important chapters of the whole history.

While this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king I would excuse myself from answering the infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine."—"Pray, sir (said the housekeeper), are there no knights at court?"—"Yes, there are many (answered Don Quixote); and it is reasonable that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty."—"Would it not be better, then, for your worship (replied the matron), to be one of that number, and serve your king and master quietly and safely at court?"—"You must know, good woman (said Don Quixote), all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can nor ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horseback and a-foot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword or lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relic or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with; thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scimetar of damasked steel, or a huge club armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm Sunday.

this second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah! dear sir (cried the niece), interrupting him, consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a san benito,* or some other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense."—"By the God that protects me! (cried the knight), wert thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister's child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example! How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would Signor Amadis say to such presumption? But surely he would forgive thy arrogance; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and, besides, the particular champion and protector of damsels: but thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for all are not affable and well-bred: on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights are not entitled to that distinction; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment in distinguishing those persons who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character."—"Good God! (said the niece), that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a-preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woful blindness and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing; for, though rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are."

"There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin (replied Don Quixote); and I could tell thee such things concerning families as would raise thine admiration; but these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine: take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to say: all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are these: one, that from low beginnings hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preserve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands: the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants; or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyric. From what I have said I would have you infer, my precious wiseacres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth; I say virtue, liberality, and wealth, because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man, without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste; now, a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, cour-

* A dress put upon convicted heretics.

teous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise, so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now I am better qualified for the last than for the first, and (as I judge from my inclination to arms), was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to choose that road, which I will pursue in spite of the whole universe; you will therefore fatigue yourself to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates; knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious; I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow toilful path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

By these rough paths of toil and pain,
Th' immortal seats of bliss we gain,
Deny'd to those who heedless stray
In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! wo is me! (cried the cousin), my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage."—"I do assure thee, niece (replied Don Quixote), if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make; nor a curiosity that should not go through my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon inquiry, was made by Sancho; whose presence was no sooner intimated than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms: then shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his 'Squire; with other surprising incidents.

The housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation; and imagining that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and, full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well-spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design; accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, "What is the matter, Mrs Housekeeper? what hath befallen you? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul!"—"Nothing at all, dear Mr Sampson (cried the housekeeper), only my master is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out."—"How breaking out? (said Sampson), is any part of his body unsound?"—"Where should he break out (replied the other), but through the gate of his madness? My meaning, dear bachelor of my soul! is, that he is going to make another sally (and that will be the third), searching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, though I cannot imagine why they should have that name:* the first time, he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright: the second time, he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him into any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new-laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lie."—"That I verily believe (said the bachelor), your hens are so good, plump, and well-bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs Housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?"—"Nothing else," said she.

* The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck as well as adventures.

"Give yourself no trouble then (resumed the bachelor), but go home a-God's name, and get ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you shall see wonders."—"Dear heart! (cried the housekeeper), St Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ache, but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull." "I know what I say (answered Sampson): take my advice, Mrs Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca; there's no higher bacheloring than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor (said the 'squire), I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you please to carry me."—"Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory serves me (said Sancho), entreated your worship not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, Sancho, or devil, I don't understand thee: then if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for I am so fossil."—"I do not understand thee now (cried Don Quixote), nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so fossil."—"So fossil (said the 'squire), that is, whereby as how I am just so."—"Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worship does not understand me now (answered Sancho), I know not how to express it; for I am already at my wit's end, and Lord have mercy upon me."—"O! now I conceive thy meaning (said the knight), thou wouldst say thou art so docile, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee."—"I'll lay a wager (said the 'squire); that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thousand more blunders."—"It may be so (said the knight), but in reality what says Teresa?"—"Teresa (answered Sancho), says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind fast find: he that shuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: now I know that a wife's counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad."—"So say I (replied Don Quixote), proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day."—"Why then the case is this (resumed Sancho), your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained, either by fair means or force, by sceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit."—"All this is very true (said the knight), but I cannot guess what you drive at."—"What I drive at (answered Sancho), is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I don't choose to depend upon recompenses that come late or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that island you promised so long, I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion."—"To be sure, friend Sancho (said the knight), all portions ought to be proportioned."*—"I understand you (replied the 'squire), I should have said proportion instead of portion; but that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship."—"Ay, and so thoroughly comprehended (said Don Quixote), that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his 'squire. I only know that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and, at least, were honoured with rank and title. If, with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God's name; but if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, *bene qui-*

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *Rata*.

dem; if not, let us shake hands and part; while there are pease in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not choose to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want 'squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship."

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lower, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for he had believed that the knight would not set out without him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than, embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs Housekeeper (said he), you need not now repeat St Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signor Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of 'squire,—an office, in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for 'squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me: who but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan schools, sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the 'squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of 'squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y—yes, I do vouchsafe! (cried Sancho, blubbering), it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for all the world, and especially my own townsmen, know what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now, I being a man every inch of me, when and wheresoever I please to shew myself (that I cannot deny), I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked, and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third sally through the world; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully as well as, and better than, all the 'squires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in past or present time."

The bachelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but now hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age, saying within himself, two such madmen as the master and his 'squire are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the

great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying, he could command a helmet that was in possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the bachelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and, like the hired mourners formerly in use, lamented the departure as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for: the 'squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the bachelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, entreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him he would comply with his request; the bachelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

CHAP. VIII.

An account of what happened to Don Quixote, in his journey to visit his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

"Blessed be the almighty Alla!" saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves, that from this period the exploits of the knight and his 'squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come, and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously,—a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen, though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or a broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

"Friend Sancho (said Don Quixote), the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light: yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly achieve and happily perform the most perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses."—"I am of the same way of thinking (replied the 'squire), but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for receiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the Brown Mountain."—"Didst thou then actually imagine (said Don Quixote), that those were the pales of a yard over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridores, such as belong to rich and royal palaces."—"It may be so (answered Sancho), but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard."—"Be that as it will (resumed Don Quixote), thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her; for, be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phœnix of valour and discretion."—"Truly,

sir (said the 'squire), when I saw that same sun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance."—"Wilt thou still persist, Sancho (replied the knight), in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress, Dulcinea, was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot? Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that in their crystal bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and silken webs which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou saweest her; but some wicked enchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which they say is printed, if the author be some sage who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods, straying from this subject to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust."—"So say I, master (answered Sancho); and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which bachelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is tossed about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball; though, in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any enchanter whatsomever; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul: true it is, I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom, but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural and never affected: and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do, firmly and sincerely in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church, and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings: but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain: though provided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me a fig's end."

"That observation (said Don Quixote), puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age; who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles V. and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the church of All-saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lantern at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and after they had descended, said to him, 'Sacred sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lantern, in order to eternise my name.'—'I thank you (replied the emperor), for having resisted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again.' But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tiber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what

impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulf which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez? All these and many other great and various exploits are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements; although we Catholic Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the etherial and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame which is obtained in this present perishable state; and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of the world, in quest of opportunities to evince ourselves not only Christians, but, moreover, renowned knights. Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means of acquiring that superlative praise which produces fame and reputation."

"All that your worship hath hitherto said (replied the 'squire), I understand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wish you would dissolve me one doubt, which hath this moment struck me in the noddle."—"Thy meaning is resolve, Sancho (said the knight); in good time, out with it, and I will give thee satisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends."—"Tell me then, Signor (proceeded Sancho), where now are all those Julies and Augusts, and adventuresome knights who died so long ago?"—"The heathens (answered Don Quixote), are doubtless in hell; and the Christians, if they were good catholics, either in purgatory or in heaven."—"Right (said the 'squire): let us next inquire if the tombs that contain the bodies of that sort of gentry are lighted with silver lamps, or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, periwigs, legs, and eyes, made of wax; if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?" To this question Don Quixote answered, "That the sepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the most part, sumptuous temples: the ashes of Julius Cæsar were placed upon the top of a stone pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to be seen at Rome, under the name of St Peter's obelisk: the emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at present the Castle of St Angelo; and Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a monument that was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with shrouds, offerings, or marks, to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried."—"So I perceive (said Sancho); and now tell me whether it be more meritorious to slay a giant, or raise up the dead to life again?"—"The answer is plain (replied the knight); it is more meritorious to re-animate the dead."—"Then I have caught you fairly (cried the 'squire); he who revives the dead, restores sight to the blind, straightens the crooked, heals the sick; before whose tomb the lamps continually burn, whose chapels are filled with devout people who adore his relics upon their knees: I say, he shall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left, or will leave, behind them."—"I am very sensible of the truth of what you allege," answered the knight.—"Now this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it (resumed the 'squire), is vested in the bodies and relics of the saints; and with the approbation and license of our holy mother-church, they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increased, and their own Christian fame promulgated: the bodies and relics of saints are carried upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their most precious altars and oratories."—"What wouldst thou have me infer from all this?" said Don Quixote.—"My meaning (replied Sancho), is, that we should turn saints immediately, and so with the greater despatch acquire that fame which we are in search of; and pray take notice, signor, it was but yesterday, or t'other day, as one may say in comparison, that they canonized and beatified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happiness to be allowed to touch and kiss the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies, and which are in greater esteem than the sword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in heaven bless; wherefore, dear master, it is better to be an humble friar of any order whatever, than the most valiant knight that ever breathed; for with God two dozen of disciplines will more avail than as many thousand back-strokes, whether they be bestowed on giants, dragons, or hobgoblins."—"All this is very true (answered Don Quixote);

but we cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Chivalry itself is a religious order, and some that were knights are now saints in glory."—" True (resumed the 'squire); but I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in heaven."—" The reason (said the knight) is, because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order."—" And yet there are many knights-errant," replied the 'squire. " There is indeed a good number (answered Don Quixote), but very few that deserve the name."

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned,—a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso: at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess: so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and indeed Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark; and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

Which contains what you will see in the perusal of it.

It was midnight, or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all its inhabitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it otherwise, that, in the darkness, he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho: yet from time to time they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who, nevertheless, said to his 'squire, " Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we shall find awake."—" Body of the sun! (cried Sancho), what palace should I lead to? when I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage."—" Then she must have been retired (answered the knight), to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank."—" Signor (said the 'squire), since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket and demanding entrance at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four-and-twenty?"—" First of all, let us fairly find the castle (replied the knight), and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eye-sight fails me, or that great shadowy building before me is the palace of Dulcinea."—" Advance then (answered Sancho); perhaps it may be so: and yet, though I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve o'clock at noon."

Don Quixote, however, proceeded; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and, perceiving it an high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. " We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho," said he.—" So I perceive (replied the 'squire), and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for it is no good sign to be strolling about church-yards at these hours: besides, I have already told your worship (if my memory serves me right), that my lady's house stands in a blind alley."—" The curse of God light on thee for a blockhead as thou art! (cried Don Quixote), where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?"—" Signor (answered Sancho), every country has its own customs; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion!"—" Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress (said the knight); let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet."—" Well, I will be pacified (answered the 'squire); though how can I endure your worship should expect that I, who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times."—" You distract me, Sancho (cried Don Quixote): hark ye, heretic, have not I told you a thousand

times, that in all the days of my life I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured of her by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion."—"I hear your worship say so now (replied Sancho); and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I."—"That is impossible (resumed the knight); at least you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation."—"Truly, signor, you must not depend upon that (answered Sancho); for you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the lady Dulcinea as I am of pulling the moon by the nose."—"Sancho! Sancho! (said Don Quixote), there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable, though I say I have never seen or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth."

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a ploughshare, which they dragged along, justly concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day to go to labour: they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along singing the ballad of Ronscevalles;* which the knight no sooner heard than he exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?"—"Yes (said Sancho); but what has the defeat at Ronscevalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the same thing with regard to our good or evil fortune."

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come up, "Can you tell me, honest friend, and the blessing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Signor (answered the young man), I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose lands I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that same princess, for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso, though, I believe, there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place: there are, indeed, many ladies of fashion, and every one may be a princess in her own house."—"She whom I ask for must be one of these," said the knight.—"It may be so (answered the peasant); but I shall be overtaken by the morning." So saying, he drove on his mules without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho seeing his master in suspense, and over and above dissatisfied, "Signor (said he), day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neighbourhood, where your worship may enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny in Toboso for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate indeed if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation."—"Sancho (cried Don Quixote), thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words; the counsel thou hast given me I relish, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistress, from whose courtesy and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours."

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falsehood of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain; he therefore pressed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and in the course of his embassy met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

CHAP. X.

Gives an account of the stratagem which Sancho practised in order to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other circumstances equally ludicrous and true.

The author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even, by two bow-shots at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to

* Like our Chevy-chase.

the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and surely he was in the right; for truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying,

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprises.

The 'squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; "Go, my son (said the knight), and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your inquiry: happy thou, above all the 'squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception: observe if she changes colour while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed and under confusion at the mention of my name; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority: if she be standing, take notice whether or not she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered: finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions, and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion: for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers the least gesticulation in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master's; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this solitude, where I now remain."—"I go (replied Sancho), and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of yours, which at present must be no bigger than a hazel-nut; and consider, as the saying is, 'a stout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon;' and again, 'the hare often starts where the hunter least expects her.' This I observe, because, though we did not find the palace and castle of my lady in the night, now that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it; and if so be I once catch it, let me alone with her."—"Sancho (said the knight), God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter."

This was no sooner said, than Sancho, switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horseback, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza, who, parting from his master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in sight, he alighted from his ass, and, sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself in these words: "Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know where your worship is going? are you in search of some stray beast? No, truly? What then is your errand? Why, really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot, and in her, the sun and the whole heaven of beauty. And pray where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? Where, but in the great city of Toboso. Well, and by whose order are you going upon this inquiry? By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry and food to those that are dry. All this is mighty well; but do you know the house, Sancho? My master says, it must be some royal palace or stately castle. But have you never once seen this same princess? Neither I nor he ever set eyes on her. And do you think it will be well bestowed, if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling? Verily they would not be much to blame, unless they considered, that I do nothing but execute my master's command, and being only a messenger, am not in the fault. Never trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smoked, you will come but scurvily off. Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself seeking a cat with three legs for another man's pleasure? Besides, you may as well seek for a magpie in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso. The devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool's errand!"

The result of this soliloquy was another, that broke out in these words: "There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This master of mine, as I have per-

cited by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw: and truly I am not much behind him in folly: nay indeed I am more mad than he, seeing I serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, 'Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners:' and the other, 'Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed.' Now, he being, as he certainly is, a madman, ay, and so mad as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies, and a great many other things in the same style: I say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the first country wench I shall meet with to be his mistress Dulcinea: and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he swears also, I will swear again; and if he is positive, I will be more positive; so that come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future, when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring; or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those enchanters, who, he says, bear him a grudge, hath transmographied her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him."

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she-asses, for the author does not declare their sex, though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon she-asses; but this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints: the knight seeing him arrive, "Well, friend Sancho (said he), is this day to be marked with a white or black stone?"—"Your worship (answered the 'squire) had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor's chair, that it may be seen the better by those who look at it."—"At that rate (replied Don Quixote), thou bringest me good news?"—"So good (answered Sancho), that your worship has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her damsels coming this way to pay you a visit."—"Gracious God! (cried the knight), what is that you say, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me, endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my sadness."—"What should get by deceiving your worship? (said the 'squire); besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say; make haste, signor, come and see our mistress, the princess, arrayed and adorned; in short, as she ought to be: her damsels and she are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind; and, moreover, they are mounted on three pied bellfreys, that it would do one's heart good to see them."—"Palfreys you mean, Sancho," said the knight. "There is no great difference (answered the 'squire) between palfreys and bellfreys; but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the senses."—"Come then, my son (replied Don Quixote), and as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall achieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompense, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common."—"I stick to the foals (cried the 'squire), for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting."

By this time they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town? (said Sancho). What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?"—"I see nobody (replied the knight), but three country-wenches riding upon asses."—"God deliver me from the devil! (cried the 'squire), is it possible that three bellfreys, or how-d'ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case."—"Then I tell thee, Sancho (said his master), they are as certainly he or she-asses as I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza, at least so they seem to me."—"Hold your tongue, signor (replied Sancho), and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there stupified to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence: I am Sancho Panza, his 'squire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

By this time Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes and troubled vision upon the object which the 'squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprise, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner, "Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "O princess and universal lady of Toboso! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonstrance, bawled aloud, "Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks, as if we could not give them as good as they bring: go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'w'ye."

Here the knight interposing, said "Rise, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcass contains: and thou! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love: because thou mayest perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms."—"You may go kiss my grannam, (cried the damsel), I'm a fine madam truly to hear such gibberish; we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The supposititious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature gallopped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel, which had got under the ass's belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backward, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

"By St Roque! (cried Sancho), my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dexterous horseman to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and without spurs made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly her damsels are not a whit behind; for they go scouring along as swift as the wind." This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted, than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his 'squire, "Sancho (said he), thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, though to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she-ass, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlic!"

"O! ye miscreants! (cried Sancho); O! ye malicious and mischievous enchanters! would to God I could see you all strung by the gills,

like so many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow's tail; and, in short, to transmography every feature of her countenance, without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which we might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness: though, to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper-lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand."—"According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body (said Don Quixote), Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh of the same side; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles."—"I do assure your worship (answered Sancho), they seemed as if they had come into the world with her."—"I very well believe what you say, my friend (replied the knight); for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hundred such moles, in her they would be so many moons and resplendent stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?"—"It was a great side-saddle (answered the 'squire,) so rich, that half the kingdom would not buy it."—"And why could not I see all this? (said the knight). I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dexterously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road for Saragossa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but before they accomplished their journey they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange adventure which befell the valiant Don Quixote, with the cart or waggon containing the Parliament of Death.

Don Quixote jogged along, exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being engrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure of a country wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape. So much was he absorbed in this reflection, that he insensibly dropt the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who, being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length, Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, "Signor, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts: good your worship be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that gayety which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known."—"Peace, Sancho (cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest), peace, I say, and utter no such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause: for from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung."—"So say I (answered Sancho), for he that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore."—"Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho (said the knight), seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view: no! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for, if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whitings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes."—"Nothing more likely (answered the 'squire), for I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness: but let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of ours, where scarce any thing is to be had, without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain, and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea; where will this poor giant, or this

poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about through the streets of Toboso, in quest of my lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father."—"Sancho (resumed Don Quixote), perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them with regard to that affair."—"Truly, signor (said Sancho), I heartily approve of your worship's scheme, because by this artifice we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two: for as my lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful demon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings: on one side stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold upon his head; and hard by death was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and dress; so that the whole group appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice pronounced, "Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me straight whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle." The devil, stopping his waggon, very courteously replied, "Signor, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called the Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again this very evening in that other village now in sight; we, therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew: this young man plays the part of death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance; for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality, for, being a devil, I understand every thing."

"By the faith of a knight-errant! (said Don Quixote), when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one before he can be assured of the truth: proceed, my honest friends, a-God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for from my childhood I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations."

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew, advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rang continually: till at length Rozinante being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth, and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all despatch to give him all possible assistance; but before he came up the knight was thrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicsome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that, being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same

time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy: but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty 'squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay, in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, "Signor (said he), the devil has run away with Dapple."—"Which devil?" cried the knight. "He with the bladders," answered the 'squire. "I will retrieve him (replied Don Quixote), even if he should conceal him in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell: follow me, Sancho, the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple."

"There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble (said the 'squire): good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew."

This observation was actually true: Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. "For all that (said Don Quixote), it will not be amiss to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself."—"I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts (answered Sancho); take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet 'scape scot free: your worship must know, that, being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body: especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and dress."—"Nevertheless (replied the knight), that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, though all mankind should appear in his favour."

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, "Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the 'squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote hallooed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging by his words the intention of the speaker, death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel, with the queen and Cupid in their train: in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them with least hazard to his person. During this pause Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compacted brigade, "It will be the height of madness (said he), to attempt any such adventure: consider, dear sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour on earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass: you ought also to remember, that it savours more of rashness than of true valour for one man to attack a whole army, in which death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and, if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that among all those enemies, in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant."—"Now, indeed (cried Don Quixote), thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design: I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have told thee on many other occasions, against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice."—"Signor (answered the 'squire), there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered; besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life."—"Since that is thy determination (replied the knight), honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too."

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of death happily terminated by the wholesome advice

which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

Of the strange adventure that happened to the valiant Don Quixote, in his encounter with the Knight of the Mirrors.

The night that followed the rencounter with death, Don Quixote and his 'squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, "What a fool should I have been, signor, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."—"But, for all that (answered Don Quixote), hadst thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldst have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stript off against the grain, and put into thy possession."—"The sceptres and crowns of your stage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel," replied the 'squire. "True (said the knight), the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see, naturally delineated, all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than Comedy and her attendants: for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing."—"Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing (said the knight), happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes, and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave."—"A brave comparison! (cried Sancho), though not so new but I have heard it made on divers and sundry occasions, as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character; but when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave."—"Sancho (resumed the knight), every day you become less simple and more discreet."—"Yes (said the 'squire), some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, sapless and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity."

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true; for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue or speak in a polite style, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was, never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; it being an ancient established custom, observed by all knights-errant in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly practised by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroic composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to

neglect this precaution, and writes, that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at least, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author hath compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may, with admiration, conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacific animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, There is no trust in profession; the staff will turn into a spear, as the song goes,* The modes of the court so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met. Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback; one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, "Alight, my friend, and unbit the horses; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure."—"God grant it may be a good one (answered the 'squire); and pray, signor, whereabouts may her ladyship be?"—"Where? (said Don Quixote), turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind; for I saw him throw himself upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall."—"But how has your worship found that this is an adventure?" replied the 'squire. "I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure (answered the knight), but rather the beginning of one; for thus they usually commence: but hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing."—"In good faith, it is even so (said Sancho,) and he must be some knight-errant in love."—"All knights-errant are so (resumed Don Quixote); but let us listen, and by the thread of his song discover the clue of his thoughts; for from the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh."

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and, listening with surprise, they heard him sing the following song:

Subjected to thy sov'reign will,
Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree:
The sentence, though inhuman still,
Shall never be declined by me.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,
My breath with freedom I'll resign—
Or would'st thou listen to my love,
The god himself shall whisper mine.

This heart thy vassal whilst I live,
Like ductile wax and diamond hard,
Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,
And keep th' impression unimpair'd.

The knight of the wood finished this complaint with an ah! that seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, "O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible, that the most serene Casildea de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?"

"Not so neither (cried Don Quixote, interposing); for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, nor ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself."—"Very like (answered the 'squire), he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month."

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.

But this was not the case; for the knight of the wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called, with a courteous and sonorous voice, "Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?"—"Of the afflicted," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, then (resumed the stranger), and depend upon it you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction."

Don Quixote, hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, "Sit down, sir knight, for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry I am convinced, by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order."

To this address Don Quixote replied, "I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune, have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint." While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good-fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head.—"Perchance, sir knight (said the stranger), you are in love?"—"By mischance I am so (answered Don Quixote), though the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune."—"True (said the knight of the wood), if your judgment and reason are not disturbed by disdain, which, if exerted severely, seems akin to revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," replied Don Quixote. "No, indeed (cried Sancho, who stood hard by), my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter."

The stranger knight asked if that was his 'squire, and the other answering in the affirmative, "I never saw a 'squire (said he), that, like him, durst intrude upon his master's conversation; at least, I can say so much for mine, who, though as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips when I was engaged in discourse."—"In good faith! (cried Sancho), I have spoke, and will speak again, before as good a man as——but let that rest—the more you stir it the more it will——"

Here the other 'squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, "Let you and I go somewhere and talk our bellies full in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done."—"With all my heart (replied Sancho), and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking 'squires." They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP XIII.

In which is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood; with a sage, uncommon, and agreeable dialogue that passed between the two 'Squires.

The knights and their 'squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives; but the history first of all records the conversation of the domestics, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The 'squires, therefore, having chosen a situation, at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: "Signor, this is a troublesome life that we 'squires to knights-errant lead; in good sooth, we earn our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents."—"It may also be said, replied (Sancho,) that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable 'squires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven."—"All this (said the other), may be endured, with the hope of reward: for if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his 'squire must in a very little time see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom."—"For my own part (answered Sancho), I have already told my master, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me divers and sundry times."—"And I (said the stranger), am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services."—"It seems, then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight (replied Sancho), seeing he can provide for his 'squire in the church: but as for mine, he is a mere layman; though I remember, that certain very wise persons (and yet, I believe, not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishopric; but he would be nothing but an emperor; and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which case, I should not

have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worship must know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church matters."—"Verily (said he of the wood), your worship mistakes the matter quite: your governments of islands are not at all desirable; some are vexatious; some are beggarly; others attended with much melancholy and fatigue: in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it; it would be abundantly better for us who undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime; such, for example, as hunting or fishing; for what 'squire is there on earth so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod, wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation?"

"For my own part (answered Sancho), I want none of these conveniences: true it is, I have not a horse, but then I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over: God let me never see a joyful Easter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple (for that is the colour of my beast), then I should never be in want of hounds; for there are plenty and to spare in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expense."—"Really and truly, signor 'squire (resumed the stranger), I am fully resolved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls."—"And I have a couple (said Sancho), that may be presented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination."—"And of what age may this young lady be whom you are breeding for a countess?" said the 'squire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts (answered Sancho), but she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter."—"These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green-wood tree (said the other); ah, the whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade she must be." Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, "She is no whore; neither was her mother before her: nor shall either of them be so, an' please God, whilst I live: so I think you might talk more civilly; for, considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen."—"How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, signor 'squire! (answered he of the wood); don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feast, wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, How cleverly the son of a whore has done it! and that which looks like reproach is, on such occasions, a notable commendation. Take my word, signor, you ought to renounce all children if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to such praise."—"I do renounce them (answered Sancho): at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you please; for, both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of 'squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and enticed by a purse of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Brown Mountain; and the devil continually sets before mine eyes, here and there, and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince; and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo in the service of the wiseacre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight."

"So that, according to the proverb (replied the stranger), covetousness bursts the bag. But if you talk of wiseacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burdened, like an ass, with another man's load: for truly he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth."—"And pray is he in love?" said Sancho. "Yes (replied the other), he is enamoured of one Casildea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at present: he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear."—"There is no road so smooth (resumed Sancho), but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madness is always more accompanied and followed after than discretion; but if it be true, as it is commonly alleged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort myself by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine."—"Distracted I grant you (said he of the wood), but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted."—"That is not the case with my master (replied Sancho), he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the

least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him that it is night at noon; and indeed for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of."—"But for all that, signor and brother of mine (said the stranger), if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch: we had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking."

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting, which, being observed by the charitable 'squire of the wood, "Methinks (said he), we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got something that will agreeably moisten them at my saddle-bow." He accordingly got up, and, going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pie half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large that, when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, "How! does your worship usually carry such provision as this about with you?"—"What d'ye think? (answered the other), d'ye take me for a hackney 'squire?* I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march."

Sancho fell to, without staying for entreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfulls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying between whiles, "Yes, indeed, your worship is a true and loyal 'squire, well dammed and gristed, as the saying is, grand and magnificent with all, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done: this is not the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes and as many hazel-nuts; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits and the herbs of the field."—"In good faith, brother! (resumed he of the wood), my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots: let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands; for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly, that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute." So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who, lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour, and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, "Ah, whoreson! how catholic it is!"—"You see now (said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson), how you have praised the wine, by giving it such a title."—"I am sensible (replied Sancho), and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but tell me, signor, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?"

"You have an excellent taste (answered he of the wood), it comes from no other part, I'll assure you, and has, moreover, some good years over its head."—"Let me alone for that (said Sancho), you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish; is it not an extraordinary thing, signor 'squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any sort whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumstances appertaining to the mystery? But this is not to be wondered at; for by my father's side I had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them; a sample of wine was presented to them out of a hogshead, and their opinions asked concerning the condition and quality, that is, the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more but clap it to his nose: the first said the wine tasted of iron; the other affirmed it had a twang of goat's leather: the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goat's leather; nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given; time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worship may perceive whether or not one who is descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature."—"Therefore, I say (replied the stranger), that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing

* Literally, "a squire of wool and water," an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domestics to attend them to mass, and sprinkle them with holy water: these are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

for dainties; let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his blessed will."—"I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa (said Sancho,) and then we shall come to a right understanding."

In fine, the two honest 'squires talked and drank so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove; each, therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half-chewed in his mouth. In this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood and him of the Rueful Countenance.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the adventure of the Knight of the Wood is continued.

In the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, "Finally, sir knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda,* who is so valiant and strong (her body being made of brass), and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world: I came, saw, and conquered, fixing her motionless to one point, for during a whole week the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the valiant bulls of Guisando,†—an enterprise more suitable to porters than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulf of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyss. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guisando, precipitated myself into the gulf, and brought to light the secrets of its abyss: and yet my hopes are dead—ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive—ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable in point of beauty to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his contemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation, the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess."

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, you lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he replied very calmly, "That your worship, sir knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt very much: perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such."—"How! not conquer him? (cried he of the wood), now by yon canopy of heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very individual Don Quixote! he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lantern-jawed, stalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nose hooked and aquiline, with long, straight, black mustachios: in his excursions he assumes the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and is attended by a peasant, called Sancho Panza, who serves him in quality of 'squire: he presses the loins and governs the reins of a famous steed hight Rozinante; and, in fine, he avows, as the mistress of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, serving for a weathercock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile: all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.

my own mistress, whose name is Casildea, being a native of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the appellation of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these proofs are not sufficient to evince my veracity, here is my sword, which shall make a convert of incredulity itself."

"Have a little patience, sir knight (said Don Quixote), and give ear unto what I am going to say. You must know, that same Don Quixote you mention is the dearest friend I have upon earth; so that I may say, I love him as well as my own individual person; now your description of him is so punctual and exact, that I should never doubt but he is actually the person you have vanquished, did I not see with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impossibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who persecutes him incessantly, some one among them may have assumed his figure, and allowed himself to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits had collected and acquired through the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I must also tell you, that, about two days ago, those perverse enchanters transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into that of a mean and plebeian country wench: so that Don Quixote must have also undergone a transformation. And if all this is not enough to ascertain the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horseback or on foot, or in any shape you please."

So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the knight of the wood, who with great deliberation replied: "A good paymaster needs no pawn, Signor Don Quixote; he who could vanquish you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in *propria persona;* but as it is unseemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire, provided his commands be such as a knight-errant can decently obey."

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which they went in quest of their 'squires, who were found snoring in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprised them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by sun-rise they intended to engage in a most unparalleled and bloody single combat. Sancho was astonished and confounded at this piece of news; despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other 'squire had told him concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two 'squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three steeds, with Dapple (for they had smelled each other out) very sociably met together. While they were thus employed, "Brother (said he of the wood to Sancho), you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andalusia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godsons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprising you that, while our masters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows too."—"That custom, signor 'squire (answered Sancho), may pass current with those ruffians and warriors you mention, but that it prevails among the 'squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at least, I have never heard such a custom mentioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the 'squires must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged, I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable 'squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and, moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days."—"I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience (said the stranger), here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms."—"With all my heart (answered Sancho); that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skins."—"Not quite so neither (resumed the other), for, that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half-a-dozen clear, smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage."—"Body of my father! (cried Sancho), mind what sable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Hearkye, master of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk; let our masters fight as they think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord."

"But for all that (replied he of the wood), we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour."—"By no means, (said Sancho), I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank: besides, who the devil do you think can fight

in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation?"—"I know how to remove that objection (resumed the stranger): before we begin the battle, I will come up fairly and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient (answered Sancho), I know another twice as good: for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for if a cat that is confined, provoked, and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, signor 'squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel must be charged to your account."—"Mighty well (replied the stranger), we shall see what is to be done when God sends us morning."

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed pearl upon the earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother 'squire, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such an hobgoblin.

Don Quixote, surveying his antagonist, found his visor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above an hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the knight of the mirrors: "I entreat you, by your courtesy, sir knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour." "Signor cavalier (replied he of the looking-glasses,) whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprise, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain."—"Yet while we mount our steeds (said Don Quixote), you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome."—"To that question I answer (said he of the mirrors), that you are as like the knight I overcame as one egg is like another; but as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person."—"That is enough (replied Don Quixote), to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face; and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be."

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half way, "Take notice, sir knight (said he of the looking-glasses), the

condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it (answered Don Quixote), provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry."—"So I understand the conditions," answered he of the mirrors."

At that instant the strange nose of the 'squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight; insomuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid that one flirt of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow: he therefore ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rosinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, "I beseech your worship, dear master (cried he), before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight."—"I rather believe, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself."—"The truth is (answered Panza), the outrageous nose of that 'squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him."—"It is such indeed (replied the knight), that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at its appearance: come therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention."

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rosinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forewards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career,—a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rosinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for at all other times his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury he arrived at the spot where the knight of the mirrors sat, thrusting his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma, Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchagan, who never minded these encumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrors with such vigour, as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sense or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him unhorsed, than, sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rosinante, stood over the knight of the mirrors, untying his helmet, in order to see whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw —who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in those who hear it?—he saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very perspective of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld than, raising his voice, he cried, "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic; here thou wilt see what those wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of bachelor Carrasco, began to cross and bless himself a thousand times.

Meanwhile the overthrown knight giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, "In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and in him, perhaps, you may slay one of those enchanters who are your enemies."—"That is no bad advice (said the knight); for the fewer enemies the better." So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the 'squire belonging to the knight of the mirrors came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Take care what you do, Signor Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his 'squire."

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, "And the nose?" said he. "I have it here," replied the other; who, putting his hand in his right-side pocket, pulled out a pasteboard nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud

exclamation of wonder, crying, "Blessed Virgin, watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour and gossip Tommy Cecial?"—"The very same (answered the unsnouted 'squire), Tummas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza; and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories I have been brought hither: in the meantime, supplicate and beseech your master's worship not to treat, maltreat, wound, or slay the knight of the looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco."

About this time the knight of the mirrors came to himself; and Don Quixote, perceiving he had recovered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and, in the next place, you must promise (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow), to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for the tracks of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry."—"I confess (said the vanquished knight), that the clouted dirty shoe of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso excels the dishevelled though shining locks of Casildea; I promise to go, and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand."—"You must, in like manner, confess and believe (added Don Quixote), that the knight whom you overcame neither was, nor could be, Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another clothed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation."—"I confess, judge, and perceive in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive (answered the discomfited knight); and I beseech you allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly assisted in rising by Don Quixote and his own 'squire Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be: but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived, from what his master said touching the enchanters, who had metamorphosed the knight of the mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrors, with his 'squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplaster and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey, in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses and his snouted 'squire.

CHAP. XV.

Which gives an account and information of the Knight of the Mirrors and his 'Squire.

Don Quixote went on his way rejoicing: he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrors to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued; though, indeed, it happened that he and the knight of the mirrors thought at that time differently upon this subject; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcass.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains for the future should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagancies; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him as a knight-errant; that he should settle the terms with him, that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome (which they looked upon as a matter of little

doubt and difficulty), should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other; that no doubt this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the further pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of 'squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous pasteboard nose, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of death: they met him, however, in the wood, where ensued what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Signor Sampson Carrasco would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking, said, "Mr Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise; but behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph; and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one?"—"There is this difference (replied the bachelor), between a natural and a wilful fool, that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind."—"As that is the case (said Thomas), I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your 'squire; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant hie me to my own habitation."—"In that particular you may do what seems good unto you (replied Sampson); but as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation."

They entertained one another in this manner till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the bachelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time the history will again mention him; but at present let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

CHAP. XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote with a gran gentleman of La Mancha.

Don Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful enchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jawbones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers, who had the hardiness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that "Could I (said he to himself), but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe."

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him—"Signor, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasurable nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial."—"And dost thou really believe (replied the other), that the knight of the mirrors was Sampson Carrasco, and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his 'squire?"—"As to that affair, I can say nothing to it (answered Sancho), only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that nose was slipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next-door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath it is the same to a tittle."—"Come, Sancho (said Don Quixote), let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there that Sampson Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am

I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms?"—"But then, sir (answered Sancho), what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his 'squire to Sampson Carrasco and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them, whose likeness they could assume?"—"It is all design (answered the other); and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who, easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the bachelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who, by treachery and artifice, had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peerless Dulcinea in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with bleared eyes and stinking breath: and, doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolical enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my consolation, that the prowess of my arm hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assumed."—"It is God alone who knows the truth of all things," answered Sancho, who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments, but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green: he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorish scimetar, and his buskins were wrought in the same manner: his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness, and was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, "Signor, if you are not in haste, and are going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you."—"Sir (answered the other), I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly in the company of my mare."—"If that be all (answered Sancho), you may stop your mare when you please with great safety; our's is the most sober and discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him on such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more, your worship may stop; for if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her." Upon this assurance the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pummel of his ass's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seemed to be a man about fifty; he had some, though few, grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness: in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagerness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, all together forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him, and, by the surprise he saw him in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be beforehand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any question: "Signor (said he), I am not at all surprised to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals; but your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune, to dispose of me as she shall think proper; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry: it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until

I have in a great measure fulfilled my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order; so that, by numberless exploits becoming a Christian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almost all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the public, and if Heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise styled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and though I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unless when no one is by to do it for me; so that, signor, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my 'squire, the wanness of my countenance nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprise, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to."

There Don Quixote stopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was so long before he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer; however, after a long pause, "Sir knight (said he), you was not mistaken, when, by the surprise you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed; but I am still as much surprised as ever, and though what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me: can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as any one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damsels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and Heaven be praised that this noble history of your real and glorious achievements is in print, as it must efface and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the minds of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history."—"As to that circumstance, sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable."—"Is there any one (answered the traveller), who makes a doubt of it?"—"I do for one (answered Don Quixote); but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion that such accounts are fictitious."

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into further discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof; I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do, that I may defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed Mother, and have an entire dependence on the mercies of God our Saviour."

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a-kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, "What is the matter, friend (said he), what is the meaning of these embraces?"—

"Pray let me alone (said Sancho); for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback."—"I have no title to be thought so (answered the gentleman); on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews that you yourself must be a very good man." Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made inquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends, and increase of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. "Sir (answered Don Diego), I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am, not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I would wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin; and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age and under a monarch where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for what is learning without virtue? No better than pearls on a dunghill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer's Iliad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them, though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which I believe are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools."

To this information the other answered, "Signor, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents, and, be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in Christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against using persuasion to incline them either to the study of this or that science, but look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable, more especially as the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance; then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish; now, as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly; she is not to be dragged through the streets, exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value; whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her; she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets. And though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal: no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude, I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say his name will be famous, and held in veneration wherever politeness extends its influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason; the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice may be carried too far; for the maxim, that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just;

that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and, with this natural endowment implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets, when they say, *Est Deus in nobis.* One so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who without natural fire attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, signor, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the counsel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but if he composes discourses that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him; for though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste the latter will be so likewise: writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings and the great men of the earth once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue, and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem, and munificence upon the poet; they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence."

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and, mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Qxixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

Which sets before the reader that highest and most exalted pinnacle, which the incredible magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at, with the happy issue of the adventure of the lions.

The history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and, finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and, hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; "For (said he), if I know aught of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: "Sir, fore-warned and fore-armed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me." With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and, without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, "What can this mean? Is my skull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do

sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing let me have it to wipe me, for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes." Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Tobaso (cried he), thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred 'squire!" To which apostrophe, Sancho answered, with great unconcern and tranquillity, "If they are curds, let me have them to eat; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God hath given me, that I am not without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet."—"All this is possible," cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, "Now (cried he), happen what will, here am I, determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me."

By this time the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules), and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, "Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those displayed?" To which interrogations the waggoner replied, "The carriage itself belongs to me, and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty: the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown."—"Are these lions large?" inquired Don Quixote. "So large (replied the man who sat upon the fore-part of the waggon), that lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any so big as they: there is a male and a female: the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." To which entreaty Don Quixote answered with half a smile, "What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither, yes—by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for, in the midst of this plain, will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the enchanters who have sent them against me."

"Aha! (said Don Diego to himself), I think our Knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty incontestable sample of what he is: these curds have certainly soked his skull and suppurated his brains." Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, "For God's sake, signor, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or belike we shall all of us be tore to pieces."—"What (answered he), is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?"—"He is not out of his wits (replied Sancho), but prodigious bold."

"I'll make him give over," answered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Signor, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for that courage which is almost temerity, savours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile design against you; no, they think of nothing less: they are going to be presented to the king, and as they are on their way to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey."—"Pray, good signor (said Don Quixote), if you will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business: this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me." Then turning to the keeper, "Sirrah (said he), if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit."

The carter, seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity he would let him take off

his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged; "For should my cattle be slain (said he), I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules."—"Man of little faith (said Don Quixote), alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble."

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, "I call all present to witness, that I am forced, against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm." Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alleging it was tempting of God to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. "Signor (said Don Quixote), if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety." Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earnestly besought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; "For, in comparison of this (said he), the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff-paste. Consider, sir (continued he), that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myself have peeped through the cage, and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am, that the beast that owns such a claw, must be bigger than a mountain."—"Be he large or small (answered Don Quixote), thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Begone, leave me: if I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." He spoke several other things, which shewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and, besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantic; for by this time he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who, he believed, was just going to be sacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again: however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as far as possible. The keeper, seeing that these runaways were now safe at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, "I hear you, friend; but give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all signify nothing; and therefore I desire you will make haste."

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined at last to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword, in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: "O Don Quixote de la Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement? by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deservest? On foot thou stoodst collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libia. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great achievements: let thy own exploits then be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroic Manchegan!"

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying:

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the he-lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself

round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretched himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of above half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. "Nay, that I won't (answered he); for should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, sir knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched: I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other."—"You say true (said Don Quixote); shut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so enchantments avaunt! and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry: shut the door therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote, clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, "I'll be bound to be crucified (said he), if my master has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us." They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them: at last they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, "Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompense for the time I have detained them."—"That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?" Then the keeper, very circumstantially, and, dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote; "At sight of whom (said he), the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that, upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do, whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage door to be shut."—"Sancho (said Don Quixote), what dost thou think now? Can enchantments avail aught against true courage? They may indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune, but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me." Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harnessed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroic achievement to his majesty himself. "Should the king (said Don Quixote), perchance inquire who performed it, tell him, it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined, that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of Knight of the Rueful Countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes."

The carriage went forward; Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and, during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness: the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history: had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him to be in his senses, and at other

times thinking him frantic; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed, but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. "For what greater sign of disorder (said he to himself), can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some magician had liquified his skull? and what more certain proof of fool-hardiness and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?".

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I must pass for an extravagant madman; and indeed no wonder: for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such: but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disordered, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who, in burnished armour, before the ladies, prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance! The adventurous knight too shews off to great advantage, when in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who, in the solitudes of the desert, through the almost impervious passages of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance when he assists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he lavishes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act: let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the splendour of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table; let him propose matches of different exercise, and direct the justs and tournaments; let him shew himself splendid, liberal, and munificent; and, above all, approve himself a good Christian: in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden recesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him at all times not be afraid of even impossibilities; in the barren, wasteful, wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the solstitial sun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him; for, in searching after such, engaging with, and getting the better of all difficulties, consists his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune, then, to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling: and for these reasons, though I know that encountering the lions was in itself an act of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardiness; but then it is better valour should mount even to an over-daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over-courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and, in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it sound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted."

"Signor Don Quixote (answered Diego), I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were lost, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast: but, if you please, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my house and village, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise." —"I accept of your invitation, Don Diego (said the other), as a favour and mark of politeness." And hastening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surtout.

PART II.—BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befell Don Quixote at the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Surtout; with other out-of-the-way matters.

Don Quixote found that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy; with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone: the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom he poured out his sighs and tears, "O dearest pledges (said he), which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when Heaven's high will ordained it so! O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!" This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's son, who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hands. To which entreaty Don Diego added, "Madam, receive with your usual politeness Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world." Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments: the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took by his conversation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman: but the translaters of this history have thought it advisable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide waloon breeches, and a shamoy leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour: his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced, his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's-skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins: and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which, nevertheless, still ran off, exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him till dinner should be got ready; for as to the lady, Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father who that knight was he had brought home to them: "For (said he), his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously." Said Don Diego, "I know not what answer to make you; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantically, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment according to your own observation; to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise."

Upon this intimation Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet."—"A poet in some sense I may be (said Lorenzo); but a great one did I never so much as dare, even in my own imagination, to think myself: true it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don't at all for that reason merit the title my father has been pleased to bestow upon me."—"I love your reserve (said Don Quixote); for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the great-

est in the world."—"No rule holds universally (answered Lorenzo), and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so."—"There must be very few such (answered the other): but pray, sir (continued he), what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious? for, if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third: but, notwithstanding this acceptation, the name of the first makes a great shew."—"So far surely (said Lorenzo to himself), this gentleman shews no sign of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on:"—"Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?"—"That of knight-errantry (replied Don Quixote); a science equally sublime as your poetry, and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it."—"That science (answered Lorenzo), I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge."—"It is a science (answered the other), that includes in itself virtually most, if not all, the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and commutative justice, to determine with equity and propriety what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the Christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do: he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that, in the midst of deserts and wildernesses, he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon: he ought to be an astronomer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science: I say, for example, he must know how to swim like a herring, to shoe a horse, to mend a saddle and bridle: and, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress: he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and, finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that Signor Don Lorenzo may judge whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in colleges and schools."—"If that be the case (replied Don Lorenzo), I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others."—"How! (cried Don Quixote) if that be the case!"—"What I would say (resumed Lorenzo), is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errant adorned with so many virtues."—"I have often said what I am now going to repeat (answered Don Quixote), that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant: and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience: I will not, therefore, spend time at present in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is, to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance; but now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony, and extravagance prevail and triumph." Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, "Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool if I thought otherwise."

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest? To this question he replied, "All the best physicians and writers that the world contains will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals." They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which, in this particular, resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, "Rather than appear one of those authors, who, when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them, I will repeat my gloss, from which I ex-

pect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius."—"It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine (said Don Quixote), that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraser from the use of interrogations; and (said he), or I will say, as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know."—"Verily, Signor Don Quixote (cried Don Lorenzo), I am very desirous of entrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power; for you slip through my fingers like an eel."—"I do not know (answered the knight), what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers."—"I will explain myself some other time (replied Don Lorenzo); meanwhile your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus:"

THE TEXT.

Could I the moments past renew,
Though fate should other joys deny;
Or bring the future scenes to view,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

THE GLOSS.

As all things perish and decay;
So did that happiness I mourn
On silent pinion fleet away;
Ah! never—never to return.
At fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
Would she again propitious strew
Her favours, who more blest than I,
Could I the moments past renew!

No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,
No wealth or triumph seek to find;
For all my wish and all my aim
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
Ah, fortune! thy returning smile
Would change to bliss my destiny,
And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
Though fate should other joys deny.

Fond wish! impossible and vain,
No pow'r on this terrestrial ball
Can Time's unwearied foot detain,
Or his accomplish'd flight recall:
He forward flies, nor looks behind;
And those miscarriage will pursue,
Who hope the fugitive to bind,
Or bring the future scenes to view.

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
Though death at once would ease my pain;
What folly then for me to grieve,
Who can that easy cure obtain?
No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
Resolved my fortune still to try,
Until those happier days appear,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote, starting up, took the young gentleman by the right hand, and raising his voice even almost to a halloo, pronounced, "Now by the heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaëta, as an author said, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now subsist, and by those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant that those judges who deny you the first prize may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signor, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestic verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause of Don Quixote, although he considered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far dost thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo, who, in complimee with the desire and entreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe:

SONNET.

Fair Thisbe's charms what bulwarks could
withstand!
They pierced e'en to her gallant lover's soul;
And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,
To view the narrow pass by which they stole.
Here silence spoke, and through that narrow
breach,
Which e'en the timid voice durst not essay,
Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch,
Inspired, empower'd by love's almighty sway.
Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait enticed,
By the same poniard, monument, and fame,
At once destroy'd, enclosed, immortalized.

"Blessed be God! (cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sonnet of Don Lorenzo), that amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas."

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego for the space of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart: for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banqueting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound: but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montesinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmost good-will, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease, amidst the plenty of Don Diego's house, that he could not without reluctance return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, "I know not (said he), whether I have already told your worship; but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire in the turning of a straw." With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness, which, however, was still more manifest in this addition. "Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding."

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rosinante and Dapple.

CHAP. II.

In which is recounted the adventure of the Enamoured Shepherd, with other truly diverting incidents.

A LITTLE way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses: behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which discovered and gave notice that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village: and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who, for the first time, beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously; and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company; at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as their beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed, that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative, the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless they beheld him with admiration; and one of them, in a respectful manner, accosted him thus: "If your worship, sir knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures

seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around."

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, "It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country-maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary, for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich: she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's; but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlooked, for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice dancers, both with swords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-slappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

"This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence, insomuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball; he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sings like a skylark, touches the guitar so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world."—"For that sole accomplishment (cried Don Quixote), the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match."—"Let my wife alone for that (said Sancho Panza), who had hitherto travelled in silent attention; she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, 'Let every goose a gander choose.' What I would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius, for he has already got my good-will with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in Heaven (his meaning was quite the reverse), who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations."—"If that was always the case (replied Don Quixote), parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of a husband, one would perhaps choose her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's own condition in life; and as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose, for which the wife is subservient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which, being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

"Marriage is a noose into which, if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian-knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know whether Mr Licentiate has any thing further to entertain us with relative to the history of Basilius." To this hint the other (call him scholar, bachelor, or licentiate) replied, "I have not any thing material to add, but that, from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to

Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently: he is thoughtful and melancholy; talks to himself; all which are undoubted symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a clothed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word Yes, she will in that seal the sentence of his death."

"God will order things better (said Sancho), for he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen sunshine and rain at the same time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot bestir himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune's wheel? No one, to be sure; and between the yes and no of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet full of good-luck; for I have been told, that Love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and specks in the eyes to seem pearls."—"A curse on thee! (cried Don Quixote), what is it thou wouldst be at? once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out? Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels, or any other thing whatsoever?"—"O! since you do not understand me (answered the 'squire), no wonder you think it nonsense what I say; but that signifies nothing; I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions."—"God confound thee, thou confounder of all language! (said Don Quixote). Cricket! I suppose thou meanest critic."—"As to that matter, sir (said Sancho), be not too severe upon me; you know I was neither bred at court nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the Sayagues* should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; though for that matter there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of speaking properly."—"Very true (said the licentiate), for how should a man whose business is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover† speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloisters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans; on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity, are to be found among polite people of sense, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I say people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have studied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I pique myself a little on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language."—"If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost you must have been at the head of your class," said the other student. "I tell you, Mr Bachelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification."—"It is no prejudice with me; it is a confirmed opinion and truth (replied Corchuelo); and if you please to make the experiment I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice; get off your ass and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your lunges, and art of defence; and I'll engage with only the plain rustic skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for I trust, under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man whom I will not oblige to give ground."—"As to turning your back, or not turning your back, that is none of my business (replied the master of the science), though it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean, it is possible you may be left dead there, for slighting the noble science of defence."—"That we shall see presently," replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, "Not so, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing-match, and judge of this long-controverted dispute." So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture and regular advances,

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.

was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes, while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most dreadful tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well-planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off, and so spent was he, that in rage, and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down, and Sancho going up to him, "Mr Bachelor (said he), if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle."—"I am now convinced (answered Corchuelo), and am taught by experience, a truth I could not otherwise have believed."

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it: they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though both the bachelor and the countrymen invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed at the house of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

An account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, and what happened to Basilius the Poor.

The fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring, which situation his master seeing, before he awaked him, broke out into this soliloquy:—"Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul! Enchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a mistress torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no solicitude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centred within the bounds of taking care of thy ass; for as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burden that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens, as it were, hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant but upon the master, who, in the days of dearth and

finine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest."

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word; for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way,—"Umph (said he), from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and savour of broiled rashers of bacon than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O' my conscience, weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant."—"Thou epicure (said Don Quixote), have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the slighted Basilius."—"Let his fate be as it pleases (quoth Sancho), what! he poor, and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be diving to find troubles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb, that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride indeed, to refuse all the fine clothes and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch of the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which, it seems, make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements and graces, that will bring in none of the ready: Count Dirlos may have them for me; but when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may show off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any is wealth."—"O! (cried Don Quixote), have done, have done with this harangue; I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking."

"Was your worship possessed of a good memory (replied Sancho), you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto said is a breach of this agreement."—"I remember no such agreement (said Don Quixote); but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening send their chearing sounds through the valleys; and, beyond all doubt, the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnised in the fresh cool of the morning."

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rosinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat: whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustic taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, "Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the Rich; even

alight, and see if thou canst find stay where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart."—"I see no ladle," said Sancho. "God forgive me all my sins! (cried the cook), what a poor helpless thing thou art; stay." So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half jar pots, brought up three pullets and a couple of geese. "Hear (said he), eat, make a breakfast of this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it till dinner-time."—"I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then, take ladle and all (replied the cook); for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing."

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and in regular careers, several times, with a joyous Moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe." Which exclamation Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, "It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendent charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria."

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the arbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword-dancers, all of them clean, well-made, jolly swains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? "As yet (replied the other), we are all safe and sound; thanks be to God, no one is wounded; and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an aged matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants upon Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words: 'The Castle of Discretion.' Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address:

I am the god whose pow'r extends
Through the wide ocean, earth, and sky;
To my soft sway all nature bends,
Compell'd by beauty to comply.
Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,
Indulge my pleasure to the full,
Things deem'd impossible perform,
Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines:

My power exceeds the might of Love;
For Cupid bows to me alone,
Of all things framed by Heaven above,
The most respected, sought, and known.
My name is Interest, mine aid
But few obtain, though all desire;
Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
My constant services acquire.

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry, who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said,

Let Poetry, whose strain divine
The wond'rous pow'r of song displays,
His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
Transported in melodious lays:

If, haply, thou wilt not refuse
To grant my supplicated boon,
Thy fame shall, wafted by the Muse,
Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines:

My name is Liberality,
Alike beneficent and wise,
To shun wild Prodigality,
And sordid Avarice despise.
Yet for thy favour lavish grown,
A prodigal I mean to prove,
An honourable vice, I own,
But giving is the test of love.

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mixing altogether in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable despatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, "I'll lay a wager (said he), that this same bachelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this masque the talents of Basilius and the wealth of his rival." Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, "My cock is the king (said he), and I hold fast by Camacho."—"Then am I convinced (replied the knight), that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry long life to the conqueror."—"I know not (resumed the 'squire), what sect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius such a delicate scum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho." With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and, seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, "Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grandam was wont to observe, the Have-somethings and the Have-nothings: though she always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of poverty than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose pots contains geese, hares, and coneys, while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings."

"Sancho (cried Don Quixote), hast thou finished thy harangue?"—"It shall be finished (replied the 'squire), as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days."—"Grant, Heaven (said the knight), that I may see thee dumb before I die."—"At the rate we follow (answered Panza), before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb that I shall not speak another word till the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment."—"Even should that be the case (replied Don Quixote), I say unto thee, Sancho, thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, dost, and wilt say, during the course of thy life: moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect."

"In good sooth, signor (said the 'squire), there is no trusting to Mrs Ghostly,* I mean death, who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and, as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy,

* In the original there is a play upon the words *Descarnado*, *Cordero*, and *Carnero*, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish, but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions: she is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, plainly shows herself dropsical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water."—" Enough, friend Sancho (cried the knight, interrupting him in this place); keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again; for really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon death, in thy rustic manner of expression: I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration."—" He is a good preacher who is a good liver (answered Panza); and that is all the divinity I know."—" And that is sufficient (said the knight); yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise."—" Signor (replied Sancho), I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears: for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour's child: wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum; for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world." So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle with such keen appetite, as awakened that of his master, who would have certainly joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

CHAP. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho's wedding, and other incidents.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple, who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday clothes. Sancho seeing the bride, exclaimed, with marks of admiration, " I'faith! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames than a plain country-maid. Now, by the biggest beads of my rosary! instead of a tin brooch,* her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hodden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet; and, body o' me! the trimming is not of white linen, but of silk and satin: then handle me her hands, set off with what? jewels of jet? No! let me never thrive, if they an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a Jew's eye. O the whoreson baggage! and such hair! if it is not false, I never saw any so long and so fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, straight, and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders." Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises of his 'squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

Nevertheless, the fair Quiteria was paler than usual; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass in adorning themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the mask and other diversions; and they had just arrived at the place when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, " Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate people!" In consequence of this address they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man clothed in a loose black coat, interspersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funereal cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprised, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aspect, and hoarse quavering voice, pronounced these words: " Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not es-

* The Patina was a small consecrated plate, which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank wore upon their breasts.

pouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve; yet thou, disburdening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it), I will with my own hands remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich, with Quiteria the ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave."

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself with great activity and resolution upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile, Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous tone, "Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own." The curate hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and, in particular, this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand, a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and, besides, very practicable; and that Signor Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and, as it were, compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom, with tears, entreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, nor desired to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination; for the soul of Basilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like a heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, "O Quiteria! (said he), thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death. What I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband, for it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth." Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the bye-standers thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, "No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good-

will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct." "I do (answered Basilius), without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband."—"And I take thee for such (replied Quiteria,) whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave."—"Considering how desperately this spark is wounded (said Sancho Panza), methinks he talks woundily; make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth."

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the bye-standers; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilius replied, "No miracle! no miracle! but sheer industry! nothing but industry!" The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain its fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company, found themselves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing somebody observe that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded that the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and consent. This supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were instantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his greeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for in this particular, love and war are the same: and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise, in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require; whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be; for those whom God has joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance." So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant: so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining such a helpmate.

Camacho and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he were really to be married: but Basilius, with his bride and followers, refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation: for the poor, who are virtuous and discreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest entreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost: so that, pensive, sullen, and sad, yet without hunger, or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rosinante.

CHAP. V.

In which is recounted the vast adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which was happily achieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

Great and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him as a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expense, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

"Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim (said Don Quixote), neither can nor ought to be called deceit: and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage." He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph: for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it; just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is encumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. "Take notice dearest Basilius (added the knight), it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being virtuous: she must likewise maintain the exteriors of deportment, for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but shouldst thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, "This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whether wouldst thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries: but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish."

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, "I don't grumble (answered Sancho), I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship before I married; in which case I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, The loosened ox is well licked."—"What, is Teresa such a bad wife?" said the knight. "Not very bad (answered the squire), but then she is not very good; at least not so good as I could wish."—"You are in the wrong, Sancho (said Don Quixote), to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children."—"As to that matter (replied Sancho), we are not at all in one another's debt; for she can disparage me fast enough, especially when she takes it into her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her."

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-wristed licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montesinos, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were re-

ported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student, deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain; and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well stored; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, choosing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profession? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was entitled the Book of Liveries, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and ciphers: "From these (said he), your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies, in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, in order to invent what will suit their several desires and dispositions; for I insert those that will fit the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten and absent, so exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the gentiles. I have likewise finished another book, which I propose to call The Metamorphoses, or, The Spanish Ovid, of an invention equally new and agreeable; for there, in imitation of Naso, I give a burlesque description and history of the Giralda of Seville, the angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vicenguerra at Cordova, the bulls of Guisanda, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies of Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once surprise, instruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The Supplement to Polydore Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain in a most elegant style: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now these two questions I resolve in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general."

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, "Tell me, signor (said he), so may God lend a helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me if you know, and surely you know every thing, who was the first man that scratched his own head? for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam."—"Certainly (answered the student); for Adam without doubt had a head and hair upon it: now that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes."—"I am of the same opinion (resumed Sancho), but now, pray tell me who was the first tumbler?"—"Verily, brother (resumed the scholar), I cannot determine that point until I shall have studied it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet; for I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting."—"Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter (said Sancho); for I have already found out the solution of my question: know, signor, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit."—"Friend (cried the student), you are certainly in the right."—"That question and answer (said Don Quixote), is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho."—"Hold thy tongue, signor (replied the 'squire); for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours." Thou hast said more than thou art aware of (answered Don Quixote); for some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or understanding."

In this, and other such relishing discourse, they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyss, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad

and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed: at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, "Dear master (said he), consider what your worship is about: seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be used like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon."—"Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho (answered Don Quixote), for such an enterprise as this was reserved for me alone." Then the guide interposing, "I entreat your worship, Signor Don Quixote (said he), to consider attentively, and examine, as it were with a hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall insert among my transformations."—"The cymbal (answered Sancho), is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety."

This discourse having passed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, "We have been guilty of an inadvertency (said Don Quixote), in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which, had it been tied to me with the same cord, would, with its sound, have given you notice, as I descended, of my being alive: but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who will conduct me." Then falling upon his knees, he, in a low voice, preferred a prayer to Heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced in a loud voice, "O! thou mistress of my deeds and motions, the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can possibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou wouldst not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulfing myself into the profound abyss that opens wide before me, on purpose that the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour."

So saying, he approached the pit, when he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes: he therefore unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back: and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over (for a number of bats had likewise come forth), he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and, making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, "God and the rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaëta, be thy guides, thou flower and cream, and scum of knights-errant: there thou goest, bully of the globe, heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity." Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears; they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below,—a supposition, in consequence of which the 'squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness, in order to discover the truth; but when they had coiled up about fourscore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote, to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, "Dear master, I wish your worship a happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed."

To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that to all appearance he was fast asleep: then he was laid upon the ground and untied; but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when, yawning hideously, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, "God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Montesinos! O deeply-wounded Durandarte!

O hapless Belerma! O weeping Gaudiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters show the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes!"

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulf. "Infernal call you it? (said the knight); pray give it a better epithet, for that it surely does deserve, as you will presently perceive." Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, "My sons (said Don Quixote), let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse."

CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have seen them in the profound Cave of Montesinos; from the greatness and impossibility of which this adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

It might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows:

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain or determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you further notice; but I suppose you did not hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into a heap or coil, sat down upon it in a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune, I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming, and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination could conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake; nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured whether it was my identical self, or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent crystal, and two large folding-gates, which opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple baize, that trailed upon the ground; his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green satin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprise and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms, then he said, 'Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the Cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be achieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious signor, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montesinos from whom the cavern takes its name.' No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poniard as sharp as an awl."

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poniard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. "I do not know who was the maker (said the knight), but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; whereas many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this inquiry is

of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story,"—"No, surely (cried the scholar): pray, good your worship Don Quixote, proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure."—"And I feel no less in recounting it," answered the knight.

"Well then, the venerable Montesinos led me into the crystalline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length; I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart, and before I had time to ask any questions, Montesinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, 'This is my friend Durandarte (said he), the flower and mirror of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprises me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and, after he was dead, I, with my own individual hands, took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?'

"He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, 'O cousin Montesinos! the last favour I requested of you was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart, either with poniard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos, hearing this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, "Already, Signor Durandarte, my dearest cousin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform on that unlucky day of our defeat; I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth, with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, and your 'squire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin; and although five hundred years are elapsed, not one of us is dead; though we have lost Ruydera, with her daughters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compassion of Merlin, converted into so many lakes, which in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Sisters belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St John. Your 'squire Guadiana, bewailing likewise your misfortune, was changed into a river of the same name, which, when it reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of the other sky, was so grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he sunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not possible for him to resist his natural current, he from time to time rises up, shewing himself to the sun and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the fore-mentioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his stream, he enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he runs, he discovers a sullen melancholy, and does not pique himself upon breeding within his channel fish of dainty relish and esteem; but only such as are coarse and unsavoury, and widely different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now say, my dear cousin, I have often expressed; and as you made no reply, I conclude you either do not hear, or do not give credit to my words,—a circumstance which, as Heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at present make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your sorrow, can surely, in no shape, tend to its augmentation. Know, then, here stands in your presence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom so many things have been prophesied by the sage Merlin; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who has renewed, and, with greater advantages than in times past, raised again from oblivion the long-forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may be disenchanted; for great men such great achievements are reserved."—"And if that should not be the case (replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and

languid tone); and if that should not be the case, cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards." Then turning himself upon one side, he relapsed into his usual silence, without speaking another word.

"At that instant hearing a great noise of shriek and lamentations, accompanied with doleful sighing and dismal sobbing, I turned about, and saw through the crystal walls into another apartment, through which a procession passed, consisting of two files of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish manner; in the rear of these came a lady, for such, by her stately demeanour, she seemed to be, clothed like the rest in black, with a veil so full and long that it kissed the ground: her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others; her eyebrows met above her nose, which was flattish; her mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermilion; her teeth, which she sometimes disclosed, were thin and ill-set, though white as blanched almonds; and in her hand she held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could guess, was a heart so dried and shrivelled that it seemed to be of perfect mummy. Montesinos gave me to understand, that all those of the procession were domestics of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the last who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herself, who, with her damsels, never failed to appear in that procession four days in the week, and sing, or rather howl, dirges over the body, and the woful heart of his cousin; and that, if she now seemed a little homely, or not quite so beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowness and those furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly disorder incident to women, for many months and even years had passed since she had the least shew of any such evacuation; but solely from the anguish of her heart, occasioned by that which she holds incessantly in her hand, and which renews and recalls to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that mischance, scarce would she have been equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, celebrated as she is not only in this country, but also through the whole universe."

"'Softly, Signor Don Montesinos (said I, interrupting him at this period), be so good as to tell your story as it ought to be told; for you know all comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no occasion to compare any person with another; the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is likewise what she is and has been, and there let the matter rest.' To this remonstrance he replied, 'Pardon me, Signor Don Quixote; I confess I have been to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying, the lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the lady Belerma; seeing my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue rather than compare her with any thing but heaven itself.' Such satisfaction from the great Montesinos allayed the disgust that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress."

"I marvel much (said Sancho), that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin; ay, and pull his beard in such a manner as not to leave one single hair."—"By no means, friend Sancho (answered the knight), it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of enchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us."

Here the scholar interposing—"I cannot conceive (said he), Signor Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions."—"How long is it since I descended?" said the knight. Little more than an hour," replied the 'squire. "That's impossible (resumed Don Quixote); for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades, which are hidden from our view."—"My master must be in the right (said Sancho), for as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship."—"It may be so," answered the knight. Then the student asking if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time? "I have not tasted one mouthful (said he), nor had I the least sensation of hunger."—"And do those who are enchanted eat?" resumed the scholar. "They do not eat (answered Don Quixote), nor do they void the larger excrements, though it is supposed that their nails, beards, and hair, are always growing."

Here Sancho desired to know if ever those enchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of sleep? To which interrogation his master replied, "No, surely, at least in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed an eye."—"Here, then (said the 'squire), we may conveniently trust in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worship keeps company with

enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder, if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them: but really, signor, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance."—"How! (cried the scholar), then Signor Don Quixote must have lied; who, even if we could entertain such a supposition, has not had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables."—"I do not believe that my master tells lies," answered Sancho. "What then is thy conception?" said the knight. "I conceive (replied Sancho), that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold."—"That might be the case (said Don Quixote), but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But what wilt thou say when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montesinos shewed me three country wenches, leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montesinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies of the past and present age enchanted in different and strange forms, among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanano, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain. Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which, indeed, he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced beyond all doubt, that his master was stark staring mad; and, in that persuasion, exclaimed, "In evil hour, accursed season, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet with Signor Montesinos, who has sent you back in such a woful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment, such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not, as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense that was ever conceived."—"I know thee too well, Sancho (answered Don Quixote), to mind what thou sayest."—"And I, in like manner (replied the 'squire), know you too well to regard what you say: wound me or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at a peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady-mistress, and, if you spoke to her, what answer she made?"

"I knew her again (replied the knight), by the same clothes she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes: I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about, and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montesinos advised me not to fatigue myself, for it would be to no purpose; and, besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disenchanted. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain was this: while I was engaged in this conversation with Montesinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me unperceived, and, with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice: 'My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does: moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship can spare, which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time.' This message filled me with surprise and concern; and turning to the sage, 'Is it possible, Signor Montesinos (said I), that people of condition are exposed to necessity in a state of enchantment?' To this question he replied, 'Take my word for it, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted: and since Signora Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble.'—'The pledge I will not touch (said I), nor indeed can I comply with her request, for I have not above four rials!' which I gave her, and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the

road. 'Sweetheart (said I), tell your lady that her distress affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar* to remove it; let her know, that I neither can nor will enjoy good health, while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also, that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the Marquis of Mantua to revenge his cousin Valdovinus, when he found him at the last gasp in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a tablecloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal,† until she be restored to the upper world.'—'All that and much more you owe to my lady,' said the damsel, who, taking the rials, instead of curtsying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.

"O holy God! (cried Sancho, with a loud voice), is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness? O Signor! Signor! for the love of God, look to yourself, and have some respect for your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses."—"Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner (answered the knight): and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute nor reply."

CHAP. VII.

In which are recounted a thousand fooleries, equally impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this sublime history.

He who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by its first author Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet:

"I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged are feasible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability: then, to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time, it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death rather than deviate one tittle from the truth: besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies; but after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public, without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more: though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story, because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures we had read in his books.

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect:—

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable: had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: "For my own part, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for in the course of it I have made four valuable acquisitions: in the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, "He is as rich as a Fouckar."

† This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera,—transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment, but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne; and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing, I mean the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and, doubtless, it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as Signor Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations."

"You have indeed good reason to be satisfied (replied the knight); but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a license for printing those books (which is a matter of doubt with me), to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?"—"There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain (answered the scholar), to whom they may be dedicated."—"But a very few (said Don Quixote); not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defects of the rest with such advantages, that, if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts: but let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season, and in the meantime let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging."—"Not far from hence (replied the student) is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and, moreover, a discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers."—"Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?" said Sancho. "There are few hermitages destitute of that provision (answered the knight); for the anchorites of these days are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt, clothing themselves with palm leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one sort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times: nevertheless, they are all good; at least so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite who cloaks his knavery is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, "Honest friend (said he), pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish."—"Signor (answered the man), I cannot tarry at present, because these arms, of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay; therefore adieu: but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings; so once more I bid you farewell." So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings, which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student, however, proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage: Sancho Panza hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit whom they found in the place. When the 'squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. "If I had chosen water (said Sancho), there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Diego's house! how often shall I lament the loss of you!"

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad, who travelled the same

road at his own leisure; he carried a sword over his shoulder that supported a bundle of clothes, which seemed to consist of trowsers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of satin, and the shirt hanging out; he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes, in the court fashion: his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue in travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain:—

To the wars my necessity drags me away,
But, if I had money, at home I would stay.

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, "You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?" To this interrogation the youth replied, "I travel so light on account of poverty and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars."—"The heat may be a very good reason (resumed the knight); but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?"—"Signor (answered the youth), I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement: for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall inlist among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthagena: and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court."—"And have you obtained any post?" said the scholar. "Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality (replied the youth), I should certainly have got something of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who give such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle if any such page-adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision."—"And pray, friend (said Don Quixote), is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?"—"Yes (answered the page), I have had two; but as he who quits a convent before he professes is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own clothes, so was I served by my masters, who, after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries which they had given me out of mere ostentation."

"A very scandalous *espilorcheria** indeed, as the Italians call it (said Don Quixote); but notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendour, by which all others are outshone: and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance, for it will be of much comfort and utility to you in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, 'That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen;' and though this reply savoured of the Pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well: for, supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon-ball or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die, and there is an end of the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead soldier who falls in battle makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good soldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him; and pray take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish; especially now that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers; for it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of ser-

* A knavish trick.

vice, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present; therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn; and Sancho said within himself, "Lord comfort thee for a master! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos? But time is the trier of all things."

In such discourse they arrived at the inn just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarce entered when Don Quixote inquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stable providing for the accommodation of his beast, an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

CHAP. VIII.

In which is set forth the braying adve..ture, and the diverting achievement of the puppets, with the memorable responses of the divining ape.

Don Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. "The account of my strange tidings (answered the man), I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprised to hear."—"They shall not be delayed on that account (said the knight), for I myself will lend you a helping hand." He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger, so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request with good-will: sitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, composed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows:—

"You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to pass that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was in the market-place accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, 'Hansel me for my good news, neighbour; your beast has appeared.'—'That I will, neighbour, and heartily (answered the other); but let us know where he has appeared.'—'Upon the mountain (replied the finder); I saw him this morning without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture, and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me and brought him home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him he took to his heels and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you choose it, we two will go in quest of him: stay till I house my own beast, and I'll return presently.'—'I shall be much obliged to you (said he of the strayed ass); and shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin.' With these very circumstances, and in the selfsame manner as that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the case.'

"In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not; nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, 'Hark ye, neighbour (said the alderman who had seen him), there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done.'—'Any turn, neighbour! (cried the other); by the Lord I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, not even to an identical ass.'—'We shall see presently (answered the second alderman); for my intention is, that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you shall bray and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear and answer, if he is on this mountain.' To this proposal the owner replied, 'Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius.' So parting, according to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being

deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the ass; when perceiving their mistake, 'Neighbour (said the loser), is it possible that was not my ass which brayed just now?'—'No; it was I,' answered the other. 'Agad, then (cried the owner), there is not the least difference in point of braying between you and an ass! for in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance.'—'That compliment and approbation (answered the contriver), would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for, by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent.'—'By the mass! (said the owner), I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do.'—'I therefore tell you (replied the other), that many rare talents are lost in this world; and that they are ill bestowed upon those who cannot turn them to advantage.'—'Our's (said the owner), except in such cases as this that we have now in hand, can be but of little service, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account.'

"After these mutual compliments they parted a second time, and began to bray again; but still they were deceived, and met as before, until, by way of counter signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the least answer or sign from the strayed ass; and, indeed, no wonder the poor unfortunate animal did not answer, for they found him in the remotest part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, 'I marvelled much (said he), that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no ass; but as I have had the pleasure of hearing you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well bestowed, even although I have found him dead.'—'It is in good hands, neighbour (replied the other), for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate.'

"Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them in their searching for the ass, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying, so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any person belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a blackamoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame; I believe, that to-morrow or next day the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief persecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and halberts you have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing."

Thus the honest man concluded his story; and at that instant came into the house a man clothed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoy leather, who said with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr Landlord, have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of the deliverance of Melisendra?"—"Odds bodikins! (cried the innkeeper), Master Peter here! we shall have rare doings i'faith." We forgot to observe, that the left eye and half of the cheek of this Master Peter were covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, "Welcome, good Master Peter; but where is the ape and the puppet-show? for I see neither."—"They are at hand (answered the owner of the shamoy-suit); but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?"—"The Duke d'Alva himself should be turned out to make room for Master Peter (said the landlord); bring hither your ape and your show, for there is company in the house that will pay for a sight of them."—"In good time then (replied the wearer of the patch): I will lower the price, and think myself well paid if they defray the expense of my lodging; meanwhile, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape."

So saying, he went out, and Don Quixote inquiring who this Master Peter was with the puppet-show and ape, the landlord replied, "This is a famous puppet-showman, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melisendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the

most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom; he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes or conceived among men: for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leaping upon its master's shoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which Master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the ape answers; I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape after it has whispered in his ear: wherefore, Master Peter is thought to be woundy rich; indeed he is a gallant man, as they say in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleasantest life in the world; he talks as much as any six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-show."

Just as he spoke these words, Master Peter returned with the cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail; his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, "Pray, Mr Fortuneteller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials." So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr Peter, who answered in the name of the ape, "Signor, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning what is to come: he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present."—"Rabbit it! (cried Sancho), I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for who knows that better than myself; and to pay for being informed of what I know would be downright folly: but, since he knows the present, here are my two rials: and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Panza is at present employed?" Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, "I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service." Then clapping his hand twice upon his left shoulder, the ape with one skip leaped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness: having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, "These legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never-enough-to-be-applauded cavalier Don Quixote de la Mancha, the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!" Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck, the scholar surprised, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the showman; while he proceeded, saying, "And thou worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate, Teresa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken-mouthed pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work."—"That I can easily believe (answered Sancho); for she is a rare one; and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and complete housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their hearts content, even though their heirs should pay for it."

"I am now convinced (said Don Quixote), that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me that there are apes in the world endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praise; but be that as it may, I give thanks to God who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever."—"If I had money (said the page), I would ask signor ape what will be the success of my present peregrination?" To this hint Master Peter, who had risen from his prostration, replied, "I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will for his amusement set up my show, and divert all the people in the house, without fee or reward." The landlord hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while Master Peter was busy in setting up his show, he retired with his squire to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: "Hark ye, Sancho, I have considered

this wonderful talent of the ape, and accordingly to my notion, the same Master Peter, its owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil."—"Nay, if it be the devil's pack (answered Sancho), it must be a very dirty pack; but what signifies such a pack to Master Peter?"—"Sancho (replied the knight), you do not understand my meaning: what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil, who hath infused this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul, which is the aim of that universal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time: now the devil's understanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and seasons: to him there is neither past nor future, but all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil; and I am surprised it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it presumes to divine; for surely this ape is no astrologer; nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little hussy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and falsities, the wonderful truth of that noble science. One lady I myself knew, who having inquired of one of those pretenders, whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be? Mr Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday. Notwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit; and yet Mr Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are."—"Nevertheless (answered Sancho), I wish your worship would desire Master Peter to ask his ape, if what happened to his worship in the cave of Montesinos is really true: as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lie, or at least no better than a dream."—"It may be so (replied Don Quixote): but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Peter, who came to tell him that the show was ready, and invite him to come and see it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities; for to him the whole seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted it: "Look ye, Mr Ape, this knight wants to know whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the cave of Montesinos be true or false." Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder, and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication, "The ape (said Master Peter), declares, that part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave is false, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation; but if your worship desires to be further informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask; at present his virtue has left him and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed."—"Signor (said Sancho to his master), did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?"—"The event will shew (answered Don Quixote); for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-show of honest Master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty."—"Of some! (cried Master Peter): my show is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signor Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but *operibus credite et non verbis:* let us begin presently, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew."

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-show was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the show, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote, with Sancho, the page, and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

In which is continued the diverting adventure of the puppet-show; with other matters really entertaining enough.

Universal silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans; that is, all the spectators of the show sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were saluted with the sound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: "This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signor Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melisendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sansuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song:

Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
Of Melisendra thinks no more.

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and sceptre in his hand, is the Emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors say that he actually did bestow them, ay, and that with very good-will: after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse, he is reported to have added these words, 'I have said enough, look to it.' Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request, but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprise: however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even though she were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who stands in the balcony in the Moorish dress is the peerless Melisendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never seen before: don't you see that Moor stealing along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melisendra? Now mind how he prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing for anger her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold now that venerable Moor in yon gallery: he is Marsilius, the King of Sansuenna, who, having perceived the insolence of the Moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes: and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed; for, among the Moors, there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of justice."

Here Don Quixote interposing, said, with a loud voice, "Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and crosses; for there is not so much proof and counterproof required to bring truth to light."—"Sirrah (cried Mr Peter, from behind the curtain), none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel, which is good and wholesome: sing your plain song, without counterpoints, for you may spin the thread so fine as to break it."—"I shall obey your orders," answered the boy, who proceeded, saying,

"That there figure a-horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his own lady, by this time revenged of the presumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more seeming composure from the battlements of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two passeth that whole discourse and conversation recorded in the ballad, which says,

Sir knight, if you to France do go,
For Gayferos inquire:

together with what follows, which I shall not at present repeat, because prolixity engenders disgust: let it suffice that you see how Gayferos discovers himself, and that we learn from the joyful gestures of Melisendra, that she recognizes her husband; especially as we now see her let herself down from the balcony, in order

to get a-horseback behind her loving spouse: but as ill luck would have it, the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but you see how compassionate Heaven brings relief in the most pressing emergencies; for Don Gayferos comes to her assistance, and without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, seizes his lady, and by main force brings her to the ground; then with one jerk sets her upon the crupper of his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and throw her arms around his neck, so as to cross them on his breast, that she may be in no danger of falling; for my lady Melisendra was not used to ride in that manner: you likewise perceive how the horse, by his neighing, expresses the satisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burden of his lord and mistress: you see how they turn about, and, quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoying peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!" Here Mr Peter interposing again, called aloud, "None of your flourishes, sirrah!; seek not to entangle yourself; for all affectation is naught." The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner: "There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape, and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melisendra, gave notice of it to King Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret."

"It cannot be (cried Don Quixote). In what regards the bells, Mr Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sensuenna is a downright absurdity." Mr Peter hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, "Signor Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities, yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun."—"You are in the right," replied the knight, and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, "Never, while I breathe, will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base-born plebeians! seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle if you dare." With these words and actions he unsheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet-show, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish puppets, demolishing some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of gingerbread. This unfortunate showman exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! Signor Don Quixote (said he), and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill, and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, sinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that in less than a couple of credos, he brought the whole show to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and dismembered; King Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion: the ape fled to the roof of the house; the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-show being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, "I wish I had before me, at this very moment, those who either do not, or will not, believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this occasion: certainly by this time they would have been overtaken by those dogs, who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth."—"In a happy hour, let it live (cried Mr Peter in a languid tone), and let me

die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with King Rodrigo, 'Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own.' Half an hour, yea not half a minute, is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses, and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite destitute and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who in good faith will make my teeth sweat before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions, but in me alone his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest heavens above! In a word, the Knight of the Rueful Figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone."

Sancho Panza, melted at this piteous lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr Peter (said he), do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart; for, I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholic and scrupulous Christian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest."—"If Signor Don Quixote (replied the showman), will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution."—"You are in the right (said Don Quixote); but as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr Peter."—"How! none of mine? (cried the showman), and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?"—"Now (cried Don Quixote), I am fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters by whom I am persecuted take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they choose to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The showman, hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, "I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr Landlord and the great Sancho shall act as moderators and appraisers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and 'squire having undertaken this office, Mr Peter lifted up the headless Marsilio, King of Saragossa, saying, "You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and, therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and a half on account of his death and final perdition." The knight desiring him to proceed, "Then (said he), for this dreadful gash from top to bottom (taking up the cloven Emperor Charlemagne), I cannot be thought exorbitant if I demand five rials and a quarter."—"That's no small matter," said Sancho. "Nor a great deal too much (replied the landlord). Split the difference, and set him down at five rials."—"Let him have the whole five and the quarter (said Don Quixote); for in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a mere trifle: and pray despatch, Mr Peter, for it is now supper time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite."—"For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melisendra (proceeded Peter), I demand two rials and twelve maravedis."—"The devil's in't (cried the knight), if Melisendra is not by this time with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a coney, that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melisendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly; and now you may proceed." Mr Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and, with that view, said, "This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well paid, and rest satisfied with threescore maravedis." In the same manner did he set prices on many

other maimed figures; so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. "Let him have them, Sancho (said Don Quixote), not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape:* and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the lady Donna Melisendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France."—"No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape (replied Mr Peter); but the devil himself cannot catch him at present, though, I imagine, hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to-night, and, if God will send us a new day, we shall see what can be done." In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which, the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr Peter having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of further adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality: finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

CHAP. X.

In which the reader will discover who Mr Peter and his ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad success in the braying adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his wish and expectation.

Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words: "I swear, as a Catholic Christian:" and upon this occasion the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a Catholic Christian, means no more than that, as a Catholic Christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; in like manner he would adhere to it as a Catholic Christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the Brown Mountain,—a benefit for which he was ill thanked and worse requited by that mischievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple, and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author; but, in short, stolen he was by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraça, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection: he afterwards happened to fall in company with some Christians just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper, in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-show and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did was to represent his puppet-show, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from

* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known: and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape, telling his audience that he could disclose the past and present; but with regard to the future, he pretended no knowledge: for every response he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consulters; and, as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means, he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions; and there being nobody to hamper him by inquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, 'squire, and all the bye-standers: but his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little when he decapitated King Marsilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr Peter and his ape: and now, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, we must observe, that, after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way; in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, in which was painted to the life an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

It is no children's play,
When brother bailiff's bray.

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in saying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs. To this observation, Sancho replied, "Signor, in that circumstance there is nothing to be mended; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and severally did bray; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman."

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interposing on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his vizor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice:—"Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make, until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the spectators assured him he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace,

and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted: for no individual can affront a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump; because the person guilty of the said treason is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he therefore defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though indeed Signor Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water, and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth: but let that pass, When choler once is born, the tongue all curb doth scorn*—I mean a bridle to restrain it. This being the case then, that one single person cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront; for it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, What is't a clock?† Or if the cheesemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every body, and hackneyed among the vulgar; I say it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making sackbuts of their swords in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will he suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and risk their persons, lives, and fortunes for four causes only. Firstly, to defend the Catholic faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortune; and, fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we should add a fifth cause (which indeed ought to be ranked as the second), it is the defence of one's country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms; but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred,—a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit: for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is easy and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged, by laws divine and human, to be appeased."

At this period Sancho said within himself, "The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright theologister! at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, "My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at present called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect bachelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel at his fingers' end; therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders, especially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever I pleased, without let or molestation; ay, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people; and though for this ta-

* Literally, "When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father."

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid, when he reads the literal translation: "For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Relora (signifying a watch or clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so."

lent I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I value not their envy two farthings: and that you may see I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot."

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the sound. But one of those who stood next him, supposing the 'squire made himself merry at their expense, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good-will, that Sancho, in spite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote seeing his 'squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand; but such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vast number of presented cross-bows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and gallopped off as fast as the steed could carry him; recommending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulder, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But those who composed the squadron being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his master: not that he was able to manage the ass; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rosinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and satisfaction; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

CHAP. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively will know.

When a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play; and it is the business of prudent captains to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rosinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was sound from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone: "In evil hour, you must understand braying, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged? to the tenor of braying what base could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a scimetar."—"I am at present in no condition to answer (said Sancho); for methinks I talk through my shoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest 'squires, beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies."—"There is a wide difference between flying and retreating (answered Don Quixote); for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness; and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions: and of these instances histories are full, but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself."

By this time Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rosinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league; and the 'squire every now and then heaving up a most profound ah! accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the 'squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. "The cause of that pain (said Don Quixote), must doubtless be this; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive."—

"Fore God (cried Sancho), your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity for telling me I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled? Had my shins ached there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching; but, surely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter-staff. In good faith, sir master of mine, our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blankettings and other such toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow, rather than fag after your worship in this manner, through roadless roads and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food; then when I come to sleep, 'Brother 'squire, measure out seven feet of ground; and if you choose to be more at ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire.' Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first booby who chose to be 'squire to such wiseacres as all former knights-errant must have been. Of the present I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speeching and understanding, you know a point more than the devil himself."

"I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that now while you are permitted to speak without the least hinderance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife, and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third sally; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster."—"When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Bachelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance (answered Sancho), I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what I can earn, though well I know, that the 'squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking, and sleeping at the habitation of Basilius, all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with on the public roads through which we travelled."

"Allowing (said Don Quixote), that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco?"—"With the addition of two rials a month (replied Sancho), I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more; and then, altogether, it will come to thirty." "Very well reckoned (answered the knight); now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you for the five and twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster."—"Body o' me! (cried Sancho), your worship is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour."—"How long then has that same promise been made?" said Don Quixote. "If my memory does not fail me (answered the 'squire), it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under." Here the knight, slapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, "Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months; and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myself rid

of such a wretched 'squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and pennyless. But tell me, thou prevaricator of all the 'squirely ordinances of chivalry! where hast thou seen or read that any 'squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master touching a certain monthly salary for his service? Launch out, launch out, you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin, for such you are; launch out, I say, into the *mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any 'squire ever attempted to say, or even to think, what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins or the halter of your ass, and return to your house, your wife, and your family; for one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread ill bestowed! O promise misapplied! O wretch, that savourest more of the beast than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seekest to leave me! Now thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, 'An ass's mouth was not made for honey,' &c. An ass thou art, an ass wilt thou be, ay, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art."

Sancho looked wofully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the 'squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes, and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, "My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want nothing but a tail, which if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burden all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion; and consider that I know very little; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity; and those who sin and kiss the rod find favour in the sight of God."—"I should have been surprised, Sancho (said the knight); if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray such a sordid and selfish disposition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accomplishment of my promises, which, though it may not speedily happen, is nevertheless far from being impossible. Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the root of an elm, and the 'squire retreated to the foot of a beech; for these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises; whereas, Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn, prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter

CHAP. XII.

Of the famous adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

By dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the space of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of its water, the tranquillity of its course, and the abundance of its crystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for, although Master Peter's ape had declared, that part of those circumstances was true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lie.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the river-side, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the 'squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, "You must know, Sancho (said the knight), that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those enchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud,

or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required; this bark, therefore, O Sancho! is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the barefooted Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking."—"Since that is the case (answered Sancho), and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, 'If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board.' Nevertheless, in order to disburden my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made, while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanters, without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude. "I do not understand what you mean by logichood (said the 'squire); for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life."—"By longitude, I mean length (answered the knight), but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are entirely ignorant."—"The beasts are now secured (said Sancho); what is next to be done?"—"What! (replied Don Quixote), but to cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean, to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast."

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The 'squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. "Now Dapple (said he to his master), brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us! Farewell, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company."

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed in a tone of rage and vexation, "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant? wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter? who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret mouse? or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance? art thou, peradventure, travelling barefoot over the Riphean Mountains? No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which, in a little time, we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea, ay, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts."—"And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?" said Sancho. "A great way (replied the knight); for of three hundred and sixty dregees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line."—"'Fore God! (cried Sancho), your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kiss-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-i'me, or some such name."* Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy, adding, "You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen; so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give its weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line."—"I can hardly believe it (answered the

* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *Puto*, *Gafo*, and *Meon*, which are Spanish words signifying, a *whore*, a *catamite*, and a *piss-a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo*, *cosmographo*, and *Ptolemeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

'squire); but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see with my own eyes that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a pismire."—"Sancho (said the knight), perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and measures, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving, behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go a-fishing upon thyself; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper."

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, "Either the experiment is false (said he), or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned by many leagues."—"What (said the knight), hast thou found something?"—"Ay, more than one something," answered the 'squire; who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed enchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived than he addressed himself to Sancho in an exalted voice: "Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither."—"What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle? (cried the 'squire); don't you see these are mills built in the river for grinding wheat?"—"Peace, Sancho (replied the knight), although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woful experience, in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope."

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion; and as their faces and clothes were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

Don Quixote hearing this address, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho (said he), that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm. Behold what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour! behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me! behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us; but you shall presently see what will happen, ye ruffians!" Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, "Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned and worse-advised, release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise entitled the Knight of the Lions, destined, by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue!"

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who, hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which, by this time, had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his 'squire were soused over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom; and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, Here Troy once stood."*

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the 'squire humbling himself upon his knees, again clasp-

* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

——— fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum!

ing his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantic projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen, who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost cheerfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within that castle.

"What does the madman mean by persons and castles (answered one of the millers); wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?"—"Enough (said Don Quixote within himself), I might as well preach to the desert as attempt by entreaties to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful enchanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other: by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit: for my own part, I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, "Friends (cried he), whosoever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved." Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, "Two such boatfuls will sink our whole stock to the bottom."

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills; the fishermen betook themselves to their cottage; the knight and 'squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and a fair huntress.

In a melancholy plight did the knight and 'squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the encroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried as it were amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity and folly, he could easily perceive that all, or the greatest part, of his master's actions proceeded from frenzy and distraction; he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, saw they were falconers: approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture, and a saddle of silver; the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his 'squire, "Make haste, son Sancho, go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command: but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy."—"To be sure, you have found me a deadly thruster (answered the 'squire), that you give me such warning, as if this were the first time in my life that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank and augmentation."—"Except that which you carried to the lady Dulcinea (said the knight), I do not know that ever you carried another, at least while in my service."—"That's true (replied Sancho), but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing."—"I believe it, Sancho (said Don Quixote); go in peace, and God be your guide."

The 'squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural

pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, "Beautiful lady (said he), yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his 'squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Rueful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawking-ship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction."

"Worthy 'squire (replied the lady), assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require: pray rise, for it is not reasonable that the 'squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Rueful Countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture; rise, friend, and go and tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood." Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability of this worthy lady; but he was still more surprised at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. "Pray, tell me, brother 'squire (said the duchess, whose title is not known), is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"The very same, my lady (answered Sancho), and I myself am that very 'squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press."—"I am extremely glad to hear it (replied the duchess): go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival."

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his visor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess, who, while he approached, caused her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup-rope in such a manner that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which must have been very ill girted, and he came to the ground together; not without great disgrace and a thousand curses, which he muttered between his teeth, against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke, seeing their distress, ordered his huntsman to assist the knight and 'squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, "I am heartily sorry, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that the first time you touch my ground you should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of 'squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes."—"This accident, valiant prince (replied Don Quixote), cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss: for even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My 'squire, whom God confound, is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying and securing the girth of a saddle: but, whether fallen or exalted, afoot or on horseback, I shall always be devoted to your service, and that of my lady duchess, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness."—"Softly, my good Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha (said the duke), where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns no other beauty deserves applause."

By this time Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, "It cannot be denied (said he), but must always be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare

starts where she is least expected; for I have heard it said, that the power called nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, ay, and a hundred: this I observe, because in good faith my lady duchess comes not a whit behind my lady mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote, turning to the duchess, "Your grace must know (said he), that no knight-errant upon earth has such a prattling and free-spoken 'squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days."—"I have the better opinion of honest Sancho for his being free-spoken (answered the duchess): that is a sign of his discretion; for pleasantry and wit, Signor Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and free-spoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion."—"And loquacity," added the knight. "So much the better (said the duke), for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned Knight of the Rueful Countenance—" "Of the Lions, your highness must call him (cried Sancho); the Rueful Countenance is no more."—"Of the Lions let it be then (continued the duke); I say, come, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle I have in this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the duchess always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company."

By this time Sancho having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle, on each side of the duchess, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the 'squire did not need entreaty; but, mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate in having an opportunity of entertaining at their castle such a knight-errant and such an erring 'squire.

CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important subjects.

Sancho rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the duchess; for, being a staunch well-wisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote, who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimson satin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, "Your highness must go and help my lady duchess to dismount." The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but at length the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden: at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridores were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant;" while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastic knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchess, entered the castle, where, however, his conscience upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who, with others, had come out to receive the duchess, and accosting her in a soft voice, "Signora Gonçalez (said he), or what's your name, madam?"—"My name is Duenna Rodriguez de Grijalva (answered the gentlewoman); what are your commands, brother?"—"I wish you would do me the favour, good madam (replied the 'squire), to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone by any manner of means."—"If the master be as wise as the man (cried the duenna), we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands: the duennas of this house are not used to such employment."—"But, for all that (said Sancho), I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell us how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse: now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for Signor Lancelot's courser."—"Hark ye, friend (replied the duenna), if you are a jack-pudding, keep

your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account: from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them."—"Very well (said the 'squire), I'll answer for its ripeness: your ladyship won't lose your game by a short reckoning."—"You whoreson (cried the duenna), in a violent rage, whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlic-eating rascal as you."

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the duchess, who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such a passion? "With this honest fellow here (answered the duenna), who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his that stands at the castle-gate, telling me forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and, to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old."—"I myself (said the duchess), would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given: take notice (friend Sancho), that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth, and that the veil which she wears is more for authority and custom than on account of her years."—"Accursed be those I have to live (cried the 'squire), if I spoke to her for that reason; but only the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote overhearing all that passed, "Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?" said he. "Signor (replied the 'squire), every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned." Here the duke interposing, "Sancho is very much in the right (said he), and must not be blamed for what he has said: Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat, so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person."

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the staircase: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lantern jaws kissing each other, that if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying, that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his 'squire, "Tell me (said he), thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven: consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: dost thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor, or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniences; for he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminate well before the words issue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence, by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay fivefold, both in fortune and in fame." Sancho promised with repeated assurances, that he would rather stitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score; for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct them to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table nobly decorated,

with four covers. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen, who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls, and in attempting to make their pupils economists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, "With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper hand in sitting."

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehension that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the 'squire seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, "Signor (said he), your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal to the purpose, and not to the purpose."—"I know nothing at all of the matter (answered the knight); say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly."—"Well then (replied Sancho), what I am going to say is true, for my master, Don Quixote, here present, would not suffer me to tell a lie."—"As for me (said Don Quixote), you may lie as much as you please, without let or molestation; but I advise you to consider well what you are about to say."—"I have it so well considered and reconsidered that I am as safe as he that hath the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance."—"Your graces will do well (said Don Quixote), to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders."—"By the life of the duke! (cried the duchess), I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry."—"Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts (said the 'squire); though, God knows, they are but slender enough: however, my story is this:

"There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our village, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master, Don Quixote, was concerned; but this I know, Mad Tom, the son of old Balvastro the blacksmith, was hurt on that occasion: now, sir master of mine, is not this God's truth? speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar."—"Hitherto (said the clergyman), I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel."—"Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens (replied the knight), that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days."—"He shall not shorten it (said the duchess), if he consults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it should not be finished in six days; for should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleasantest I ever passed."

"Well then, my masters (proceeded Sancho), that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honest man."—"Despatch, brother (cried the priest, interposing), for at this rate your story will reach to the other world."—"It will hardly go half so far, an' it please God," answered the 'squire, who thus proceeded: "So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token, they said he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not present at his death, having gone a-reaping to Tembleque."—"As you hope to live, son (cried the ecclesiastic), return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all."—"Well, to come to the point (replied Sancho); when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever." The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastic expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the 'squire related his story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. "I say, moreover (resumed Sancho), that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman, on the other hand, as obstinately insisted upon his

complisance, alleging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good-breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, saying, 'Know, Mr Chaffthresher, that wheresoever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table.' Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose."

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital; and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abashed at the sarcastic insinuation of his 'squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering other such dangerous conceits, the duchess, addressing herself to the knight, asked, when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea? and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished? To this interrogation the knight replied, "My misfortunes, madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished; felons and robbers I have sent; but where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is into the most homely country wench that can be imagined!"—"This I know (said Sancho Panza): to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professional rope-dancer; in good faith, my lady duchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass like a perfect cat."—"What! have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" said the duke. "How! I seen her! (replied the 'squire): who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment: to be sure she is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic hearing them talk of giants, felons, and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very choleric tone, "Signor, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what's his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly." Then addressing himself to the knight, "And pray, Mr Wiseacre (said he), who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour (for in good hour I advise you), return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures?"

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than, forgetting the respect he owed to the duke and duchess, he started up, and with an ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied—But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

CHAP. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's reply to his reprover; with other serious and diverting incidents.

Don Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastic, with an eager yet faltering tongue: "The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up the hands of my just resentment: for these reasons, as well because I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make use of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice rather than infamous reproach, as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms; at least, a rebuke in public, delivered with such asperity, as exceeded all the bounds of Christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiseacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But pray, tell me, reverend signor, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife, and my children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose? and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time misspent which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men ascend

the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth, and generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman by book-worms, who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing; a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition, others take that of base and servile adulation, a third set follow the paths of deceitful hypocrisy, and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have assisted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste Platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim; namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts, and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine."

"Well argued, master! (cried Sancho): 'Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be said, thought, or insisted upon; especially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!"—"Brother (replied the priest), belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?"—"Yes, I am (said the 'squire), and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners; and I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern."—"No, surely, friend Sancho (said the duke), for I myself, in the name of Signor Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession."—"Fall upon your knees, Sancho (cried Don Quixote), and kiss his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you." Sancho did as he was desired; and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, "By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners; what wonder that they should be frantic, when people who are in their senses canonize their frenzy? Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy." Without farther speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all that their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much, for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words:

"Sir Knight of the Lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of satisfaction, for that, which though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex nor the clergy can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows."—"Undoubtedly (answered the knight); and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted; for there is this difference between an injury and an affront, as your excellency well knows: an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront; and when it is given, maintains it; whereas an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will affirm by another example. A man comes and strikes another whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels, and the other pursues though he cannot overtake the fugitive: the man so struck received an injury but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted; injured, because he was surprised; and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for women and children do not feel those things; they can neither fly nor stand their ground: and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now, these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody: and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in

any shape; for he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reasons I ought not to resent, nor do I resent, the reproaches of that honest man; I only wish he had stayed a little while, until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth,—an asseveration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny."—"I'll take my corporal oath (cried Sancho), that they would have given a back-stroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holidame! I am well assured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's discourse, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no: let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches." The duchess had well nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho, who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damsels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtless they were white, a wash-ball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the custom of the country to wash beards instead of hands: he therefore stretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flask began to rain: the damsel with the soap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of snow (for the suds were as white) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence: while the duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damsel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and Signor Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who, seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and duchess, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound curtsy, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, "Come hither and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough." The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they had refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, "God's mercy! (said he within himself), is it the custom in this country to wash the 'squire's beard as well as the knight's? for God and my own conscience know, I have need of such purification; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater."—"What is that you mutter, Sancho?" said the duchess. "I say, my lady (answered the 'squire), I have always heard it said, that, in courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard; so that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil."—"Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho (said the duchess), for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary."—"I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard (replied the 'squire), at least for the present; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel." The duchess turning to the major-domo, "Remember (said she), what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality." This domestic promised that Signor Sancho should be obeyed in all things; and, returning to dinner with the 'squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The duchess entreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in La Mancha, but even in the whole world. Don Quixote sighing, at her grace's request, "If (said he), I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness in a plate upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable, for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea?—a burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chisel of Lysippus, to exhibit her image on canvass, brass, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence, to sound her praise."—"What does Signor Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian? (said the duchess), which is a word I never heard before in my life."—"Demosthenian eloquence (answered the knight), has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world."—"Certainly (said the duke), and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, Signor Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a sketch or rough draught, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation."—"I will assuredly comply with your grace's desire (replied the knight), were not her idea blotted from my remembrance by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her; for your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, consent, and license, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected: I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustic romp, and, finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a Sayago* drab."—"God protect us! (cried the duke with a loud voice), who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour?"—"Who (answered the knight), who could it be but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanters by whom I am persecuted? that accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanters, persecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will persecute me until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained: I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced."

"There is no more to be said (replied the duchess): nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of Signor Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember), that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive."—"Much may be said on that subject (answered Don Quixote): God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady in whom are concentered those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good breeding: and, finally, dignity from birth, because nobleness of blood reflects an additional splendour upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born."—"Your observation is extremely just (said the duke); but Signor Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea either in or out of Toboso, and that

* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor and very meanly clothed.

she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her, yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, and Madasimas, together with the rest of that class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship."

"To that observation I can answer (said the knight), that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous person of low descent ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptred queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages."—"Signor Don Quixote (said the duchess), every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand; henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso; that she is beautiful, high born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as Signor Don Quixote; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said Sancho found the lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worship, by the same token it is said to have been red wheat,—a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree."

To this remark Don Quixote replied, "Madam, your highness must know, that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious enchanter: and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable; which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Roncesvalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant, said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable; for I have been frequently convinced by experience that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable: nor that of being proof against enchantment; for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to enclose me, without the additional power of enchantment: but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters, seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that, when my 'squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat: but I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and, as a proof of this asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my 'squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustic and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor in all probability can be, enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; so that for her I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state: all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient, and noble; and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant 'squires that ever served a knight-errant: sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and of-

ten, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apothegms that will raise him to the skies: in a word, I would not exchange him for any other 'squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office; so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are an hundred at least who govern like jerfaulcons, though they can hardly read their mother tongue: provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due: and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor 'squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin, while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. "What is the matter, fellows (cried the duchess)? what is the matter? what designs have you upon that worthy gentleman? hah! don't you consider he is governor elect?" To this apostrophe, the barber scullion replied, "The gentleman won't suffer himself to be washed according to the custom and manner practised upon my lord duke and his own master."—"Yes, I will (cried Sancho in a violent passion), but it must be with whiter towels, clearer suds, and cleaner hands; for surely there is not such a difference between me and my master as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drenched with devil's lye. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no farther good than as they are agreeable; but this here custom of lathering is worse than the exercise of disciplinants.* My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head (my beard I mean), saving this honourable presence, I'll drive my fist in his skull; for these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making welcome." The duchess was ready to burst with laughter at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho; but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased to see his 'squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded by so many sons of the kitchen: he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone: "So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers, I desire your worships will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please: my 'squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes." Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying, "No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night: let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard; and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair."

At this period, the duchess still laughing, "Sancho Panza (said she), is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and, as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place, he shall follow his own inclination:† besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and golden basins, and towels of the finest Holland: but the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and, like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the 'squires of

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood. Some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who, under their sackcloth, wear women's stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke: and at Rome, nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees call out according to the report of the application, *Guippone di Buffalo! Busti di Donna;* and *Corrazina di Latta!*

† *Su alma en su palma.* The original expression literally signifies, "His soul is in his hand," *i. e.* He is at his own discretion.

knights-errant." The whole scullion-ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dish-clout from the neck of Sancho, who, seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the duchess, saying, "From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady: a peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a 'squire; and if in any of these respects I can serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying than your grace in laying your commands."—"Sancho (replied the duchess), it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself: I say, it plainly appears that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sancho-money: long life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of 'squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform his promise of the government with all possible despatch."

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap,* and the duchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive with all his might to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the style in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

PART II.—BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Of the pleasant conversation that passed between the Duchess, her Women, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remembered.

The history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the 'squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as a 'squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying, "Now that we are by ourselves, unheard by any body, I must entreat Mr Governor to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter of Signor Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat,—a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty 'squire?"

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and, moving softly on his tip-toes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined

* In Spain the people always retire after dinner and sleep till six o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *Siesta*.

the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied, "Now, my lady duchess, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace; and first and foremost, I will own I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well directed, that even Satan himself could not mend them: nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within myself, that he is downright distracted. Now, as I am possessed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any story, without either head or tail, like that of the answer to his letter, and another trick that I played him six or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history; I mean the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, though it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda."*

The duchess desired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his discourse, her grace interposing, said, "From this recital of honest Sancho, a scruple has started in my mind, and whispers me in the ear, since Don Quixote de la Mancha is so lunatic, crazy, and mad, and his 'squire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless serves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promises, the said 'squire must, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master: and if this be the case, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my lady duchess, to bestow an island on such a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himself?"

"'Fore God! my lady (cried the 'squire), your scruple starts in the right place; and I beg your ladyship will let it speak out in its own way; for I know it speaks truth. Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ago; but this was my fate and my misventure: I cannot do otherwise; but follow him I must: we are of the same town; I have eaten of his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns my love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am constant and faithful, and therefore nothing can possibly part us but the sexton's shovel. If your highness does not choose to perform your promise of the island, God made me of a less matter, and perhaps your refusal may turn out to the ease of my conscience, for maugre all my madness, I understand the proverb that says, the pismire found wings to her sorrow; and mayhap Sancho the 'squire may get sooner to heaven than governor Sancho; there's as good bread baked here as in France; and by night all cats are grey; and sure the man his lot may rue who has not broke his fast by two; between man and man the maw cannot differ a span; and as the saying is, with hay or with straw we'll fill up the craw; the little birds of the field have God for their steward and shield; four yards of coarse Cuença stuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia serge; when we leave this world and are laid in the ground, the lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's; for though the one be higher than the other, when we go to the pit, we must lie snug and make it fit; or we shall be obliged to find room, though scanty is the tomb; and so good night. Wherefore, I say again, if your grace will not give me the island, because I'm a fool, I shall be so wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment; and I have often heard that the devil skulks behind the cross; it is not all gold that glitters; and that from his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman was raised to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, pastime, and embroidery, Roderigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie."

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, "Wherefore should they lie? (said she), for the ballad says as how they thrust King Roderigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards, and snakes; and two days after he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, 'Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I sinned so heinously!' And therefore the gentleman is in the right to say he would rather be a husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin."

The duchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho; to whom she replied, "Honest Sancho very well knows, whatsoever a knight promises must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life: now my lord and husband, the duke, though no errant, is nevertheless a knight; and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world; let Sancho then be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion,

* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts through which it extends; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty."

"With respect to their being happy under my government (said the 'squire), you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with, 'Come hither, poor Tray.'* I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions; nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes, for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government, and perhaps, in a fortnight's administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred."

"Sancho (said the duchess), you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former discourse about the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted: I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for I know from very good authority, that the village-maiden who skipped upon the ass was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was in fact the person deceived,—a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for Signor Sancho Panza must know, that here also we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and therefore Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived."

"There is nothing more likely (cried the 'squire); and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner which I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes: for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool as, upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead like me is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there's a Judge in heaven who knows the heart."—"Very true (answered the duchess); but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear."

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, "From this incident (said she), we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious and extremely curious."—"This I will venture to say (replied Panza), that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in at every bawdy-house bench, with Sancho said this, Sancho did that, Sancho went, and Sancho came; as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Sampson Carrasco, who is at least a bacheleering person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads, or will turn to their account; wherefore nobody has any right to meddle with me; and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, a good name is better than tuns of wealth, even shove me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for he who has been a good 'squire will never become a bad governor."

* In the original, And thoroughly understand *Tus, Tus*; which is an expression in Spain to wheedle a cur.

"All that honest Sancho has uttered (said the duchess), is Catonian wisdom, or at least the very essence of Michael Verino,* *Florentibus occidit annis.* In a word, to speak in his own style, a good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak."—"In sober truth, my lady (answered Sancho), I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I choose it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill bred; for sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend, for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially as the 'squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye."—"I believe what you say (answered the duchess): at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient despatch he may be, to use his own words, shoved into that same government."

Sancho kissed his hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked what he meant by Dapple, "My ass (replied the 'squire), whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I first came to the castle, I desired madam duenna here to take care of him; and truly she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of state. God's my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting gentlewomen!"—"He must be some ill-bred clown (said Donna Rodrigues, the duenna); for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon."—"Enough for the present (resumed the duchess): hold your tongue, Donna Rodrigues, and let Signor Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place above the apple of mine eye."—"The stable is a place good enough for him (answered the 'squire); for neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness's eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for although, as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a card too much rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes."

"Sancho may conduct him to his government (said the duchess), and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even enfranchise him from all labour."—"Your grace, my lady duchess, needs not think much of that (replied the 'squire); for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments, and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine."

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchess, who, having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the style of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

CHAP. II.

Which gives an account of the information received touching the means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso: one of the most renowned adventures of this book.

Great was the satisfaction which the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchess, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only enchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing,

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

that in a few days he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the 'squire, he took that which was offered to him without scruple, intending to sell it the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points; Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey, but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying; and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar baited by the dogs, and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than, bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone, seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top unfortunately gave way, and in falling he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusky boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognised his faithful 'squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards; and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho, who, finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul; for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the duchess the skirts of his torn suit, "If (said he), this had been hare or sparrow hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad, that says,

May bears upon thy carcass feed,
As erst on Fabila they did."

"That was a Gothic king (said Don Quixote), who, in going to the chase, was devoured by a bear."—"That is the very thing I say (replied the 'squire), I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers for the enjoyment of a diversion which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime."—"There, Sancho, you are mistaken (said the duke), for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is, of all others, the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter your opinion, Sancho,

and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chace, which you will find of incredible service."*—"Surely that cannot be (answered the 'squire); a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards at Easter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to these chaces or cases, they neither suit my condition nor agree with my conscience."—"God grant Sancho may behave as he says he will (replied the duke); but there is a wide difference between saying and doing."—"Let it be as wide as it pleases (cried Sancho), a good paymaster needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than early rising; and the belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly: I mean that, with God's assistance and a righteous intention, I certainly shall be able to govern like any goshawk; ay, ay, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite."

"The curse of God and all his saints light on thee, accursed babbler! (cried Don Quixote): will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws? My lord and lady duchess, I entreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two but between two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose, and as seasonably, as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them."—"The proverbs of Sancho Panza (said the duchess), though more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apothegms. I can safely say for myself, that they gave me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, though better culled and more suitable to the occasion."

In the midst of this and other such savoury conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and duchess. When the night therefore began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood: so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bye-standers, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *lelillies*, or cries, used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fifes resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchess amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postillion, dressed like a devil, and instead of a cornet, blew an immeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. "Holla! brother courier (cried the duke), who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march across the wood?" To these interrogations the courier replied in a dismal, hollow tone, "I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha: those who follow are six troops of enchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanting the said lady Dulcinea."—"If you were the devil (answered the duke), as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished the same Don Quixote de la Mancha, who now stands before you."—"'Fore God! and upon my conscience! (cried the devil), I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming."—"Without doubt (said Sancho), that devil must be an honest man, and a good Christian, otherwise he would not swear 'fore God! and on my conscience! Now am I fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell."

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced, "To thee, the Knight of the Lions (and would I might see thee in their clutches), am I sent by the unfortunate though valiant knight, Montesinos, who commanded me to desire, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Tobo-

* Literally, And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.

so, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment: and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair." So saying, he sounded his dreadful horn, and rode off without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote: of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos. While he was wrapped in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, "Signor Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?"—"Wherefore not? (replied the knight), here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me."—"Then for my part (cried Sancho), if I see another devil, and hear another horn like that which passed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders."

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting stars: their ears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vast number of muskets were fired; here resounded the cries of the combatants; there the Moorish *lelillies* were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but, above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed altogether such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion: but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the duchess, who received him as he fell; and, with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram: for the waggon being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils, clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, "I am the sage Lirgandeo." He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who, ordering the waggon to stop, said, with a voice as solemn as the first, "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same style: but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who, rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, "I am the enchanter Acalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and his whole race." And so the carriage passed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted; then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the duchess, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, "My lady duchess, where there is music there can be no harm."—"As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination," answered the duchess. "And yet (replied the 'squire), we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illumination they produce; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting."—"Time will shew," said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Being a continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the means for disenchanting Dulcinea; with an account of other surprising incidents.

Moving to the sound of this agreeable music, came one of those carriages called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a penitent of light,* clad also in white, with a large lighted wax-taper in his hand. The car

* *Disciplinante de Luz* is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to public shame.

was twice, nay thrice, as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers,—a sight that excited equal terror and surprise. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy: her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure, clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet, and his head was muffled in a black veil. The car had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchess, and Don Quixote, than the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and incarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death, standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address:—

I Merlin am, by histories belied,
That represent the devil as my sire:
A falsehood sanctioned by the lapse of time.
I am the prince of magic, in whose breast
The Zoroastic science lies entomb'd:
The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
Achieved by the most illustrious errant knights,
For whom my friendship glows and ever glow'd.

Though all my fellows of th' enchanting tribe,
The magi and magicians, ever nursed
A disposition barbarous and harsh,
Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,
A friend to all the various race of man.
In the profoundest caves of gloomy Dis,
Where my industrious spirit was employ'd
In forming mystic characters and spells,
Mine ears were wounded by the wailing cries
Of famed Dulcinea, that matchless fair.

I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condoled
Her transformation from a gentle nymph
To the vile figure of a rustic wench.
An hundred thousand volumes I perused,
Fraught with the dark and diabolic art;
Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
Of this dry skeleton my soul enclosed:
And now I come on purpose to impart
An easy remedy for her mishap.

O thou! the glory of all knights who wear
Impervious coats of mail and adamant:
Thou light and lantern, path, and north, and guide,
Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,
And, starting from the lazy down, embrace
Th' intolerable use and exercise
Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms.
To thee I speak, great chief, whose valiant deeds
So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.

Quixote, for courage and discretion famed,
La Mancha's mirror, and the star of Spain,
In order to recover and restore
Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
Sancho, thy faithful 'squire, must undergo
Three thousand and three hundred stripes, applied
To his posteriors, passively exposed;
And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,
And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.
Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pronounced
By the fell authors of her dire mischance,
And on this errand, gentles, am I come.

"I vow to God! (cried Sancho), at this period, not to mention three thousand, I will as soon give myself three stabs with a dagger as three single stripes with a scourge. Now devil take such ways of disenchanting. I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God! if Signor Merlin can find no other method for disenchanting my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may e'en go enchanted to her grave."—"Hark ye, Don Garlic-eating Rustic (said Don Quixote), I shall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thousand three hundred, give you six thousand six hundred lashes so well laid on, that three thousand three hundred twitches shall not pull them off; and answer me not a syllable, or I will tear thy soul from thy body."

Merlin hearing this declaration, "Not so, neither (said he): the lashes to be received by honest Sancho must be voluntary, not upon compulsion, and at his own leisure; for there is no time fixed for the final execution: nevertheless, he is so far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the stripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, though it may chance to be a little weighty."—"No man's hand shall touch my flesh; neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty, nor unweighed. What a plague! did I, forsooth, bring my lady Dulcinea into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance and support, may, and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all despatch the necessary steps for her disenchantment; but for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it."

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph, who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and disclosing a face which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious: "O! ill-conditioned 'squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles; hadst thou been commanded, thou nose-flaying caitiff, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; hadst thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; hadst thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scimetar, it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but to make such objections to three thousand three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes, and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep thread by thread and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty), consume and pine within the bark of an homely rustic wench? in which form if I do now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signor Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tigers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouse that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the beauty of my face: and if for my sake thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers' breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach."

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, "By Heaven! my lord (said he), Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I find my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow." When the duchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, "I say (replied the 'squire), what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce."—"You must call it renounce (said the duke), and not denounce."—"I would your grace would let me alone (answered Sancho): this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying nor doing: yet I should be glad to know where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horsewhip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague! is my flesh made of brass? or is it any thing to me whether she is disenchanted or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but here take it, is better. Then my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a 'squire, but a governor, whom they desire to flog himself; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance, how to entreat and beg with good breeding; for all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat; and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good-will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good-will as I am from turning Turk."

"Nevertheless, friend Sancho (said the duke), if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme indeed, if I should send to my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the entreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchanters. In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself, or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor."—"My good lord (replied the 'squire), will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?"—"By no means (cried

* Literally, *cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

Merlin): on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed, otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished."

"Go to, honest Sancho (said the duchess), pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful 'squire that has eaten the bread of Signor Don Quixote, who is entitled to the service and acknowledgment of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil; leave fear to the coward; for a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know."

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply, but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, "Good your worship, pray tell me, Signior Merlin, the meaning of one thing. A certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from Signor Montesinos, desiring him to stay in this place until he should come up; for he would teach him a way to disenchant my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person." To this interrogation Merlin replied, "That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montesinos, but from myself; for Montesinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting, his disenchantment, the worst of which is still to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the meantime despatch, and give your consent to this discipline, which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking, and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood."

"What a number of leeches have we got in this world! (said Sancho), the very enchanters are physicians: but since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant, that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers of justice,* every lash so received shall enter into the tale: item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, Signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score."—"There will be no occasion to apprise you of the surplus (said Merlin); for as soon as the number shall be completed, the lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompense, to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or the deficiency; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud any person, even of a single hair."—"A'God's name, then (cried Sancho), I consent in my tribulation: I say, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforesaid."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the music of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and duchess, and all the bye-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsy to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful smiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid crystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and altogether joined, prognosticated plainly that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

CHAP. IV.

Which gives an account of the perilous and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the Countess Trifaldi; together with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife, Teresa Panza.

The duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin,

* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of its meanings; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, lightens the humour of the passage.

and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance, which he was to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes: but when she inquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand.—"That is rather clapping than lashing (replied her grace); and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy: it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briers, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle. To this remonstrance Sancho replied, "I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that, although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the mat-weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage."—"In good time be it (answered the duchess): to-morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to a hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own brother."

This affair being adjusted, "My lady (said Sancho Panza), your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that has befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it smacks of the governor; I mean of the manner in which governors ought to write."—"And who was the inditer?" said the duchess. "Who should indite it, sinner that I am, but myself?" answered the 'squire. "Did you likewise write it yourself?" replied her grace. "I did not so much as think of any such matter (said Sancho); for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, though I know very well how to set my mark."—"Let us see this epistle (quoth the duchess), in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding."

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchess took and read it to this effect:—

SANCHO'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA.

"If I have been finely lashed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping.—This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunity. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution pat to the purpose; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you shall be, and I would fain see the best of them tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit, which was a present from my lady duchess.—Make it up for a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master, Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a sensible madman, and a diverting fool, and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, in your parts, is called Aldonza Lorenzo: with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another swear it is black.

"A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and I am told, this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou shalt come and live with me.

"Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forsake him even if they should make me the Grand Turk. My lady duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times; return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleased God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa, for he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amiss will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain, though the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of canonry in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee so, as he may well may, and preserve, for thy service, thy husband the governor.

"SANCHO PANZA."

From the Duke's Castle,
July 20, 1614.

The duchess having read the letter to an end, "In two circumstances (said she), the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating that the government was bestowed upon him, in return for the stripes he

must undergo; whereas, he knows, and cannot deny, that when my lord duke promised him the island, nobody thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: secondly, he discovers an avaricious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin-flint; for greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice."—"I did not write with that intention (answered the 'squire); and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be still worse, if it be left to my own mammskull."—"No, no (cried the duchess), this will do very well, and must be shewn to the duke."

Accordingly, repairing to a garden where they were to dine that day, she communicated Sancho's epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner: and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the savoury conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife and a hoarse unbraced drum: all the company were startled at this confused, martial, and melancholy music, especially Don Quixote, whose emotion would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual shelter, the side or skirts of the duchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprise, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden in mourning-cloaks so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantic stature, rolled rather than clothed with a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of an immeasurable length. Over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scimetar, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with a black transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprise, and did surprise, all those who beheld him without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire, and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and, in a grave sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, "Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, 'squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the Afflicted Duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and, first of all, she wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him she is come a-foot and fasting from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories,—a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure house, and only waits for your permission to come in."

So saying, he hemmed, and, with both hands stroking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: "Worthy 'Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, many days are passed since we have been apprised of the misfortune of my lady Countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have entailed the epithet of the Afflicted Duenna: well may you, stupendous 'squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting; for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs, that maxim of assisting the fair sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas, like her ladyship." Trifaldin, hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and, making a signal to the fifer and drums to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, "In a word, renowned knight (said he), it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a-foot and fasting, confident of finding in that most valiant arm the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes:

thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe."

"My lord duke (replied the knight), I wish that same pious ecclesiastic was here at present: he who, at your grace's table the other day, expressed so much ill-will and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not such knights are of any service in this world, or, at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate; nor to the idle courtier, who would rather inquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of these, I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire, I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul."

CHAP. V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the Afflicted Duenna.

The duke and duchess were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. Sancho interposing, "I wish (said he), this madam duenna may not throw some stumbling-block in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, observe, that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a spite that same apothecary had to the whole tribe; from whence I conclude, that seeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatsoever are offensive and impertinent, what must those be who are afflicted, which they say is the case with this Trifaldis,* or three-tailed countess? for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing."—"Hold your tongue, friend Sancho (said Don Quixote): this lady, who is come in quest of me from remote countries, cannot be one of those to whom the apothecary alluded, especially as she is a countess; and when ladies of that rank serve as duennas, it must be under queens and empresses; for in their own houses they are honoured with the title of ladyship, and have other duennas in their service."

To this remark, Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, "My lady duchess has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, had it pleased fortune: but the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let nobody speak disrespectfully of duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for although I am not of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us will have no easy task to perform."—"And yet for all that (replied Sancho), if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn, that —You had better not stir the porridge, though it stick to the pot."—"The 'squires are always our enemies (answered Donna Rodriguez): they are imps of the antechamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and, except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in backbiting, disinterring our bones, and interring our reputations. But let me tell those moving blocks, that, in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, ay, in noble families, though we should die of hunger, and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or shade a dunghill with tapestry on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not centre in a duenna."—"I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes (said the duchess); but she must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the mighty Sancho Panza." To this remark the 'squire replied, "Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a 'squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end."

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The duchess asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countess and person of quality. "With regard to her being a countess (said Sancho, before the duke could reply), it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in respect to

* *Faldas*, in Spanish, signifies skirts.

her being a duenna, I think you should not move a step."—"Who taught thee to interfere in such matters?" said Don Quixote. "Who, signor? (replied Sancho); I interfere, because I am qualified to interfere, as a 'squire who has learned all the punctilios of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and best bred knight that ever the province of courtesy produced; and in these matters, as I have heard your worship observe, the game is as often lost by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wise is sufficient."—"It is even so as Sancho has remarked (said the duke); let us first see a specimen of the countess, and from that sample consider what courtesy she deserves."

At that instant the fifers and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this short chapter, in order to begin another with the sequel of the same adventure, which is among the most remarkable of the whole history.

CHAP. VI.

In which is recounted the misfortune of the Afflicted Duenna.

In the rear of those melancholy musicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in loose mourning-gowns, seemingly of milled stuff, with white veils of fine muslin, so long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were seen. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, led by her 'squire, Trifaldin of the snowy beard, and clothed in a robe of the finest black serge, which, had it been napped, would have displayed grains as large as the best Martos garavances.* The tail or skirt, or whatsoever it is called, was divided into three parts, supported by three pages, who were likewise in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divisions, a circumstance from which all who saw this divided train, concluded that from hence she was called the Countess of Trifaldi, as if she would say the Countess of Three Skirts; and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth, observing, that her proper appellation was the Countess de Wolf, because her country produced a great number of those animals, and if it had been famous for foxes, she would have been called my Lady Fox; for it is the custom in those countries for people of fashion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their estates chiefly abound; but this countess, in order to favour the fashion of her train, laid aside the name of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not transparent like that of the 'Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were so close that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian squadron appeared, the duke and duchess, Don Quixote, and all those who beheld the procession, stood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen steps to receive her: then she kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth and delicate, pronounced this address: "I beg your graces will be pleased to waive all this courtesy to your humble varlet†—I mean your handmaid—Indeed I am so overwhelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer; for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understanding I know not whither, though it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek, the farther I am from finding it."—"He must be deprived of it altogether, my lady countess (answered the duke), who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without further inquiry, is deserving of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony."

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the duchess, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity to see the faces of the Countess Trifaldi and some of her duennas; but he could not possibly gratify his desire until they unveiled themselves, of their own free will and motion. Every body was hushed, expecting who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted countess broke in these words: "Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious bye-standers, that my most wretchedness will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certi-

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.

† This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish *Criado* for *Criada*; but, as in the English language the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words *varlet* and *handmaid*. Varlets were the servants of yeomen, though formerly 'squires were known by that appellation.

fied whether or not the perfectionatissimo knight Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his 'squirissimo Panza, are in this group, circle, or assembly." Before any other person could reply, "Panza (cried Sancho), is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo, and therefore, most dolorous duennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servantissimos." Then Don Quixote, rising and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, "If your misfortunes, distressed lady (said he), can derive any remedy or redress from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees; and, this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles, but only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, though perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them."

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote, nay, even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them, exclaimed, "O invincible knight! I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry: suffer me to kiss these feet, on whose footstêps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all the Amadises, Belianises, and Esplandians——"

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, "And O! (said she) thou loyalest 'squire that ever served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestic Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou hast attended in epitome the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball. I conjure thee, by thy own faithful benevolence, to be my intercessor with thy master, that he may instantly favour me, the most humble and unfortunate countess that ever was born."

To this address Sancho replied, "Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your 'squire's beard is of very little signification, so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point; I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will desire my master, who, I believe, has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and assist your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune."

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue, for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the Countess Trifaldi, who, seating herself again, began her story in these words:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband, in which marriage they begat and procreated the infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the crown, which said infanta Antonomasia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for I was her mother's most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass in process of time, that the young Antonomasia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl compared to her who was equally discreet and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted sisters have not cut short the yarn of her life: but surely they have not, for Heaven would not permit such mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these a private knight belonging to the court had the presumption to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guitar so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird-cages so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but all his gayety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my good-will, and corrupting my taste, that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewles and trinkets; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an alley where

he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect:

A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
Are launch'd unerring to my heart,
Yet must I not reveal the smart;
And silence aggravates my woe!

"I thought the turn of the rhyme was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, through these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wise and well-regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your lascivious writers who compose couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children, but your pointed conceits, which, like agreeable thorns, prick, as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time he sung the following stanza:

Come, gentle death, so soft and sly,
That thy approach I may not see;
Lest I rejoice to such degree,
That I shall not have pow'r to die.

"And other tags and couplets of the same kidney, which, when written, confound, and when chanted, enchant; for when they condescend to compose a sort of verse in fashion at that time in Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the soul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and, finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the Isle of Lizards; yet they are not so much to blame as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his serenading concerts, nor believed the truth of these expressions: "In death I live; in frost I burn; in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; though I depart I still remain;" and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. When they promise the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balsams of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for it costs them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I straying? What madness of despair now hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people? me who have so much to say of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verses, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished: it was not his music that softened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him), misled Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No, no, marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned: the only misfortune in this affair was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the infanta Antonomasia, who, as I have already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time, the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumspection, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomasia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the infanta, which was indited by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Sampson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princess, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court."

Here Sancho interposing, "So then (said he), there are alguazils of the court, poets, and roundelays in Candaya, as well as in Spain! I swear, I think the world is every where the same! but I beg your ladyship, Madam Trifaldi, would despatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story."—I will comply with your request," answered the countess.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Lady Trifaldi proceeds with her memorable and stupendous story.

Every word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the duchess as pain to Don Quixote, who having imposed silence on the 'squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: "At length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her story without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband,—a circumstance that so deeply affected Queen Maguncia, mother to the infanta Antonomasia, that we buried her in three days."—"Not before she was dead, I

hope," said Sancho. "No, certainly (replied Trifaldin); for in Candaya people do not bury the living, but the dead."—"And yet, signor 'squire (said Sancho), we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead; and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; for while there is life there is hope, and the infanta's slip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other servant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired; but to marry such a genteel, accomplished knight as the countess hath described;—verily, verily, although it was indiscreet, the indiscretion was not so great as people may imagine; for, according to the maxims of my master, who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors."—"Thou art in the right, Sancho (said Don Quixote); for a knight-errant with two fingers-breadth of good fortune, is the very next in proportion to the greatest lord in the universe: but pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come."—"How! the bitter part to come? (replied the countess); ay, and so bitter, that, in comparison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and savoury."

"Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried; but scarce was she covered with the mould, and scarce had we pronounced the long and last farewell, when, '*Quis Talia fando, temperet a lachrymis?*' all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horse the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's first cousin, who, exclusive of his cruel disposition, was an enchanter; and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation's death, and chastise the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomasia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia's tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance; between them is a plate of metal displaying an inscription in the Syrian language, which being translated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Castilian tongue, contains this sentence: "These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form until the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat; for his stupendous valour alone the fates have reserved this unseen adventure." This metamorphosis being effected, he unsheathed a vast immeasurable scimetar, and twisting his left hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe and slice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and, in a faltering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathetic remonstrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are), to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the disposition of duennas, their wicked schemes and contrivances, and accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said, he would not punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking, than that very moment and instant we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles; then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her visage in the condition which you shall now behold."

So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at the sight of which, the duke and duchess were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment; as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words:

"In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-designing Malambruno, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his immeasurable scimetar, than obscured the light of our countenances with this frightful bush; for if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and therefore I must speak without tears. I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? what father or mother will condole her disgrace? or who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmetic slops and washes, she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection; what must she do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of brushwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in a hapless hour were we engendered by our fathers!"

So saying, she pretended to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

Of circumstances appertaining and relating to this adventure and memorable story.

Verily, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought

to manifest their gratitude to its first author Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute soever it may be. He describes the thought, discloses the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, discusses arguments, and finally displays the very atoms of the most curious disposition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish conjunctly and severally to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the afflicted duenna faint away, "Now, by the faith of man! (cried he), and by the pedigree of all the Panzas of my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master recount, or indeed conceive, such an adventure as this. A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and enchanter, accursed Malambruno! couldst thou find no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would not it have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noses, even though they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager too they have not wherewithal to pay a barber."—"What you say is very true (replied one of the dozen): we have not wherewithal to be trimmed; and, therefore, some of us, by way of economy, make use of sticking-plaster, which being applied to our faces and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar: for although there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, taking off the hair, arching the eyebrows, and composing slipslops for the uses of the fair sex, we, who belonged to her ladyship, would never admit them into the family; because, for the most part, they are persons who, having ceased to be principals, exercise the occupation of procuress; and, therefore, if we are not redressed by Signor Don Quixote, we must e'en carry our beards to the grave."—"If I do not redress your whiskers (cried the knight), I will leave mine among the Moors."

Here the Countess Trifaldi recovering: "Valiant knight (said she), the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses; therefore, renowned errant and invincible knight, I again entreat you to put your gracious promise in execution."—"In me there shall be no delay (replied Don Quixote): consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do: my mind is perfectly disposed for your service."—"The case is this, then (answered the afflicted duenna): from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues, it may be one or two more or less; but if you go through the air in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must likewise know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better, and less vicious, than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead that serves instead of a bridle, and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journies, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona, who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price; we do not know that he was ever mounted from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journies, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day in Peru; and there is one great advantage in this horse, he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings, in such a manner, that his rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy: for which reason, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back."

"As for his going smooth and easy (said Sancho), there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced." All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded: "Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark: for he told me, the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient despatch."—"And pray (said Sancho), how many persons will this horse carry?"—"Two (replied the afflicted); one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and the 'squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen."—"I should be glad to know, afflicted madam (resumed the 'squire), what is the name of that same horse?"—"His name (answered the afflicted) is not like that of Bellerophon's horse,

which was called Pegasus; nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugero; nor Bootes, nor Peritoa, horses of the sun; nor is he, called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life."—"I will lay a wager (cried Sancho), that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rosinante,—a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named."—"Very true (replied the bearded countess): nevertheless, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligero,* an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the famous Rozinante."—"The name pleases me well enough (said Sancho); but what sort of bridle or halter must be used in managing him?"—"I have already told you (answered Trifaldi), that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel just as he pleases, either mounting through the air, or else sweeping, and as it were brushing, the surface of the earth; or, lastly, sailing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued in all well-concerted enterprises."

"I should be glad to see this same beast (replied the 'squire); but to think that I will mount him, either on the saddle or on the crupper, is all the same thing as looking for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as soft as satin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board without either pillow or cushion. By the Lord! I have no intention to bruise myself, in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever: let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy; for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey: for surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards, whatever I may have in the disenchantment of Dulcinea."—"Indeed you have, my friend (answered Trifaldi); ay, and so much, that without your presence I believe we shall do no good."—"In the king's name! (cried Sancho), what have 'squires to do with the adventures of their masters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o' me! would your historians but mention, that such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his 'squire What-d'ye-callum, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit; but they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars finished the adventure of the Six Goblins, without even naming the 'squire who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world: I therefore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself, and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my lady duchess company; and, peradventure, at his return, he may find my lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded; for I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself to such a tune, that not a single hair shall stand before me."

"But, for all that (said the duchess), honest Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion: for you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely from your needless apprehension."—"I say again, in the king's name! (cried Sancho), if this charity should be of any benefit to release maidens, or parish children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail."—"Friend Sancho (said the duchess), you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good sooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house, who might serve as patterns of virtue; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to say otherwise."—"Your excellency may say what you please (answered Rodriguez); but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers as well as other women; since, therefore, God sent us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever—"

"'Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company (said Don Quixote): Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will cheerfully obey my orders; let Clavileno come, so as that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave your ladyships with more facility than my sword should find in shaving the giant's head from his shoulders; for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time." The afflicted duenna

* Or, in English, *Wooden Peg the Winged.*

hearing this declaration, exclaimed, "Now may all the stars of the celestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your achievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our slighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by 'squires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for though we may be descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw *thou* in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno, who, though an enchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, wo be unto us!"

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the bye-standers, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, providing his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

CHAP. IX.

Of Clavileno's arrival, and the conclusion of this protracted adventure.

Meanwhile night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a great wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, "Let him who has courage mount this machine."—"For my own part (said Sancho), I do not mount, for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight." But the savage proceeded, saying, "Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do but turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival; but, lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh; for that will be the signal of their having performed their journey." This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, "Valiant knight (said she), Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay, every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy 'squire, and happily begin your journey."—"That will I do, my lady Countess Trifaldi (replied Don Quixote), with good-will and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven."—"That will I not (cried Sancho), neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another 'squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to take delight in flying through the air: and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know their governor was riding upon the wind? moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may spend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time the devil an island or islander in the whole world will know my face. It is a common saying, that delay breeds danger; and when the heifer you receive, have a halter in your sleeve. The beards of these ladies must therefore excuse me: I know St Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myself very well in this mansion, where I am treated with such respect, and from the master of which I expect so great a favour as that of being made a governor." To this remonstrance the duke replied, "Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is neither floating nor fugitive, but its roots are so deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulls will not remove or tear it away; and, as you are sensible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by some sort of bribe, more or less, the present I expect for the government is, that you will attend your master, Don Quixote, in crowning and accomplishing this memorable adventure; and whether you return upon Clavileno with that despatch which his speed seems to promise, or, by the cruelty of adverse fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from house to house, and from one inn to another, you shall, nevertheless, at your return, find your island where you left it, and your

islanders, actuated by the same desire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged; and, as for my inclination, it can never change; for, to entertain the least doubt of my sincerity, Signor Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your service."—"Enough, my lord (cried Sancho); I am a poor 'squire, and cannot bear such a load of courtesy: let my master mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and let me know whether, while we travel through those altitudes, I may call upon the name of the Lord, or implore the protection of his angels." To this interrogation the countess replied, "You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great sagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any person's affairs."—"Well then (cried Sancho), God and the most holy Trinity of Gaëta be my guide and protection!"—"Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills (said Don Quixote), I have never seen Sancho so infected with fear as upon this occasion; and if I were as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pusillanimity would produce some compunction in my soul: but come hither, Sancho; for, with the permission of that noble pair, I would speak two words with you in private."

Then taking his 'squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, "You see, brother Sancho (said he), the long journey that awaits us: and God knows when we shall return, and what leisure or convenience our business may allow; I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching some necessaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a straw, inflict upon thyself some five hundred of those three thousand three hundred lashes for which thou art engaged, and they shall stand good in the account: for, when a thing is once begun it is almost as good as half finished."—"Before God! (cried Sancho), your worship must be out of your senses; this is just as they say, 'You see me in a hurry, and ask me to marry.' Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worship have me afflict my posteriors? Verily, verily, your worship was never more out of the way: at present let us proceed and shave those duennas, and at our return, I promise to your worship, on the faith of my character, to quit my score with such despatch that your worship shall be satisfied; and I'll say no more."—"Well then (answered the knight), I will console myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for surely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue."—"Green! (said Sancho), my head is not green, but black; but, even though it were piebald, I would perform my promise."

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse; then the knight addressing himself to the 'squire, "Sancho (said he), suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who sends for us from such distant regions can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended upon his sincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair."—"Come then, signor (cried the 'squire), for the beards and tears of those ladies are so imprinted in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, signor, and hoodwink yourself first; for, if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle."—"You are in the right," replied Don Quixote, who, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket, desired the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered than he took off the bandage, saying, "If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the goddess Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy; and therefore it will not be amiss, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno."—"There is no occasion (said the afflicted duenna), for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worship, Signor Don Quixote, may therefore mount without the least apprehension; and if any mischance befall you, lay it at my door." The knight, reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as he could upon the crupper, found it so hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, though it should be taken from my lady duchess's sofa, or some page's bed; for the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament, but said, he might sit sideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho took her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of *paternosters*, and as many *ave marias*,

as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, "How now, miscreant! (said he), are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such entreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self-same back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence."—"Hoodwink me then (answered Sancho), and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils, who will treat us according to the Peralvillo law?"*

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, "Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid 'squire! Now, now you rise and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an arrow; now you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot! Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for we see thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from such a height would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the sun, his father."

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him fast in his arms, "Signor (said he), how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?"—"You must not mind that circumstance (answered the knight), for these incidents and flights being altogether out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please, at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for I swear, in all the days of my life I never bestrode a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend, for truly the business goes on swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind."—"You are certainly in the right (answered Sancho); for on this side there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows."

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of those machines: so well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and duchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the same breeze, "Without doubt (said he), we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced: meteors, thunder, and lightning are engendered in the third region; if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder."

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, "Let me perish! (cried he), if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed: and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are."—"By no means (answered the knight): remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who, being mounted on a cane, was conveyed through the air, with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death of the constable of Bourbon; and before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon that he could have touched it with his hand; but he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whose charge we are, will give a good account of us; and perhaps we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come souse upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a saker, or jerfaulcon, darts down upon a heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way."—"As to that matter, I am quite ignorant (said Sancho): this only I know, that if Madam Magallaness, or Magalona, took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender."

All this dialogue of the two heroes was over-

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which a criminal is first executed and then tried. *Peralvillo* is a village near Ciudad Real, in Castile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in *flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phrase, '*La justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le haze la Pesquisa.*' Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.

heard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's tail with some lighted flax; his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his 'squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground, as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass; but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance by two cords of green silk, a smooth white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters:

"The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, *alias* the afflicted duenna, and her companions, solely by his having undertaken the enterprise.

"Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean; their majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored to their original form: and when the 'squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved turtle; for such is the decree of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters."

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his success in having finished so mighty an exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchess still lay entranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, "Courage! courage, my noble lord (said he), all is over now; the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription on yonder scroll."

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the duchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced: Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, with their faces smack smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the duchess asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the 'squire replied, "As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my master told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a strong inclination to have a peep, but my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes: nevertheless, I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbid to inquire about, fair and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by these means had a glimpse of the earth, which seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men that walked upon it almost as little as hazel-nuts; so you may guess how high we must have soared by that time."

To this asseveration the duchess answered, "Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you say, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you saw: for if the earth appeared like a grain of mustard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows, that one man must have covered the whole earth."—"Very true (said Sancho); but, for all that, I had a side-view, by which I discovered the whole globe."—"Take notice, Sancho (resumed the duchess), it is impossible to see the whole of any thing by a side-view."—"I know nothing of views (replied the 'squire); this only I know, your ladyship ought to consider, that as we flew by enchantment, so might I, by enchantment, see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any sort of view whatsoever: and if your ladyship will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that pushing up the handkerchief towards my eyebrows, I found myself within an hand's-breath and an half of heaven, which I'll assure your ladyship upon oath is very huge; and it came to pass, that our road lay close to the seven nanny goats:* now I have been a goatherd in my youth, before God and my conscience! I no sooner set eyes on them, than I was seized with the inclination to divert myself

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *Cabrillas*, nanny-goats.

a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I should have burst for vexation. Come on then, what does I? but, without saying a word to any living soul, not even to my master, fairly and softly slide down from Clavileno, and sport with the nannies, which are like violets and lilies, for the space of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horse did not budge a step from the place."

"And while honest Sancho diverted himself with the goats (said the duke), how was Signor Don Quixote entertained?"—To this interrogation the knight replied, "As all these adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary course of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told; for my own part, I can safely affirm, that I neither shoved up nor pulled down the bandage, nor did I see either heaven or earth, or sea or land. True it is, I perceived we passed through the region of the air, and even bordered upon the region of the fire; but that we travelled beyond it I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach the firmament in which are placed the seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being scorched to death; and seeing we are not scorched, either Sancho lies or Sancho dreams."—"I neither lie nor dream (cried the 'squire), let them ask the marks of the nanny-goats; and by my answers you will perceive whether or not I speak truth."—"Describe them then, Sancho," said the duchess. "Two of them (replied Sancho), are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley."—"This is a new breed (said the duke), in our region of earth there are no such colours; I mean among the nanny-goats."—"That is very plain (replied the 'squire), there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those upon earth."—"Pray tell me, Sancho (said his grace), didst thou see never an he-goat* among those females?"—"No, my lord (answered the 'squire), I have been told none of those pass beyond the horns of the moon."

They did not choose to interrogate him farther about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each, though he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and duchess, not only at that time, but during the whole course of their lives, as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote, coming to the 'squire, whispered in his ear, "Hark ye, Sancho; since you would have us believe what you say, touching the things you saw in heaven, I desire the like credit from you with regard to those things I saw in the cave of Montesinos. That's all.

CHAP. X.

Containing Don Quixote's instructions to Sancho Panza before he set out for his government, with other well-weighed incidents.

The duke and duchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having, therefore, communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island; on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho having made his obeisance, "Since my descent from heaven (said he), and since from its lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor is much moderated: for what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard seed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts; for the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to bestow upon me a small trifling space in heaven, though it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the best island in the world."—"You must consider, friend Sancho (replied the duke), that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth: these favours and benefits are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power I freely give you, namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well-proportioned, above measure fertile, and so abounding with all good things, that, if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven."—"Well then (cried Sancho), let this island be forthcoming, and I will struggle hard, but I shall be such a governor, that, in spite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and take notice, it is not from avarice that I desire to quit my cottage, and raise myself to a footing with my betters; but solely to taste and try what it is to be a governor."—"Nay, if once you taste it

* There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke which cannot be translated: for the Spanish word *Cabron* signifies a cuckold as well as an he-goat.

(said the duke), you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for nothing is so delicious as to command and be obeyed: certain I am, that when your master shall come to be an emperor, as will doubtless be the case, considering the current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any person upon earth to tear it from him, and he will sorely grieve and heartily rue the time he has lost before his advancement to such an imperial station."—"Indeed, my lord (replied Sancho), I imagine it must be a very pleasant thing to govern, even though it should be but a flock of sheep."—"May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing! (answered the duke): I hope you will turn out such a governor as your judgment and sagacity seem to promise: but here let that matter rest; and take notice, that to-morrow morning you must set out for the government of the island; and this evening you shall be accommodated with a convenient dress, and all other necessaries for your departure."—"They may dress me as they will (said the 'squire); but, be that as it may, I shall still be Sancho Panza."—"True (replied the duke); but the garb ought always to be suited to the dignity and function of the profession: for it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dress of a soldier, or in a soldier to wear canonicals; you, Sancho, must wear a habit that shall partly bespeak the gown and partly the sword: for in the island which I have bestowed upon you, letters and arms are both necessary."—"As for letters (answered Sancho), I am but indifferently stored, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Christcross, I shall be sufficiently qualified for a good governor: with regard to arms, I shall use those that may be put into my hand, until I can stand no longer, and God be my shield."—"With such an excellent memory (said the duke), Sancho can never fall into the least mistake."

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who, understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the 'squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone:

"I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished: other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levees, entreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim: and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou who, in comparison to me, art doubtless an ignorant dunce, without rising early or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry; without any pretension, more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own deserts; but give thanks to Heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centres in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me, who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbour from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be ingulfed; for great posts and offices of state are no other than a profound gulf of confusion.

"In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and if you are wise you cannot err.

"Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself,—a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like the frog, in order to rival the size of the ox: if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swineherd will, like the peacock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride."—"I own I once kept hogs when I was a boy (said Sancho); but after I grew up I quitted that employment and took care of geese: but I apprehend that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race."—"No, sure (answered the knight); and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed: and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth: innumerable are those who, from an humble stock, have risen to the pontifical and imperatorial dignity,—a truth which I could prove by so many examples that you would not have patience to hear them.

"Take notice, Sancho, if you choose virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; consequently, this last has an intrinsic value, which the other does not possess.

"This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him, but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of Heaven, which is displeased at seeing his own handy-work despised; and perform your duty to the well-concerted rights of nature.

"If you send for your wife, and, indeed, those who are concerned in governing ought not to be long without their helpmates, take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her: for all that a sagacious governor can acquire, is very often lost and squandered by a foolish rustic wife.

"If, perchance, you should become a widower (a circumstance that may possibly happen), and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not choose such a yokefellow as will serve for an angling hook, fishing-rod, or equivocating hood:* for verily I say unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death what he made no reckoning of during life.

"Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self-sufficiency.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

"Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

"When equity can, and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for severity is not more respected than compassion in the character of a judge.

"If ever you suffer the rod of justice to be bent a little, let it not be warped by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

"If ever you should have an opportunity to judge the process of your enemy, recall thy attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the case.

"In another man's cause, be not blinded by private affection; for the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of remedy, it will be greatly at the expense of your fortune and credit.

"If a beautiful woman should come to demand justice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her sighs, and deliberate at a distance upon the substance of her demand, unless you have a mind that your reason should be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue buried in her sighs.

"Abuse not him in word whom you are resolved to chastise in deed: for to such a wretch the pain of the punishment will be sufficient, without the addition of reproach.

"In judging the delinquents who shall fall under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable object man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, display your clemency and compassion: for although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and strikes with greater lustre, than justice.

"If you observe, and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth: your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable: your children will be married according to your wish; they and their descendants will enjoy titles; you shall live in peace and friendship with all mankind: when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in a happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

"The remarks I have hitherto made are documents touching the decoration of your soul; and now you will listen to those that regard the ornaments of the body."

CHAP. XI.

Of the second series of instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

Who that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment and excellent disposition? but, as we have oftentimes observed in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared except when the string of chivalry was touched; and on all other subjects of conversation he displayed a clear and ready

* The phrase *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

understanding: so that every minute his works discredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second set of instructions communicated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and discretion to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in these terms:

"With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho:—In the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pare your nails; and do not let them grow like some people, whose ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand; as if that additional excrement, which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail: whereas it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

"You must never appear loose and unbuttoned; for a slovenly dress denotes a disorderly mind; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

"Examine sagaciously the profits of your place; and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substantial than gay and tawdry; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe six pages, put three in livery, and clothe as many poor boys; and then you will have pages for heaven as well as earth: now this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

"Abstain from eating garlic and onions, lest your breath should discover your rusticity.

"Walk leisurely, speak distinctly, but not so as to seem delighted with your own discourse; for all affectation is disagreeable.

"Dine sparingly, and eat very little at supper; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the stomach.

"Be temperate in drinking; and consider that excess of wine will neither keep a secret nor perform a promise.

"Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both sides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company."—"I do not understand what you mean by eructing (said the 'squire)."—"By eructing (answered the knight), I mean belching, which, though one of the most expressive, is at the same time one of the most vulgar terms of our language; therefore people of taste have had recourse to the Latin tongue, saying to eruct instead of to belch, and substituting eructations in the room of belchings: and though some people may not understand these terms, it is of small importance; for time and use will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practick of the vulgar has great influence."—"Truly, signor (said Sancho), one of the advices and good counsels which I intend to remember must be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very often guilty."—"Eructing, Sancho, and not belching," replied Don Quixote. "Eructing it shall be henceforward (answered the 'squire); and I will take care that it shall not be forgotten."

"Moreover, Sancho, you must not intermingle so many proverbs with your discourse; for although proverbs are short sentences, you very often bring them in by the head and shoulders so preposterously, that they look more like the ravings of distraction than well-chosen apothegms."

"That defect God himself must remedy (said Sancho); for I have more proverbs by heart than would be sufficient to fill a large book; and when I speak, they crowd together in such a manner as to quarrel for utterance; so that my tongue discharges them just as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or are not to the purpose; but I will take care henceforward to throw out those that may be suitable to the gravity of my office; for where there's plenty of meat, the supper will soon be complete. He that shuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a short game; and it requires a good brain to know when to give and retain."—"Courage, Sancho (cried Don Quixote), squeeze, tack, and string your proverbs together; here are none to oppose you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to suppress thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast spewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb properly applied is amiss; but to throw in and string together old saws, helter skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

"When you appear on horseback, do not lean backwards over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the horse's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for some ride like jockies and some like gentlemen.

"Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun cannot enjoy the day: and observe, O Sancho, industry is the mother of prosperity; and laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

"The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree, at least never compare one with another: for, in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other;

and he whom you have abused will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled."

"Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings; a full waistcoat, with skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose coat; but never think of wearing trunk-hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

"This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation."

"Signor (said Sancho), I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me are sound, and good, and profitable; but of what signification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain: but as to these other gallimaufries, quirks, and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year's rain; and therefore it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for though I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion."

"Ah, sinner that I am! (exclaimed Don Quixote), what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant that they can neither read nor write. Thou must know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters, or left-handed, argues either that he was descended from the very lowest and meanest of people, or that he was so wicked and stubborn, that good example and judicious precepts have had no effect upon his mind or understanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wish thou wouldst learn, if possible, to write thy name."—"I can sign my name very well (answered Sancho); for, during my stewardship of the brotherhood, I learned to make such letters as are ruddled upon packs, and those they tell me stood for my name: besides, I can feign myself lame of my right-hand, and keep a secretary to sign in my room; so that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for, He whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor, which is still better. Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs and slanders at me, otherwise they may come for wool, and go home shorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves its master well. A rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye: now I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my grannam; and might overcomes right."

"O! God's curse light on thee! (cried Don Quixote): threescore thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! a full hour hast thou been stringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for these thy vassals will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numskull, where didst thou find this heap of old saws? or how didst thou learn to apply them, wiseacre? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied."

"'Fore God, sir master of mine (replied Sancho), your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own; I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no less than four at my tongue's end; that come as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for sagacious silence is *Sancho."—"That thou art not, Sancho (said the knight), far from being sagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection."—"What can be better than these? (replied the 'squire): Never thrust your thumb between another man's grinders; and to Get out of my house; what would you with my wife? there is no reply: Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, 'ware pitcher. Now all these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; otherwise he will suffer, as if he had thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made; no more than to get out of my house, what would you with my wife? and as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it; wherefore, let him who spies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, the dead mare was frighted at the flea'd mule: and your worship is very sensible that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in that of his neighbour."—"There, Sancho, you are mistaken (answered Don Quixote); a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's house; because no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But here let the subject rest: if thou shouldst

* Instead of *saintly*.

misbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault, and mine the shame: I console myself, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty, in giving thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of promise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have that thou wilt turn the island topsy turvy,—a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Signor (replied Sancho), if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever, amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul than my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, while we sleep, great and small, rich and poor, are equal all. If your worship will consider, your worship will find, that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a bustard: and if you think the governorship will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire."

"Before God! (cried the knight), from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is naught: recommend thyself to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the first intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpose be, to deal righteously in all thy transactions; for Heaven always favours the upright design. And now let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us."

CHAP. XII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho was conducted to his government, and a strange adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the castle.

The original of the history, it is said, relates that the interpreter did not translate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken such a dry and confined history as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his 'squire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining episodes and digressions. He complained, that to be thus restricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one subject only, so as to be obliged to speak through the mouths of a few persons, was an insupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that, in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the first part used the artifice of some novels, such as the Impertinent Curiosity, and the Captive, which were detached from the history, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be suppressed. It was likewise his opinion, as he observes, that many readers being wholly engrossed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not bestow attention upon novels, but pass them over either with negligence or disgust, without adverting to the spirit and artifice they contain,—a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themselves, independent of the madness of Don Quixote and the simplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore insert in the second part any novels whether detached or attached, but only a few episodes that seem to spring from those very incidents which truth represents: and even these, as brief and concise as they could possibly be related: and since he includes and confines himself within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and understanding are sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he hopes that this work will not be depreciated, and begs he may receive due praise not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the history proceeds in this manner:

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished the 'squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally; but scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the contents to the duchess, and both admired anew the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prosecute the jest, they, that very evening, dismissed Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place which he supposed to be an island; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's steward, who was a person of great humour and discretion; for without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above-related. Thus qualified, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi, and turning to his master, "Signor (said he), the devil may fly away with me from the spot where I stand, as an honest man, and a believer, if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward, here present, is the very same with

that of the afflicted duenna!" Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, "There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer (indeed I cannot guess thy meaning); for, sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna: but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person: that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to set on foot such inquiries, which would entangle us in the maze of inextricable labyrintha. Believe me, friend, we ought to beseech the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from those two evils of wicked wizards and vile enchanters."—"But this is no joke (answered Sancho); for I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue; but, nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him from henceforward, in order to discover some other mark either to destroy or confirm my suspicion."—"Do so, Sancho (said Don Quixote); and be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration."

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance: he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff; he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups, and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess, and asked the benediction of his master, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the meantime attend to what befell his master this very night; an incident, which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will at least induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with mirth or admiration.

It is related then, that Sancho was no sooner gone, than his master became solitary, and, had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but the duchess being apprised of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of 'squires, duennas, and damsels in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. "True it is, my lady duchess (replied Don Quixote), I feel the absence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness; and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I choose to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will consent and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment."—"Truly (said the duchess), that must not be; Signor Don Quixote shall be served by four of my damsels, as beautiful as roses."—"With regard to me (answered the knight), they will not be roses, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bestow your favours, which I own I do not deserve, suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity,—a custom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf: and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my clothes than consent to be undressed by any person whatsoever."—"Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote (answered her grace); you may depend upon it I shall give such orders that not even a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your apartment: I am not a person to discompose the decency of Signor Don Quixote, among whose virtues I perceive that of decorum shines with superior lustre. Your worship may dress and undress yourself alone, after your own fashion, when and how you please, without let or impediment; for in your chamber you will find every utensil suited to those who sleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any necessary occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she is worthy to be beloved by a knight of such valour and chastity; and may propitious Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon re-enjoy the beauty of such an excellent lady." To this compliment the knight replied, "Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for from the mouths of such benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more fortunate and more renowned through the world by your grace's approbation, than by all the applause of the greatest orators upon earth."

"Well then, Signor Don Quixote (answered the duchess), it is now supper time, and the duke probably stays for us; let us go and sup therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for your journey to Candaya was not so short, but that it must have fatigued your worship in some measure."—"Madam (replied Don Quixote), I feel no sort of weariness; and I swear to

your excellency, that in my life I never crossed a better or easier going steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without scruple or hesitation."—"As to that particular (said the duchess), we may suppose, that, repenting of the injury he had done to the countess and her company, as well as to other people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his art: as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it had transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that, by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized."

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace's politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers, and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke, not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking, which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice,—a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy signor, who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, "O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee a holy, unrequited gift. I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, possess all things as not possessing them; and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill starched?" (By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.*) But thus he proceeds: "O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a toothpick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness: wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body at a league's distance observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and threadbare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly."

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stocking; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour,—one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a grated window that looked into a fine garden: then it was, that, perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue:

"Do not, O Emerencia, press me to sing; for well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep: besides, my lady's sleep is rather slight than profound; and I would not for all the wealth in the world that her grace should find us here. Moreover, suppose she should sleep still on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it should awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories in order to leave me forlorn."—"Let not these suppositions have any weight with you, my dear Altisidora (replied another voice): the duchess is doubtless asleep, and every body in the house, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your soul, who must certainly be awake, for I just now heard him open the casement in his apartment: sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular; how could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first part of Don Quixote was published? But perhaps this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

plaintive tone, to the sound of thy harp; and should the duchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather."—"That is not the cause of my hesitation, O Emerencia (replied Altisidora); but I am afraid that my song will disclose the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured by those who never felt the almighty power of love, as a light and liquorish damsel: but come what will; better have a hot face than a heavy heart." At that instant a harp was ravishingly touched, and Don Quixote hearing the sound, was struck with amazement, for his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, serenades, courtships, and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry; and he concluded, that some damsel of the duchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue; but he resolved in his own mind to hold out to the last; and recommending himself, with all his soul and spirit, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altisidora, after a flourish, began the following ditty:

SONG.

O thou! who now a-bed,
In Holland sheets art laid,
And sleep'st from night till morn,
Untouch'd by care and scorn;
The knight of greatest worth
La Mancha e'er brought forth;
More chaste an hundred-fold,
Than pure Arabian gold;
O hear a hapless maid,
By cruel love betray'd!
The flame of thy two suns,
Hath scorch'd her to the bones!
Thou, seeking thy own foe,
Hast sought another's woe:
Thou gav'st the wound, and sure
Wilt not refuse the cure.
O tell me, valiant youth,
(So God shall prosper truth)
Wast thou in deserts bred,
Or among mountains fed?
Did serpents give thee suck,
On some bleak barren rock,
Deep in the wild recess
Of forest or morass?
Dulcinea, fat and fair,
May boast her shape and air,
That in subjection hold
A tiger fierce and bold.
Her fame shall live in stanza,
From Ebro to Arlanza,
From Tagus to Henares,
From Seine to Manganares.
Would I her place could fill,
I'd give her for good-will,
My gayest petticoat,
With golden fringes wrought.
How happy then should I
In thine embraces lie!
Or on some cushion loll,
And scratch thy valiant poll.
Such joys are far above
The merits of thy love;
Let me then, bending low,
With rapture kiss thy toe.
What presents would be made,
Of satin and brocade!
I'd give thee shoes and socks,
Silk hose with silver clocks:
Of cash uncounted sums,
And pearls as big as plumbs,
So precious, each would sell
As perfect nonpareil.
Manchegan Nero, say,
Dost thou aloof survey
The flames that rage and smart
Within my love-sick heart?
A maid, I vow and swear,
Young, tender, and sincere;
As yet I have not seen
The borders of fifteen.
My sides are not awry,
Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
My locks, with ribbons bound,
Like lilies, sweep the ground:
My nose is flat, 'tis true,
And eke my mouth askew:
But teeth as topaz fine,
Complete my charms divine:
My voice, as you may hear,
Is tuneful, sweet, and clear:
My temper soft and good,
If rightly understood.
These beauties all so clever,
Are yielded to thy quiver,
And I who tell my story,
Am call'd Altisidora.

Here ended the song of the hapless Altisidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a heavy sigh, said within himself, "What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damsel can behold without being enamoured of my person! and how hapless is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy my incomparable constancy without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empresses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, why do you molest such virtue? Leave, leave, I say, that wretched lady to taste, enjoy, and triumph in the lot which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart and captivating my soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar paste,

but flint to all the rest of her sex; to her I am honey, but gall and bitterness to such as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but all others are homely, foolish, idle, and of humble birth. To be her slave, and her's alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altisidora may weep or sing; and that lady may despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the enchanted Moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to be, boiled or roasted, neat, chaste, and well-bred, in spite of all the witchcraft upon earth." So saying, he shut the casement with a slap, and retired to bed in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There then we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.

CHAP. XIII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and began his administration.

O THOU! perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Thymbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of music; thou who always risest, but never settest, although thou seemest to set. Thee I invoke, O sun! by whose assistance man is by man engendered; thee I implore, that thou wouldst favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration; for, without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin then: Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho was called the island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government.* When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a-ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival: then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words: "It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it, is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate questions that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival." While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and, as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. "In that place, my lord (replied the steward), is written and recorded the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day and such a month, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof."—"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor. "Who, but your excellency (answered the steward); for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal."—"Take notice then, brother (replied Sancho), the Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation; simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island—but no more of that: God knows my meaning: and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which, from their swarms, must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine."

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a tailor with shears in his hand, who approaching the bench, "My lord governor (said he), this countryman and I are come before your worship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yesterday to my shop, for, saving your presence, I am an examined tailor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, 'Gaffer (said he), is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?' I, having handled the piece, replied Yes: now, he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion

* *Barato* signifies cheap.

on his own deceit, and the bad character of us tailors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered Yes: and so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer Yes upon Yes, until the number increased to five caps: this very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it."—"Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho. "Yes, my lord (replied the countryman); but I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made."—"With all my heart," cried the tailor, who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to God and my own conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining; and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company." All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, "Methinks (said he), this suit requires no great discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hand: and, therefore, my determination is, that the tailor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners, without farther hesitation."

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's purse excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter: nevertheless, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor, "My lord (said he), some time ago, I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and for a good while I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says, he is sure they were repaid: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the repayment, for indeed they never were repaid, I entreat your lordship to take his oath, and if he swears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God."—"What have you to say to this charge, honest Gaffer with the staff?" said Sancho. "My lord (replied the senior), I confess he lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit that I have really and truly returned and repaid the sum I borrowed." The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it encumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner, because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what farther the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party? And he answered, that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man and a good Christian; and that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant taking back his cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the forefinger of his right hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time; then, raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho, who said to him, "Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it."—"With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying, "Now, go your ways a God's name, you are fully paid."—"How, my lord (said the old man), is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?"—"Yes (replied the governor), otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and now it shall appear whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive that the money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and, lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this instance we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village; and his memory was so tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to re-

member, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away; the one overwhelmed with shame, and the other miraculously repaid; the bye-standers were astonished, and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he should regard and report him as a simpleton or as a sage.

This suit being determined, a woman came into court, holding fast by a man habited like a rich herdsman, and exclaiming with great vociferation, "Justice, my lord governor! justice! which, if I find not on earth, I will go in quest of to heaven! My lord governor of my soul, this wicked man has forced me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body as if it had been a dirty dish-clout: alack and a-well-a-day! he has robbed me of that which I had preserved for three-and-twenty years, in spite of Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners: and have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue entire, like a salamander in the midst of flames, or wool among brambles, to be handled by the clean hands of this Robin Goodfellow?"—"That must be inquired into (said Sancho), whether the gallant's hands be clean or no." Then turning to the man, he asked what he had to say to the complaint of that woman? To this question the culprit replied, with great perturbation, "My lord, I am a poor herdsman who deal in swine; and this morning went to market, saving your presence, with four hogs, and the duties and extortions, and one thing and another, ran away with almost all they were worth; and so, in my return, I lighted on this honest damsel in the road; and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have his finger in every pie, yoked us together: I paid her handsomely; but she, not satisfied, laid fast hold on me, nor would she quit her hold until she had brought me hither: she alleges I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies: and this is the whole truth, without the least crum of prevarication." Then the governor asked if he had any money about him; and when he owned he had a leathern purse with twenty ducats in his bosom, Sancho ordered him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received the money, and, making a thousand curtsies to all the bye-standers, prayed God would preserve the life and health of my lord governor, who took such care of damsels and orphans in necessity. So saying, she went away, holding the purse with both hands, though not before she had examined the contents. Scarce had she quitted the court, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who stood with tears in his eyes, sending his heart and many a long look after his purse, "Hark ye, friend, go after that woman, and take the purse from her, either by fair means or force, and bring it hither to me." This command was not imposed upon one that was either deaf or doting; for he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution; while all the spectators waited in suspense to see the issue of the suit. In a little time the parties returned, but more closely engaged, and clinging faster together than before; she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap, and he struggling to no purpose to take it from her, so vigorously did she defend her acquisition, crying aloud, "Justice, in the name of God and his creatures! Take notice, my lord governor, of the impudence and presumption of this miscreant, who, in the very face of the people, and the middle of the street, wanted to rob me of the purse which I received by your lordship's decree."—"Has he taken it from you, then?" said the governor. "Taken it from me! (replied the wench); I'll sooner part with my life than with my purse. I should be a precious ninny indeed! otherguise cats must scratch my beard, and not such a pitiful muckworm as he. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels, should not tear it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion: my soul and body shall rather be tore asunder."—"It is even so (said the man); I submit as the weaker vessel, and own I have not strength enough to recover my purse." He quitted her accordingly. Then the governor said to the woman, "Come hither, my virtuous and spirited dame; let me see thy purse." Which, when she delivered it, he restored to the man; and turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced, "Sister of mine (quoth he), if you had exerted the same vigour and perseverance, or even half so much, in preserving your chastity as you have shewn in defending the purse, the force of Hercules would not have forced you. Begone, a-God's name! begone, I say, with a vengeance, and never more appear in this island, or within six leagues of it, on pain of receiving two hundred stripes. Begone immediately, you chattering, shameless impostor." The woman, terrified at his menaces, sneaked off, hanging her head and discontented; and the governor spoke to the man in these words: "Honest friend, get you home with your money, in the name of God; and unless you are inclined to lose it again, from henceforward avoid all temptations to yoke with any woman whatsoever."

The herdsman thanked him as sheepishly as he could, and went away, and the audience were struck with admiration afresh at the judgment and decisions of their new governor; every circumstance of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But here let honest Sancho rest a little: for we are summoned in all haste by his master,

who is greatly disturbed by the music of Altisidora.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the dreadful consternation and cattish concert to which Don Quixote was exposed, in the course of the enamoured Altisidora's amour.

We left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. With these companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflection of his wounded stocking. But as Time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he gallopped along upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning; which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he forsook the gentle down, and, being the reverse of lazy, dressed himself in his shamoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal the misfortune of his hose; threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, cased his head in a green velvet cap trimmed with silver, slung his trusty hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up his large rosary, which always depended from his wrist, and with great port and solemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and duchess, already dressed, stayed for him. As he passed through a gallery, he perceived Altisidora, and the other maiden her friend, who stood waiting for his appearance; and he was no sooner beheld by the love-sick damsel, than she pretended to faint away, while her companion received her in her arms, and with all possible despatch began to unclasp her bosom. The knight seeing her fall, approached the place where they were, saying, "I know whence these accidents proceed." And the companion replied, "I do not know whence—for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel of the whole family; and I never knew her so much as fetch a sigh from the first minute of our acquaintance. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are so shy and scornful. Signor Don Quixote, I wish your worship would leave the place; for this poor girl will not come to herself while you stand here." To this entreaty the knight replied, "Be so good, madam, as to order a lute to be left in my apartment; and at night I will, to the best of my power, console this unfortunate damsel: for a speedy explanation in the beginning is often an effectual cure for those who are indiscreetly in love." So saying, he went away, that he might not be observed in conference with the damsels; and scarce was he gone, when the swooning Altisidora coming to herself, said to her companion, "It will be requisite to leave the lute; for, doubtless, Don Quixote intends to entertain us with music, which cannot be bad if he is the performer." Then they went and gave an account of what had passed, and in particular of the lute, to the duchess, who was rejoiced beyond measure, and concerted with her lord and her women how to execute another joke which should be more merry than mischievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and it came posting along in the same pace that brought in the day, which their graces spent in savoury discourse with Don Quixote. On this day, the duchess really and truly despatched one of her pages, who had acted the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpose to be sent home; and the messenger had particular orders to bring back a circumstantial detail of every thing that should pass between him and the governor's lady.

This step being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the strings of his instrument, making as good a prelude as he could; then hemming and clearing his pipes, he, with a hoarse, though not untuneful voice, sung the following sonnet, which he had that very day composed:—

SONG.

Love, with idleness combined,
Will unhinge the tender mind:
But to few, to work and move,
Will exclude the force of love.
Blooming maids that would be married,
Must in virtue be unwearied:
Modesty a dow'r will raise,
And be trumpet of their praise.
A cavalier will sport and play
With a damsel frank and gay;
But when wedlock is his aim,
Choose a maid of sober fame.
Passion kindled in the breast,
By a stranger or a guest,
Enters with the rising sun,
And fleets before his race be run:
Love that comes so suddenly,
Ever on the wing to fly,
Neither can nor will impart
Strong impressions to the heart.
Pictures drawn on pictures, shew
Strange confusion to the view:
Second beauty finds no base,
Where a first has taken place:
Then Dulcinea still shall reign
Without a rival or a stain;
Nor shall fate itself controul
Her sway, or blot her from my soul.

Constancy, the lover's boast,
I'll maintain whate'er it cost:
This my virtue will refine;
This will stamp my joys divine.

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, which was overheard by the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle, when all of a sudden, from the top of a corridore immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord to which above a hundred horse-bells were tied; and after these was discharged a whole sackful of cats, with smaller bells fastened to their tails. Such was the noise occasioned by the tinkling of these bells, and the mewing of the cats, that even the duke and duchess, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote astonished and dismayed; especially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and coursed up and down through his apartment, which seemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils; for they extinguished the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to escape, while the rope with the large bells was lowering down and pulling up incessantly; so that the greatest part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the scheme, listened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote starting up, and unsheathing his sword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, "Avaunt, malignant enchanters! Avaunt, ye wizard crew! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your whole power and malice shall not avail." So saying, he laid about him among the cats which had entered his apartments; and they sprung towards the casement, from whence two of them made their escape; but the third finding itself hard pressed by the valour and back-strokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid fast hold on his nose with its teeth and claws. The pain of this assault affected Don Quixote in such a manner, that he began to roar with vast vociferation; which being heard by the duke and duchess, who guessed the cause of his cries, they ran instantly to his chamber, which they opened with a master-key; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his strength to disengage the cat from his visage. Seeing the unequal fray, they made haste to part the combatants; when Don Quixote called aloud, "Let no man part us, but leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter; and I will make him sensible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote de la Mancha." The cat, however, without minding his threats, stuck fast to his nose; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window; so that the knight remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose in no very sound condition; though he was very much dissatisfied, that they would not suffer him to finish the engagement he had so obstinately maintained with that felonious enchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altisidora herself, with her snowy hands, applied the balsam, saying, in a low voice, as she bound up his wounds, "All these misadventures befall thee, hard-hearted knight, as a punishment for thy cruelty and disdain; and God grant, thy 'squire Sancho may forget to scourge himself, that thy so much-beloved Dulcinea may never be disenchanted, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife; at least during the life of me, by whom thou art adored." To all this apostrophe Don Quixote answered not a word; but, heaving a profound sigh, laid himself along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this instance of their concern; not that he was afraid of such a cattish enchanting and bell-ringing crew; but on account of the kind intention they had manifested in coming to his relief. As for the duke and duchess, they left him to his repose, and went away extremely sorry for the unfortunate issue of their joke; for they did not think Don Quixote would have suffered so terribly by the adventure, which cost him five days confinement in his bed, where he was engaged in another still more diverting; which, however, the historian will not at present recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his administration with equal pleasantry and solicitude.

CHAP. XV.

Containing a farther account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.

The history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table most elegantly furnished: when the governor entered, the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone; while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes: one, who looked like a student, said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but be-

fore he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible despatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by sleight of hand?

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied, "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is, to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I, therefore, ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and, likewise, commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices, which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life."—By that way of reasoning (said Sancho), that there dish of roasted partridges, which seems to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm." To this hint the physician replied, "Of these my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body."—"And pray for what reason?" said the governor. "Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima;* that is, all repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all."—"If that be the case (said Sancho), good Mr Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though signor doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely."—"Your lordship is very much in the right (replied the physician); and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragooed rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food; of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted *a-la-daube;* but as it is, touch it not."—"The dish that smokes yonder (said Sancho), seems to be an olla podrida; and considering the variety of ingredients of which these ollas are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome."—"Absit! (cried the physician), far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth; leave your ollas to canons, rectors of colleges, and country weddings; but let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound; for, in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas, in the other, numberless errors may take place in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about an hundred confected wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion."

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and, surveying the physician from head to foot, asked, in a grave and solemn tone, "What was his name, and where he had studied?" To this question, the other replied, "I, my lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro* Positive de Bodewell, native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right-hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the university of Ossuna." To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, "Hark ye, then, Mr Doctor Pedro Positive de Bodeill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right-hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and, beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician in the whole island; of those I mean who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, begone, Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull; and, should I be called to account for it, when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God, in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat therefore, or take back your government; for a post that will not afford victuals is not worth a pease-cod."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence, when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the

* The Spanish name is *Pedro Rezio de Aguero;* which, together with *Tirte Afuera*, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman-sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some despatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary." Sancho hearing the direction, "Who is my secretary?" said he. One of the people who were present answered, "I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan."—"Nay, with that addition (said Sancho), you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and having perused the contents, told his excellency, it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman-sewer: accordingly, the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect:—

"I have received information, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island intend one of these nights to give thee a furious assault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you, should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your understanding.—Your friend,

THE DUKE."

From my Castle, August 16th, at four in the morning.

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pretended to share; and turning to the steward, "What is to be done (said he), and that immediately, is to confine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if any body has a design to take away my life, he is the man; aye, and by the most pitiful and worst of all deaths; namely, hunger."—"True (replied the gentleman-sewer); and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross."—"That is a truth not to be denied (said Sancho); but, in the meantime, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned; for really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my lady duchess, beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the by, you may thrust in a how d'ye to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven; and you, as a faithful secretary and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat, and I shall manage any spies, murderers, or enchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island."

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance. "Those people of business are strange fellows (said Sancho); is it possible they are so ignorant as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think we governors and judges are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to God! if my government holds (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration), I will sit upon the skirts* of more than one of these men of business. At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers."—"There is no occasion, my lord (answered the page), for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf."—"While we are present (said the steward), there is nothing to fear."—"Mr Sewer (said Sancho), now that doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?"—"This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased and satisfied," replied the sewer. "God grant I may be so," quoth the governor.

* The original, *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?" "Who should be governor (replied the secretary), but he who sits in the chair?"—"Then, I humble myself before him," said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, "My lord (said he), I am an husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Ciudad Real."—"What! have we got another Snatchaway? (cried Sancho); proceed brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village."—"This here then is the case, my lord (said the countryman): by the mercy of God, I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman catholic church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a bachelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed by a wicked physician, who gave her a purge when she was big with child; and had it pleased God that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and had been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the bachelor and licentiate."—"So then (said Sancho), if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood, you should not now be a widower."—"No, my lord, by no manner of means," answered the countryman. "Agad (cried Sancho), we are in a thriving way. Pray go on, brother; for this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business."—"Well then (replied the countryman), this son of mine, who is to be bred a bachelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina,* daughter of Andrew Paralina, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralina does not come from their pedigree, or any family descent; but they have acquired it, because the whole race of them is paralytic; and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralina; though, to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left indeed she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the small-pox: and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that, to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phœnix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing; but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein; but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject."—"Paint what you will (said Sancho); for my own part I am hugely delighted with your description, and if I had dined, should not desire a better dessert than the picture you have drawn."—"That shall be always at your service (replied the countryman); and though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration; but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled, and bent, that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered; though, by the long channelled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well (said Sancho). Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot; tell me what is your request, and come to the point, without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys, with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions."—"Well then, my lord (replied the countryman), my request is, that you will give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, entreating him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature; for to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes, but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily: but yet he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect saint."—"Do you want any thing else, honest

* She is in the original called *Perlerina*, which I have changed into *Paralina*, in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.

friend?" replied Sancho. "I did want something else (said the countryman), but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but out it shall go; for, take or not take, it shall never rot in my belly.—Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my bachelor; I mean, to furnish his house; for the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks."—"Consider if you want any thing else (said Sancho), and speak without bashfulness or restraint."—"Truly, I want nothing else," replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the governor, starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, "I vow to God, you Don lubberly, rascally rustic, if you don't get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your skull, you knavish son of a whore, and painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard? or if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What a pox have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralinas? Begone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word: thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some fiend sent from hell to torment me: hark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and a half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!"

The gentleman-sewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. But let us leave Sancho's indignation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his cattish wounds, which were not healed in the space of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promises to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the most trivial and minute incidents of this authentic history.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Don Quixote's adventure with Donna Rodriguez, the duchess's duenna, and other incidents worthy of eternal fame.

Exceedingly peevish and melancholy was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked—not by the hand of his Maker, but by the claws of a cat: and indeed such misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in public; and during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, musing upon his disaster, and the persecution of Altisidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and straight imagined the enamoured damsel was come to surprise his chastity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owed to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. On this supposition, he pronounced with an audible voice, "No! the greatest beauty upon earth shall never have such an effect as to interfere with my adoration of her, who is impressed and engraved in the midst of my heart, and in the depth of my bowels! No, my dear mistress! whether thou art transformed into a garlic-eating wench, or, as a nymph of the golden Tagus, art weaving webs of gold and silver twist: whether thou art in the power of Merlin or Montesinos: wheresoever thou mayest be, mine thou art; and wheresoever I am, I must be thine."—This ejaculation being uttered just as the door opened, he stood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow silk, with a woollen night-cap on his head, his face and whiskers being bound up; the first, on account of the scratches he had received, and the last, in order to preserve the buckle; and in this equipage he appeared the most extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to see the yielding and afflicted Altisidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, so long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a lighted candle's end, and with her right she formed a shade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furnished with large spectacles; and in this trim she came treading very softly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as she advanced. Don Quixote surveyed her from his post, and, marking her silence and appearance, concluded she was some hag, or sorceress, come in that equipage to annoy him: and, in this opinion, he began to cross himself with great eagerness and devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up its eyes, perceived the knight busily employed in these devout precautions: if he was afraid at sight of her, she was no less terrified at his figure; for seeing him so tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, she cried aloud, "O Jesus! what do I see?" and in the surprise dropt the candle. Finding herself now in the dark, she attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own skirts in the confusion of her fear, she stumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote sweating with terror, began to ejaculate, "I conjure thee, O phantom, or whatever thou mayest be,

to tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldst have. If thou art a perturbed spirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for I am a Catholic Christian, well disposed to befriend all mankind; and, in consequence of this disposition, I received the order of knight-errantry, which I now profess; and the exercise of that profession extends even so far as to give assistance to souls in purgatory."

The duenna, bruised as she was with her fall, hearing herself exorcised in this manner, guessed from her own fear the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, "Signor Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to suppose, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my lady duchess, and I come with one of those necessitous cases which your worship is wont to remedy."—"Pray tell me, Signora Donna Rodriguez (said Don Quixote), are you come in the office of a go-between? because I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any such commerce, thanks to the peerless beauty of my own mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. Finally, I say unto you, Signora Donna Rodriguez, if you will suppress and lay aside all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return: and we will discourse upon any subject you shall think proper to introduce, saving, as I have already observed, all your dainty incitements.—"Signor (answered the duenna), I carry messages for no person. Your worship is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I so stricken in years as to take to those fooleries; for, God be praised! there is still some soul in my body, and my teeth, grinders, and all, are still in my head, except a very few I have lost by the rheums that are so rife in this country of Arragon; but, if your worship will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an instant, and then I shall recount my disaster to you, as the physician of all disasters upon earth."

So saying, she, without waiting for an answer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her in the utmost suspense and concern: then being assaulted by a thousand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiscreet, even so much as to dream of exposing himself to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own mistress.—"Who knows (said he to himself), but the devil, who is equally crafty and dexterous, intends at present to seduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses? for I have often heard it observed by a number of people of good understanding, that he will never give you a high nose, if a flat nose will serve your turn: and who knows but this solitude, opportunity, and silence, may waken those desires in me which are now asleep, and compel me at these years to fail, where hitherto I never so much as stumbled? In such emergencies it is surely better to avoid than await the battle. And yet I must certainly be deprived of my senses to talk and think at this rate; for it is absolutely impossible, that a long, meagre, white-veiled, and spectacled duenna should move or excite a lascivious thought in the lewdest bosom upon earth. Is there, for example, a duenna in nature who has a tolerable person? Is there a duenna upon this our globe who is not wrinkled, loathsome, and impertinent? Avaunt then, ye duennian tribe, unfit for any human entertainment! praise be to that lady who is said to have had at one end of her sofa two marble duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin cushions, in the attitude of working; and these statues fulfilled the dignity of the apartment, as well as if they had been duennas of flesh and blood."

So saying, he started from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to Signora Rodriguez; but, before he could execute his resolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax taper, and seeing Don Quixote so near her, with his quilt, bandages, nightcap, or hood, she was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, saying, "Am I safe, sir knight? for your worship's getting out of bed is no great sign of virtue, methinks."—"Madam (replied Don Quixote), I ought to ask you the same question; and I do accordingly ask, whether or not I am safe from assault and ravishment?"—"Of whom, or from whom, do you demand that security, sir knight?" said the duenna—"Of you, and from you, and you alone (answered Don Quixote): for I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and something more, if I am not mistaken; and we are here in a more close and secret apartment than the cave in which the treacherous and daring Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido: yet give me your hand, madam: for I require no other security than my own reserve and continence, together with the appearance of that most reverend veil."

So saying, he kissed his right hand, and took hold of her's, which she presented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parenthesis, swears by Mahomet, that to have seen these two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the best of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote slipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez seated herself in a chair at some distance from it, without quitting her spectacles or candle: then the knight shrunk under the clothes, with which he covered him-

self in such a manner that nothing but his face appeared: and both parties having composed themselves, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who accosted her in these words: "Now, madam duenna Rodrigues, you may unrip and unload all that lies upon your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels: and I shall listen to your grievances with chaste ears, and redress them with generous works."—"I believe as much (said the duenna): for, from the genteel and agreeable presence of your worship, I could expect no other than such a Christian reply.

"This then is the case, Signor Don Quixote: although your worship now sees me seated in this chair, in the midst of Arragon, and in the dress of a contemptible and injured duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, of a family which intermarried with many of the best in that province; but my niggardly fate, and the extravagance of my parents, who came to an untimely want without knowing how or wherefore, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and in order to prevent greater misfortunes, my parents provided me with the place of needle-woman in the service of a lady of quality; and, I would have your worship to know, that in making knitting-sheaths and plain-work, no person had ever the advantage over me in the whole course of my life. As for my parents, after they had seen me settled in this place, they returned to the country, and in a few years went to heaven; for they were exceeding good Catholic Christians. Meanwhile, I was left an orphan, stinted to the wretched salary and pitiful wages commonly given to such servants in great families; and so, about that time, a 'squire of the house fell in love with me, though I am sure I gave him no occasion. He was a man already well stricken in years, with a venerable beard, and of a comely appearance, and besides, as good a gentleman as the king, for he was a mountaineer. We did not correspond so secretly but our intrigue came to the knowledge of my lady, who, waiving all questions and commands, caused us to be married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the Roman Catholic church. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who was the death of my good fortune, if any such I had: not that I died in childbed; on the contrary, I was safely and seasonably delivered; but because, soon after that event, my poor husband died of a fright; and if I had now time to recount the manner, I know your worship would be struck with admiration."

Here she began to weep most bitterly, and thus proceeded: "Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, will pardon me for not being able to contain myself, for as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, mine eyes run over. God be my comfort! with what dignity did he ride before my lady, on a mighty mule as black as jet; for at that time they did not use coaches or chairs, which they say are now in fashion: and the ladies always rode behind their 'squires. This one circumstance, however, I cannot help recounting, because it demonstrates the good breeding and punctilio of my worthy spouse. One day, as he entered the street of St Jago, in Madrid, which is but narrow, he happened to meet a judge, preceded by two of his officers; and my good 'squire no sooner beheld him, than he turned his mule in order to attend his worship. My lady, who sat behind him, said in a whisper, 'Blockhead, what are you going to do? don't you know that I am here?' while the judge, out of politeness, stopped his horse, saying, 'Pray proceed, signor; for it is rather my duty to attend my lady Donna Casilda,' that was the name of my mistress. Nevertheless, my husband still persisted, with his cap in hand, in his resolution to attend the judge; and my lady, enraged at his obstinacy, pulled out a large pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her tweezer-case, and thrust it into his loins; so that my poor man roared aloud, and writhed his body in such a manner, that both he and my lady came to the ground. Her two lacquies ran immediately to lift her up, and were assisted by the judge and his officers. The whole gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people about it, were in an uproar: my lady came home a-foot, and my husband hastened to a surgeon, declaring he was thrust through the bowels. His great courtesy soon became public, insomuch that the very children mocked him in the street; for which reason, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady dismissed him from her service; and he took his dismission so much to heart, that I am positively certain it was the cause of his death. Thus was I left a forlorn widow, with a daughter upon my hands, who, as she grew up, increased in beauty, like the foam of the sea. In a word, as I had the character of being an excellent needle-woman, my lady duchess, who was just then married to my lord duke, carried me and my daughter, without more ado, along with her to this kingdom of Arragon; where, in process of time, my child improved in all manner of accomplishments; she sings like any skylark, dances light as thought, cuts a caper as if she was mad, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like a miser. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running water is not more pure; and, if my memory does not fail me, she is now sixteen years five months and three days, perhaps one over or under. In a word, this maiden of mine captivated the son of a rich farmer, who lives in a village not far from hence, belonging to my lord duke; and so the young couple meeting, I know not where nor how, he, under promise of marriage, played the rogue with my daughter, and refuses to perform his promise: and al-

though my lord duke is well acquainted with the affair,—for you must know I complained to him, not once, but divers and sundry times, desiring he would order the young farmer to take my daughter to wife,—he lends a deaf ear to my complaint, and indeed will scarce give me a hearing, because, forsooth, the young rogue's father is extremely rich, and lends him money; nay, becomes surety for him when he happens to be in trouble; so that he will by no manner of means give him the least umbrage or disgust. Now, dear sir, my request is, that your worship would undertake to redress this grievance, either by entreaty or force of arms; for, as all the world says, your worship was born for such purposes, to rectify wrongs and protect the wretched. And I beg your worship will consider the orphan state of my daughter, her gentility, her youth, and all those good qualities which I have told you she possesses; for, in the sight of Heaven, and in my own conscience, I dare aver, that of all the damsels belonging to my lady duchess, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe; and though she whom they call Altisidora is reckoned the most sprightly and good-humoured, when compared to my daughter she does not come within two leagues of her; for your worship must know, signor, all is not gold that glitters. This same creature, Altisidora, has more forwardness than beauty, and more siriness than modesty: besides, she is not over and above wholesome; her breath has such a flavour, that nobody can be near her; no, not for a moment; and even my lady duchess—but mum for that; walls have ears, as the saying is."

"What of my lady duchess? (cried Don Quixote). Signora Donna Rodriguez, I conjure you to tell me, by the life of my soul."—"Nay, if you conjure me in that manner (answered the duenna), I cannot help telling the truth. Signor Don Quixote, your worship has no doubt perceived the beauty of my lady duchess; that freshness of complexion that shines like polished steel, those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and that gayety with which she treads, or rather disdains, the ground, seeming to diffuse health and joy wheresover she walks. Well then, your worship must know, that she may thank God in the first place; and, secondly, two issues in her legs, that discharge the bad humours with which the doctors say she abounds."—"Blessed Virgin! (cried the knight), is it possible that my lady duchess should have occasion for such sluices? I would hardly believe the barefooted friars, should they make the assertion; yet, since Donna Rodriguez avers it, there is no reason to doubt: but from those issues surely nothing but liquid amber can flow; and, in good sooth, I am now fully convinced that the use of issues must be a matter of great importance to the preservation of health."

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced these words, when the chamber door flew open, with a sudden slap, which surprised and disordered the duenna to such a degree, that she dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog's mouth, as the saying is. Immediately the poor duenna felt her throat assaulted by two hands, which pressed it so close that she could not speak, while another person, with incredible despatch, and in great silence, turned up her petticoats, and, with something like a slipper, began to make such application to her posterior parts, that she was in a most piteous taking. Although Don Quixote compassionated her case, he stirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the assault, but lay snug and silent, in great fear that the same discipline would come round and sound to his own carcass. Nor was his apprehension altogether groundless; for the silent executioners having severely flogged the duenna, who durst not complain, advanced to Don Quixote, and stripping off the sheets and the quilt, pinched him so fast and so smartly, that he could not forbear defending himself by dint of fist; and the whole affair was transacted in wonderful silence. The battle having lasted about half an hour, the phantoms vanished; Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and, groaning over her misfortune, sneaked away without speaking a syllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, sorrow and confusion. And here we will leave him, burning with desire to know who the perverse enchanter was who had used him in such a cruel manner; but that secret shall be revealed in due season. Meanwhile we are summoned by Sancho Panza; and the excellent plan of our history obliges us to obey his call.

CHAP. XVII.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza, in going the round of his Island.

We left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman-sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expense: nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, rude, and brood, and simple as he stood; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to doctor Pedro Positive, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall, "Now (said he), I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard, and despatched, at all

hours and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs; and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and despatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, than they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business! foolish man of business! be not in such a violent hurry; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray God may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney; I mean bad physicians; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel."

Every body who knew Sancho were struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way than by supposing that posts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves' feet, not very fresh: nevertheless he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician, "Take notice, doctor (said he), that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goat's flesh, cow beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if by accident it chances to receive any of your tid-bits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but master sewer may bring me those dishes called olla podridas;* and the staler they are, so much the better; in one of these he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or other I shall make him amends: and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are, or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island without favour or corruption: and let every body keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice;† and if you give cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes: make yourself honey, and the flies will bite."

"Assuredly, my lord governor (said the steward), your lordship hath said nothing but the truth; and I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence, and punctuality: for the agreeable sample of government, which your lordship hath given in the beginning, leaves us no room to do, or even to conceive, any thing that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour."—"I believe what you say (replied Sancho); and indeed they must be fools to think or act any otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for that is the main point in this business; and when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people: for I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the same in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made. My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicraftsmen, maintain the prerogative of gentlemen, reward virtue, and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something, or do I thresh my skull to no purpose?"—"My lord governor (said the steward), your lordship speaks to much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration, to hear a man so illiterate as your worship (for I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above every thing that was expected from your lordship's capacity, by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces something new: jokes are turned into earnest, and the biters are bit."

Night being come, and the governor having supped with the good leave of doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round. Accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the steward, notary, gentleman-sewer, and historiographer, whose office it was to record his actions; and attended by such a number of alguazils and scriveners as would have formed a moderate squadron. Sancho walked in the

* *Podrida* signifies rotten or mortified: hence the *olla podrida* is in French styled *Pot-pourri*.
† Literally, *the devil's in Cantillana*, which is a town of Andalusia, near Seville.

middle with his rod, and a goodly sight he was to see. Having traversed a ew streets, they heard the clashing of swords, upon which hastening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, seeing the officers of justice, desisted, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in God's name, and the king's! What, are people suffered to be robbed in this town, and assaulted in the very middle of the street?"—"Compose yourself, honest friend (said Sancho), and let me know the cause of this quarrel; for I am governor." Then his adversary interposing, "My lord governor (said he), I will tell you the whole story in a few words: Your worship must know, that this gentleman has been at play in that there gaming-house over the way, where he has won above a thousand rials, and God knows how fairly: now, I being present, decided more than once in his favour, when the bett was doubtful, against the dictates of my own conscience: he took up his winning, and when I expected he would gratify me with a crown at least, for good-will, as players generally make such presents to men of honour like me, who attend in those places, ready at all adventures to support unreasonable demands, and prevent disturbance, he pocketed the cash and went away: I followed him out of humour; yet, in the most courteous manner, begged he would indulge me with eight rials, as he knew me to be a gentleman without either business or fortune; for my parents neither bred me up to the one, nor left me the other: and the rascal, who, by the bye, is as great a thief as Cacus, and as errant a sharper as Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive what a shameless and unconscionable rogue it is: but, in good faith, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him disgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the balance." When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned that, as his adversary alleged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often tasted of his bounty; and those who expect such gratifications, ought to be thankful, and take cheerfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no surer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal; for sharpers are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery. "The remark is certainly just (said the steward): how will your excellency please to dispose of these men?"—"What must be done is this (replied the governor): You, Mr Winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, must immediately pay to this here slash-buckler, one hundred rials: and, besides, disburse thirty more for the use and behoof of the poor prisoners: and you, sir, who have neither business, fortune, nor employment in this island, take these hundred rials, and some time to-morrow banish yourself from this island for the space of ten years, on penalty (if you disobey the sentence) of completing the term of your exile in the other world: for, in that case, I will hang you on a gibbet, at least the executioner shall do it by my order; and let no man presume to reply, or I will chastise him severely." The one disbursed, the other received the rials: this quitted the island, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, "If my power is not very small, I will suppress those gaming-houses, which I begin to perceive are very prejudicial to the public."—"This, at least (said the notary), your excellency cannot suppress; for it is kept by a person of quality, who, in the course of the year, loses a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Against petty gaming-houses of small account, which are productive of most mischief, and cover more crimes, your lordship may exert your authority; but, in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen of rank, the noted sharpers dare not put their tricks in practice: and since the vice of gaming is become a common exercise, better play in houses of fashion than in any public gaming-house, into which an unfortunate wretch is often seduced in the middle of the night, and, as it were, skinned alive."—"Mr Notary (replied the governor), much may be said on that subject."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fast hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: "This spark, my lord, was coming towards us; but no sooner had a glimpse of the officers of justice than he turned his back, and began to scamper off as nimbly as a fallow deer,—a sure sign of being some sort of a delinquent; I pursued him immediately, but should never have overtaken him, had not he stumbled and fallen."—"Young man (said Sancho), what did you run for?" To this question the youth replied, "I ran, my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of justice."—"What business do you follow?"—"I am a weaver."—"And what sort of stuff do you weave?"—"Iron heads for lances, with your honour's leave."—"What! you are a small wit methinks, and set up for a joker? very well, sir, and where was you going now?"—"To take the air, my lord."—"And whereabouts do you take the air in this island?"—"Just where it happens to blow."—"Good again! your answers are pat; and to be sure you are a pretty smart young fellow; but hark ye, youngster, I am the air that will blow in your poop, until you are safely lodged in prison. Here, take and carry him to gaol, I will take order that he shall sleep for one night without the air."—"'Fore God (cried

the youth), your honour can no more make me sleep in gaol than you can make me king."—"And wherefore cannot I make thee sleep in gaol? (replied Sancho); is it not in my power to confine and release thee when and where I please?"—"How great soever your honour's power may be (said the young man), it is not sufficient to make me sleep in prison."—"How! not sufficient! (cried Sancho), away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his mistake; and, lest the gaoler should practise his interested generosity upon him, I will fine him in two thousand ducats, if he suffers thee to move one step from the prison."—"All this is matter of mirth (answered the youth); for the truth is, all the people upon earth shall not make me sleep in prison."—"Tell me, devil (said Sancho), hast thou got a familiar to release thee, and loose the chains with which I intend thou shalt be fettered?"—"Now, my lord governor (replied the youth, with a graceful air), let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to gaol, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay an heavy penalty upon the gaoler in case he should allow me to escape; and, lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success; notwithstanding all these precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and can keep myself awake all night without closing an eye, pray tell me is all your lordship's power sufficient to make me sleep against my will?"—"No, surely (said the secretary): and the young man has made good his assertion."—"Provided always (said Sancho), that your defying sleep would be merely for your own pleasure, without any intention to contradict mine."—"No, my lord (replied the youth), I never dreamt of any such intention."—"Then peace be with you (resumed the governor), you may go and sleep at home, and God send you a sound sleep, for I have no design to disturb your repose; but let me advise you, never henceforth to crack a joke upon justice, otherwise you may chance to light upon some of her ministers that will crack your skull."

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and he had not gone far, when two serjeants brought in a person they had taken, saying, "My lord governor, this here person that seems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man's clothes." Here they held up two or three lanterns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly about sixteen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green silk and gold. Having surveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her stockings were of flesh-coloured silk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; she had a loose coat of the same stuff, under which she wore a jacket of the finest brocade; and her shoes were white, and made like those used by men. She had no sword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers was a great number of valuable rings; in a word, all who beheld the girl were struck with her appearance, though not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town said they could not conceive who she was. But those who concerted the jokes that were practised upon Sancho were most struck with admiration; for this incident and salvage were not of their contriving; and therefore they stood in suspense, waiting to see the issue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl's beauty, asked who she was, whither she was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man? She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the most engaging bashfulness replied, "My Lord, I cannot disclose in such a public company what it concerns me so much to conceal. One circumstance I beg leave to communicate; I am no thief or criminal person; but an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealousy to trespass upon that decorum which is due to my honour and reputation."

The steward hearing these words, said to Sancho, "My lord governor, be so good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may disburden her mind with more freedom." The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the steward, the gentleman-sewer, and the secretary; and the young lady finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: "Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes frequently to my father's house."—"Madam (said the steward), this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chick nor child, male or female; besides, you first say he is your father, and then add, he frequently comes to your father's house."—"That circumstance I likewise took notice of," said Sancho. "Well, gentlemen (replied the damsel), I am in such confusion that I know not what I say; but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you must all know."—"Ay, this goes better (answered the steward); Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune; I know, too, he has a son and daughter; though, since he was a widower, no person in this town can pretend to say he ever saw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps so closely shut up, that the sun himself has no opportunity to behold her; and yet report says she is extremely beautiful."—"True (said the damsel); I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has belied me in point of beauty, you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge from your own observation." So saying, she began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary, perceiving her distress, said to

the sewer in a whisper, "Doubtless, something of consequence must have happened to this poor young lady, seeing a person of her quality quits her own home at such an hour, and in such an equipage."—"Certainly (replied the other), that suspicion is confirmed by her tears." As for Sancho, he consoled her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would without fear or constraint communicate what had befallen her; for they would endeavour to remedy her disaster with great sincerity, and by all possible means. "This then is the case, gentlemen (answered the damsel):—My father has locked me up for the space of ten years, which are elapsed since my mother was committed to her grave; there is in the house a rich oratory where mass is said; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night; I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and all mankind, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom, because he comes frequently to our house, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent. I have been very disconsolate for many days and months, on account of this confinement, and his constant refusal to let me go to church; I longed to see the world, at least the town in which I first drew breath; and I did not think this desire transgressed the bounds of that decorum which young women of fashion ought to preserve. When I heard of bull-feasts, darting the javelin, and plays, I desired my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to describe the nature of these and many other things which I had not seen, and he gratified my desire to the utmost of his power; but his description served only to inflame my impatience to behold those spectacles; in a word, to cut short the account of my ruin, I say, I desired and entreated my brother—would to God I had never desired or entreated him."

And here she renewed her lamentation; when the steward interposing, "Madam (said he), be so good as to proceed, and finish the story of your adventure; for your own words and tears keep us all in the utmost suspense."—"I have little else to say (replied the damsel), though a great many tears to shed; for such irregular desires are always, without fail, attended by such misfortunes."

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman-sewer, he once more held up the lantern to take another view, and the tears she let fall he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortune might not appear so great as her sighs and lamentations seemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspense; for it was late, and they had a great part of their round still to perform. Then she, in the midst of interrupted sobbings and broken sighs, proceeded thus: "My misfortune, and my disaster, is nothing else than this: I begged my brother to disguise me in one of his suits, and carry me out to see the town, some night while my father should be asleep; he, importuned by my entreaties, complied with my request, and gave me this dress, while he himself put on a suit of mine, which fits him to a nicety; for he has not one hair upon his chin, and looks exactly like a very handsome girl. This night, about an hour ago, little more or less, we sallied forth from our own house; and, conducted by our foot-boy, and our own unruly desire, went round the whole town; but, when we wanted to return home again, we perceived a great number of people coming up, and my brother said, 'Sister, this must be the patrole; quicken your pace, put wings to your feet, and run after me, that they may not know who we are, otherwise we shall be in evil taking.' So saying, he took to his heels, and began—not to run, but to fly; but scarce had I followed him six paces, when I fell through fear, and then came the officers of justice, who brought me before your lordship, where, in consequence of my foolish and rash conduct, I find myself confounded and ashamed, before so much company."—"So that, after all, madam (said Sancho), no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that brought you from your own house, as you alleged in the beginning of your story?"—"Nothing else hath happened to me, nor did I quit my own home from jealousy; but merely from the desire of seeing the world, which extended no farther than a wish to see the streets of this town."

The truth of this assertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other serjeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight. He had no other clothes but a rich petticoat, and a mantle of blue damask laced with gold: on his head there was no cap or any other ornament, but his own hair, which was so rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, steward, and sewer, taking him aside, that he might not be overheard by his sister, questioned him about his being disguised in that dress; and the youth, with equal bashfulness and disorder, repeated the same story which his sister had related, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the enamoured sewer.

"Gentlefolks (said the governor), this is certainly a very childish trick, and in giving an account of your simplicity and rashness, there needed not all this weeping and wailing: had you said at first, our names are so and so, and we fell upon this contrivance to steal out of our father's house, merely to gratify our curiosity, without any other design, the affair would have

been at an end, and you might have spared all this grunting and groaning."—"Very true (replied the damsel); but your honours must know, my confusion was so great, that I was not mistress of my own behaviour."—"There is no harm done (replied Sancho); let us go and see you safe home to the house of your father, who perhaps has not missed you as yet; and henceforward be not such a baby, or so desirous to see the world. The maid that would keep her good name stays at home as if she was lame: a hen and a housewife, whatever they cost, if once they go gadding, will surely be lost: and she that longs to see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen. This is all I shall at present say upon the subject."

The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in seeing them home; and accordingly they took the road to their father's house, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a casement, and immediately a maid servant, who sat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their scheme of seeing the world by night, without going out of the town: but this they ascribed to their tender years.

The sewer's heart was transpierced by the charms of the sister, whom he resolved to demand in marriage of her father the very next day, concluding he should not meet with a denial, because he was a domestic of the duke's. Even Sancho was seized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter Sanchica, and he actually resolved to effectuate it in due season; taking it for granted no man would refuse his hand to a governor's daughter.

Thus ended the round for that night, and in two days he saw the end of his government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which declares who were the enchanters and executioners that scourged the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; together with the expedition of the page, who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho's spouse.

Cid Hamet, the most punctual investigator of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says, that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bed-fellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to inquire, to pry, and to smell into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly, that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter: and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, she, that instant, went and informed my lady duchess that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber; the duchess communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altisidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote: the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said; and the duchess hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those healing streams* that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altisidora. Exasperated, therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as hath been already recited; for affronts levelled directly against the beauty and pride of the fair sex wakens the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspires her with the desire of revenge.

The duchess recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars; and her grace resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, despatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the disenchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot, so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government—the duchess, I say, despatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a rosary of rich coral in a present.

The history relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linen in a brook, and of these he asked if they could inform him whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, 'squire to a certain knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl, who was washing, starting up, "That Teresa Panza (cried she) is my mother; and that same Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our master."—"Come then, young mistress (replied the

* Literally, the *Aranjuez* of the fountains. *Fuentes* signifies either fountains or issues; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.

page), conduct me to your mother; for I bring her a letter and a present from that same father of your's."—"That I will do with all my heart, kind sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the clothes upon which she was at work to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes, for she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, saying, "Come along, good sir, our house is at this end of the village, and there you will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she has not for many days heard any news of my honoured father."—"But now (said the page), I bring her such good news, that she will have reason to bless God for this happy day." In a word, what with dancing, running, and skipping, the wench arrived at the village; but before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door, "Come out, mother Teresa, come out, pray come out; here's a gentleman who brings letters and other good things from my good father."

Tereza Panza, hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short, that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open-breasted shift: she was not very old, though seemingly turned of forty; but strong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, "What is the matter, child? (said she): what gentleman is that?"—"The very humble servant of my lady Donna Tereza Panza," replied the page, who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility to kneel before Madam Teresa, saying, "Grant me permission to kiss your ladyship's hand, Madam Donna Teresa, as the legitimate and particular consort of my lord Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island Barataria."—"Nay, good sir, forbear; do not so (answered Teresa); I am none of your court dames; but a poor countrywoman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a 'squire-errant, but no governor."—"Your ladyship (replied the page) is the most worthy consort of the most superlatively worthy governor; and this letter and present is an incontestible proof of the truth of what I say." So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket the string of coral set in gold, and tied it round her neck: then producing a letter, "This (said he) is from my lord governor, and this other, with the necklace, from my lady duchess, who sent me hither."

Teresa was confounded, and her daughter, no less astonished, exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of all this, and surely must have given my father that same government or countship which he promised him so often!"—"You are certainly in the right (answered the page); for it is entirely on Signor Don Quixote's account that Signor Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as will appear in this letter."—"Pray, good gentleman, read it (said Teresa): for though I can spin, I cannot read so much as a crumb."—"Nor I either (answered Sanchica); but stay a moment, I'll go and fetch one that shall read it, either the curate himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with pleasure to hear news of my father."—"There is no occasion to fetch any person whatever (said the page); for though I cannot spin, I can read, and read it I shall." He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but, as it hath been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the duchess, in these words:—

"Friend Teresa,

"The great talents and excellent disposition of your husband Sancho, induced and obliged me to beg of the duke, my husband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among the many islands that are in his possession; and I understand he governs like any jerfaulcon,—a circumstance that affords great pleasure to me, and of consequence to my lord duke; and I thank Heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in choosing him for that same government; for Madam Teresa must know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world, and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have sent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace set in gold; and I wish, for your sake, it had been of oriental pearls: but he that gives, though it were but an egg, would be sorry to see thee lame of a leg. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and carry on a closer correspondence, and Heaven knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me to keep herself in readiness, for I mean to match her very high, when perhaps she thinks least of the matter. I am told your town is famous for fine large acorns; pray send me two dozen, which I shall greatly esteem, as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and if you should want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. That God would protect you is the prayer of

Your loving friend,

The Duchess."

"La! now (cried Teresa, when she heard the contents of the letter), what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried among such ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forsooth, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not touch them, and go to church in such finery, as if they were perfect queens: nay, they

seem to think it a disgrace to look at a poor body; and see here now, how this worthy lady, even though no less than a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may she be to the highest steeple in all La Mancha As to what concerns the acorns, kind sir, I'll send her a whole peck, so fair and large, that people shall come far and near to see and admire them. For the present, Sanchica, we must look to the entertainment of this gentleman: let his horse be taken care of; fetch some eggs from the stable, and cut some rashers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deserves every thing at our hands. In the meantime, I'll go out and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, especially our father the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, such friends to your father."—"I will do as you desire, mother (answered Sanchica); but remember, you shall give me one half of the string of coral; for I don't take my lady duchess to be such a ninny as to send the whole for your use."—"It is all thy own, daughter (replied Teresa); but thou must let me wear it a few days about my neck; for, in faith and troth, it will rejoice my poor heart."—"It will be still more rejoiced (said the page), when you see the bundle in that portmanteau, consisting of a suit of superfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who sends it for the sole use of Miss Sanchica."—"May he live a thousand years! (cried Sanchica), as well as he that brings it, neither more nor less; and even two thousand, if there should be occasion."

Now Teresa going out with the letters, and the string about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper as if it had been a cymbal; and casually meeting the curate and Sampson Carrasco, she began to caper about, saying, "In good faith, we have no poor kindred now: we have caught the governorship: ay, ay, pick me up the best gentlewoman of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upstart."—"What is the matter, Teresa Panza? (said the curate), what is the meaning of this rhapsody? and what papers are these?"—"No rhapsody at all (replied Teresa), but only these letters are from duchesses and governors, and these here upon my neck are true corals: the ave-marias and paternosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governess."—"God shield us, Teresa (cried the curate), as we do not understand a word of what you say!"—"Seeing is believing," answered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand, which he having read in the hearing of Sampson Carrasco, they looked at one another with astonishment. When the bachelor asked who brought these letters, Teresa desired they would go along with her to her house, and they would see the messenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pine-tree, and had brought another present worth twice as much. The curate taking the string of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being satisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again struck with admiration, and exclaimed, "Now, by the habit which I wear! I know not what to say, or what to think, of these letters and presents: on one side I see, and even feel, the worth of these corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a duchess, who begs two dozen of acorns."—"Reconcile these things if you can (said Carrasco): but now let us go and see the bearer of this packet, whose information will solve all these difficulties."

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beast, while Sanchica was employed in cutting rashers to fry with the eggs for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the new comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them, Sampson entreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady duchess, they were still overwhelmed with confusion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, "That Signor Sancho Panza is a governor there is no sort of doubt; but whether of an island or not I do not pretend to decide; let it suffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my lady duchess is of such a frank and humble disposition, that her sending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her send and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for you must know, gentlemen, the ladies of Arragon, although as noble, are not so ceremonious and superb as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors with more frankness and familiarity."

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, "Pray tell me, signor, does my honoured father wear trunk-hose since he was a governor?"—"I have not observed that particular (replied the page): but certainly he must."—"My God! (cried Sanchica), how glad I should be to see my father with trunk-hose! let me never thrive but I have, ever since I was born, longed to see father in laced trunk-breeches."—"Laced hose! (said the page), madam, if he lives, and his government should hold but two months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding-coat." The curate and bachelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers;

but the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent, destroyed all their conjectures, for Teresa had shewn them the green garment; nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica, and their mirth was not extinguished when Teresa, accosting their priest, "Mr Curate (said she), do pray cast your eyes about a little, and see if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthingale, right and tight, fashionable and of the best sort; for, truly and truly, I am resolved to honour my spouse's government as much as lies in my power; ay, and if they vex me, I'll go to court, and ride in my coach, like all the rest and the best of them; for she who is married to a governor may very well procure and maintain such a convenience."—"Yea, forsooth (replied Sanchica); and would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, although those who saw me seated with my lady mother in the coach, should say, Look at such a one, daughter of such a garlic-eater, how she sits, and lolls in a coach, like the pope's lady; but let them trudge in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: an ill year, and worse month, betide all the envious grumblers upon earth: and so I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpose, mother?"—"To the purpose? yes, to be sure, daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophesied by my good man Sancho; and thou shalt see, daughter, it will not stop until I am a countess, for good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it observed by thy worthy father, who is likewise the father of proverbs. When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter: when they give thee a government, seize it a God's name: when they bestow a countship, lay thy clutches upon it; and when they throw thee some beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and snap at the favour; if not, sleep on, and never answer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door."—"And what do I care? (added Sanchica), let them say what they will, when they see me exalted in all my finery, and cry, There goes Mrs Ape, with her buttocks cased in crape; and all the rest of that stuff."

The curate hearing her remark, "I cannot believe (said he), but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels; for I have never seen one of them who does not scatter about old saws at all times and in all conversations."—"Your observation is very just (said the page); for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpose, they nevertheless give great pleasure, and are very much extolled by my lady duchess and the duke."—"What! and do you still, my good sir (said the bachelor), affirm the truth of that government of Sancho; and that there is actually a duchess who sends presents and letters to his wife? For our parts, although we handle the presents, and have perused the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our senses, and imagine this is one of those things which our townsman, Don Quixote, supposed to have been effected by enchantment; and therefore I own, I have an inclination to touch and feel your person, that I may know whether you are a fantastical ambassador, or really a man of flesh and blood."—"Gentlemen (replied the page), all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambassador; that Signor Sancho Panza is effectually a governor; and that my lord duke, and my lady duchess, not only could, but actually did, invest him with that government, in which I hear the said Sancho Panza behaves with vast ability. Whether or not there is any enchantment in the case, I leave you, gentlemen, to dispute and decide among yourselves; that this is all I know of the matter, I swear by the life of my parents, who are still alive, and whom I love and honour with the utmost reverence and affection."—"What you say may be true (answered the bachelor): but, *Dubitat Augustinus*."—"Doubt as much as you please (resumed the page); what I have said is the naked truth, which will always swim above falsehood, like oil above water; but *Operibus credite et non verbis*: let one of you gentlemen go along with me, and he shall see with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearsay."—"I am for that jaunt (cried Sanchica): good sir, if you will take me up behind you, I shall be glad to go and see my father's worship."—"The daughters of governors (said the page), never travel alone, but are always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants."—"'Fore God! (replied Sanchica), I can travel upon a she-ass as well as in a coach: you won't find me shy or fearful."—"Hold your tongue, wench (said Teresa), you know not what you say. The gentleman is in the right; for every season has its reason. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, being governor, my lady——I know not if what I say to the purpose."

"Madam Teresa has said more than she is aware of (replied the page); but pray let me have some victuals, and despatch me immediately, for I intend to return this evening." To this remonstrance the curate answered, "Sir, you shall come and do penance with me, for Madam Teresa has more inclination than ability to entertain such a worthy guest." The page at first declined the invitation; but at length found it was his interest to consent; and the curate conducted him to his parsonage with great pleasure, that he might have an opportu-

nity to inquire, at leisure, about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The bachelor offered to write answers to Teresa's letters; but she did not choose that he should intermeddle in her affairs; for she looked upon him as a wag. She therefore gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a novitiate monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her husband, and another for the duchess, indited by Teresa's own noddle, which are not the least entertaining that occur in this sublime history, as will be seen in the sequel.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, and other such diverting incidents.

At length arrived the morning that succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman-sewer passed without sleep, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the face, the air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; while the steward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally astonished at his words and actions, in which folly and discretion were strangely blended.

At last my lord governor arose, and by direction of doctor Pedro Positive, he was fain to break his fast with a little conserve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himself under compulsion, he bore his fate with grief of soul and anxiety of stomach; Pedro Positive giving him to understand that your slight and delicious dishes animate the genius, consequently were most proper for persons appointed to posts and offices of importance, in which corporal strength cannot avail so much as the vigour of the understanding. By this sort of sophistry Sancho was subjected to such severe hunger, that he in secret cursed the government; ay, and him who conferred it; nevertheless, in despite of hunger, and upon the strength of the conserve, he that day sat in judgment; and the first case that occurred, was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants: "My lord (said he), a certain manor is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be attentive, for the case is of great consequence and some difficulty. I say then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gibbet, together with a sort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: 'Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes and whither he goes; if he swears the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswear himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite.'

"This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers passed, and, as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely, and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having considered this oath, observed, if we allow this man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man; for hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and, having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to entreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy." To this address Sancho replied, "Assuredly those judges who sent you to me might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute: nevertheless, repeat the business, so that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head? The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said, "I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of two balls; and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged upon such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet, he swore the truth, and, by the enacted law, ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge: but if he is not hanged, he swore false, and for that reason ought to suffer upon the gibbet."

"The case is exactly as my lord governor conceives it (said the messenger); and with respect to the scope and understanding of the matter, there is no farther room for doubt or interrogation."—"I say then (replied Sancho), that part of the man which swore truth, ought to be allowed to pass, and that which told a lie ought to be hanged; and in this manner the terms or condition of passing will be literally fulfilled."

"But, my lord governor (replied the questioner), in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts; namely, the false and the true; and, if he is so divided, he must certainly die: therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas there is an express necessity for its being accomplished."—"Come hither, honest friend (said Sancho); either I

am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged and to live, and pass over the bridge: for, if the truth saves him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that, as the reasons for condemning and for acquitting the culprit are equally balanced, they shall let him freely pass; for it is always more laudable to do good than harm; and to this opinion I would subscribe if I could write my name. Nor, indeed, have I spoken my own sentiment on this occasion; but I have recollected one among the many precepts I received from my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out for the government of this island: he said, that when justice was doubtful, I should choose, and lean towards mercy; and it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which falls so pat to the present purpose."—"So it does (said the steward): and I firmly believe, that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have utterred a more sagacious decision than that which the great Panza has pronounced. Now let the audience end for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to his heart's content."—"That is my request (cried Sancho): nothing but fair play: give me plenty of victuals, and let them load me with cases and doubts, I will soon make them vanish into smoke."

The steward kept his word: for he had a scruple of conscience in famishing such a discreet governor; especially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the last joke he had a commission to execute.

Well then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no sooner removed, than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who desired the secretary to read it by himself; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept secret, to rehearse it in an audible voice. The secretary, in obedience to his command, having perused it in secret, "It may be very safely read aloud (said he); what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed, and even displayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter:—

THE LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA:

"Friend Sancho,

"When I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and extract wisdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou hast governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for the ornament of the person invested with charges of dignity ought to be conformable to what these require, and not measured according to the will of an humble disposition. Appear always well dressed; for a May-pole when decorated loses its original appearance; not that I advise thee to wear jewels and finery, or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a soldier; but to adorn thyself with that garb which thine office requires, and to be always clean and neatly dressed. In order to acquire the good-will of the people over whom thou art set, among other things, remember two particulars, one is, to be affable to every body; but this I have mentioned upon another occasion: the other is, to procure plenty of provision; for there is nothing that gives such vexation to the poor as hunger and dearth.

"Do not issue a great number of ordinances; but take care that those which are published be good; and, above all things, see they are maintained and put in execution; for those ordinances which are not observed, might as well be annulled, as they serve to demonstrate, that the prince who had discretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and those laws which only intimidate, without being put in execution, resemble the King Log of the frogs, which at first terrified his subjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was despised and insulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous and a stepfather to the wicked. Thou must not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but choose the medium between these two extremities, in which lies the point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for in such places the presence of the governor will be of great importance. Console the prisoners with hope of being speedily despatched. Be a bugbear to butchers; for then they will use honest weights; and a terror to market-women for the same reason. Beware of shewing thyself (though thou really shouldst be so, and yet I believe thou art not) a miser, a letcher, or a glutton; for thy people, and those who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Consider and re-consider, peruse and re-peruse the advices and instructions which I gave thee in writing before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou observest the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons to evince thy gratitude; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins that can be committed; and the

person who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is also grateful to God, whose benefits are so manifold and incessant. My lady duchess despatched a messenger with thy hunting-suit, and another present to thy wife Teresa, and we expect her answer every moment.

"I have been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately achieved with some discomfiture of my nose: but that was of no consequence; for if I am maltreated by one set of enchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the steward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou once seemedst to suspect: and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, seeing the distance between us is so small. I think of leaving in a little time this idle life, for which I was never designed. I am like to be engaged in an affair which, I believe, will bring me in disgrace with the duke and duchess; but, although this affects my mind, it shall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am resolved to comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with the dictates of their pleasure, in conformity with the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write this sentence in Latin, because I apprehend thou hast learned that language since thou wast a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am thy friend,

"Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded for the good sense it contained by all the hearers; then the governor, rising from table, shut himself up in his apartment with the secretary, in order to compose an answer to his master without loss of time. He desired the scribe to write what he should dictate, without the least addition or diminution. The secretary obeyed his command, and the answer was to this effect:—

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

"The employment of my office is so severe, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pare my nails, which I, therefore, wear so long, that God must find some remedy. This I observe, dear master of my soul, that your worship need not be confounded because I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill-being in this government; where, by the bye, I suffer more pinching hunger than when we two used to travel through woods and deserts.

"My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain spies had entered the island, in order to murder me; but as yet I have discovered none, except a doctor, who has a salary in the place for killing all the governors that come hither. They call him Doctor Pedro Positive, and he is a native of Snatchaway; so that your worship may see, by his name, what reason I have to fear I shall perish by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the distempers which are already formed, but only prevents their formation; and the medicine he prescribes is fasting upon fasting, until the patient is clean skin and bone, as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger; and I find myself dying of pure vexation; for I thought, in coming to this government, I should have hot meals and cool liquor, and regale my body in Holland sheets, upon beds of down; whereas, I am come to penance like a hermit; and as I cannot even do that, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

"Hitherto I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe; nor can I conceive the reason of such proceeding; for I have been told, that the governors who used to come to this island, even before their entrance, always received a good sum of money, either by way of present or loan, from the inhabitants,—a custom observed in other governments as well as in this.

"In going the round last night, I found a very beautiful damsel in man's clothes, and her brother in the dress of a woman: my gentleman-sewer is in love with the girl, and, as he says, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law; to-day we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a Christian as one would desire.

"I visit the markets, according to your worship's advice, and yesterday seeing a huckster selling new nuts, I discovered that she had mixed with a bushel of the new the same quantity of old nuts that were empty and rotten; upon which I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to separate the good from the bad, and forbade her to enter the market for fifteen days: I was told I had done gallantly. What I can assure your worship is, that, according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked set of people than those market-women; for they are all without shame, conscience, and moderation; and indeed I believe the report, from what I have seen in other corporations.

"It gives me great satisfaction to hear that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent the present your worship mentions; and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude in due season. I beg your worship will kiss her grace's hand, in my name, and tell her, I say, she has not thrown her favour into a rotten sack, as our deeds shall declare. I should be sorry that your worship came to any reckon-

ings of disgust with my lord duke and lady duchess; for should there be any breach between you, it is very plain the whole would redound to my loss; and, considering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worship to be otherwise to those who have done you such favours, and treated you so nobly in their castle.

"The story of the cat-clawing I do not understand, but do suppose it must have been one of those unlucky frays in which your worship is often engaged with wicked enchanters—but I shall know when we meet.

"I would fain present your worship with something, but I know not what to send, except some clyster-pipes, which are very curiously turned and mounted in this island; though, if my office holds, it shall go hard but I will find something to send, either by hook or by crook. If my wife Teresa Panza should write to me, I beg your worship will pay the postage, and forward the letter; for I am extremely desirous to know the state of my family, my wife, and children. And now the Lord deliver your worship from evil-designing enchanters, and safely and peaceably quit me of this government; which I very much doubt, for I believe I shall leave my bones in it, so cruelly am I treated by Doctor Pedro Positive.

"Your worship's humble servant,

"SANCHO PANZA, the Governor."

The secretary having sealed this letter, despatched it with the courier; and those who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a scheme for dismissing him from the administration. The evening his excellency spent in making some wholesome regulations, touching the government of what he imagined to be an island. Among other things, he ordained that there should be no monopolizers of provision in the commonwealth; that wine should be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleasure of the merchant; with this addition, that he should declare the place from whence it came, so as that a price might be set upon it, according to its worth, fame, and estimation; and he who should be detected in dashing it with water, or falsifying its name, should suffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hose, and particularly that of shoes, which he looked upon as exorbitant: he rated the wages of servants who went at full gallop in the road of interest; he laid severe penalties upon those who should sing lewd and lascivious ballads, by night or by day; he ordered that no blind man should sing his miracle in couplets, without an authentic testimony of the truth; it appearing that the greatest part of those sung by blind persons are false and feigned, to the prejudice of those which are true; he made and appointed an overseer of the poor, not to persecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for sturdy thieves, and hale drunkards, often screen themselves in the shade of feigned lameness and counterfeit sores. In a word, he made so many good regulations, that they are hitherto preserved in the place, and called the constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.

CHAP. XX.

In which is recorded the adventure of the second afflicted, or sorrowful matron; otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches, began to think the life he led in the castle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he professed; and therefore he determined to beg leave of the duke and duchess to set out for Saragossa, as the time of the tournament approached; for there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day sat at table with the duke and duchess, he began to execute his resolution in asking leave; when beheld, all of a sudden, two women, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, prostrated herself before him, and with her mouth close to his feet, uttered such melancholy, profound, and doleful groans, as overwhelmed all the spectators with confusion; for although the duke and duchess imagined it was some joke which the servants intended to perpetrate upon the knight, yet, seeing how violently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in suspense, until the compassionate Don Quixote raised her from the ground, and entreated her to discover herself, by taking away the veil that concealed her rueful face. She complied with his request, and shewed herself to be what nobody believed she was, for she displayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were struck with admiration, and the duke and duchess more than any body; for although they took her to be a fool, and a person of a soft disposition, they did not think her folly could have arisen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez, addressing herself to the duke and duchess, "I hope (said she), your excellencies will give me leave to communicate a little with this knight, for it is necessary I should confer with him, that I may be safely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the presumption of an evil-minded clown."

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with Signor Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice and her countenance to the knight, saying, "Some days are elapsed, most valiant knight, since I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peasant has done my dearly-beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now standing before you; and you promised, in her behalf, to redress the wrong she had suffered; but now I am informed that you are going to depart from this castle, in quest of the happy adventures God shall throw in your way; and therefore I could wish, that before you begin your career through those paths, you would defy this inflexible rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter, and so fulfil the promise he made of being her spouse, before he first yoked with her in the way of love; for to think my lord duke will do me justice, is the same as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reason which I explained to your worship in private; and upon these terms, the Lord preserve your worship's health, and grant us his protection."

To this address Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, "Worthy duenna, moderate, or rather dry up your tears, and spare your sighs; for here I undertake to redress the grievances of your daughter; though it would have been better for her, had not she so easily believed the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready and alert to promise, but very heavy and backward in the performance: nevertheless, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith set out in quest of this perfidious youth; and having found him, defy and slay him, whensoever and wheresoever he shall refuse to perform his promise; for the principal aim of my profession is to pardon the humble and chastise the haughty; that is, to succour the wretched and destroy the cruel."—"Your worship (replied the duke), need not give yourself the trouble to go in quest of the rustic who is the subject of this worthy duenna's complaint; nor is there any occasion for your worship's asking my leave to challenge him to single combat; I consider the challenge as already given; I undertake for its being conveyed to the party, and even for its acceptance; and promise that he shall come to answer for himself in person at this castle, where I will furnish both with a listed field, and observe all the conditions that are wont and ought to be observed in such encounters; for justice shall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all those princes who furnish lists for combatants, within the limits of their territories."—"With this security then, and the good leave of your grace (replied Don Quixote), I now for once renounce my gentility, humble and adjust myself to the level of the delinquent, making myself equal with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I, therefore, though in his absence, challenge and defy him, for his wickedness in seducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now through his fault is deprived of her maidenhead; and he shall either perform the promise he made of being her lawful spouse, or die in default of the performance."

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said, he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the court-yard of the castle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the shield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the least fraud, treachery, or superstition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the lists——"But, before we proceed (said the duke), it will be necessary that this good duenna, and that mistaken maid, should put the justice of their cause into the hands of Signor Don Quixote, otherwise nothing to the purpose will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution."

"I do put my cause into his hands," replied the duenna. "And I too," cried the daughter, all in tears, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The particulars of this affair being adjusted, and the duke having determined with himself what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the duchess ordered that for the future they should not be treated as her servants, but as ladies adventurers come to her house to demand justice; she therefore allotted a separate apartment to themselves, and they were attended as strangers, not without the amazement of other servants, who could not conceive what would be the issue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez and her indiscreet and unhappy daughter.

At this instant, in order to complete the mirth of the company, and their meal with more enjoyment, who should enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of governor Sancho Panza! The duke and duchess were extremely pleased at his arrival, and desirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was questioned accordingly. The page answered, that he could not describe them in public, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleased to reserve the account for their private ear, and in the meantime entertain themselves with these letters. So saying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the duchess, one superscribed in these words: "To my lady duchess of I know not what nor where."—And the other

directed "To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, whom God prosper many more years than myself."

The duchess would not toast her cake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter, which having opened and perused by herself, when she perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, she rehearsed it with an audible voice to this effect:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

"I received great satisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleased to write me; for, in truth, it was what I greatly desired: the string of coral is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it: your ladyship's having made my spouse Sancho a governor has given great pleasure to all our town, although there are some who cannot believe it, especially the curate, Mr Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; but that gives me no trouble; for seeing it be so, as it certainly is, let people say what they will: though, if the truth must be told, had not the string of coral and the hunting-suit come, I should not have believed it myself; for in our town, every body takes my husband for a noodle; and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be most for the advantage of his children.

"For my own part, dear lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your honour's leave, to bring this happy day home to my own house, and hie me to the court, where I will loll in my coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people who envy my good fortune: I beg, therefore, your excellency will tell my husband to send me money, and let it be a round sum; for it is very expensive living at court, where bread sells for a real, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and this is an unconscionable price. If he does not choose that I should go, let him give me notice in time, for my feet itch to be a-travelling; and my neighbours and gossips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my husband will come to be known by me more than I by him; because when people ask who are these ladies in that coach? one of my servants will answer, These are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria: and in this manner Sancho will be known, I shall be respected, and to come for every thing.

"I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harvest in our town; nevertheless I send your highness about a half a peck, which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpose: I could find none larger, though I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

"I hope your pomposity will not forget to write to me, and I will take care to send an answer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preserve your grace, without forgetting me. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your honour's hand. And this is all at present from her who would much rather see your grace, than subscribe herself

"Your humble servant,

"TERESA PANZA."

Great was the satisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Teresa Panza, though the greatest share fell to the duke and duchess; and her grace asked Don Quixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which she imagined must be excellent in its kind. The knight said he would open it, to oblige her grace; and having done so, found the contents to this purpose:

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

"I received thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, on the faith of a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running mad with joy; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou wast a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleasure; for thou knowest, they say, sudden joy kills us as well as deadly sorrow: thy daughter Sanchica scattered her water about insensibly, out of mere satisfaction: thy hunting-suit lay before me, the string of corals sent by my lady duchess was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the messenger in my presence; and yet I imagined and believed, that all I saw and handled was a dream; for who could conceive that a goatherd should come to be governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, that my dear mother said one must live long to see a great deal: this I mention, because I hope to see more if I live longer; for I do not intend to stop until I see thee a farmer or collector of the revenue; offices which, though they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

"My lady duchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court: consider of it, and let me know thy pleasure; for I will endeavour to do thee honour there, by riding in my coach.

"The curate, barber, bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception, or matter of enchantment, like all the affairs of thy master

Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote's skull: I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady duchess, and I wish they were of gold: send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these: The widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sorts of brush-work; the corporation employed him to paint his majesty's arms over the door of the town house; he demanded two ducats for the job, and they paid him before hand; but after he had laboured eight whole days, he produced nothing, and saying he could not hit upon such trifles, returned the money; and yet, for all that, he married with the character of a good workman: true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Mingo Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage; evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him; but this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar in the whole town. A company of soldiers marching this way carried off three girls belonging to the village; but I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to be a stock to her when she grows up: but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The public fountain is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always light. I expect an answer to this epistle, and thy resolution about my going to court: and so, God preserve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for I should not choose to leave thee behind me in this world.—Thy faithful spouse,

"Teresa Panza."

The letters were read with admiration, esteem, laughter, and applause; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier, who brought Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which, being likewise recited in public, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The duchess retired, in order to be informed by the page of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumstance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheese, which Teresa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to those of Tronchon. This the duchess received with excessive pleasure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.

PART III.—BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the toilful end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government.

To think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes its verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with

bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, mangre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eyelids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, and confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in my other sort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and altogether, "Arm! arm! my lord governor, arm! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone, unless protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him, "Arm, my lord (said he), unless you want to perish, and see the whole island destroyed."—"For what should I arm? (replied Sancho): I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection: these matters had better be left to my master Don Quixote, who, in the turning of a straw, would despatch the whole affair, and put every thing in safety; but, for me, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing of these hurly-burlies!"—"How! my lord governor," cried another), what despondence is this? Put on your armour, signor: here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor."—"Arm me then, in God's name!" replied Sancho. At that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner, that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move the single step: and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case he being the north star, their lantern and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue. "How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am! (said Sancho), when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcass."—"Come, my lord governor (replied the other), you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers: make haste and exert yourself, for it grows late; the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing."

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach, the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and shrunk himself up, withdrawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, "This way, my fellow soldiers; for here the enemy make their chief effort: guard this breach, shut that gate, down with those scaling-ladders, bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil, barricado the streets with woolpacks." In a word, he named, with great eagerness, all the implements, instruments, and munition of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself, "O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!" Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief, his ears were saluted with a number of voices, crying, "Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rise, my lord governor, and enjoy your conquest; and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise, and set him on his legs again, "I wish (said he) the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead: I want to divide no spoils; but I beg and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat which has turned me into water." They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock, and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself in the most profound silence, and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his clothes very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the bye-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, "Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toils and distress; when you and I consorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture, and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets."

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen (said he), and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies; I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms. I know St Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre; and I would rather fill my belly with soup meagre, than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with Holland sheets and robes of sables——God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little do I gain: that is, I would say, Pennyless I took possession of this government, and pennyless I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plastered; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night passed and repassed over my carcass."

"It must not be so, my lord governor (said Doctor Positive): I will give your worship a draught calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and, with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of every thing you desire."—"Your promise comes too late (answered Sancho); and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. These are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if they once say odds, odds it must be, though in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the pismire's wings that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground: and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes: Let ewe and wether go together: and, Nobody thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass, for it grows late."

To this address the steward replied, "We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity and Christian conduct oblige us to desire your stay; but it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to submit his administration to a scrutiny; and if your lordship will give an account of yours, during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide."—"Nobody can call me to an account (said Sancho), but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now to him am I going, and to him will I render it fairly and squarely: besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to show that I have governed like an angel."—

"Fere God! the great Sancho is in the right (cried Doctor Positive); and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire, for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him."

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he should want for entertainment of his person, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese, with half a loaf, for himself, the journey being so short, that he had no occasion for any better or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them, equally astonished at his discourse as at his resolute and wise determination.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of matter belonging to this History, and no other whatsoever.

The duke and duchess resolved, that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed against their vassal, for the cause already mentioned, should be answered; and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid such a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to supply his place with a Gasconn lacquey, called Tosilos, whom they beforehand minutely instructed how to behave on this occasion.

Two days after these measures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote, that in four days his antagonist would come and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damsel lied, by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. The knight received these tidings with great pleasure, flattering himself he should do something to excite the admiration of the whole family; and he thought himself extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of showing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy and satisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, seemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the meantime let them pass, as we have already let many other matters pass, and attend Sancho, who, between merry and sad, jogged along upon Dapple, in quest of his master, whose company he preferred to the government of all the islands upon earth. Well then, he had not travelled far from the island of his government (for he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was island, city, town, or village), when he saw coming towards him six pilgrims with their staves, of that sort which begs charity by singing. So soon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and, raising their voices together, began to sing in their language, though Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except the word charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now he being, according to the asseveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags, and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furnished, making them understand by signs, that he had nothing else to give. They received his benefaction cheerfully, pronouncing, however, the word Guelte, Guelte: to which Sancho answering, "I really do not understand what you want, good people," one of them took a purse from his bosom, and held it up, giving him to understand they wanted money. Then Sancho clapping his thumb to his throat, and displaying the back of his hand, signified that he had not so much as the corner of a rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midst of them. As he passed, one of them having considered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and clasping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Castilian, "The Lord protect me! what is this I see? is it possible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for I am neither asleep nor drunk."

Sancho was astonished to hear his own name, and see himself embraced by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom, though he silently gazed upon him with the utmost attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim perceiving his surprise, "Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza (said he), that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Moresco shopkeeper, that lived in your town?" Then Sancho, reviewing him with great attention, began to recall his features; and, at length, perfectly recognizing the Moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, saying, "Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that disguise? Tell me who has pilgrimized thee; and wherefore hast thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found and known, thou wilt suffer for thy rashness?"—"If thou wilt not discover me, Sancho, I am secure (replied the pilgrim); for in this disguise nobody will know me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take some refreshment and repose; there thou shalt partake with them; for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have leisure to recount every thing that has befallen me since I departed from our town, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou hast heard."

Sancho assented to his proposal; and Ricote having spoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themselves to a tuft of poplars, at a good distance from the high-road. There they threw down their staves, laid aside their rochets, or mantles, so as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel persons, except Ricote, who was already advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at least, with incentives which provoked thirst at the distance of two leagues. They stretched themselves upon the ground, and using the grass as a tablecloth, spread upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean bones of bacon, which, though they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be sucked with pleasure. They likewise produced a black dish, which they called *caviere*, made of the roes of fishes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they want olives, which, though dry, and without pickle, were very savoury and delicate: but what made the best figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honest Ricote, who, being transformed from a Moor into a German, or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle also, which in size might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite relish, and great deliberation, smacking their lips at every mouthful, which they took with the point of a knife, though they ate but little; then, all at once, the whole squadron together raised their arms and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they seemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, shaking their heads from side to side, in token of the satisfaction they received, they continued a good while in the act of transfusing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this scene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleased; and, in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, When thou art at Rome, follow the fashion of Rome, he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the rest; nor was his satisfaction inferior to their's. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but the fifth was to no purpose: for by that time they were as clean and as dry as a rush,—a circumstance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time, each pilgrim, in his turn, shook hands with Sancho, saying, "Spaniard or German, all one, goot companion." To which compliment Sancho replied, "Goot companion, by the Lord!" and bursting out into a fit of laughter which lasted a whole hour, without remembering at that time the least circumstance of what had happened to him in his government; for over the times and seasons of eating and drinking care seldom holds jurisdiction. Finally, the conclusion of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and stretched them along upon the table and cloth they had been using. Ricote and Sancho were the only two who remained awake, in consequence of having eaten more, and drank less, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aside, they sat down at the root of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in an agreeable slumber; and without stumbling in the least upon his Moresco language, he spoke in pure Castilian to this effect:—

"Well thou knowest, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour and friend, how the edict and proclamation which his majesty published against those of my religion, overwhelmed us all with terror and consternation; at least, they terrified me to such a degree, that long before the time allotted to us for our removal from Spain, I thought the rigour of the penalty was already executed against me and my children. I therefore resolved, and I think wisely, like the man who, knowing he must quit the house he lives in at such a time, provides himself with another to which he may remove—I resolved, I say, to retire by myself, without my family, and go in quest of some place to which I might carry it commodiously, without that hurry and confusion which attended the departure of my neighbours; for I was very well convinced, and so were all our elders, that those edicts were not only threats, as some people said, but real laws, that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time: and this truth I was compelled to believe, by knowing the base and mad designs which our people harboured; such designs, that I verily think his majesty was divinely inspired to execute such a gallant resolution. Not that we were all guilty, for some among us were firm and staunch Christians; but they were so few in number, that they could not oppose the schemes of those who were otherwise; and it was dangerous to nurse a serpent in one's bosom, by allowing the enemy to live within the house. In a word, we were justly chastised by the sentence of banishment, mild and gentle in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that could be pronounced. In what country soever we are, we lament our exile from Spain; for, in fine, here we were born; this is our native country: in no clime do we find a reception suitable to our misfortunes: nay, in Barbary, and all the other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cherished, and entertained, we have been most injured and maltreated; we knew not our happiness until we lost it; and so intense is the longing desire which almost all of us have to return to Spain, that the greatest part of those, and they are many, who understand the language like me, return to this kingdom, leaving their wives and children unprotected abroad, such is their affection for this their native soil: and now I know, by experi-

ence, the truth of the common saying, Sweet is the love of native land.

"Leaving our town, as I have already said, I repaired to France; and, though there we met with a civil reception, I was desirous of seeing other countries. I therefore travelled into Italy, from whence I passed into Germany, where people seemed to live with more freedom: the natives do not pry with curious eyes into one another's concerns; every one lives according to his own humour; for in most parts of the empire there is liberty of conscience. I left a house which I hired in a village near Augsburg, and joined these pilgrims, a great number of whom are wont to come hither yearly, on pretence of visiting the sanctuaries of Spain, which are their Indies, as being productive of well-known advantage and most certain gain. They traverse the whole country, and there is not a village from which they are not dismissed with a belly-full of meat and drink, as the saying is, and a rial, at least, in money; so that, at the end of their peregrination, they are above an hundred crowns in pocket, which, being changed into gold, they conceal in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or task their industry in such a manner, as to carry off their purchase to their own country, in spite of the guards at the passes and gates, where they are examined and registered.

"My present intention, Sancho, is to carry off the money I have buried, which, being without the town, I can retrieve without danger; then I shall write, or take a passage from Valencia, to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are at Algiers, in order to contrive a method for transporting them to some port of France, from whence I will conduct them to Germany, where we will bear with resignation the will of Heaven: for, in fine, Sancho, I am positively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Francisca Ricote, are real Catholic Christians; and, though I myself am not entirely of that way of thinking, I have more of the Christian than the Musulman; and I incessantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, that I may know how to serve him in the right way. But what excites my wonder, and baffles my penetration, is the conduct of my wife and daughter, who have chosen to retire into Barbary rather than to France, where they might have lived as Christians."

To this observation Sancho replied, "Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, I suppose, at liberty to choose for themselves, inasmuch as they were carried off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would naturally go to the place where he himself intended to make his abode: and I can tell you, moreover, I believe it will be in vain for you to go in search of what you left under ground; for we are informed that thy wife and brother-in-law were stripped of a number of pearls, and a great deal of money, which was carried off to be registered."—"That may be very true (said Ricote), but I am certain, Sancho, they have not touched my hoard; for I would not tell them where it was hid, because I dreaded some misfortune: and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come along with me, and assist me in taking up and concealing it, I will gratify you with two hundred crowns to relieve thy necessities, which thou art sensible I know to be manifold."—"I would comply with thy proposal (answered Sancho), but I am not at all covetous; were I that way inclined, I this morning quitted an employment by which I might have been enabled to build the walls of my house of beaten gold, and in less than six months eat out of plate: for this reason, therefore, and because I should think myself guilty of treason to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go along with thee, even though in lieu of promising me two hundred, thou shouldst here lay down four hundred crowns upon the nail."—"And pray what office is this that thou hast quitted?" said Ricote. "I have quitted the government of an island (replied Sancho): ay, and such a one as, in good faith, you will not find his fellow in three bow-shots."—"And whereabouts is this island?" resumed the other. "Whereabouts? (cried Panza), about two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria."—"Spare me, spare me, good Sancho (said Ricote): islands are far at sea; there are none upon the continent."—"How? none? (replied Sancho), I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and yesterday governed in it at my pleasure, like a perfect sagittary; but, for all that, I resigned my place; for I found the office of governors is very troublesome and dangerous."—"And what hast thou got by this government?" said Ricote. "I have got sense enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of sheep (answered Sancho), and that the wealth acquired in such governments is got at the expense of ease, sleep, and even sustenance; for, in islands, the governors must eat very little, especially if they have physicians to watch over their health."—"I really do not understand thee, Sancho (said Ricote); but every thing thou hast spoke to me seems mere madness; for who would give thee islands to govern, when there is plenty of men in the world so much more capable of governing than thou? Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and recollect thy judgment, and consider whether or not thou wilt accompany me, as I have proposed, to assist me in conveying the treasure I have hid; for the sum is really so great, it may well be called a treasure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have already promised."—"I have already told thee, Ricote, that I will not (answered Sancho); be satisfied that by me thou shalt not be discovered; continue thy journey in happy hour, and let me proceed in mine; for well I know, What's honestly earned may be easily lost: but

ill-got wealth is ever at the owner's cost."—"Well, I will not further importune thee (said Ricote): but pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou in our village when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?"—"Yes, I was (replied Sancho): and I can tell thee, thy daughter appeared so beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to see her, and every body owned she was the fairest creature under the sun; she went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to see her, that they would recommend her to God, and our Lady his blessed mother. Indeed her behaviour was so moving, that I myself, who am no blubberer, could not help shedding tears; and, in good sooth, many persons were very desirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but they were diverted from that design by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that shewed himself the most passionately fond of her was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, who, thou knowest, was said to be in love with her. After her departure, he never more appeared in our town, and every body believed he went away in order to carry her off; but hitherto we have had no account of his motions."—"I had always a suspicion (said Ricote), that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter; but, as I confided in the virtue of Ricota, his passion gave me no disturbance; for thou must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never engage in amorous intercourse with old Christians; and my daughter, whose inclination, I believe, leaned more to Christianity than to love, paid no attention to the importunities of that young heir."—"God grant it may be so (replied Sancho); for it would have been to the prejudice of both: and now let me depart in peace, friend Ricote; for this night I intend to be with my master Don Quixote."—"God be thy guide, brother Sancho (said the Moor); I see my companions are stirring, and it is time for us to make the best of our way."

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote supported himself with his staff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

CHAP. III.

Of certain accidents that befell Sancho upon the road; and other circumstances, which to know you need only look forward.

Sancho was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's castle that day, though he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and close; but, it being the summer season, he was not much concerned, and retired a little from the high-road with intention to wait patiently for morning. It was, however, the pleasure of his niggard and unhappy fortune, that in seeking a place proper for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings. In falling, he recommended himself to God, with all his heart, in the firm persuasion that he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyss: but this apprehension was happily disappointed; for Dapple having descended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himself on his beast's back, without having sustained the least hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was sound or perforated in any part; and when he found himself safe, whole, and in catholic health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been shattered into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt about the sides of the pit, to know if there was any possibility of being extricated without assistance; but he found them all smooth and perpendicular, without any projection or crany of which he could take the least advantage,—a circumstance that greatly increased his chagrin, especially when he heard Dapple complain, in a most pathetic and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness; for, in truth, he was in a very sorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed, "Alack and a-well-a-day! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befall those who live in this miserable world! who could foretell, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned as governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and vassals, should to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a soul to remedy his misfortune, or a servant or vassal to hasten to his relief? Here I and my poor beast must perish by hunger, if we do not give up the ghost before that period; he in consequence of being battered and bruised, and I from pure sorrow and vexation. At least, I shall not be so lucky as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, when he descended, and sunk into the cave of that same enchanted Montesinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own house; so that the cloth seemed to be laid, and the bed fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable visions; but here, I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and serpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am! to what a pass am I brought to by fantasies and folly. From this cavern (when Heaven shall be pleased to discover them) my bones, together with those of my honest friend Dapple, will be taken up smooth and white, and bare as an anatomy; and, from this particular, perhaps it will be discovered who we are, especially by those who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. I say again, miserable creatures that we are! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in

our own country, in the midst of our friends, where, though our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we should not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and close our eyes in the last hour of our trial?

"O my dear companion, and my friend! how ill have I rewarded thy good services! Forgive me, honest Dapple, and entreat fortune in the best terms thou canst use, to deliver us from this vexatious misery in which we are equally involved; in which case, I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, so as that thou shalt look like a poet laureate: and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender." In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beast listened, without answering one word; such was the danger and distress to which the poor animal found himself exposed!

At length, after they had passed the whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and, by the light and splendour of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impossibilities it was the most impossible to free himself from that pit, without assistance; so that he began to lament a-fresh, and roar aloud, in hope that somebody might hear his voice: but all his cries were uttered to the desert; for in all that neighbourhood there was not a soul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himself up for lost. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermost, Sancho Panza exerted himself in such a manner as to raise his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could scarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewise suffered the same unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beast, who received it very thankfully, and Sancho told him, as if he understood his words, "All ills are good when attended with food." About this time he discovered a hole at one side of the dungeon, large enough to give passage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through: to this he hastened, and squeezing himself into it, perceived within a large extensive space, the particulars of which he could distinguish; for through what may be termed the roof descended a small stream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he observed, dilated and extended itself through another spacious concavity.

Sancho, having made these remarks, returned to the place where his companion stood, and with a stone began to clear away the rubbish from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to such a degree that Dapple passed with ease. Then taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and sometimes he proceeded dankling, and sometimes without one ray of light; but always in fear and trepidation. "God Almighty protect me! (said he, within himself), this, that is such a dismal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my master, who would look upon these depths and dungeons as so many flower-gardens and palaces of Galiana,* and expect to pass from this distress and obscurity into some blooming meadow adorned with the pride of spring: whereas I, a miserable wretch! equally imprudent and poor-spirited, dread, at every step, that another dungeon, still more deep, will suddenly open under my feet, and swallow me up at once. We may bear, without a groan, the misfortune that comes alone." In venting these ejaculations, he fancied he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, glimmering through a passage that seemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the 'squire, returns to Don Quixote, waiting with joy and transport for the combat in which he was to engage with the person who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for he made no doubt of redressing the grievance and disgrace which the delinquent had feloniously entailed upon the innocent damsel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve and inure himself to the exercise of arms, which he meant to practise in that combat to which in a few days he must be exposed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode so near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorously pulled in the reins, he must have plunged into it, without all possibility of escape. He kept his seat, however, and at length made his retreat good; then, re-approaching the hole, he, without alighting, surveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries issuing from below; in consequence of which, listening with great attention, he could distinguish articulate sounds, and distinctly understand the following exclamations: "So ho! above there; is there any Christian within hearing? or any charitable gentleman whose bowels yearn at the distress of a sinner buried alive, and an unfortunate misgoverned governor?"

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and astonished; and raising his own voice as high as he could strain, "Who is that below (cried he), complaining so grievously?" —"Who should be here, or who complain, but the bewildered Sancho Panza, for his sins and misfortune, appointed governor of the island

* This was a Moorish princess, for whom her father built a stately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

ill-got wealth is ever at the owner's cost."—"Well, I will not farther importune thee (said Ricote): but pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou in our village when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?"—"Yes, I was (replied Sancho): and I can tell thee, thy daughter appeared so beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to see her, and every body owned she was the fairest creature under the sun; she went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to see her, that they would recommend her to God, and our Lady his blessed mother. Indeed her behaviour was so moving, that I myself, who am no blubberer, could not help shedding tears; and, in good sooth, many persons were very desirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but they were diverted from that design by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that shewed himself the most passionate fond of her was Don Pedro Gregorio, the yo[illegible] rich heir, who, thou knowest, was said to [illegible] love with her. After her departure, he [illegible] more appeared in our town, and every b[illegible] lieved he went away in order to carry [illegible] but hitherto we have had no accou[illegible] motions."—"I had always a susp[illegible] Ricote), that the young gentlem[illegible] moured of my daughter; but, as [illegible] the virtue of Ricota, his passion [illegible] turbance; for thou must have [illegible] that the Moorish women seld[illegible] gage in amorous intercourse [illegible] and my daughter, whose [illegible] leaned more to Christian[illegible] no attention to the impo[illegible] heir."—"God grant it [illegible] cho); for it would ha[illegible] both: and now let [illegible] Ricote; for this ni[illegible] [illegible]to master Don Quix[illegible] [illegible]no will brother Sancho [illegible] [illegible]y the same companions are [illegible] [illegible]." One would make the best [illegible] [illegible]derstood what his

Then the t[illegible] [illegible]ment he began to bray Sancho mou[illegible] [illegible]e whole cave echoed with self with [illegible] most unexceptionable evi- parted [illegible] [illegible]n Quixote): I know that note [illegible] had given it birth; and, besides, [illegible] thy voice, my good Sancho; wait a [illegible] will ride to the duke's castle, which is [illegible] and bring people to extricate thee [illegible] that dungeon into which thou hast been [illegible]ged for thy sins and transgressions."—"I [illegible]rest your worship to go, for the love of God! [illegible] return speedily; for I cannot bear to be [illegible]ied here alive; and, moreover, I am ready [illegible] die with fear!"

The knight, leaving him accordingly, repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and the duchess the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a pleasure of his niggard and [illegible] that in seeking a place [illegible] dation, he and Dapple [illegible] very dark pit, among [illegible] In falling, he rec[illegible] with all his heart [illegible] he would not st[illegible] of the profoun[illegible] was happily [illegible] descended [illegible] ed the gr[illegible] his beast [illegible] least h[illegible] and [illegible] sour[illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] my mean- [illegible]; I shall say no more, [illegible] could speak more plainly."— [illegible]angry, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), [illegible] give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear, otherwise there will be no end of thy vexation: console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will; for it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot and a fool."—"For this time (answered Sancho), I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess waited to receive them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up stairs until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging: then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons, before whom, falling on his knees, "According to the good pleasure of your graces (said he), and without any merit on my side, I went to

...rataria, which naked I ...remain; and if I lose ... Whether I have go... ...ins, there are wit... ...nd say whatsoever ...explained doubts, ...ll the time half ...fasting seemed ...tive, native of ...nor's physi... ...hat by the ...ardy and ...the is... ...d vie... ...rn; ...ask ...

...g as

...ve said, without ...at of Dapple; I fell ...gh which I groped my ...morning, by the light of the ...ed a passage out of it, though not ...but that if Heaven had not sent my ...r Don Quixote to my assistance, there I should have remained to the day of judgment. Here then, my lord duke, and lady duchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kissing your grace's feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, Leap and away, I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quixote; for, in short, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at least fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge."

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise consoled by the duchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP. IV.

Of the dreadful and unseen battle fought between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in behalf of the daughter of Rodriguez the duenna.

The duke and duchess did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the steward arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of all the words and actions which he had said and performed during ...term of his administration. In fine, he ...nified the assault of the island, and the ...of Sancho, and described the manner of ...arture, from the account of which they ...no small pleasure and satisfaction.

...tory afterwards relates, that the day ...or the combat arrived; and the ...again and again instructed his ...Tosilos how to manage Don Quixote, ...as to conquer without slaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron heads, observing to Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risk and danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lists in his territories,—an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges; he therefore desired that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the castle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause, an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead.

The first that entered the lists was the master of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occasion stumbling or falling: then came the duennas and took

Barataria, who was formerly 'squire to the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" When the knight heard this declaration, his surprise redoubled, his amazement increased, and he was struck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his soul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he exclaimed, "I conjure thee by all that is sacred, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; if a soul in punishment, let me know what I can do in thy behalf; for, as it is my profession to favour and assist the needy of this world, so likewise am I ready to succour and relieve the miserable objects of the other world, who cannot relieve themselves."—"At that rate, and by your worship's discourse (answered the voice), you should be my master Don Quixote de la Mancha; and, indeed, by the tone of your voice, I know you can be no other."—"Don Quixote I am (replied the knight); he who professes to aid and assist the living, as well as the dead, in their distresses. Tell me, therefore, who thou art, by whom I am thus held in astonishment; for if thou art my 'squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted this life, seeing the devils have not got possession of thy soul, but, through the mercy of God, thou art now in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholic church, has prayers sufficient to deliver thee from thy present pain; and I, for my part, will solicit them in thy behalf, as far as my whole fortune will extend; I say, therefore, make haste, and declare thy name and situation."—"I vow to God! (answered the voice), and swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your identical 'squire Sancho Panza, and was never yet dead in the whole course of my life; but I quitted my government for causes and considerations which I must have more leisure to explain: last night I fell into this dungeon, together with Dapple, who will not suffer me to tell an untruth; by the same token he stands now at my back." One would have imagined the beast understood what his master said, for that moment he began to bray so strenuously, that the whole cave echoed with the sound. "A most unexceptionable evidence! (cried Don Quixote): I know that note as well as if I had given it birth; and, besides, I recognise thy voice, my good Sancho; wait a little, I will ride to the duke's castle, which is hard by, and bring people to extricate thee from that dungeon into which thou hast been plunged for thy sins and transgressions."—"I entreat your worship to go, for the love of God! and return speedily; for I cannot bear to be buried here alive; and, moreover, I am ready to die with fear!"

The knight, leaving him accordingly, repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and the duchess the accident which had [illegible] poor Sancho, at which they were not a little surprised, though they at once comprehended how he must have fallen, by the correspondence of that cavern which had been there time out of mind; but they could not conceive how he should have quitted the government, without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people; and Dapple and Sancho Panza, though not without a good deal of trouble, were hoisted up from dungeons and darkness to the cheerful light of day. "In this manner (said a student, who chanced to be among the spectators), should all bad governors be dragged from their governments like that poor sinner from the profound abyss, half dead with hunger, pale with fear, and, as I believe, without a penny in his pocket." Sancho, hearing this observation, replied, "Eight or ten days are now elapsed, brother growler, since I assumed the reins of government in that island which was committed to my charge; and, in all that time, I never once had my belly full even of dry bread: I have been persecuted by physicians; my bones have been crushed by the enemy; but I never had a bribe in view, nor did I ever receive my due. And this being the case, as it certainly is, methinks I have not deserved to be dragged out in this manner: but man projects in vain, for God doth still ordain: Heaven knows how meet it is to grant what every one pretends to want: Every season has its reason: Let no man presume to think, of this cup I will not drink: for, Where the flitch we hoped to find, not even a hook is left behind. God knows my meaning, and that is enough; I shall say no more, though perhaps I could speak more plainly."—"Be not angry, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), and give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear, otherwise there will be no end of thy vexation: console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will; for it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot and a fool."—"For this time (answered Sancho), I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess waited to receive them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up stairs until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging: then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons, before whom, falling on his knees, "According to the good pleasure of your graces (said he), and without any merit on my side, I went to

govern your island Barataria, which naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteously or amiss, there are witnesses who will declare, and say whatsoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided causes, though all the time half dead with hunger; because my fasting seemed good under Doctor Pedro Positive, native of Snatchaway, the island and governor's physician: we were assaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and consternation; and the inhabitants of the island said they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but so may God deal with them as they speak truth. In a word, I have, during my administration, considered the cares and obligations that attend the exercise of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my shoulders; they are neither fit burdens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver: and therefore, that the government might not discard me, I have thought proper to discard the government: and yesterday I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs, which belonged to it when I took possession. I have borrowed of no man, nor consulted my own private gain or advantage; and although my intention was to make some wholesome regulations, I did not put my design in execution, because I was afraid they would not be observed; and a law neglected is the same thing as one that never was enacted.

"I quitted the island, as I have said, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until the morning, by the light of the sun, I perceived a passage out of it, though not so easy but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote to my assistance, there I should have remained to the day of judgment. Here then, my lord duke, and lady duchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kissing your grace's feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, Leap and away, I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quixote; for, in short, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at least fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge."

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise consoled by the duchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP. IV.

Of the dreadful and unseen battle fought between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in behalf of the daughter of Rodriguez the duenna.

The duke and duchess did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the steward arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of all the words and actions which he had said and performed during the term of his administration. In fine, he magnified the assault of the island, and the terror of Sancho, and described the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no small pleasure and satisfaction.

The history afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to manage Don Quixote, so as to conquer without slaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron heads, observing to Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risk and danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lists in his territories,—an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges; he therefore desired that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the castle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause, an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead.

The first that entered the lists was the master of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occasion stumbling or falling: then came the duennas and took

their seats, veiled down to the eyes, and even to the bosom, with demonstrations of excessive grief. They being seated, Don Quixote presented himself in the lists; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Tosilos, upon a mighty steed that shook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his visor being down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour; his horse seemed to be of the Friezland breed, broad-built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a stone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well instructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and particularly cautioned against taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for he was warned to avoid the first encounter as he would shun his own death, which must have been certain, had they met full shock in the midst of their career. This champion, crossing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were seated, began very earnestly to contemplate* the person who claimed him as her husband; while the master of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewise entered the lists, and kept close to Tosilos, asked the duennas if they consented to depend upon Don Quixote de la Mancha for the redress of their grievances; they replied in the affirmative, declaring at the same time, that whatever he should do in the affair they would hold as well done, firm, and sufficient.† By this time the duke and duchess had placed themselves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, who came to see the dreadful and never-beheld encounter; but, before they engaged, it was stipulated, that if Don Quixote should overcome his antagonist, he, the said antagonist, should marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but should victory declare for the defendant, he should be released from the promise they pretended he had made, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies having divided the sun, and stationed each combatant in his proper post, the drums began to thunder, the sound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbed with suspense and expectation, some hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad success of the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, waited with impatience for the precise signal of engaging; while our lacquey, engrossed by far other sentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain. While he stood gazing at his female enemy, she appeared in his eyes the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in the whole course of his life, and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to lose this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan soul, and register this subject in the list of his achievements; he, therefore, approached him fairly and softly, and, unperceived, let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left side, transfixed his heart; nor was it difficult to perform this exploit; for love is invincible, and makes his entrance and exit wherescever he chooses to pass, without being called to account by any person upon earth—I say, when they gave the signal for battle, our lacquey's soul was transported by the beauty of her to whom by this time he had surrendered his liberty; and, therefore, he was not so much affected by the sound of the trumpet as his antagonist Don Quixote, whose ears it no sooner saluted, than he sprang forward to assault his adversary with all the mettle that Rosinante could exert; and his good 'squire Sancho seeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, "God be thy guide, thou cream and flower of knights-errant! God grant thee the victory, seeing thy cause is the best."

Although Tosilos saw Don Quixote advancing against him, he did not budge one step from his station, but called aloud to the field-master, to whom, when he went up to see what he wanted, he thus addressed himself: "Tell me, signor, is not this combat appointed to determine whether I shall or shall not marry that lady?" To this question the other having replied in the affirmative, "Well then (resumed the lacquey), I have a tender conscience, that would be grievously burdened should I proceed in this quarrel; and, therefore, I own myself vanquished, and will forthwith take the lady to wife." The field-master was surprised at this declaration of Tosilos, and, being in the secret of the plan, knew not what answer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the assault, checked Ro-

* A critic, inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might observe, that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet, and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the said wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and duchess he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but seven days in office; and, lastly, that Tosilos contemplated the beauty of the damsel, though we are previously told that she was veiled down to the bosom.

† In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerness with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left hand, and presented it to him, saying, "Sir Knight, my body, life, lands, and honour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved."

sinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cause that retarded the battle, was by the field-master informed of what Tosilos had said, at which he was extremely surprised and increased; whereas Tosilos, in the meantime, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodrigues was seated, and pronounced with a loud voice, "Madam, as I am willing to marry your daughter, there is no occasion to seek that by disputes and contention which I may obtain peaceably without the danger of death." The valiant Don Quixote hearing this address, "Since that is the case (said he), I am released and acquitted of my promise: let them marry a God's name, and, as our Lord bestows the bride, may St Peter bless the nuptials."

The duke descending into the court-yard of the castle, and advancing to Tosilos, "Knight (said he), is it true that you own yourself vanquished: and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you consent to marry this damsel?" When he answered, "Yes, my lord."—"He is very much in the right (cried Sancho): give always to the cat what was kept for the rat; and let it still be thy view all mischief to eschew." As for Tosilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earnestly begged that somebody would come to his assistance, for his breath was almost gone, and he could not bear to be confined so long in such a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncased, Donna Rodrigues discovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld, than she cried aloud, "A cheat! a cheat! my lord duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I demand justice of God and the king for this malicious, not to call it knavish, contrivance."

"Ladies (said Don Quixote), give yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or, if there is, it cannot be occasioned by the duke, but by those wicked enchanters, who persecute me without ceasing; envious of the glory I should have acquired in this achievement, they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this man, who, you say, is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice, therefore, maugre the malice of mine enemies, bestow your hand upon him; for without all doubt he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as a husband."

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, "The adventures that happen to Signor Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but let us make use of this expedient and stratagem: we will, if it be agreeable, delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this person, of whom we are doubtful, and in that time, perhaps, he will retrieve his former figure; for surely the rancour of those wicked enchanters who hate Don Quixote cannot last so long; especially as such delusions and transformations avail them so little."

"O my lord! (cried Sancho), those banditti have been long accustomed to chop, change, and transmogrophy every thing that belongs to my master: some time ago he vanquished an errant called the Knight of the Mirrors, and in a twinkling they transformed him into the figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman and great friend of ours; as for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have changed her into a homely country wench; and, therefore, I take it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life."

Here the daughter of Donna Rodrigues interposing, "Be who he will (said she), I am obliged to him for asking me in marriage: and I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey, than the deluded mistress of a gentleman; although he who deluded me has no pretensions to that title." In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos until they should see the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; though the greatest part of the spectators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces, in the same manner as the boys are out of humour when the execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tosilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodrigues and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly when they saw that, one way or another, this affair would end in marriage; and the lover consoled himself with the same prospect.

CHAP. V.

Giving an account of the manner in which Don Quixote took leave of the duke; and of what passed between him and the gay and witty Altisidora, one of the Duchess's damsels.

By this time Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the castle; for he imagined himself much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among those infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a severe account to Heaven of this idleness and sequestration. He, therefore, one day begged leave of the duke and duchess to depart, and they granted his request with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The duchess deliver-

ed to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good 'squire wept bitterly when he understood the contents, saying, "Who could have thought such mighty hopes as were engendered in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, by the news of my government, would vanish, in my returning again to the woful adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa behaved like herself in sending the acorns to the duchess; for had she failed in that particular, I should have been sorely vexed, and she would have shewn herself ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart is, that they cannot call this present a bribe; for I was actually in possession of the government before the acorns were sent: and it is but reasonable, that folks who receive any sort of benefit should shew their gratitude, even though in trifles. In effect, naked I took possession of the government, and naked I resigned my office; therefore, I may say with a safe conscience, which is no small boast, I naked was born and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain."

This conference Sancho held with his own bosom on the day of their departure; as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces over-night, he in the morning presented himself armed in the court-yard of the castle, where he furnished a spectacle to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and duchess, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleased with the contents of his bags, wallet, or store; for the duke's steward, who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, had given him a small purse of two hundred crowns, to answer the emergencies of the road; but of this supply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have said, stood gazing at the knight, all of a sudden, from among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess, the gay and witty Altisidora, raising her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone:—

Ah! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
Pull in thy reins, and do me right;
And prithee spare, at my request,
The flanks of that poor batter'd beast.
Consider she whose heart's at stake,
False man! is not a scaly snake;
But a young lambkin, meek and true,
Just wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
Say, monster, why undo a maid
More beautiful than ever stray'd
With Cynthia, huntress of the wood,
Or Venus, native of the flood?
But if, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barabbas may Quixote die.

Thou, robber! in thy claws hast got
The heart and bowels, and what not,
Of a weak virgin, Heaven befriend her!
Mild, humble, timorous, and tender.
Three linen night-caps hast thou stole,
And silken garters strong and whole,
That to these legs did appertain,
These legs, as marble smooth and clean.
Thou carry'st off two thousand sighs,
Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
Would, in a twinkling, quite destroy
Two thousand cities great as Troy.
But if, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barabbas may Quixote die.

May Sancho's buttocks and his heart
Ne'er feel the ignominious smart
Prescribed, when he is pleased and ready
To disenchant thy fav'rite lady.
Since thine is the offence and blame,
Endure the punishment and shame,
Which in my country, once a-year,
The righteous for the wicked bear.
Be thy adventures (small or great)
Inglorious and unfortunate;
Like dreams may all thy pleasures fade,
Thy constancy oblivion shade.
And if, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barabbas may Quixote die.

May'st thou be deem'd a perjured devil,
Ev'n from Marchena unto Seville;
From Loja to Granada hated,
From London Tower to England baited.
At draughts should'st thou attempt to play,
Or waste at ombre all the day,
May no crown'd monarch or spadille
Attend the efforts of thy skill:
When angry corn disturbs thy toe,
May blood at every paring flow;
And of each tooth the barbers draw,
The stump still fester in thy jaw:
Nay, since Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barabbas may Quixote die!

While the afflicted Altisidora complained in these strains, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively, and, without answering a word to her lamentations, turned to Sancho, saying, "By the age of thine ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth; say, hast thou actually got the three caps and the garters which this enamoured damsel mentions?" To this question the 'squire replied, "The three caps I have; but as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter."

The duchess was surprised at the freedom of Altisidora's behaviour; for, although she knew her to be forward, merry, and frank, she did not think the girl possessed of assurance enough to attempt a scheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater, as she had not been previously apprised of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce the jest,

addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words: "It does not look well, sir knight, that you, who have met with such honourable reception and treatment in this castle, should presume to carry off by stealth three night-caps at least, if not a pair of garters likewise, belonging to my damsel: these are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Restore the garters to the right owner; otherwise I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehension that knavish enchanters will transform or change my face, as they have practised upon my lacquey Tosilos, your last antagonist."

"God forbid (replied Don Quixote), that I should unsheathe my sword against your illustrious person, of whom I received such favours. The three night-caps shall be restored, for Sancho owns they are in his custody; but it is impossible to make restitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them: and I dare say your damsel will find them, if she will take the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, and I hope never shall, in the whole course of my life, provided God will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damsel, according to her own declaration, talks like an enamoured person; but surely I am not to blame for her impertinence; and, therefore, I have no reason to ask pardon either of her or your excellency, whom I entreat to look upon me with more favourable sentiments, and beseech anew to consent that I may prosecute my journey."—"God grant your departure may be so happy (said the duchess), that we may always hear good news of Don Quixote's exploits. Go then, a-God's name: for the longer you stay, your presence blows up the fire the more fiercely in the bosoms of the damsels who behold you: as for mine, I will chastise her in such a manner, that from henceforward she shall never transgress either in word or deed."—"One word more, however, I beg thou wilt hear me speak, O valiant Don Quixote! (said Altisidora); I crave pardon for having taxed you with the garters; for, as I shall answer to Heaven and my own conscience, they are now upon my legs; and I have been guilty of a mistake, like the man who went in search of his ass, while he was mounted on his back."—"Did not I tell you so? (cried the 'squire); I should be a rare fellow indeed, to receive and conceal stolen goods; had I been that way inclined, I might have had opportunities enough in my government."

Don Quixote, bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and duchess, and all the spectators; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he set out from the castle, directing his course to Saragossa.

CHAP. VI.

Shewing how adventures thronged upon Don Quixote, so thick as to entangle one another.

When Don Quixote found himself in the open field, free and disembarrassed from the complaints of Altisidora, he seemed to be placed in the very centre of his own wish, and to enjoy a renovation of spirits, in order to prosecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his 'squire, "Sancho (said he), liberty is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth encloses, or which ocean hides; and for this blessing, as well as for honour, we may and ought to venture life itself: on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in the castle; yet in the midst of those savoury banquets and ice-cooled potations, I thought myself confined within the very straits of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt had it been my own; for obligations incurred by benefits and favours received are fetters which hamper the free-born soul.—Happy is he to whom Heaven hath sent a morsel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but Heaven itself."

"But notwithstanding all that your worship hath said (replied Sancho), we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, considering the two hundred crowns of gold the duke's steward gave me in a purse, and which, as a plaster and a cordial, I keep next my heart, in case of emergency, for we shall not always find such castles where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may sometimes stumble upon sorry inns, where we shall be soundly cudgelled."

With this and other such discourse the two errants, knight and 'squire, amused themselves, while they proceeded on their journey. Having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived, upon a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and hard by, certain white sheets, at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something above which they were raised up and stretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote, approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked, what it was they covered so carefully with these pieces of linen? "Signor (replied one of the countrymen), under these sheets are carved images for an altar-piece to be set up in our town: we cover them in this manner, that they may not be sullied, and carry them upon our shoulders that they may not be

broken."—"If you please (replied the knight), I should be glad to see them: they must certainly be good images which you so carefully convey."—"Good! (cried the other): ay, that the price of them will declare: I can assure you there is not one of them that does not cost above fifty ducats; and that your worship may be convinced of the truth of what I say, stay a moment, and you shall see it with your own eyes."

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole group looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote immediately recognizing the subject, "This knight (said he), was one of the best errants that ever signalized themselves in divine warfare: his name was St George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damsels. Let us see the next," which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, "This knight was also one of the Christian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive by this circumstance of his dividing his cloak and giving one half to the beggar; and, doubtless, this incident must have happened in the winter season, otherwise the saint was so charitable he would have given the whole."—"Nay, that surely was not the case (replied the 'squire): but he held fast by the old proverb, which says, The man in wisdom must be old, who knows in giving where to hold."

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and desired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and bruising the heads of the Moors. Don Quixote, seeing this representation, exclaimed, "Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the squadrons of Christ; his name is Don San Diego Mata Moros,* and he was one of the most valiant saints and knights which earth ever produced, or heaven now contains." Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, so lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was speaking, and Paul answering the voice.

"This (said Don Quixote), was the most bitter enemy the church of God ever had, while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the gentiles, schooled by Heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself."

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined; and addressing himself to the bearers, "Brothers (said he), I look upon it as a good omen to have met with these images; for these saints and knights were of my profession, which is the exercise of arms; with this difference, however, they were saints, and fought in a divine manner; and I, who am a sinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquered heaven by force of their arms, for the kingdom of heaven suffers violence; whereas I know not hitherto what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone; but if my Dulcinea del Toboso should be delivered from those she now sustains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and, perhaps, my steps may be directed through a better path than that which I at present follow."

This declaration was closed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, "The Lord give ear, I pray; and sin be deaf for aye." The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of which they did not understand; nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and, taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not a history or event in the whole world that was not deciphered on his nail, or nailed to his memory. "Truly, master of mine (said he), if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is the most sweet and delicious of all that have yet befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations: from this we have escaped with whole skins and fearless hearts; we have neither unsheathed our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcasses, nor are we left in a starving condition; blessed be God, who hath spared me to see this good luck with my own eyes!"—"Thou sayest well, Sancho (replied the knight); but thou must take notice, that all times are not the same, nor equally fortunate; and those incidents which the vulgar call omens, though not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers rises in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging to the beatified St Francis; and, as

* Moor-killer.

if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and consternation. Another* foresight by accident scatters the salt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are scattered through his heart, as if nature was obliged to foretell future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens; whereas a prudent man and a good Christian will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of Heaven. Scipio chancing to fall in landing upon the coast of Africa, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, 'Thou shalt not escape me, Afric; for I have thee safe within my arms.' Therefore, Sancho, my meeting with those images I consider as a most happy encounter."—"I am of the same opinion (answered the 'squire); but I wish your worship would be pleased to tell me for what reason the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that same St Diego Mata Moros, cry St Jago, and Close, Spain! Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing? or what is the meaning of that ceremony?"—"Sancho (replied the knight), thy simplicity is very great. You must know, that God has given this great Knight of the Red Cross as a patron and protector to Spain, especially in those dreadful battles fought against the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions; nay, many times hath he been seen overthrowing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrons of the children of Hagar;† and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentic history of Spain."‡

Sancho, changing the subject of conversation, "Signor (said he), I was astonished at the boldness of her grace's damsel Altisidora. I'faith! she must be sorely pricked and stabbed by him they call Cupid, who, they say, is a mischievous blind boy, and is able with those bleared eyes of his, or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows the smallest heart that ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that, by the modesty and reserve of young women, those same amorous shafts are blunted and broken; but in Altisidora, they seem to be rather whetted than blunted."—"Sancho (replied Don Quixote), you must know that love has no respect of persons; nor, in his progress, does he confine himself within the bounds of reason: indeed he is of the same disposition with death; for he assaults the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of swains; when he once has taken full possession of the soul, his first exploit is to expel fear and modesty; and without these did Altisidora declare her passion, which engendered—not pity, but confusion, in my breast."—"O monstrous and notorious cruelty! (cried Sancho), unheard-of ingratitude! I can say for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued and made me her bond-slave. Ah, the son of a whore! what an heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaster!—but I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damsel could see in your worship to tame and bring her to such an humble pass: what finery, what good-humour, what gentility could she observe about your person? or what beauty could she spy in that face? for women are taken with these qualities either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often stopped to survey your worship, from the sole of your foot to the last hair upon your skull! and I protest before God, I think you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady; and as I have, moreover, heard it said, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inspires love, your worship being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with."—"Take notice, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), there are two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, and another of the body; that of the mind displays itself in the understanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of disposition, and in good breeding: now all these qualifications may centre in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuosity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can easily see that I am not beautiful; but I likewise know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monstrous, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession of those qualities of the mind which I have mentioned."

Thus discoursing together, they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a sudden, without dreaming of any such let or impediment, Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread, which were spread and stretched from

* The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.

† The Moors are said to be descended from Hagar.

‡ Sancho must have been very simple indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question; namely, "Why do the Spanish soldiers, when they charge their enemy, cry, Close, Spain?"—a phrase of encouragement by which the soldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.

tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phenomenon, "I believe (said he to Sancho), that this of the nets must be one of the newest adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the enchanters by whom I am persecuted have not a mind to entangle me in them, and obstruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Altisidora! But I shall give them to understand, that although these nets, instead of thread, were made of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the jealous god of blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as easily as if they were of rushes and unspun cotton."

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they were clad like shepherdesses, though their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocade—I say, their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and, in shining, might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth; and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen,—a sight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprise, and suspended the sun in the middle of his career. All the four for some time remained in silent wonder; and at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country-maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Forbear, sir knight (said she), and do not break our nets, which, I assure you, were not spread for your inconvenience, but merely for our own pastime: and because I know you will ask for what reason they are placed, and who we are, I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words:—At a village about two leagues from hence, which is inhabited by many people of fortune and fashion, it was agreed among a number of friends and relations, that they, their wives, sons, daughters, neighbours, friends, and kinsfolks, should come and enjoy the fine season in this spot, which is the most agreeable situation in all this country; and here form a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls being habited like shepherdesses, and the young men like swains. We have studied two eclogues; one of the famous poet Garcilaso, and another of the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portugese language; though they are not yet represented, for we arrived only yesterday. Among these trees we have pitched some field-tents, upon the banks of a plentiful stream which fertilizes all these meadows; and last night we spread these nets from tree to tree, in order to deceive and catch the simple little birds, which, frightened by the noise we make, may fly into the snare: if you choose to be our guest, signor, you shall be treated liberally and courteously, for, at present, neither melancholy nor disgust shall enter this place."

Here she left off speaking, and Don Quixote replied, "Assuredly, most beauteous nymph, Acteon himself could not be seized with more surprise and admiration, when he, all of a sudden, beheld Diana bathing, than that which now overwhelmed me at sight of such uncommon charms! I applaud the scheme of your entertainments and diversions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can serve you in any shape, you may command me, with full assurance of being obeyed; for I have chosen this profession solely because it consists in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, especially to persons of rank, such as your appearance declares you to be; and if these nets, which I suppose occupy but a small space, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might pass, rather than by breaking the least mesh, run the risk of interrupting your diversion. That you may give some credit to this exaggeration, be pleased to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if peradventure such a name hath ever reached your ears."

The young lady no sooner heard these words, than turning to the other shepherdess, "O my dear companion! (cried she), what a happy incident is this! that there knight, I assure thee, is the most valiant, enamoured, and courteous person in the whole world, if we are not misled and deceived by the printed history of his exploits, which I have read from end to end: and I will lay a wager that honest man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, his 'squire, whose pleasantry is above all comparison."—"You are in the right (said Sancho): I am that pleasant fellow and loyal 'squire whom your ladyship hath so honourably mentioned; and that gentleman is my master, the very individual historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"Good now! my dear (said the other), let us beseech them to stay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with their conversation; for I have likewise heard the same account of the knight's valour and 'squire's pleasantry: as for Don Quixote in particular, he is said to be the most constant and loyal lover that ever was known; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm of beauty from all the ladies in Spain."—"Ay, and justly too (said the knight); unless your unequalled beauty should invalidate her claim. Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in persuading me to stay; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not allow me to rest in any place whatever."

Just as he pronounced these words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two

nymphs, clad likewise in the fashion of a shepherd, though his dress, in point of richness and gayety, corresponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horseback was the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other his 'squire Sancho, whose characters he already knew from his having perused their history. The gallant youth paid his compliments, and pressed Don Quixote to accompany them to the tents, in such a manner that he could not help complying. Then setting up the shout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, flew precipitately into the very danger they sought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty persons gaily clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his 'squire,—a circumstance which afforded them no small satisfaction, as the history had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready furnished with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raising his voice, thus harangued them with great solemnity: "Of all the crimes which mankind commit, though some say pride is the greatest, I affirm that ingratitude is the most atrocious, adhering to the common supposition, that hell is crowded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever since the first moment in which I could exercise my reason; and though I may not be able to repay in kind the benefits which I receive, I substitute the will for the deed: when that is not sufficient, I publish them to the world; for he that promulgates the favours he has received, would also requite them with equal generosity if it was in his power to make such recompense. But, for the most part, people who receive benefits are inferior to those who bestow them; and therefore God is above all, because he is the fountain of all good things; yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men and those bestowed by God, so as to reject all comparison; and this narrowness and insufficiency on our part is in some measure supplied by gratitude. Now I, being grateful for the favours you have done me, which I cannot repay in the same measure, and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, must offer that which is in my power to present. I say, therefore, that I will, for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragossa, maintain, that the ladies here present, disguised in pastoral habits, are the most fair and courteous damsels in the whole world, excepting always and only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable hearers be it spoken."

Here Sancho, who had stood listening attentively to what he said, exclaimed with great vociferation, "Is it possible now that there can be persons in the world who have the presumption to say and swear that my master is a madman? Pray tell me, gentlemen and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, is there ever a country curate in Spain, let him be ever so wise and learned, that could say what my master has just now said; or is there a knight-errant, let him be never so famed for valour, who could make such an offer as my master has made?"

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, "Miscreant! (said he), is it possible there should be a person upon earth who would not say that thou art stark mad, and that thy soul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch, art thou entitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be sound or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but saddle Rozinante, if he is without his saddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promise; for, as I have justice on my side, you may deem all those who shall contradict my assertion as already vanquished."

So saying, he rose from his seat with great fury and demonstrations of wrath, leaving the whole company astonished, and doubting whether they should consider him as a lunatic or person of sound intellects. However, they endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing such a declaration, saying they took his gratitude for granted; and that there was no need of new proofs to demonstrate his valour, seeing those were sufficient which they had seen recorded in the history of his achievements.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight executed his design: he mounted Rozinante, embraced his shield, and, grasping his lance, posted himself in the middle of the king's highway, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, and the whole flock of those pastoral gentry, who were curious to see the issue of his arrogant and hitherto unseen enterprise.

Having taken possession of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudness of the tone in which he pronounced these words: "O ye passengers and travellers, knights, 'squires, persons on horseback or a-foot, who come, or are to come, this way, within the space of two days from this present hour, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here posted to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and woods excel in beauty and courtesy all the ladies upon earth, ex-

clusive of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my soul. Let him who thinks the contrary advance: here I am ready to receive him."

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated unheard by any knight adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpose, ordained that, in a very little time, he descried upon the road a great number of men on horseback, some of them armed with lances, riding towards him in great haste and all in a cluster. Those who were with Don Quixote no sooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs, and retired a good way from the road, knowing that some mischief would befall them should they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his post with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the rest began to halloo as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, thou servant of the devil, or these bulls will trample thee to dust!"—"So! ho! caitiffs (replied the knight): your bulls shall not avail against me, even though they are the fiercest that ever fed upon the banks of the Xarama: confess, ye miscreants, unsight, unseen, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle."

The herdsmen had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never so willing; so that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers, and other people employed to convey them to a place where, in a few days, they were to be baited—The whole throng, I say, passed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in such a manner that the 'squire was squeezed as flat as a pancake, his master astonished, Dapple terribly bruised, and Rozinante in no very catholic condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, staggering here and tumbling there, began to pursue the drove on foot, calling aloud, "Halt and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a single knight who defies you to the combat, and not of the disposition and opinion of those who say, Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy."

But, notwithstanding all his exclamation, the drovers did not slacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded last year's weather. Don Quixote, being so tired that he could run no farther, sat down upon the side of the road, more incensed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who soon arrived. Then the knight and 'squire, mounting their beasts, proceeded on their journey with more shame than satisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

In which is recounted the extraordinary incident that happened to Don Quixote, and may well pass for an adventure.

The dust and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid stream which they had the good fortune to find in a cool shade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the master and man, seated themselves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourse to the store of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he usually called his belly-timber; but not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master had washed his own face, in consequence of which refreshment they recovered their exhausted spirits. Nevertheless Don Quixote forbore eating out of pure vexation, while Sancho, who durst not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his master should begin. Seeing, however, the knight so absorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word escape his own, but trampling under foot all kind of good breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheese which constituted his provision. "Eat, friend Sancho (said Don Quixote), and support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the strength of imagination and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest be convinced of this truth, consider me recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanour, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel obtained and merited by my valiant achievements, I have, this morning, seen myself trampled, spurned, and bruised by the feet of filthy unclean animals! This consideration blunts my teeth, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite; so that I believe I shall die of hunger, the most cruel of all deaths." "At that rate (answered the 'squire), without suspending the action of his jaws, your worship will not approve of the proverb which says, Let Martha die, but not for lack of pie. At least I, for my own part, have no intention to starve myself; on the contrary, I am resolved to follow the example of the cordwainer, who stretches the leather with his teeth until it is sufficient for his purpose: now I will also employ my teeth in stretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordained by Heaven; and you must know, signor, that it is the

greatest madness in nature to seek to despair like your worship. Take my advice: eat a little for refreshment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful grass, and when you wake you will see how much you'll be relieved."

The knight relished his advice, which he thought savoured more of the philosopher than of the idiot; and said to him, "Now, Sancho, if thou wouldst do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my affliction diminished: my proposal is, that while I sleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldst go aside a little farther, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, bestow upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred stripes, of three thousand three hundred which thou hast undertaken to endure for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a lamentable circumstance that the poor lady should remain so long enchanted through thy carelessness and neglect."—"There is much to be said on that subject (replied Sancho): let us both go to sleep in the meantime; and afterwards God must ordain that which will come to pass. Your worship must know that it requires great resolution in a man to scourge himself in cold blood; especially when the stripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and supported: let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when she least thinks of it, she will see my body scourged into a perfect sieve, and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I shall never quit the desire of performing my promise."

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good-will, took a little sustenance, Sancho ate voraciously, and then both laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those two friends and inseparable companions, at full liberty to feed without restraint upon the luxuriant grass with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far spent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle, and pursued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they descried at a league's distance—I say an inn, because it was so called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former custom of mistaking every inn for a castle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they asked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them at the same time, that his house afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragossa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the innkeeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the stable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence he went to receive the commands of his master, who had sat down upon a bench, and thanked Heaven in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his usual mistake. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time approaching, Sancho desired to know what they could have for that meal? To this interrogation mine host replied, that his taste should be fitted to a hair, and that he might bespeak what he liked best; for as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fish of the sea could go, he would find the house provided. "Less than all that will serve (answered Sancho): we shall be satisfied with a couple of chickens roasted: for my master has a very delicate taste, and eats little; and as for myself, I am not a very unconscionable cormorant."

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for the kites had destroyed the whole brood. "Well then, Mr Landlord (said the 'squire), you may order a pullet to be put to the fire; but see it be very tender."—"A pullet! (cried the innkeeper); body o' my father! now, as I am an honest man, I sent above half an hundred yesterday to market: but, setting aside pullets, you may have what you will."—"If that be the case (said Sancho), there will be no want of veal or kid."—"At present (replied the innkeeper), there is really none in the house: we are just out of these articles; but next week we shall have enough and to spare."—"To be sure we shall be much the better for that (answered Sancho): I'll lay a wager all these wants will be supplied with plenty of eggs and bacon."—"'Fore God! (said the host), my guest has an admirable knack at guessing: I have told him there is neither hen nor pullet in the house, and he would have me treat him with eggs!* Shift about if you please to some other delicacies, and think no more of poultry."

"Body o' me! (cried Sancho), let us come to some resolution; tell me at once what is in the house, and pray, Mr Landlord, no more of your shiftings."—"What I really and truly can afford (said the innkeeper), is a dish of cow-heel, so delicate they might be taken for calves'-feet; or you may call them calves'-feet that might pass for cow-heel. They are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and this blessed minute cry,—Come, eat me,—come, eat me."—"I mark them for my own (cried Sancho) from henceforth for ever, amen. Let no man touch the mess, for which I will pay you handsomely; for nothing in the whole world could be more agreeable to my taste: and provided I have cow-heel, the calves' feet may go to the

* Why might not this innkeeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

devil.—" No man shall interfere with you (replied the landlord): as for the other company in the house, they, out of pure gentility, bring along with them their own cook, butler, and sumpter-mule."—" Nay, as for gentility (said the 'squire), no man has more of that than my master; but his profession will not admit of travelling stores and butteries; lack-a-day! we lay ourselves down in the middle of a green field, and fill our bellies with medlars and acorns." Such was the conversation that passed between the innkeeper and Sancho, who would not, however, go any greater lengths in satisfying the curiosity of mine host, who was very desirous to know the office or profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot just as it was, and very decently sat down to partake of the meal. At that instant the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly distinguish these words: " As you hope to live, Don Geronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not yet ready, to read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned, started up immediately, and, listening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect: " What pleasure can you have in reading such absurdities, Don John? No person who has seen the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha can possibly be entertained with this which is called the second."—" Nevertheless (said Don John), it will not be amiss to read a little, for there is no book so bad as to contain nothing that deserves regard. What displeases me most in this performance is, the author's describing Don Quixote as altogether disengaged and detached from Dulcinea del Toboso."

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, " If any person whatever affirms that Don Quixote de la Mancha either has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with equal arms, make him know and own, that his assertion is far distant from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot possibly be forgot; nor is Don Quixote susceptible of forgetfulness: his motto is Constancy, which he professes to maintain with gentleness and suavity of manners."—" Who is he that answers?" cried the voice. " Who should it be (replied Sancho), but Don Quixote de la Mancha in his own person? who will make good whatever he has said, and whatever he shall say; for A good paymaster wants no pawn."

Scarce had the 'squire pronounced these words, when two gentlemen, for such they appeared, entered the apartment, and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, " Your appearance (said he), does not bely your name, and your name cannot but give credit to your appearance. Without all doubt, you, signor, are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north star and luminary of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him who has thought proper to usurp your name and annihilate your exploits, I mean the author of this here book;" which he took from his companion, and put into the hand of Don Quixote, who, without answering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the stranger, saying, " In the little I have read I find three things worthy of reprehension in the author; first, some expressions in the prologue or preface; secondly, his using the Arragonian dialect, and writing sometimes without articles; and, thirdly, that which confirms my opinion of his ignorance is, his erring and deviating from the truth in the most material circumstance of the history; for (he says), the wife of my 'squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza; now, if he blunders in such an essential circumstance, we may justly conclude, that his whole history is full of mistakes."*

" A pleasant historian, i'faith! (cried Sancho): he must be well acquainted with our adventures, to be sure, when he calls my dame Teresa by the name of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, signor, and see if he has lugged me in too under a borrowed name!"—" From what you have said, friend (replied Don Geronimo), I find you must certainly be Sancho Panza, 'squire to Signor Don Quixote."—" Even so (answered the 'squire); and I am proud of the occupation."—" Then, in good sooth! (said the cavalier), this author has not treated you so handsomely as from your appearance I conclude you deserve: he represents you as a gormandizer, a simpleton without the least vein of humour or pleasantry; and, in short, quite different from the Sancho described in the first part of the history of your master!"—" The Lord in heaven forgive him! (cried Sancho); he might have let me sleep in my corner, without remembering there was such a sinner as me upon the face of the earth: for he† that has

* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercritics; for we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had, more than once, in the first part of this history, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez,—an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

† The proverb, in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor: as if one should say, he alone should attempt to play who knows how to beat the tabor.

skill should handle the quill—and I know that St Peter is well at Rome."

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request; so that Sancho, remaining undisputed master of the pot, *Cum mero mixto imperio*, he seated himself at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-heel and calves'-feet.

Don John, in the course of the conversation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concerning the lady Dulcinea del Toboso: he begged to know if she was married, brought-to-bed, or in a state of pregnancy; or, if still single, she, as far as modesty and decorum would permit, smiled upon the passion of her lover, Don Quixote. "Dulcinea (answered the knight), is still unmarried, and my passion more intense than ever: our correspondence stands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a base-born rustic wench."

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the enchantment of his mistress, together with his adventure in the cave of Montesinos, and the means prescribed by the sage Merlin for her relief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them: here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding; and there he slipped through their opinion into the sink of madness; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and discretion.

Meanwhile Sancho, having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over; and entering the chamber where his master sat, "Gentlemen (said he), I'll be hanged if the author of that book your worships were talking of has any mind or inclination that he and I should be mess-mates: since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worships have observed, I wish he may not have likewise called me a drunkard."—"He has indeed (replied Don Geronimo); but I do not remember the expression, though I know the words are very scurrilous and false above measure, as I can plainly perceive in the physiognomy of honest Sancho here present."—"Take my word for it, noble gentlemen (said the 'squire), the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history must be persons quite different from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are no other than we ourselves, here standing and sitting in your presence: my master valiant, sagacious, and enamoured; and I simple, and withal pleasant; but neither sot nor gormandizer."—"I believe what you say (replied Don John), and wish it were possible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any person or persons from presuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the same manner as Alexander the Great decreed that no painter but Apelles should draw his portrait."—"Any body may draw my portrait (said the knight); but let no man maltreat my character; for patience often falls to the ground when it is overloaded with injuries."—"No injury can be done to Don Quixote but what he can easily revenge (answered Don John); unless he choose rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both strong and ample."

In this and other such conversation, they spent great part of the night: and although Don John would fain have persuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him descant upon particulars, he could not accomplish his purpose; the knight assuring him he considered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole a heap of absurdities; nor did he choose that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, should have the satisfaction of thinking he had perused his performance; for from objects of obscenity and turpitude, not only the eyes, but even the imagination, ought to be kept sacred. When they asked whither his course was at present directed, he told them he was bound for Saragossa, in order to signalize himself in the prize justs which are yearly solemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to understand that the new history gives an account of the spurious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a course, the description of which was barren of invention, low in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence."—"For that very reason (said Don Quixote), I will not set foot in Saragossa, and so demonstrate to the wide world the falsehood of this modern historian, and let the nation see I am not the Don Quixote whom he has described."—"I applaud your resolution (replied Don Geronimo); and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to signalize his valour."—"And that I shall surely embrace (answered the knight): at present, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will esteem and place me among the number of your most sincere friends and humble servants."—"And me also (said Sancho), peradventure my service may be good for something." They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion astonished at the medley of sense and madness they had observed in his discourse: they believed, without hesita-

tion, these to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the persons described by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote rising early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewell to his entertainers; and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince, advising the landlord, however, either to furnish his house better, or to brag less of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

Of what befell Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

The morning was cold, and seemed to promise but little less for the day on which Don Quixote departed from the inn, after having informed himself of the nearest road to Barcelona, which he could travel without touching at Saragossa; so eager he was to fix the lie upon the new historian, by whom they said he was so scurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record during six days, at the end of which, having quitted the high-road, he was benighted among a thick cluster of oaks or cork trees, for in this particular Cid Hamet has not preserved his usual punctuality. The master and man alighting from their beasts, and accommodating themselves at the roots of two separate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of sleep abruptly, and without hesitation; whereas the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not close an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thousand different scenes. Sometimes he conceived himself to be in the cave of Montesinos; sometimes he thought he saw Dulcinea skipping and leaping upon her ass, in that dismal state of rustic transformation; and then his ears seemed to tingle with the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be observed and exerted for the disenchantment of his mistress. He was driven almost to desperation, when he reflected on the sloth and uncharitable disposition of his 'squire Sancho, who, to the best of his belief, had hitherto given himself only five stripes,—a number poor and inconsiderable in comparison with the infinite score unpaid: and this consideration overwhelmed him with such anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own bosom:—

"If Alexander the Great ventured to cut the Gordian knot, on the supposition that cutting would be as effectual as untying it; and, notwithstanding this violence, became sole master of all Asia; the same success may now attend my efforts in disenchanting Dulcinea, should I scourge Sancho, against his own consent; for if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho shall receive three thousand three hundred stripes, what signifies it to me whether they are bestowed by his own hand or that of some other person, seeing the essential point is in his receiving them, from what quarter soever they may come?"

Inspired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation; and, approaching the sleeping 'squire, began to untruss his points; indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before, which kept up his breeches. But scarce had he begun to perform this operation, when Sancho, shaking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, "What's the matter? who the devil is that so busy untrussing me while I am asleep?"—"It is I (answered the knight), who mean to atone for thy omissions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge some part of the debt which thou art obliged to pay: Dulcinea pines in a state of transformation; and while thou livest at thy heart's ease, I am dying with desire: untie these points, therefore, of thy own free will; for mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this unfrequented place."—"By no manner of means! (cried Sancho): I advise your worship to be quiet, or by the God of Israel! the deaf shall hear us: the stripes I have obliged myself to receive must be given with my own free will and consent, not by force or compulsion; and at present I have not the least inclination to discipline my own flesh: let it suffice, I give your worship my word and honour, that I will flog and fly-flap my carcass, as soon as ever I find myself disposed for such exercise."—"I must not leave it to thy courtesy (replied the knight): for thou hast a stony heart, and, though a peasant, art very tender of thy flesh." He accordingly struggled with all his might to unbreech the 'squire, who, finding the affair become very serious, starting up from the ground, sprung upon his master, and, closing with him, in a trice, tripped up his heels; so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and griping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner, that he could scarce either breathe or move. Nevertheless he made shift to pronounce these words: "How now, traitor! dost thou presume to rebel against thy master and natural lord, whose bread thou hast eaten?"—"I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them (answered Sancho): but, being my own master, I stand in my own defence: if your worship will promise to be quiet, and think no more of scourging me for the present, I will forthwith free and disencumber you from these

bonds; otherwise, here thou shalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancha."

The knight subscribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself should think proper. On these considerations Sancho arose, and went aside a good way, to another tree, at whose root he resolved to take his lodging for the remaining part of the night. There he felt something bob against his head, and putting up his hand found two legs provided with shoes and stockings: trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the same salutation, which increased his terror to such a pitch that he roared aloud for assistance. His master hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place, and inquired into the cause of his fear and confusion; when the 'squire gave him to understand that all these trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight, reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumstance; and said to Sancho, "Thou need'st not be afraid; for those legs and feet, which thou hast felt without seeing, certainly belong to some robbers and outlaws, who are hanged upon the trees; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of justice string them up by twenties and thirties; and, from this particular, I am convinced that we must now be near Barcelona." And indeed his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters, depending from the trees, were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ushered in the day; and if they were scared by the dead, they were no less aghast when they found themselves all of a sudden surrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and stand still until their captain should arrive.

Don Quixote being a-foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, his person without any means of defence, he thought proper to cross his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, reserving himself for a better season, and more happy conjuncture. Meanwhile, the robbers made such despatch in plundering Dapple, that in the twinkling of an eye there was not the least crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had secured, in a concealed girdle, the duke's crowns, and the money he had brought from home; nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rummaged him in such a manner as to have found the cash, even though it had been hidden between the flesh and the skin, had they not been interrupted by the seasonable arrival of their captain, who seemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling stature, grave countenance, and brown complexion: he rode a strong horse, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had slung a pair of pistols with firelocks at each side of him. Seeing his 'squires, for so they call the gentlemen of that profession, very busy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist; and as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprised to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points, and in manifest despondence, exhibiting the most rueful and melancholy figure that Melancholy herself could have formed, he approached the knight, saying, "Be not so dejected, honest friend, you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but of those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion than cruelty in his disposition."

"My dejection (answered the knight), does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whose fame the limits of this earth cannot confine: but from the consciousness of my own neglect, in consequence of which thy soldiers found me unprepared; whereas I am bound, by the order of chivalry, which I profess, to be always alert and vigilant, and to stand, as it were, at all times sentry upon myself: and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque! they would not have found it such an easy task to subdue me, had I been on horseback, armed with my lance and shield; for know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe."

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity partook more of madness than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his achievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that such a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was, therefore, extremely well pleased with this encounter, that he might, with his own eyes, see immediately before him what he had heard reported afar off. "Valiant knight (said he), do not vex yourself, or consider your present situation in the light of a misfortune: perhaps, by stumbling in this manner, your crooked fate may be made straight; for heaven, by strange, unforeseen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raise the fallen and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote's mouth was already open to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a whole troop of horse, though there was only one, upon which came at full speed a youth who seemed to be about the age of twenty, dressed in green damask, laced with gold, long breeches, a loose coat, hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with straight waxed boots and spurs; armed with a gold-hilted sword and dag-

ger, a small fusil in his hand, and a case of pistols by his side.

Roque, hearing the noise, turned about, and was surprised with the sight of this handsome figure, who accosted him in these terms: "In search of thee, courageous Roque, I came hither, hoping, by thy means, to find, if not a remedy, at least an alleviation of my misfortune: and, to keep thee no longer in suspense, as I am certain you never saw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas, thy inveterate foe, as being head of the party which thou hast always opposed. This Torellas, thou knowest, has a son, called Don Vincente Torellas, at least he was, two hours ago, distinguished by that name. I will be as brief as possible in the account of my disaster, and explain the occasion of it in a few words: that youth happened to see me, and courted my good graces; I listened to his addresses, and gave him my heart, without the knowledge of my father; for there is no woman whatsoever so retired and mewed up, but she will find a time to execute and gratify her irresistible desires. In a word, he promised to be my husband, I consented to become his wife; and this was the farthest extent of our correspondence. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had set out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was disturbed, and my indignation roused to such a degree by these fatal tidings, that, taking advantage of my father's absence, I disguised myself in this apparel, pursued a-horseback my perfidious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without staying to make complaints or hear apologies, discharged upon him this fusil and these two pistols; so that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body: thus I opened a gate through which my honour, though bathed in his blood, may escape, and left him in the hands of his servants, who neither could nor presumed to exert themselves in his defence. Thence I came in quest of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me safely to France, where I have relations; and, at the same time, promise to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwise sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge."

Roque was struck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, "Come, madam, let us first see whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will consider about the most proper measures to be taken in your behalf." Here Don Quixote, who had listened with great attention to Claudia's address and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed, "No man has any occasion to give him the least trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own shoulders. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay where you are; I will go in quest of the gentleman, and, dead or alive, compel him to perform the promise he hath made to so much beauty."—"Who doubts that! (cried Sancho), adad! my master has an excellent hand at match-making: a few days ago he compelled another person, who likewise refused to keep his word with a young woman: and if those plaguy enchanters, who persecute him so much, had not transmographied the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, she that was a maid before, would have been a maid no more."*

Roque, whose attention was engrossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said either by the master or the man; but, ordering his 'squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of a hill, and conjectured they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just; and, spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, in a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for the pains of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous freebooter; but Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and, agitated by the conflicting passions of tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, "Hadst thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promise subsisting between us, thou wouldst never have been in this condition."

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, "I plainly perceive (said he), most beautiful and misled young lady, that I owe my death to your hand,—a punishment altogether unmerited and unsuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in

* The rhyme is substituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuero*, in the original.

regard to your person, entirely void of offence."—"What! (cried Claudia), is it not true that you this morning intended to marry Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?"—"No, surely (replied Don Vincente): my evil genius must have alarmed you with such information, that your jealousy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms and your embrace, I consider as happily lost: and, that you may be convinced of my sincerity, give me your hand, and, if you please, receive me for your husband; this being the only satisfaction I can make for the offence I was supposed to have given." Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together in such a manner that she fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water, which they sprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon; but this was not the case with her unhappy lover, who had already breathed his last. The young lady, perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman! (she cried): how easily wast thou provoked to execute such dire revenge! O furious jealousy! to what fatal despair dost thou conduct all those who give thee harbour in their breasts! O my dear husband! whose unhappy fate, in being mine, hath made thy marriage bed thy grave!"

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before: their servants wept bitterly; the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow and field of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry their master's body to his father's country-seat, which was hard by, that it might be buried according to the old gentleman's directions: and Claudia expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life in company of a more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising at the same time to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers in the most courteous terms she could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears. The servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima,—a catastrophe not to be wondered at when we consider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his 'squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them in a long harangue to quit that way of life so dangerous both to soul and body; but as the greatest part of them were Gascoons, a brutal and disorderly set of people, the knight's arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the 'squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. "What the devil does the fellow say? (cried one of the gang): here they are, and any body may see they would not sell for three rials."

"True (said Don Quixote): but my 'squire values them at that rate, on account of the person of whom I received them in a present." Roque commanded the man to restore them instantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the clothes, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition; then, making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company with such equity and discretion, that, in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, "If we did not observe this punctuality (said he), there would be no living among such a crew." To this declaration Sancho replied, "From what I have seen, I find justice so excellent in itself, that the practice of it is necessary even among thieves."

One of the 'squires overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho's skull, had not the general commanded him to desist; while Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again so long as he should sojourn among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed sentinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, "Signor (said he), not far from hence there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona."—"Have you perceived (answered Roque), whether they are such as we seek, or such as are in quest of us?" When the 'squire replied that they were such as he sought; "Set out then all together (said

he), and bring the whole company hither, without suffering one to escape."

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and, during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, "This life of ours (said he), must appear very strange to Don Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; for I must know there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was misled by the desire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to disturb the most philosophic breast. I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already observed, the desire of revenging an injury which I received, hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in such a manner, that I persevere in this career, maugre and in despite of my own understanding; and, as deep calleth unto deep, and sin unto sin, different schemes of revenge are so linked together, that I undertake not only my own, but also those of other people; yet, by the blessing of God, although I find myself thus involved in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not lost the hope of being one day happily extricated from all my troubles."

Don Quixote was surprised to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for he imagined, that among those who are in the daily practice of assaulting, robbing, and murdering their fellow-creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. "Signor Roque (said he), the beginning of health is the knowledge of the disease, and the patient's desire to comply with the physician's prescription. You are now in the diseased condition, sensible of your infirmity, and Heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply those medicines which are proper for the cure of your distemper; but these remedies are wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden miraculous manner; and sensible sinners are much more likely to recover than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse evinces your discretion, be of good cheer, and courageously wait for the perfect recovery of your conscience. If you are in earnest inclined to quit this road and enter at once into that which leads to salvation, come along with me and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo such toils and disasters as will be deemed sufficient penance, and exalt you to heaven in the turning of two balls."

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote's advice; but, changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanour of the young lady.

About this time they were joined by the 'squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted and partly footmen, together with two muleteers who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop surrounded by the 'squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expecting with resignation the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had?

To these interrogations one of them replied, "Signor, we are captains of the Spanish infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of four gallies, which they say are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for Sicily; and our funds amount to two or three hundred crowns, with the possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the narrow appointments of a soldier, which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth."

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, they answered, that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome; and that, between both, they could muster about sixty rials. He likewise desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances? In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, "The company in the coach consists of my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife to the regent of the vicariate of Naples, her little daughter, a damsel, and a duenna; I am one of the six servants who attend them, and her ladyship's cash may amount to six hundred crowns."—"At that rate then (replied the mighty Roque), here are nine hundred crowns and sixty rials: I have sixty soldiers; see what each man's share will come to, for I am but an indifferent arithmetician." The robbers hearing this decision, cried aloud, "Long life to Roque Guinart, and confusion to the knaves who endeavour to effect his ruin!"

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, and my lady regent assumed a very sorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiscation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for some time in suspense, he had no mind to protract their melancholy, which was plainly perceivable a gunshot off; but, turning to the captains, "Gentlemen (said he), be so good as to lend me sixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with fourscore, in order to satisfy my squadron; you know the abbot must not want, who for his bread doth chant: then you may proce-

cute your journey without fear or molestation, by virtue of a safe conduct I will grant; in consequence of which you will be exempted from plunder, in case you should fall in with any other of those squadrons which I have posted up and down in different divisions; for it is not my intention to aggrieve either soldiers or ladies, especially ladies of quality."

Infinite and well-turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeness and liberality, for such they accounted it, in leaving them possessed of their own money. My lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herself from the coach, in order to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would by no means accept such marks of submission; on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked profession. The lady ordered her servant to pay instantly the eighty crowns which were demanded; the captains had already disbursed threescore; and the pilgrims were going to surrender their miserable pittance, when Roque desired them to desist; and turning to his gang, "Of these crowns (said he), two shall fall to the share of each man, and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest 'squire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure."

After this decision, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a safe conduct, directed to the chiefs of his squadrons, gave it to the company, whom he courteously dismissed, and they proceeded on their journey, struck with admiration at his noble demeanour, gallant disposition, and strange conduct, looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious robber. One of the 'squires, displeased at the booty, said in his Catalonian dialect, "This captain of ours is fitter for praying than preying: if henceforth he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from his own purse, and not what is ours by right of conquest."

The unhappy wretch did not speak so softly but that he was overheard by Roque, who instantly unsheathing his sword, cleft his head almost in two, saying, "Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption." All the rest of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durst open his lips, so much were they overawed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aside and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to understand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant whose exploits were in every body's mouth; and he assured him, that the adventurer was the most agreeable and understanding man in the whole world: he likewise gave him notice, that in four days from the date of the letter, on the feast of St John, the said knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rosinante, and accompanied by his 'squire Sancho upon an ass. He therefore desired his correspondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wished his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion. But that was a vain desire, because the mixture of madness and discretion in the knight, and the pleasantries of his 'squire, were such as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was despatched by one of his 'squires, who, disguising himself in the habit of a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.

CHAP. IX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote on his entrance into Barcelona, with other circumstances, that partake more of truth than of discretion.

THREE days and three nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque; and had he stayed as many hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for inquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; sometimes they fled from they knew not what, sometimes waited for they knew not whom. They slept standing, and even that slumber was often interrupted; they shifted from place to place: in a word, their whole time was spent in appointing spies, examining sentinels, and blowing matches for their muskets, though they had but few: for they chiefly used firelocks. As for Roque, he passed the night by himself, in private haunts and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for the repeated proclamations issued by the viceroy of Barcelona, setting a price upon his head, had rendered him restless, diffident, and fearful, so that he durst not confide in any person whatever, being apprehensive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to justice,—a life of all others assuredly the most tiresome and miserable. At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by six of his own 'squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, short cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, though promised, had not hitherto been paid, took his leave, and returned to his station, after mutual

protestations of friendship had passed between him and our hero, who resolved to sit on horseback as he was till day, which was not far off. Accordingly they had not tarried long in this situation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, infusing vigour and seeming joy into every plant or flower, instead of gratifying the ear, which, however, was also that instant regaled with the sound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noise of morrice bells, the clatter of horses upon the pavement, and the repetition of "Clear the way," pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vanished before the sun, who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually arose from below the horizon: then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the sea, which they had never before beheld, and which seemed to be infinitely vast, and abundantly more spacious than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha: they likewise beheld the gallies in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, displayed a glorious sight of pendants, flags, and streamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kissed and brushed the surface of the deep: while they were surrounded with clarions, trumpets, and other sorts of music, which filled the air for many leagues around, with sweet and martial accents. Now they began to move, and, forming themselves into line of battle, exhibited the representation of a naval fight upon the tranquil bosom of the sea. At the same time, a mock skirmish was acted on the shore, by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who came forth from the city in gay attire, with splendid liveries. The soldiers of the gallies discharged an infinite number of fire-arms, which were answered from the wall and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which seemed to rend the air with their tremendous sound, the midship cannons of the gallies made a suitable reply: the joy that resounded on board, the pleasure that appeared on shore, together with the serenity of the air, which was sometimes disturbed by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden flow of spirits and delight in every breast. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how those great bulks could use such a number of feet in moving through the sea.

About this time, the cavaliers so richly caparisoned, crying, hallooing, and shouting, in the Moorish manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote sat on horseback, overwhelmed with surprise and astonishment; and one of their number, who had been apprised by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Welcome to our city, thou mirror, lantern, planet, and polar star of all chivalry in its utmost extent! welcome, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the false, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in spurious history described, but the real, legal, and loyal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians."

Don Quixote answered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and carvet in a circle round the knight, who, addressing himself to Sancho, "As these people know us so well (said he), I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed." The gentleman, who had at first accosted him, returning, renewed his address in these words: "Signor Don Quixote, be so good as to go along with us, who are all the intimate friends and humble servants of Roque Guinart." To this entreaty the knight replied, "If courtesy engenders courtesy, yours, signor cavalier, is the daughter, or, at least, nearly allied to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you please to go; my will shall, in all respects, be conformable to yours, and I should be proud if you would employ it in your service."

The gentleman answered this compliment with expressions equally polite; and all his companions surrounding the knight in a body, they, to the music of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a small misfortune. That mischief, from which all mischief is produced, ordained that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves through the crowd, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap an handful of furze under the tail of each: the poor animals, feeling the severity of this new kind of spurs, augmented the pain by pressing their tails more closely to their buttocks; so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable shame and indignation of Don Quixote, who, with great despatch, delivered the posteriors of his companion from this disagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the same kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chastised the boys for their presumption; but it was not in their power to give the strangers that satisfaction: for they had no sooner executed their purpose, than they concealed themselves among the crowd of above a thousand youngsters who followed the cavalcade: so that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront; and, remounting their beasts, proceeded, with the same music and acclamation, to the house of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and in all respects suitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here then we shall leave him for the present; for such is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

CHAP. X.

Containing the adventure of the Enchanted Head, with other trivial incidents, which, however, must not be omitted.

Don Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good understanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good-humoured way; so that, finding our knight safely housed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guest, without prejudice to his person; for those are no jests that give pain; nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature. His first step was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that strait shamoy doublet, which we have already painted and described, exposé him to public view in a balcony that jutted out into one of the chief streets in the city, where he was surveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monster or baboon. While he stood in this situation, the gentlemen with the rich liveries performed their courses before him, as if for his sake only, and not in order to celebrate the festival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was ravished with the thoughts of having so luckily found, without knowing how, or wherefore, another wedding of Camacho, another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another palace equal to the duke's castle, where he had been so hospitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited some friends to dinner, and all of them paid particular respect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant,—a circumstance that elevated his vanity to such a pitch, that he could scarce contain his satisfaction; and Sancho's conceits flowed so fast and humourous, that all the servants of the family, and all who heard his sallies, seemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accosting him, "Honest Sancho (said he), we are informed you are such a lover of fowls and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for next day."—"No, signor (answered Sancho), that is not the case: and your worship must have been misinformed; I am a cleanly 'squire, and no such filthy glutton; for my master, here present, knows very well, that we have often passed eight whole days without any other sustenance than an handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, if ever the heifer is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the ford as I find it.* If, therefore, any person whatever hath said that I am an exceeding glutton and foul feeder, your worship may take it for granted that he is in a mistake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the respect I bear to the honourable beards of this company."—"Assuredly (said Don Quixote), Sancho's cleanliness and moderation in eating might be inscribed and engraved on tables of brass, for an everlasting memorial and example to succeeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may seem to be a little voracious; for he eats with precipitation, chewing with both sides of his jaws; but cleanliness he punctually maintains; and while a governor, learned to eat so delicately, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork."—"How! (cried Don Antonio), hath Sancho been a governor?"—"Yes, sure (replied the 'squire), and that of an island called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure for the space of ten days, during which I lost my natural rest, and learned to despise all the governments upon earth: I therefore fled from it, as I would fly from the devil; and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, though I gave myself up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle." Then Don Quixote gave them a circumstantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment, where there was no furniture but a table, that seemed to be of jasper, supported by one foot of the same substance; and upon this table was placed a bust of bronze, from the breast upwards, representing a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traversed the room with his guest, and more than once walked round the table, "Signor Don Quixote (said he), now that I am assured no person overhears us, as nobody listens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worship one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest rarities, that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will deposite the secret in the most hidden recesses of your heart."—"I swear to that condition (answered Don Quixote); and, for the greater security, will put a tombstone over whatever you shall communicate; for know, Signor Don Antonio (by this time he had learned his name), your worship is talking to one who, though he has ears to hear, has never a tongue to tattle; so that you may securely transfuse the contents of your own breast into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulfed them in the abyss of silence."—"On the faith of that promise

* Literally, "Use the times as I find them."

(replied Don Antonio), I will excite your worship's admiration with what you shall see and hear; and I myself will enjoy some alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no person to whom I could communicate the secret, which is not to be trusted to every body's discretion." Don Quixote waited with impatience and surprise to see the result of this preamble; when his entertainer, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the bust, the table, and the jasper foot upon which it was supported; then accosting him with great solemnity of aspect, "This bust, Signor Don Quixote (said he), was made and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and necromancers that ever the world produced. He was, I think, a native of Poland, and disciple of the famous Escotillo,* of whose knowledge such wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my house, where, in consideration of a thousand crowns which I paid, he wrought this head, in which is centered the surprising power and virtue of answering every question communicated to its ear. The master performed certain rites, erected schemes, consulted the stars, and carefully observed the lucky and unlucky minutes, until at length he brought it to that perfection which we shall perceive tomorrow; for on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we must wait till another day: in the meantime, your worship may consider and prepare your questions, which, I know by experience, it will truly answer." Don Quixote was confounded and astonished at this property and virtue of the head, and indeed almost tempted to disbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, seeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having intrusted him with such an important secret. They accordingly quitted the apartment; and Don Antonio having locked the door, returned to the rest of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his master had been exposed.

The same evening they persuaded Don Quixote to make a progress along the streets with them, not in his armour, but in a loose coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season; and, in the meantime, they directed their servants to amuse Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and spoil their diversion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an ambling mule, gaily caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they, without his knowledge, pinned a parchment, inscribed in large letters, THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. The procession no sooner began than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, "Great (said he), is the prerogative that centres in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, Signor Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys, who never saw me before."—"It is even so, Signor Don Quixote (replied Antonio): for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and that which is acquired by the profession of arms shines with superior splendour over all other acquisitions."

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Castilian happened to pass, and, reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud, "Now the devil take thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of these infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman surely thou art: and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but thy frenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr Goosecap, mind your family-concerns; look after your wife and children; and discard these vain maggots which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding."—"Hark ye, brother (said Don Antonio), go about your business; and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who want none of your counsel: Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wherever it is found: therefore begone with a vengeance, and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern."—"'Fore God! your worship is in the right (replied the Castilian): advising that honest man is kicking

* This was Michael Scott, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was such an adept in medicine, mathematics, chemistry, alchemy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But as this philosopher died in 1291, and this conversation between Don Antonio and our knight must have happened after the year 1605, when the first part of Don Quixote was licensed, how could the disciple of Scott be in the house of Don Antonio? Yet this anachronism might easily pass upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of enchantment.

against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good sense which they say this madman displays in some things, should be unprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance which your worship imprecated overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever, asked or unasked, even though I should live to the age of Methusalem." So saying, this counsellor went away, and the procession went on; but the throng was so great, occasioned by the boys and other idle people who pressed in to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from some other annoyance.

In the twilight they returned to the house of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and discretion; and had invited a number of her friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy the strange peculiarities of his madness: they accordingly came, and after supper, at which they were entertained in a very splendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for satire, accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, though persons of unblemished honour, indulged themselves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the spirit of the diversion, that it might not flag. This pair of female wags persisted, with incredible eagerness, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very soul, seemed fainting with fatigue; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, so long, so lank, so lean, so yellow, capering about in a strait shamoy doublet, with an air unspeakably awkward, and legs that were never designed for such exercise. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by stealth; and he privately treated their advances with disdain, until, finding them become more and more pressing, he pronounced aloud, "*Fugite partes adversæ!* disturb not my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly desires; for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that I should surrender or be subject to any other than her own!"

So saying, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhausted and demolished with the violent exercise he had undergone; so that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the first person who touched him, in obedience to this order, was his own 'squire, Sancho Panza, who, as he endeavoured to raise him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in these words: "What a plague tempted your worship to fall a-capering? Did you suppose every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant must needs be masterly dancers? If that was your opinion, I say you were much deceived; for there be men who would rather undertake to slay a giant than to cut a caper. Had it been a shoe-slapping hornpipe, I could have supplied your place, for I slap like a jerfaulcon; but as for your figured dances, I know not a stitch of the matter." With this address Sancho raised a laugh from the assembly, and his master from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm, that he might sweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the enchanted head, and for this purpose entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggish partners, who had stayed all night with Antonio's lady. The door being fast bolted, he explained the property of the bust, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the secret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the first trial of the virtue contained in the enchanted head.* Indeed, except his two friends, no other person knew the mystery; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have shared in the same admiration which necessarily seized the rest who were present at the execution of a scheme so artfully contrived.

The first who approached the ear of this enchanted head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, but so as to be overheard by all present, "Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my present thoughts?" To this interrogation the head, without moving its lips, replied in a clear and distinct voice, which was heard by the whole company, "I do not pretend to investigate the thoughts." Those who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this answer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living soul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio, addressing himself again to it, asked how many persons are here in company? and was answered in the same key, "You and your wife,† two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his 'squire Sancho Panza by name." Here was fresh amaze-

* But in this very chapter he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio's wife must have been here before the others entered; for she is not in the list of those who went in with her husband.

ment; here was their hair standing on end with affright: while Don Antonio, stepping aside from the table, said, "This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the person of whom I purchased thee, thou sage, speaking, oracular, and admirable head! Let some other person go and question it at will."

As women are usually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies, and her question was this, "Tell me, O head, what I shall do to be extremely beautiful?" She received for answer, "Be extremely virtuous;" and replied, "I ask no more." Then her companion advanced, saying, "I want to know, sagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my husband?" And she was answered, "That you will learn by observing his behaviour." The married lady retired, observing that it required no magic to solve that question; for, in effect, an husband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the state of his affection. The third person that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who asked, "What am I?" And when the voice answered, "Thou knowest best;" he replied, "That is not the purport of my question; I desire thou wilt tell me if thou knowest my name."—Yes (said the oracle), I know thou art Don Pedro Nories."—"Then I am satisfied (answered Don Pedro); for that answer is sufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knowest every thing." Then he withdrew, and was succeeded by the other gentleman, who advancing to the table, "Tell me, O head (said he), the wish of my eldest son?"—"I have already owned that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men (said the voice); nevertheless, I will tell thee, that the wish of thy son is to bury his father."—"That is indeed his wish (replied the cavalier); I see it with my eye; I touch it with my finger; and do not choose to ask another question." Don Antonio's lady approached, saying, "I know not how to interrogate thee, O head; but I should be glad to know if I shall long enjoy my good husband."—"Yes, you will (replied the voice); his healthy constitution and moderate way of life promise a long succession of years and a good old age, of which many men deprive themselves by their own intemperance."

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bust, "Tell me then, whatsoever thou art (said he), is my account of what befell me in the cave of Montesinos really fact, or only the illusion of a dream? will the flagellation of my 'squire Sancho be certainly accomplished? and will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect?"—"With respect to the cave (replied the oracle), much may be said: the adventure partakes both of truth and of illusion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed slowly, but Dulcinea will be disenchanted in process of time."—"And that is all I desire to know (cried the knight); for in the disenchantment of Dulcinea I shall reckon all my wishes at once happily fulfilled!"

The last interrogator was Sancho, who approaching the table, "Pray, good Mr Head (said he), shall I peradventure obtain another government? shall I ever rise above the humble station of a 'squire? and, lastly, shall I ever see again my wife and children?" To these questions he received these answers: "If it be thy fate to return to thy own house, thou wilt govern thy family and see thy wife and children; and in ceasing to serve, thou wilt cease to be a 'squire."—"'Fore God! an excellent response (cried Sancho); that I could have foretold myself; and the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more."—What answer would you have, you beast? (said Don Quixote); is it not sufficient that the responses delivered by the head correspond with the questions you have asked?"—"It shall suffice (replied the 'squire); but I wish it had explained itself a little more fully, and told me some more of my fortune."

Thus ended the questions and answers; but not the admiration of the whole company, except Antonio's two friends, who had been let into the secret, which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any necromantic talisman or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bust. He gives us therefore to understand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of such another head which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by a statuary, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprise the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varnished like jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials, carved into the resemblance of four eagles' talons, which kept it firm and steady in its position. The head, formed from the medal of one of the Roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table, in which it was so nicely fixed that no eye could perceive the joining: the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust; and the whole corresponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe, which passed through the bust, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment, communicating with that of the enchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses, fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in distinct and articulate sounds, and it was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts and a well-cultivated understanding, who, being previously informed by his uncle of the number and names of the persons whom he in-

tended to introduce into the chamber of the enchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures, which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an enchanted head, which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant sentinels of our faith; for which reason he explained the whole affair to the fathers of the inquisition, who forbade him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superstitious vulgar: but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really enchanted and oracular; though it had given more satisfaction to the knight than to the 'squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in six days; but this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the sequel. Meanwhile, the knight was desirous of going out and viewing the city at leisure and a-foot, fearing that should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He accordingly went forth, attended by Sancho and two of Antonio's servants, whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and, chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw inscribed over a gate, in capital letters, THIS IS A PRINTING-HOUSE,—a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a printing-press, and longed much to know something of that art; he therefore entered the house with all his train, and saw people casting off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth; and, in short, the whole economy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and, being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration, and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, "Signor, that there gentleman, pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, has translated a book from the Tuscan into the Castilian language, and I am now composing it for the press."—"What is the name of the book?" said Don Quixote. "Signor (answered the author), the book in the original is called Le Bagatelle."—"And what is the signification of Le Bagatelle in our language?" resumed the knight. "Le Bagatelle (replied the author), is, as if we should say, in Castilian, Juquetes;* and, although the title of the book be so humble, it concludes and contains a great deal of excellent and substantial writing."—"I am not altogether ignorant of the Tuscan language (said Don Quixote); for I value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto; but pray tell me, signor, and what I am going to ask is not with any intention to sound your genius, but merely to satisfy my own curiosity, have you ever, in composing your books, met with the word Pignatta?"—"Yes, frequently," replied the author. "And how do you translate it into Castilian?" resumed the knight. "How should I translate it (said the other), but by the word Olla?"—"Body o' me! (cried Don Quixote), what progress you have made in the knowledge of the Tuscan idiom! I will lay a good wager that you translate Piace into Plaze, Più into Mas, Su into Arriba, and Giú into Abaxo."—"Certainly (said the author); because these words of the two languages correspond with one another."—"Notwithstanding all your learning (replied the knight), I could almost swear you are hitherto unknown to the world, which is ever averse to remunerate a flourishing genius and works of merit. What talents are lost, what abilities obscured, and what virtues are undervalued in this degenerate age! yet, nevertheless, a translation from one language to another, excepting always those sovereign tongues, the Greek and Latin, is, in my opinion, like the wrong side of Flemish tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads, without that smoothness and expression which the other side exhibits: and to translate from easy languages, argues neither genius nor elocution, nor any merit superior to that of transcribing from one paper to another: but from hence I would not infer that translation is not a laudible exercise; for a man may employ his time in a much worse and more unprofitable occupation. At any rate, my observation cannot affect our two famous translators, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa, in Pastor Fido, and Don Juan de Xauregui, in Aminta; two pieces they have so happily executed as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the translation: but pray, signor, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold the copy to a bookseller? "I publish it on my own account (replied the author); and expect to gain a thousand ducats at least upon the first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, that will fetch six rials a piece in the

* Trifles.

turning of a straw."—"That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning (answered Don Quixote); but you seem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and incomings, the schemes, conspiracies, and cabals of booksellers; when you find your back burdened with two thousand copies, I give you my word both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued, especially if the books should be harsh, or a little deficient in point of spirit."—"What! (said the other), your worship thinks then I ought to offer my performance to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and insist upon it that he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publish with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank Heaven, I am already well known by my works: I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth a doit."—God send you good luck, signor," answered the knight; who, advancing to another box, where he saw the corrector employed on the sheet of a book, entitled, "The Light of the Soul:"—"Ay (said he), these are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is already a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the sinners for whose use they are intended, and for such multitudes who are in darkness an infinite number of lights is required." He proceeded in his inquiry, and when he asked another corrector the name of a book, on which he saw him at work, he understood it was the second part of the SAGE HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, written by a certain person, a native of Tordesillas. "I have heard of this performance (said the knight); and really, in my conscience, thought it was, long before this time, burned into ashes, or pounded into dust, for the impertinence it contains; but as we say of hogs, Martinmas will come in due season.* Works of imagination are the more useful and entertaining the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and even history is valued according to its truth and authenticity."

So saying, he quitted the printing-house with some marks of displeasure; and that same day, Don Antonio proposed that he should go on board, and see the gallies in the road,—a proposal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never seen the inside of a galley in the whole course of his life; and he sent a message to inform the commodore of his intention to visit him in the evening, with his guest the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose name and person were already well known to this commander and all the citizens of Barcelona. What passed during this visit will be related in the following chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Of the misfortune which befell Sancho Panza on board of the gallies, and the rare adventure of the beautiful Moor.

MANIFOLD and profound were the self-deliberations of Don Quixote on the response of the enchanted head, without his being able to discover the deceit; and the result of all his reflections was the promise of Dulcinea's being disenchanted, on which he reposed himself with the most implicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full assurance of seeing it suddenly accomplished. As for Sancho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already observed, he could not help wishing for another opportunity of issuing out orders and seeing them obeyed,—a misfortune which never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening his landlord, Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the gallies with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being apprised of the visit intended by two such famous personages, no sooner perceived them coming towards the sea-side, than he ordered the awnings to be struck, and the music to play: the barge was hoisted out, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with velvet cushions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midships of the captain-galley was discharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight ascended the accommodation ladder, on the starboard side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, a compliment usually paid to persons of the first quality; and the general, for by this name we shall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentian, presented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, "This day (said he), will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I shall ever enjoy, on account of seeing the renowned Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is ciphered and concentered." No less courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above measure at seeing himself treated with such respect. The whole company having ascended the poop, which was very gaily ornamented, and seated themselves upon benches, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle for all the slaves to strip, was obeyed in an instant, to the no small discomposure of Sancho, who was terrified at the sight of so many naked backs; nor did his apprehension

* About Martinmas they killed the hogs designed for bacon.

abate, when he saw the awning stretched out with such incredible despatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had assisted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The 'squire sat upon the stentril, close by the aftermost rower on the starboard-side; who, in consequence of the previous instructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of slaves stood up, alert with the prospect of the joke, tossed him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who, in the same manner, committed him to a third; and thus he was bandied forwards on the starboard-side, from slave to slave, and bench to bench, with such expedition, that poor Panza lost his eyesight entirely, and firmly believed himself in the possession of the fiends: nor did they desist from this exercise until he was reconveyed by the larboard-side to the poop, where this miserable object lay bruised, breathless, and covered with a cold sweat, and in such perturbation of spirits, that he scarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote seeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, asked the general if it was a ceremony practised upon every person at his first going on board; for, in that case, as he himself did not intend to make profession of a seafaring life, he had no ambition to perform such an exercise; and he vowed to God, if any man should attempt to seize him, as a fit subject for flying, he would spurn his soul out of his body: in confirmation of which resolve, he started up, and laying his hand upon his sword, put himself in a posture of defence.

At that instant the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with such a terrible noise, that Sancho imagined the heavens were torn from off their hinges, and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith shrunk between his legs in an agony of terror; nor was all serene in the breast of Don Quixote, who, while his legs trembled under him, shrugged up his shoulders and changed colour. The crew having hoisted the main-yard with the same expedition and noise which were made in its descent; while they themselves continued as silent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance, the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their shoulders with his supple-jack, or bull's pizzle, and the galley, by little and little, stood out to sea.

Sancho beholding such a huge body moved by so many painted feet, for such he took the oars to be, said within himself, "This, indeed, is really enchantment; but what my master takes for it is no such matter: what have these miserable wretches done to be scourged in this manner? and I wonder how the devil that single man, who skips up and down, piping and whistling, dares whip and flog so many people! now, on my conscience, I believe this is hell itself, or purgatory at least!"

Don Quixote perceiving with what attention the 'squire observed every circumstance, "Friend Sancho (said he), with what facility and despatch might you now, if you please, strip yourself from the middle upwards, and taking your place among these gentlemen, finish at once the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for amidst the distress of so much good company, you would hardly be sensible of bodily pain; and who knows but the sage Merlin would reckon each of these stripes, which are bestowed with good-will, equivalent to ten of those which, at the long run, you must receive from your own hand." The general had just opened his mouth to inquire about the nature of this flagellation and Dulcinea's disenchantment, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munjuy had made signal of a rowing bark upon the coast to the westward. He no sooner received this intelligence, than advancing into a gangway, "Pull away, my lads (cried he), let not this corsair brigantine escape; for certainly she must be a vessel belonging to Algiers which the castle has discovered."

The other three gallies ranging along-side of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them should stand out to sea, and the other keep along shore, so that the Algerine should not escape. The slaves immediately began to ply their oars, which impelled the gallies with such velocity, that they seemed to fly; while the two that put to sea, at the distance of two miles, discovered a bark, which, from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This vessel no sooner descried the gallies, than she made the best of her way, in hope of being able to escape by her nimbleness; but she was baffled in this expectation; for the admiral being one of the swiftest gallies that ever sailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not escape, desired the rowers to quit their oars and strike, that he might not, by his obstinacy, incense the officer who commanded the galley: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to strike, two Toraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, belonging to the brigantine, discharged two firelocks, which killed as many soldiers, who chanced to be in the head of the galley,—an incident which was no sooner perceived by the general, than he swore he would not leave one person alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheless, she, for the present, escaped under the oars, and the galley had such way, that she shot a-head to a good distance, so that the people on board the

chace, seeing themselves in danger of being destroyed, hoisted their sails, and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and pursued with all her force of canvass and of oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out so much to their advantage as their presumption conduced to their prejudice; for the admiral running along-side, grappled with the brigantine, and took the whole crew prisoners. The other two gallies came up, and all four returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourse of people stood on the beach, to see the contents of the ship they had taken. The general anchored close by the shore, and understanding the viceroy of the city was among the spectators, he ordered the barge to be hoisted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the master of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-six, all stout young fellows, and mostly Turkish musqueteers. When he asked who commanded the brigantine, one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegado, answered in Castilian, "That there young man is our master;" pointing to one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whose age, to all appearance, was under twenty."—"Ill-advised dog (said the general), what induced thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect which is due to admiral-gallies? Dost thou not know that rashness is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, but not desperate?"

The Moor was about to reply, but the general could not at that time hear his answer, because he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had just entered the galley with some of his own servants, and a few other persons. "General (said this nobleman), you have had a fine chace."—"Ay, so fine (replied the other), that your excellency shall see it presently hoisted up at the yard-arm."—"For what reason?" said the viceroy. "I mean the master of the brigantine and his crew (answered the commodore), who have, against all law, reason, and custom of war, killed two of the best soldiers that ever served on board; so that I have sworn to hang all the prisoners, especially this youth who was their captain," pointing to the handsome Moor, who, by this time, waited for execution with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy prisoner, whose beauty, genteel mien, and humility, served him instead of a recommendation, was seized with the desire of saving his life, and approaching him, "Tell me, corsair (said he), art thou a Turk, Moor, or renegado?" To this question the youth answered, in the Castilian tongue, "I am neither Turk, Moor, nor renegado."—"Then what art thou?" resumed the viceroy. "A Christian woman," replied the captive. "A Christian woman (cried the viceroy), in such dress and situation! this is a circumstance more worthy of admiration than of credit."—"Gentlemen (said the youth), be so good as to suspend my execution, until I shall have recounted the particulars of my story; and that small delay will not much retard the accomplishment of your revenge." What heart could be so obdurate as not to relent at this address, so far at least as to hear the story of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but by no means expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permission, he began in these terms:

"I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wise, which hath been lately overwhelmed by a sea of trouble: in other words, my parents were Moors, and, in the torrent of their misfortune, I was carried by two uncles into Barbary, notwithstanding my professing myself a Christian; not one of those impostors, who are so only in appearance, but a true and faithful Roman catholic. This declaration did not avail me with those who had the charge of our miserable expulsion; nor was it believed by my uncles, who, on the contrary, supposing it no more than a lie and expedient by which I thought to obtain permission to remain in my native country, hurried me along with them in a forcible manner. My mother was a Christian, and my father a prudent man, of the same religion: I sucked in the catholic faith when an infant at the breast, and was trained up in the ways of virtue; nor do I think I have ever given the least marks of Mahometanism, either in word or deed. In equal pace with my virtue (for I really think my life was virtuous), my beauty, such as it is, hath ever walked; and nothwithstanding the extraordinary reserve in which I lived, concealed from public view, it was my fate to be seen by a young cavalier, called Don Gregorio, eldest son of a gentleman who had an estate in our neighbourhood. How he became desperately enamoured of me, and how I grew fond of him to distraction, it would be tedious to relate, considering my present situation, standing as I am, with the fatal cord between my tongue and throat: I shall therefore only observe, that Don Gregorio resolved to accompany me in my exile, and actually mingled with those Moors who joined us in different places, without being discovered; for he spoke the language perfectly well. Nay, in the course of our voyage, he insinuated himself into the friendship of my two uncles, with whom I travelled; for my father, who was a man of prudence and foresight, no sooner heard the first mandate for our expulsion than he went abroad to foreign kingdoms, in quest of an asylum for his family, leaving a large quantity of

pearls, valuable jewels, with some money in cruzadoes, and doubloons of gold, concealed and interred in a certain place, to which I alone was privy; and laying strong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treasure, in case we should be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and, as I have already observed, set sail with my uncles, relations, and friends for Barbary; and the place in which we settled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itself. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my designs, ordered me to be brought before him, and asked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary? I told him the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand that the money and jewels were buried under ground: but that I should easily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpose. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own avarice than by my beauty: but during the conversation, a person told him that I was accompanied in my voyage by one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that ever was seen. I immediately understood that this was no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty far exceeds the fairest that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the prospect of danger to which the dear youth might be exposed; for, among those barbarous Turks, a boy or handsome youth is more prized and esteemed than any woman, let her be never so beautiful.

"The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his presence, and in the meantime asked me if his person actually corresponded with this report? Then I, as if inspired by Heaven, answered in the affirmative, though, at the same time, I assured him, it was no youth, but a woman like myself; and begged leave to go and dress her in her natural attire, which would shew her beauty to the best advantage, and enable her to appear in his presence with less confusion. He said I might go in good time, and that some other day he would concert measures for my return into Spain, to bring off the hidden treasure. Thus dismissed, I went and explained to Don Gaspar the risk he would run in appearing as a man, and, dressing him in the habit of a Moorish woman, accompanied him that same evening to the presence of the king, who was seized with admiration at the sight of her beauty, and resolved to keep her for a present to the Grand Signor. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be exposed in his seraglio, from his own inordinate desires, he ordered her to be lodged, quartered, and attended in the house of some Moorish ladies, whither she was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the consideration of lovers who have experienced such a cruel separation.

"The king afterwards contrived a scheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers, and that Spanish renegado, pointing to him who spoke first, who I know is a Christian in his heart, and is much more desirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the rest of the crew are Moors and Turks, whom we engaged as rowers. The two insolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received, to land the renegado and me in the habit of Christians, with which we were provided, on the first part of Spain they could make, resolved previously to scour the coast, with a view to take prizes, fearing, that should they set us on shore before hand, we might meet with some accident which would oblige us to discover that there was a corsair on the coast, and they of consequence run the risk of being taken by the gallies. At night we descried this road, though we did not perceive the four gallies, and, being discovered, were taken as you see. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the Moorish ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I stand fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of losing that existence of which I am already tired. This, signor, is the end of my lamentable story, which is equally true and unfortunate; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a Christian, seeing, as I have already observed, I have in no shape been guilty of the fault which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation!"

So saying, she stood silent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which few of the spectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whose disposition was humane and compassionate, unable to speak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands released those of the beautiful Moor.

While this Christian Moor related her peregrinations, an ancient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes close fixed upon her countenance, and her story was no sooner finished than he threw himself at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while, in accents interrupted with a thousand sighs and groans, he exclaimed, "O, Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in search of thee to Spain, because I could not live without thee, who are dear to my affection even as my own soul."

At these words Sancho opened his eyes, and raised his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifest despondence, reflecting upon the disgrace of his flying adventure; and looking at the pilgrim, recognised that same Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government: he likewise recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this

time unbound, mingled her tears with those of her father, whom she tenderly embraced; and then the old man addressing himself to the viceroy and general, "My lords (said he), this is my daughter, not so happy in the incidents of her life, as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for her father's wealth. I left my country in quest of a place where we should be received and hospitably entertained; and having found such an asylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim in the company of some people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth: my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my possession; and now by this strange vicissitude which you have seen, I have retrieved that treasure which is the chief object of my affection, I mean my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and justice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us who never offended you even in thought, nor in any shape corresponded with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled." Here Sancho interposing, "I am very well acquainted with Ricote (said he), and know all he has said about his daughter Anna Felix to be true; but with respect to that other trash of his comings and goings, and his good or evil designs, I neither meddle nor make." Every person present expressed admiration at this strange incident; and the general turning to the daughter, "Every tear you let fall (said he), conspires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life prescribed by Heaven; and let those insolent and presumptuous wretches suffer punishment for the crimes they have committed."

So saying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed the soldiers, to be hanged at the yard's arm; but the viceroy earnestly entreated him to spare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madness than of preconceived design. The general granted his request, especially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive some method for extricating Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thousand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any person who could effect his deliverance. Many schemes were projected; but none of them seemed so sensible as that which was presented by the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in some small bark of about six banks, manned with Christians, as he knew where, how, and when he might land with safety, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Gaspar remained. The general and the viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and scrupled to trust him with the command of Christian rowers; but Anna Felix was satisfied of his integrity, and her father said he would engage to ransom them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the viceroy went ashore, after having laid strong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart!

CHAP. XII.

Giving the detail of an adventure which gave Don Quixote more mortification than he had received from all the misfortunes which had hitherto befallen him.

Don Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion; for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion in town, as if by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that, in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient; and that it would be much more effectual to set him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case he would bring home the young gentleman in despite of the whole Moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had delivered his wife Melisandra. Sancho hearing this proposal, "Consider (said he), that Signor Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high-road; but, in this case, even granting we should have the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, because the sea is between us and Barbary."—"There's a remedy for all things but death (replied the knight): for, if there is a bark by the shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe."—"Your worship describes it a very easy matter (said the 'squire): but between Said and Done a long race may be run: and, for my part, I would stick to the offer of the renegado, who seems to be a very honest person, and a man of compassionate bowels." Don Antonio said, that if the renegado should fail in his undertaking they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary; and in two days the renegado departed in a light bark with six oars on a side, manned

with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure the gallies likewise set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promise to let him know the success of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him a knight, likewise armed cap-a-pee, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, "Renowned cavalier, never-enough-applauded Don Quixote de la Mancha! I, the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits may peradventure recall him to your remembrance, am come with hostile intent to prove the force of thine arm; to convince and compel thee to own that my mistress, whosoever she is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso, beyond all comparison; which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy own death, and spare me the trouble of being thy executioner; but shouldst thou presume to engage with me in single combat, and be overcome, all the satisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aside thine arms, desist from travelling in quest of adventures, and, quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation, where thou shalt continue a whole year, without drawing a sword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquillity, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune and the salvation of thy precious soul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquished, my life shall exist at thy discretion; thine shall be the spoils of all my arms and horse, and to thee shall be transferred all the fame of my achievements. Consider which of these alternatives thou wilt choose, and answer me on the spot; for on this very day the affair must be despatched and determined."

Don Quixote was astonished and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the cause of his defiance; and, after a short pause of recollection, replied with a solemn tone and countenance severe, "Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits have not as yet reached mine ear, I dare say you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that happiness, I know you would not have dreamed of making such a rash demand: one glimpse of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonstrated that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which she possesses. I, therefore, without giving you the lie, but only affirming that you are egregiously mistaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have proposed, and will fight you forthwith before the day you have pitched upon shall be elapsed; with this exception, however, that I will by no means adopt the fame of your exploits; because I know not how, where, or wherefore, they were achieved, and am content with my own, such as they are: choose your ground, therefore, and I will take my share of the field; and let St Peter bless what God shall bestow."

The Knight of the White Moon being discovered from the city, and seen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy, who, supposing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman of the town, went down to the strand, accompanied by the said Don Antonio and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the spot just as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to measure his distance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himself in the middle between them, and demanded the cause that induced them so suddenly to engage in single combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered, that it was the precedency of beauty, and briefly repeated his proposal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptation of the conditions proposed. Then the viceroy taking Don Antonio aside, asked if he knew this Knight of the White Moon; and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio assured him that he knew not the stranger, nor could guess whether the challenge was given in jest or earnest. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he should allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing else than a preconcerted joke, here tired, saying, "Valiant knights, seeing there is no other remedy, but you must confess or die, and Signor Don Quixote persists in denying what you of the White Moon presume to affirm, I leave you to your fate, and God stand by the righteous."

The stranger, in very polite terms, and well-selected phrase, thanked the viceroy for the permission he had granted: and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himself heartily to Heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his usual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagonist; then, without receiving a signal for engaging, either by sound of trumpet, or any other instrument, both parties wheeled about at the same instant. The Knight of the White Moon having the fleeter horse, coming up with his adversary, before this last had run one-third of his career, lifted up his lance purposely, that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with such an irresistible shock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very

dangerous fall: the victor instantly sprung upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizor, "Knight (said he), you are vanquished and a dead man, unless you acknowledge the terms of the defiance." To this address the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone, and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and, as it is not reasonable that my weakness should discredit this truth, make use of your weapon, knight, and instantly deprive me of life, as you have already divested me of honour."—"By no means (said he of the White Moon): let the fame of lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in full perfection; all the satisfaction I ask is, that the great Don Quixote shall retire to his own house, and there abide for the space of one year, or during the term which I shall prescribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged." This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also ear-witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the White Moon hearing his declaration, turning his horse, and bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at a half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make inquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantic stranger. In the meantime, they raised up Don Quixote; and, uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless, from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do; this unlucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of enchantment. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendour of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes, produced from his late promise, dispersed in the air, as smoke is dissipated by the wind: in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated, and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.

CHAP. XIII.

Which discovers who the Knight of the White Moon was, and gives an account of the deliverance of Don Gregorio, with other incidents.

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, who was also accompanied, and even persecuted by a number of boys, until they had housed him in one of the city inns, which was, at the same time, entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was; and, without ceremony, intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his 'squire, to be unarmed. He of the White Moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to stick close by him until it should be satisfied, "Signor (said he), I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpose to know who I am; and, as there is no reason why I should refuse you that satisfaction, I will, while my servant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole mystery, without the least reserve. You must know then, signor, that I am called the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman of Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and extravagance have given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a scheme for compelling him to stay at home; and about three months ago sallied forth upon the highway as a knight-errant, assuming the appellation of the Knight of the Mirrors, fully resolved to engage and vanquish Don Quixote, without hurting him dangerously, after I should have have established, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor: and, as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he should return to his own house, from which he should not stir for the space of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But fate ordained things in another manner: I was conquered and overthrown, and my design entirely frustrated; he proceeded in quest of new adventures, and I returned vanquished, ashamed, and sorely bruised by the dangerous fall I had sustained in battle: nevertheless, I did not lay aside the design of returning in quest of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have, this day, seen my intention succeed; for he is so punctual in observing the ordinances of chivalry, that he will, doubtless, perform his promise in complying with my demand. This, signor, is an account of the whole affair; nor have I omitted one circumstance; and I beg you will not discover and disclose to Don Quixote who I am, that

my Christian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgment, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by those mad notions of chivalry."—"God forgive you, signor (cried Don Antonio), for the injury you have done the world, in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived! Do not you perceive, signor, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleasure produced by his extravagances? But I imagine all the care and industry of signor bachelor will hardly be sufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is so thoroughly mad, and, if it was no breach of charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured; for in his recovery we not only lose his own diverting flights, but also those of his 'squire Sancho Panza; and any of these conceits are such as might convert Melancholy herself into merriment and laughter; nevertheless, I shall put a seal upon my lips, and say nothing, that I may see whether or not I shall judge aright, in supposing that the diligence of signor Carrasco will not answer his expectation." The bachelor answered, that, all things considered, the business was already in a fair way, and, he did not doubt, would be blessed with a prosperous issue. Don Antonio having made a tender of his services and taken his leave, Sampson ordered his arms to be fastened upon a mule; then mounting the horse on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city that same day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentic history. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from Carrasco, which afforded no great pleasure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would destroy all that entertainment enjoyed by those who had the opportunity of observing his madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, pensive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating incessantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithstanding the consolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worship to hold up his head, and dispel his sorrow, if possible. "Your worship (said he), has reason to thank God, that, though you are overthrown, your ribs are still whole: you know that, in those matters, we must take as well as give; and where there are hooks we do not always find bacon. A fig for the physician, seeing we do not want his help in the cure of his distemper: let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in quest of adventures, through lands and countries unknown: nay, if we rightly consider the case, I am the greatest loser, though your worship is the most roughly handled; for though when I quitted the government, I likewise quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worship should renounce your design of being a king, and quit the exercise of chivalry; in that case all my hopes must vanish into smoke."—"Peace, Sancho (said the disconsolate knight); the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, at the end of which I will return to the honourable duties of my profession, and then we shall find kingdoms to conquer and countships to bestow."—"The Lord give ear, and my sin never hear! (cried Sancho), and I have always heard it said, that righteous hope is better than unjust possession."

Their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite satisfaction, exclaimed, "Money for my good news, Signor Don Quixote: Don Gregorio, and the renegado who undertook his deliverance, are now in the road—in the road! they are by this time in the viceroy's palace, and will be here in an instant." The knight was a little revived by these tidings, and replied, "In truth, I was going to say I should have been glad to hear that the scheme had not succeeded, so that I should have been obliged to cross over into Barbary, where I would, by the strength of my arm, have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but also to all the Christian captives in Algiers—but what am I saying, miserable caitiff? am not I vanquished? am not I overthrown? am not I excluded from the exercise of arms for the space of a whole year? wherefore then promise what I cannot perform? wherefore praise my own valour, when I am fitter for handling a distaff than for wielding a sword?"—"No more of that, good signor (replied the 'squire); Let the hen live, though she has the pip: to-day for thee, and to-morrow for me: as to those matters of encounters and dry bastings, they are not to be minded: for he that falls to-day may rise tomorrow, if he does not choose to lie a-bed; I mean, if he does not choose to despair, without endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh adventures. Get up, therefore, I beseech your worship, and receive Don Gregorio; for the people are in such an uproar, that, by this time, he must be in the house."

This was really the case: Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and success of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to see his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the house of Don Antonio; and, although Don Gregorio was in woman's apparel when they delivered him from Algiers, he had exchanged it in the vessel with another captive by whom he was accompanied; but, in any dress whatsoever, his appearance was such as commanded friendship, service, and esteem; for

he was exceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him, the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the most modest deportment; nor did this fair couple embrace one another: for where genuine love prevails, such freedom of behaviour is seldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his mistress excited the admiration of all the spectators; while silence spoke for the lovers themselves, and their eyes, performing the office of the tongue, disclosed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the stratagem and means he had used for the deliverance of the youth, who, likewise, entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and distresses to which he was exposed among the women with whom he had been left; and this task he performed, not with diffused prexility, but in elegant and concise terms, which plainly proved that his discretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers and the renegado, who reunited and reincorporated himself with the church, and, from a rotten member, became fair and sound, by dint of mortification and sincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permission from Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain, as they were persuaded that no inconvenience could arise from such indulgence to a daughter who was so perfectly a Christian, and a father so righteously disposed. Don Antonio offered to negotiate this affair at court, whither he was pressingly called by his own occasions; observing, that by dint of interest and presents many difficulties are removed. Ricote, who was present at this conversation, said, "There is nothing to be hoped from favour or presents; neither tears, entreaties, promises, nor presents will avail with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count de Selasa, to whom his majesty has intrusted the charge of our expulsion: for, although he really tempers justice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery instead of the mollifying ointment; so that, by his diligence, prudence, sagacity, and terrifying threats, he has sustained upon his able shoulders the weight of that vast project which he has successfully put in execution, without suffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our industry, stratagem, fraud, and solicitation. He is resolved that none of our people shall remain concealed, lest, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poisonous to Spain, already cleansed and delivered from those fears that arose from the prodigious number of Moors,—an heroic resolution of the great Philip III. who has, at the same time, displayed the most consummate wisdom, in committing the execution of the scheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernardino de Velasco."—"Nevertheless (said Don Antonio), I will, while at court, use all possible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to Heaven: Don Gregorio shall go along with me, and console his parents for the grief they have suffered from his absence: Anna Felix shall stay with my wife, or be boarded in a monastery; and I know my lord viceroy will be pleased to lodge honest Ricote until we shall see the issue of my negotiation." The viceroy agreed to every circumstance of the proposal; but Don Gregorio, being informed of the scheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he assented to the proposal, resolving to go and visit his parents, with whom he would concert measures for returning to fetch away his mistress; so that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote stayed in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived, and in two days was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid; and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dress, and the 'squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.

CHAP. XIV.

Treating of that which will be seen by him who reads, and known by him who hears it read.

Don Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed, "Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and, finally, here fell my fortune, never more to rise!" Sancho hearing this effusion, "Signor (said he), it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings and adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with good humour; I judge from my own feeling; for if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor 'squire travelling a-foot: and I have often heard, that she we call Fortune is a drunken, fickle female, and so blind withal, that

she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting."—"Sancho (answered the knight), thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned: I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but solely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune: I at least have been the maker of mine, though not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my presumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered that Rozinante's weakness could not resist the weight and magnitude of my adversary's horse: in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown, and though I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forget my integrity and the merit of fulfilling my promise: while I was a knight-errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian 'squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire fresh vigour and virtue to resume the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms."—"Signor (answered the 'squire), the pastime of trudging a-foot is not quite so pleasant as to move and instigate me to travel at a great pace; let us leave these arms of yours hanging like a malefactor on some tree; and then I, occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand; but to think that I can make long marches on foot is a vain supposition."—"Thou art in the right, Sancho (replied Don Quixote), let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree an inscription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando:

'Let him alone these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.'"

"A most excellent device! (cried the 'squire), and if it were not that we should feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante at the same time."—"Nevertheless (replied Don Quixote), neither Rozinante nor my arms will I suffer to be hung up; for it shall never be said of me, that a good service met with a bad remuneration."—"Your worship talks very much to the purpose (said Sancho); for, according to the opinion of wise men, the pannel ought not to suffer for the fault of the ass; and since your worship alone was to blame for the bad success of the last adventure, you ought to punish yourself only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already rusted arms, or upon the meekness of Rozinante; or, lastly, upon the tenderness of my feet, in desiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain."

In this conversation, and other such discourse, they passed that whole day, and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey: on the fifth, which was a holiday, they entered a village, where they saw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed, "One of these gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, shall decide our wager." The knight assuring them he would give his opinion freely and honestly as soon as he should be informed of the matter, the peasant replied, "Worthy signor, this here is the case: one of our townsmen, who is so fat and bulky that he weighs little less than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature not half so heavy, to run with him one hundred yards, with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was asked how the weight of both should be made equal, he insisted on the other's carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead."—"By no means (cried Sancho, interposing before his master could answer one word), to me who have been lately a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every dispute."—"Speak then in happy time, friend Sancho (said the knight); for my judgment is so confounded and disturbed that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat." With this permission Sancho, addressing himself to the peasants, who had assembled round him, and waited his decision with open mouths, "Brothers (said he), the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the least shadow of justice; for, if what all the world says be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reasonable that the said Loggerhead should pretend to choose such arms as may encumber his adversary and secure the victory to himself; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead the challenger shall scrape, shave, pare, polish, slice, and take away one hundred and fifty pounds weight of his own individual flesh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience; so that leaving the other moiety, which will be sufficient to counterbalance his antagonist, the parties may run with equal advantage."—"'Fore God! (cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wise decision), the gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon: but sure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much

less one hundred and fifty pounds of, his flesh." —"The best part of the joke (replied another peasant), is, that the match cannot be run; for Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himself; let us therefore spend the half of the money in treating these gentlemen at the tavern with some of the best wine, and when it rains let the shower fall upon my cloak."—"Gentlemen (said Don Quixote), I thank you for your invitation; but I really cannot tarry a moment; for melancholy thoughts and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occasion, and to travel faster than the ordinary pace." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and set on, leaving them astonished in consequence of having seen and observed the strange figure of the master and the sagacity of the servant, for such they supposed Sancho to be. One of them could not help saying, "If the servant is so wise, what must the master be? I'll lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, they will in a trice be created Alcaldes of the court; for it is nothing but children's play, studying and poring, and having interest and good luck; and when a man thinks least about the matter, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his head."

That night our adventurer and his squire passed in the middle of an open field, under the spacious cope of heaven; and next day proceeding on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or half pike in his hand, and a wallet on his back,—circumstances from which they judged he was a post or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaiming with marks of extraordinary satisfaction, "O my good Signor Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced when he knows your worship is returning to his castle, where he still continues with my lady duchess!"—"Friend (said the knight), I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unless you will be pleased to tell me."—"Signor Don Quixote (replied the courier), I am my lord duke's lacquey, Tosilos, who refused to fight with your worship concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter."—"God in heaven protect me! (cried the knight), is it possible that you are he whom my enemies the enchanters transformed into that same lacquey you mention, to deprive me of the glory of that combat?" "No more of that, worthy signor, (replied the post); there was no enchantment in the case, nor any sort of transformation; I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I entered the lists as when I left them. I thought the girl handsome, and therefore would have married her without fighting; but the event did not answer my expectation. Your worship was no sooner gone from the castle, than my lord duke ordered me to be severely bastinadoed, for having contradicted the instructions he had given me before I entered the lists; and this is the upshot of the whole affair; the girl is by this time a nun, Donna Rodrigues is gone back to Castile, and I am now bound for Barcelona with a packet of letters from his grace to the viceroy. If your worship is inclined to take a small draught of good wine, though not very cool, I have here a calabash full of the best, and some slices of Tronchon cheese, which will serve as provocatives and rousers of thirst, if perchance it should be asleep."—"Your invitation is accepted (cried Sancho); truce with your compliments, and skink away, honest Tosilos, maugre and in despite of all the enchanters of the Indies."—"Verily, Sancho (said Don Quixote), thou art the most insatiate glutton in the universe, and the most ignorant animal upon earth: but, as thou art not persuaded that this courier is enchanted, and no other than a counterfeit Tosilos, thou mayest tarry along with him and fill thy belly; and I will jog on at a slow pace until thou shalt overtake me." The lacquey smiled at his infatuation, unsheathed his calabash, unwalleted his cheese, and, producing a small loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the grass, where in peace and harmony they despatched and discussed the contents of the wallet with great perseverance and good-will, and even licked the packet, because it smelled of cheese. During the repast Tosilos said to the squire, "Doubtless, friend Sancho, thy master is bankrupt in common sense."—"How bankrupt! (answered Panza), he owes no man a farthing, but pays like a prince, especially where madness is the current coin: I see the matter plain enough, and tell him my opinion freely: but to what purpose? Now, indeed, he is going home in despair for having been vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos earnestly begged he would recount that adventure; but Sancho declined the task, observing, that it would be unmannerly to let his master wait for him; though at their next meeting he should have more leisure. He accordingly started up, and, shaking the crumbs from his garment and beard, bade adieu to Tosilos; then driving Dapple before him, soon came up with his master, whom he found waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAP. XV.

Of the resolution which Don Quixote took to become a shepherd and lead a pastoral life, until the term of his confinement should be elapsed, with other incidents truly entertaining.

If Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late mis-

fortune. Under the shade of a tree, as we have already observed, did he remain, and there he was stung with reflections that swarmed like flies about honey; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulsive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal disposition of Tosilos, "Is it possible, O Sancho (said the knight), that thou still believest that man to be the individual lacquey? One would think thou hadst forgot that thy own eyes have seen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco, by the wicked arts of those enchanters who persecute my virtue. But, tell me now, didst thou ask Tosilos how Providence hath disposed of Altisidora? hath she bewailed my absence, or already consigned to oblivion those amorous thoughts by which she was tormented during my residence at the castle?"—"My thoughts (answered Sancho), were not such as allowed me to ask these childish questions. Body o' me! signor, is your worship at present in a condition to inquire about other people's thoughts, especially those you call amorous?"—"Sancho (said the knight), you must consider there is a wide difference between the suggestions of love and those of gratitude; a gentleman may very well be insensible to love; but, strictly speaking, he can never be ungrateful. Altisidora, in all appearance, loved me to distraction; she, as thou very well knowest, made me a present of three night-caps; she bewailed my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach, and, in spite of maiden shame, complained of me in public,—undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for the indignation of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treasures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knights-errant are, like those of the fairies, altogether phantom and illusion; all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remissness in delaying to scourge and chastise that flesh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; seeing thou seemest more inclined to reserve it for the worms, than to use it in behalf of that poor distressed lady."—"Signor (answered the 'squire), if the truth must be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my posteriors can have any effect in disenchanting those who are enchanted, no more than if we should anoint the shins to cure the head-ache: at least, I will venture to swear, that in all the histories your worship has read concerning knight-errantry, you have never found that any person was disenchanted by such a whipping: but be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience, and inclination, to make free with my own flesh."—"God grant thou mayest (said Don Quixote): and Heaven give thee grace to understand and be sensible of the obligation thou liest under to assist my mistress, who, as thou art mine, is thine also."

With such conversation they amused themselves in travelling, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote recognizing the ground, "This is the meadow (said he), where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant swains, who sought to renew and re-act the pastoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious; in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve of the scheme, we will assume the garb and employment of shepherds during the term of our retirement. I will purchase some sheep, together with all the necessary implements of a pastoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou shalt bear that of the swain Pancino, we will stroll about through mountains, woods, and meadows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking liquid crystal from the gelid springs, the limpid rills, and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardest cork trees will yield us seats; the willows will afford us shade; the rose perfume; the extended meadow carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure serenity of air will give us breath; the moon and stars will grant us light in spite of darkness; our singing will inspire delight; our lamentations mirth; Apollo, verses; and Love himself conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the present age, but also to the latest posterity."—"Odds tens! (cried Sancho), such a life will square, ay, and be the very corner-stone of my wishes: the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber, as soon as they have a glimpse of it, will wish to join us in the scheme, and turn shepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himself may not take it in his head to enter the fold: for he is a merry companion, and a great friend to good fellowship."—"Thou hast a very good notion (said the knight); and if the bachelor shall be inclined to join our pastoral association, as he doubtless will, he may take the appellation of the shepherd Sansonino, or of the swain Carrascon: Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except some derivative from his own name, such as the shepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs of whom we must be enamoured, there is plenty of names to choose; but seeing that of my mistress will suit as well with a shepherdess as with a princess, I need not give myself the trouble to invent any other that might

be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistress what appellation will please thy own fancy."—" I have no intention (replied the 'squire), to give her any other than that of Teresona, which will fit her fatness to a hair, as well as be agreeable to her own name Teresa; especially as in celebrating her in verse, I shall disclose my chaste desires, without going in search of fine bread in a neighbour's house: the curate would be in the wrong to choose a shepherdess, because he ought to set a good example to his flock; and as for the bachelor, if he has any such inclination, let him please his own soul without let or control."

" Good Heaven! friend Sancho (said Don Quixote), what a life we shall lead! how will our ears be regaled with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, tambourines, timbrels, and rebecs! and if these different kinds of music be reinforced with the sound of the albogues, we shall have a full concert of all the pastoral instruments."—" And pray, what are the albogues? (said Sancho), I never saw nor heard them named before in the whole course of my life."—" Albogues (answered the knight), are plates of brass resembling candlesticks, the hollow parts of which being clashed together, produce a sound, if not ravishing or harmonious, at least not disagreeable, nor unsuited to the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. The name of albogues is Moorish, as are all the words in our language beginning with al; for example, Almoaca, Almorcar, Alhombra, Alguazil, Alucima, Almacen, Alcanzia, and a few others; and we have only three Moorish words ending in i, namely, Borcegui, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; as for Altheli and Alfaqui, they are known to be Arabic, as well from their beginning with al, as for their ending in i; these observations I have made by the bye, in consequence of having mentioned albogues, which recalled them to my remembrance. But to return to our scheme; nothing will conduce so much to the perfection of it as my having a talent for versification, as thou very well knowest, and the bachelor's being an excellent poet. Of the curate I shall say nothing; though I would lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical; and that my master Nicholas is in the same fashion I do not at all doubt; for people of his profession are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitar. For my own part I will complain of absence: thou wilt extol the constancy of thy own love; the swain Carracon will lament the disdain of his mistress; the curate Curiambro choose his own subject; and every thing proceed in such a manner as to fulfil the warmest wishes."

To this effusion Sancho replied, " Verily, signor, I am such an unlucky wretch, that I am afraid the time will never come when I shall see myself in that blessed occupation. O what delicate wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! O what crumbs and cream shall I devour! O what garlands and pastoral nick-nacks shall I contrive! and though these may not, perhaps, add much to my reputation for wisdom, they will not fail to convince the world of my ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica shall bring our victuals to the fold; but, 'ware mischief! the wench is buxom: and there are some shepherds more knavish than simple: I would not have her come out for wool and go home shorn. Those same amours and unruly desires are gratified in the open field as well as in the city-chamber, in a shepherd's cot as well as in a royal palace. The sin will cease when the temptation is removed: The heart will not grieve for what the eye does not perceive; and what prayers ne'er can gain, a leap from an hedge will obtain."—" No more of your proverbs, Sancho (said Don Quixote); any one of those thou hast repeated is sufficient to explain thy meaning; and I have often exhorted thee to be less prodigal of old saws, and keep them more under command: but I see it is like preaching to the desert: and My mother whips me, and I scourge the top."—" Under correction (answered the 'squire), your worship, methinks, is like the frying-pan which called to the pot, Avaunt, black-a-moor, avaunt! Even in the very act of rebuking me for uttering proverbs, your worship strings them together in pairs."—" But then, you must consider, Sancho (said Don Quixote), that when I use them, they are seasonably brought in, and fit the purpose as the ring fits the finger: whereas, by thee they are not brought in, but lugged in as it were by the head and shoulders. If my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are short sentences extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient sages; and a proverb unseasonably introduced is rather an absurdity than a judicious apothegm. But let us quit the subject, and, as the day is already spent, retire from the highway to some place where we may pass the night; for God alone knows what will be to-morrow."

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre comforts of chivalry, so uncomfortably discussed among woods and mountains: though his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Moreno: but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved for the present to sleep, while his master indulged his contemplations awake.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the bristly adventure in which Don Quixote was involved.

The night was a little dark; for although the moon was in the heavens, she was invisible to the people of our hemisphere, Madam Diana having taken a trip to the antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated, and our valleys obscured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his first sleep, without indulging himself in a second, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never desired a second, because the first always lasted from night till morning,—a sure sign of little care and an excellent constitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered so much with his repose, that he wakened his 'squire, to whom he said, "I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy disposition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate brass, unsusceptible of sentiment or emotion. I watch whilst thou art snoring; I weep whilst thou art singing; I faint with fasting, whilst thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating! It is the province of a good servant to sympathize with his master's pain, and to share his anguish, even for the sake of decorum. Observe the serenity of the sky and the solitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermission in our repose. I conjure thee by thy life to rise and go aside to some proper place, where, with good-will and grateful inclination, thou mayest conveniently inflict upon thyself three or four hundred stripes, on account of Dulcinea's enchantment; and this favour I humbly request, without any intention to try again the strength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robust: after the performance of that task, we will pass the remainder of the night in harmony; I in singing the torments of absence, and thou in chanting the constancy of thy passion; and thus will we begin the pastoral life which we are to lead at our own village."—"Signor (answered the 'squire), I am no monk to rise and discipline my flesh in the middle of the night; nor do I think the extremity of pain is such a provocative to music: I therefore desire your worship will let me take out my nap, without pressing me farther to scourge myself, lest I should grow desperate, and solemnly swear never to whip the nap of my garment, much less an hair of my skin."—"Soul of a savage! flinty-hearted 'squire! (cried Don Quixote): O ill-bestowed bread! O ill-requited benefits, intended or conferred! By my means wast thou created governor; and through me alone dost thou now enjoy the near prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the accomplishment of thy wishes be retarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, *Post tenebras spero lucem.*"—"Your conclusion (said Sancho), I do not understand; but well I know, that while I sleep I am troubled neither with fear nor hope, nor toil nor glory; and praise be to Him who invented sleep, which is the mantle that shrouds all human thoughts; the food that dispels hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms the cold; the cool breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchases every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the shepherd even with his sovereign, and the simple with the sage: there is only one bad circumstance, as I have heard, in sleep; it resembles death; inasmuch as between a dead corpse and a sleeping man there is no apparent difference."—"Truly, Sancho (said the knight), I never heard thee talk so elegantly before, whence I perceive the truth of the proverb which thou hast often repeated, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed."—"Odds my life! sir master of mine (cried Sancho), I am not the only person who strings proverbs: they fall from your worship's mouth in couples, faster than from mine; indeed there is some difference; for your worship's proverbs come at a proper time, whereas mine are always out of season; but, nevertheless, they are all proverbs."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded, when they heard a dull confused noise, intermingled with very harsh sounds, that seemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately started up and unsheathed his sword; while the 'squire squatted down under Dapple, fencing himself on each side with his master's armour and the pannel of the ass, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was astonished; for the noise increased every moment as the cause of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trembler, for the other's valour and courage are well known. The case, in fact, was this:—Some dealers were driving about six hundred hogs to a fair, and, as they travelled in the night, the noise of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made such a din as almost deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of such an uproar. Meanwhile, the numerous grunting herd advanced, and without shewing the least respect to the authority of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran over them in a twinkling, demolished the barricadoes of the 'squire, and trampled down not only the master, but also his steed Rozinante; the thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of those unclean animals, throwing every thing in confusion, and strewing the master and the man, the horse and the ass, the pannel and the armour, along the ground. Sancho getting up as well as he could, demanded his master's sword, in order to sacrifice half a dozen of these discourteous gentlemen porkers; for by this time he had discovered what they were: but the knight refused to grant his request, saying, "Let them pass, friend Sancho;

this affront is the punishment of my crime; and the just chastisement of Heaven inflicted upon a vanquished knight is, that he should be devoured by dogs, stung by wasps, and trampled upon by swine."—"At that rate then (replied the 'squire), the chastisement which Heaven inflicts upon 'squires of vanquished knights-errant is, that they shall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and assaulted by famine: if we 'squires were sons of the knights we serve, or even their near relations, it would be no great wonder if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation: but what affinity is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes? At present let us put things to rights again, so that we may sleep out the remainder of the night, and we shall be in better plight when God sends us a new day."—"Enjoy thy repose (said Don Quixote); thou wast born to sleep and I to watch; and during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind."—"In my opinion (answered the 'squire), your thoughts could not be very troublesome and unruly, if they gave you leisure to make couplets; but, however, your worship may couple as many as you please, and I will sleep as much as I can." So saying, he chose his ground, on which he huddled himself up, and enjoyed a most profound sleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, surety, or any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned against a beech or cork tree; for Cid Hamet Benengeli has not distinguished the genus; and to the music of his own sighs sung the following stanzas:

O cruel love! when I endure
The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,
I fly to death, the only cure
For such immensity of woe.

But, when I touch the peaceful goal,
The port secure from storms of strife,
The sight revives my drooping soul,
I cannot enter for my life.

Thus life exhausts my vital flame,
But death still keeps the spark alive;
O wond'rous fate! unknown to fame!
That life should kill, and death revive.

Every verse he accompanied with a multitude of sighs, and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been transpierced with grief for his overthrow and the absence of Dulcinea. In this situation he was found by the day, when Phœbus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the 'squire awoke, yawned, turned, stretched his lazy limbs, and surveying the havoc which the swine had made in his store, he bitterly cursed the whole herd; ay, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two proceeded in their journey, and towards the close of the afternoon descried about ten men on horseback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them,—a sight which made the knight's heart throb with surprise, and the 'squire's with terror; for this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hostile manner. Don Quixote turning to his 'squire, "Sancho (said he), if I could now exercise my arms, and my hands were not tied by a solemn promise, I would look upon that machine which comes upon us with contempt, as so much cake and gingerbread; but perhaps it may be something else than we apprehend." He had scarce pronounced these words, when the horsemen coming up, and couching their lances, surrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breast, seemed to threaten immediate death and destruction; while one of those on foot, laying his finger on his mouth as a signal for him to be silent, seized Rosinante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The rest of the footpads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and while a wonderful silence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to ask whither they conducted him, and what they wanted; but scarce had he begun to move his lips, when they threatened to shut them for ever with the points of their spears. The same menaces were practised upon Sancho, who no sooner expressed a desire to be talking, than he was pricked in the posteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the same fate, as if he too had made a motion to speak, like his master.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increased in proportion as the darkness deepened, especially as their guard pronounced from time to time, "Despatch, ye Troglodytes! silence, ye barbarians! now ye shall suffer, ye anthropophagi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses! ye carnivorous lions and beasts of prey." With these and other such appellations, they tormented the ears of the miserable master and the forlorn Sancho, who said within himself, "Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry puff a jay! City hens! and Paulfamouses! these are fine names with a vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the mischief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I wish this misventurous adventure, that threatens so dismally, may end in nothing worse!" As for Don Quixote he was utterly astonished and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and those reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude that no good, but a great deal of mischief,

was to be expected. In this state of anxious suspense he continued till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a castle, which the knight immediately recognising to be the duke's habitation, where he had so lately resided, "Good Heaven! (cried he), where will this adventure end! surely this is the dwelling-place of politeness and hospitality; but to those who are vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad to worse." This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the castle, which was decorated in a strange manner, that increased their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the most singular and strange adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the whole course of this sublime history.

The horsemen alighting, with the assistance of those who were on foot, snatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them hastily into the court of the castle, round which above a hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridores of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers, shining with such a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raised about two yards from the ground, and covered with a spacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the steps that led up to it, above an hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, whose beauty was such as rendered death itself beautiful: her head was raised on a cushion of brocade, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were crossed upon her breast, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated two personages whom their crowns and sceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furnished with steps, two other chairs, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were seated by their captors, who still maintained their former silence, the observance of which they likewise recommended by signs to our hero and his 'squire; though these injunctions were altogether superfluous; for their astonishment at what they saw had effectually tied their tongues; and, indeed, how could they help being astonished at sight of this apparatus, considering too, that by this time the knight had discovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beauteous Altisidora? At this juncture, two noble personages, with a numerous retinue, ascended the theatre, and seated themselves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers, the duke and duchess, rose up and bowed with great veneration; and their graces, rising also, returned the compliment with a slight inclination of the head. And now an officer crossing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire; at the same time pulling off his cap, he put upon his head one of those pasteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and in a whisper advised him to keep his lips sewed together, unless he had a mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot, and saw his robe in flames; but as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing; he then took off his mitre, and perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, set it on his head again, saying to himself, "As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away with me, I am very well satisfied." Don Quixote likewise surveyed the 'squire, and, although his reflection was still disturbed with fear and suspense, could not help smiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable sound of flutes seemed to issue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for here silence itself kept silence, produced a very soft and pleasing melody. Then all of a sudden a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, appeared close by the cushion on which the seemingly dead body reposed, and to the sound of the harp on which he himself played, with a sweet harmonious voice he sung the two following stanzas:—

Till fair Altisidora, slain
By Quixote's cruelty, return;
And all the enchanted female train
Her hapless fate in sackcloth mourn;
Until duennas clad in bays
Appear in presence of her grace,
I'll celebrate the nymph in lays
That would not shame the bard of Thrace.

Nor shall thy beauty fade unsung,
When life forsakes my gelid veins;
My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue
In death shall raise immortal strains.
My soul, when freed from cumb'rous clay,
Her flight o'er Stygian waves shall take;
And while on Lethe's banks I stray,
My song shall charm th' oblivious lake.

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings, who said, "Enough, divine songster; it would be an infinite task to describe the death and beauties of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ignorant world imagines, but alive in the voice of fame, and in

the penance which Sancho Panza here present must undergo, in order to restore her to the light she has lost; and therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest with me in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately acquainted with all the determinations of the inscrutable Fates, touching the revival of this damsel, relate and declare them without loss of time, that we may no longer delay that happiness which we expect from her recovery."

Scarce had Minos pronounced those words, when his fellow-judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying, "So ho, ye ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come hither one by one, and mark the face, the arm, and loins of Sancho with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen of pinches, and half a dozen pricks with a pin: for upon this execution depends the revival of Altisidora." Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence, and exclaimed aloud, "I vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk, than allow my face to be marked, or my flesh to be handled, in any such manner! Body o' me! what has the pinching of my face to do with the resurrection of that damsel? The old woman has got a liquorish tooth, and she is still licking her fingers, forsooth. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be scourged for the disenchantment of her ladyship: Altisidora is dead by the hand of God, and, in order to bring her to life, I must suffer two dozen of tweaks; my body must be pinked into a sieve with large pins, and my arms pinched into all the colours of the rainbow! Such jokes may pass upon a brother-in-law; but I am an old dog, and will not be coaxed with a crust."—"Then thou shalt die (cried Rhadamanthus, with an audible voice): tame that savage heart of thine, thou tiger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod! suffer and be silent: we ask not impossibilities, and therefore thou must not pretend to examine the difficulties of this affair: tweaked thou shalt be; pinked shalt thou find thyself, and pinched until thy groans declare thine anguish. So ho, I say, ye ministers, execute my command, or, by the faith of an honest man, you shall see for what you were born."

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court-yard in procession, one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these matrons than he began to bellow like a bull, exclaiming, "I might have allowed myself to be handled by all the world besides, but that duennas should touch me, I will by no means consent! they may cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle: they may run me through the guts with daggers of steel: they may tear the flesh off my arms with red-hot pincers; all these tortures will I bear patiently, for the service of these noble persons: but I say again, the devil shall fly away with me before I suffer a duenna to lay a finger on my carcass!" Then Don Quixote, addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms: "Exert thy patience, my son, for the satisfaction of these noble personages, and give thanks to Heaven which hath endued thy person with such virtue, that by the martyrdom of thy flesh, the enchanted are delivered from enchantment, and even the dead revived."

By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho, who, being softened and persuaded, seated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well-planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsy. "Less courtesy, less anointing, good madam duenna (cried the 'squire); for, by the Lord, your fingers smack of vinegar!" In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family: but what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than, starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas and all the rest of his executioners, crying, "Avaunt, ye ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, to be insensible to such torture." At this instant Altisidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed, as if with one voice, "Altisidora moves, Altisidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altisidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying, "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, and no longer my 'squire! now is the time to inflict upon thyself some of those lashes thou art obliged to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time, when thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy sufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance." To this apostrophe the 'squire replied, "This is reel upon reel, and not honey upon pancakes: scourging, to be sure, is a very agreeable dessert to a dish of twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great stone about my neck, and toss me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people: either let me live in peace, or, before God! all shall out, sell or not sell."

By this time Altisidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the waits beginning

o play, were accompanied by the music of lutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who xclaimed, "Live Altisidora! Altisidora live!" The duke and duchess, together with Minos nd Rhadamanthus, rising from their seats, and eing joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went o receive this young lady, and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and, inclining her head towards the duke and duchess and the two kings, darted a sidelong glance to Don Quixote, saying, "God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thousand years in the other world! but as for thee, thou most compassionate 'squire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayest command six of my shifts to be converted into shirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at least they are white and clean. Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his servants to take away those badges of disgrace, and restore his own cap and coat, the 'squire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the duchess replied, "That he might keep these testimonials: for he knew how much she was his friend."

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and 'squire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which follows the preceding, and treats of matters that must be disclosed, in order to make the history the more intelligible and distinct.

Sancho slept that night in a truckle-bed, in the apartment of Don Quixote,—a circumstance which he would have waived, if possible, because he well knew his master would keep him awake with questions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for the pain of his past sufferings kept them still present in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its usual freedom; and he would have much rather slept alone in a hut, than in the richest chamber thus accompanied. His apprehension was so true and his suspicion so just, that scarce had his master committed his body to the bed, when he accosted the 'squire in these words: "What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous disdain, as thou hast seen with thy own eyes Altisidora dead—not by the shaft, or sword, or warlike instrument, or mortal poison, but solely by the reflection of that rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her advances."—"She might have died in good time, when and how she thought proper (cried Sancho), and left me quiet at my own house, seeing I never treated her either with love or disdain in the whole course of my life; for my own part, I neither know nor can I conceive, as I have formerly observed, what the health or life of such a whimsical girl as Altisidora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza; but now at length I can clearly and distinctly perceive that this world actually abounds with enchanters and enchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, since I cannot deliver myself: in the meantime, I humbly beseech your worship to let me sleep, without farther question, if you have not a mind to see me throw myself out of the window."—"Sleep then, friend Sancho (said the knight), if thou canst enjoy the benefit of slumber, after the pinching, twitching, and pricking thou hast undergone."—"No pain is comparable to that of the twitching (replied the 'squire); for no other reason but because it was inflicted by duennas, whom God in heaven confound. I again entreat your worship to leave me to my repose; for sleep is a remedy for those miseries which we feel when awake."—"Be it so (said the knight), and the Lord make thy sleep refreshing."

While these two are left to their repose, Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, takes occasion to explain the motives that induced the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of the adventure above related. He says, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco still remembering how, as Knight of the Mirrors, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole design blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat, he resolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better success; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and present to Sancho's wife Teresa Panza, he purchased a new suit of armour, and a horse, ordered a white moon to be painted on his shield, and fastened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old 'squire Tom Cecial, lest he should be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he set out for the duke's castle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to assist at the tournament in Saragossa. His grace likewise gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's disenchantment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had

practised on his master, in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; as how also my lady duchess had persuaded the 'squire that Dulcinea was really and truly enchanted and transformed, and he himself the person that was mistaken and deceived,—particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the bachelor, who could not help admiring afresh the mixture of archness and simplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madness of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way, and communicate his success, whether he should be vanquished or victor. Sampson having promised to comply with his request, set out in quest of our knight; and as he did not find him in Saragossa, proceeded to Barcelona, where he met with the adventure we have already related in its proper place: then he returned to the duke's castle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement and the conditions of the combat; in consequence of which, Don Quixote was already on his return, to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which the bachelor said he might possibly be cured of his madness. He declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner; as it was a thousand pities, that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote. He ordered a great number of his people on horseback and a-foot, to scour the country far and near, and a patrole through every road by which he thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who, having already preconcerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altisidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described, which was so naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those who were joked, and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers' breadth of lunacy; seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen, one of whom the new day found sleeping at full snore, and the other watching over his disastrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altisidora, who, in the knight's opinion, had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomposed our hero to such a degree, that he shrunk within his nest, in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Meanwhile, Altisidora, sitting down upon a chair at his bed's head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone: "When women of fashion, and damsels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets which their hearts conceal, their condition must be desperate indeed. I am one of those, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; sorely hampered, vanquished, and enamoured, but withal so patient and modest, that my soul broke through my silence, and I lost my life: in consequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at least supposed to be dead by those who saw me; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not deposited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy 'squire, I should have remained for ever in the other world."—"Love (said Sancho), might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my ass, and I should have thanked him for it heartily: but pray, madam, tell me, so may Heaven send you a kinder lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? What is going forward in hell? for surely those who die in despair must go to that baiting-place."—"To tell you the truth (answered Altisidora), I could not be quite dead, seeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no farther than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same at their wrists, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire; but what I chiefly admired was, that instead of balls they made use of books, which seemed to be filled with wind and flocks,—a circumstance equally new and surprising; and yet there was another particular, which still increased my astonishment: for, whereas among the gamesters of this world, it is natural for

the winners to be merry, and for the losers to be sad, in that diabolical pastime all the players growled and grumbled and cursed one another."—"That is not to be wondered at (replied the 'squire); for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content."—"That must certainly be the case (answered Altisidora); but there was likewise another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean at which I then wondered; namely, that after the first toss, the ball was useless, and could not be used a second time; so that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of these, which was finely gilt and lettered, they bestowed such a violent stroke, that the guts flew out in scattered leaves."—"What book is that?" said one devil to his fellow. The other answered that it was the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, composed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himself a native of Tordesillas. "Away with it! (cried the first), plunge it into the lowest abyss of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again."—"What! is it so bad?" said the second. "So very bad (replied the other), that if I myself had endeavoured to make it worse, it would not have been in my power. They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate book; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, endeavoured to retain the vision in my memory."—"A vision it must have been without all doubt (said Don Quixote); for there is no other I in the whole world; and as for that history, it is bandied from hand to hand, without finding a resting-place; and every body has a fling at the author: nor am I in the least mortified to hear that I wander like a fantastic shadow through the dark abodes of hell, as well as through the enlightened mansions of this globe, as I am not the person recorded in that history, which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentic, would live for ages; but, being fasle and execrable, as it is, there will be no great distance between its birth and burial."

Altisidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when she was prevented by the knight, who said with great solemnity, "I have often told you, madam, that I am sorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks: I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso, and the Fates, if such there be, have consecrated me for her service; so that to imagine any other beauty shall ever occupy the place which she possesses in my heart, is to suppose a mere impossibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, seeing no man is obliged to perform impossibilities." Altisidora, in consequence of this repulse, assumed an air of indignation, and, in an affected transport of rage, exclaimed, "How now, Don Stock-fish! soul of a mortar! stone of a date! more positive and obstinate than a courted peasant when his arrow hath chanced to hit the mark; by the Lord! if I once fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don beaten and cudgelled, are you such a wiseacre as to suppose I died for love of you? All you have seen this last night was pure fiction; for I am not the woman to have a finger-ach, much less to die for such a camel."—"O' my conscience! I believe what you say (cried Sancho); that of dying for love is a most ridiculous affair: your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying; but that they will actually give up the ghost, Judas may believe it for me."

During this conversation, the musician and poet, who had sung the two stanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, saying, "Sir knight, I beg you will esteem and reckon me among the number of your most humble servants; for many days have elapsed since I have conceived the warmest affection for your person, from the fame of your character and achievements." When Don Quixote desired to know who he was, that he might respect him according to his merit, he answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the preceding night. "Assuredly your voice is extremely sweet (said the knight); but, methinks, the verses you sung were not much to the purpose; for what affinity is there between the stanzas of Garcilasso and the death of this young lady?"—"Your worship must not wonder at that impropriety (answered the musician); it is a common practice among the beardless poets of this age to write what they will, and steal from whom they please to pillage, whether it be or be not to the purpose, and every absurdity that occurs in their singing or writing they attribute to the *licentia poetica*."

Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and duchess, who came to visit him in his chamber, and a long diverting conversation ensued, in the course of which Sancho uttered so many humorous sallies and satirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteness and simplicity. As for the knight, he humbly requested that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquished knights, like him, should live in hog-sties than in sumptuous palaces. They graciously complied with his request, and when the duchess inquired if Altisidora had as yet acquired his good graces, "Your grace must know (said he), that damsel's distemper wholly proceeds from idleness, which may be easily cured by continual and decent occupation: she tells me it is the fashion in hell to wear lace, and as she knows how to make it, let the work never be out of her hand,

which being employed in moving the bobbins, the idea or ideas of what she loves will no longer move in her imagination: and this is the truth, the substance of my opinion, and the marrow of my advice."—"Ay, and of mine too (cried Sancho); for never in my born days did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at that work run more upon the finishing of their tasks than upon the idle fancies of love; and, for myself, I can safely say, that while I am digging in the field, I never so much as dream of my duck; I mean my wife Teresa Panza, whom I love as the apple of mine eye."—"You talk like an oracle, Sancho (said the duchess): and I will take care that, from this day forward, Altisidora shall be employed in some plain work, which she understands to perfection."—"Your ladyship shall not need to use any such expedient (replied Altisidora); for the consideration of the cruelty with which I have been used by that felonious monster will blot him effectually from my remembrance, without any other assistance; and, in the meantime, with your grace's permission, I will retire, that I may no longer have before my eyes—I will not say his rueful countenance, but his frightful and abominable aspect."—"These reproaches (said the duke), put me in mind of the old observation, that scolding among lovers is the next neighbour to forgiveness."

Altisidora, making a show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped a low curtsy to her lord and lady, and withdrew; and Sancho sending after her an earnest look, "Poor damsel (cried he); I can bequeath—bequeath thee nothing, I say, but bad luck, seeing thou hast placed thine affection upon a soul of rush, and an heart of oak; had it lighted upon me, another sort of a cock would have crowed thy fortune."

Thus the conversation ended; Don Quixote put on his clothes, dined with the duke and duchess, and set out that same evening for his own habitation.

CHAP. XIX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his 'Squire in their journey to their own village.

The perplexed and vanquished Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, though greatly rejoiced on another: his melancholy was occasioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the consideration of that virtue inherent in his 'squire, which he had seen demonstrated in the resurrection of Altisidora, though he had some scruples in persuading himself that the enamoured damsel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no sort of pleasure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altisidora had failed in performing her promise touching the present of the shifts; and his imagination dwelling upon this circumstance, he said to his master, "Truly, signor, I must certainly be the most unfortunate physician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many leeches, who, though they kill their patients, insist upon being paid for their trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and signing a list of medicines upon a scrap of paper; for the apothecary makes up the prescription, and so the farce is acted; whereas I receive not a doit though I cure other people's maladies at the expense of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, lashes, and drops of blood; but I vow to God! if any other patients are put into my hands, they shall be well anointed before I undertake the cure; for, The abbot chants but to supply his wants: and I cannot believe that Heaven hath bestowed such virtue upon me, in order that I should throw it away upon the undeserving."—"Thou art in the right, friend Sancho (replied Don Quixote); and Altisidora is much to blame in having withheld the promised shifts, although thy virtue is *gratis data*, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal torture; for my own part, I can say, that if thou hadst demanded payment for the disenchanting stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction; though I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine; nevertheless I do not think that the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money which is in thy own hands."

At this proposal the 'squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and, resolving in his heart to scourge himself with good-will, answered in these words: "Ay, now, signor, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship's desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit; and I own my regard for my poor wife and children makes me seem a little selfish. Pray, what will your worship please to give for every stripe?"—"Were I to pay thee, Sancho (said the knight), according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosi would not afford a sufficient recompense: but see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lash."—"The number of stripes to be given (answered the 'squire), amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lash at a quarter of a rial, and I would not bait a doit though

the whole world should desire me, the sum will be three thousand three hundred quartillos; the three thousand quartillos make fifteen hundred half rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials, and the other three hundred quartillos make one hundred and fifty half rials, which are equal to seventy-five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, though well scourged; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts: and I will say no more upon the subject."—"O, blessed Sancho; O, lovely Sancho! (cried Don Quixote); Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall permit us to live, provided she shall retrieve her lost form: and in this hope we cannot possibly be mistaken; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider when thou wilt begin this discipline; towards the speedy performance of which I add another hundred rials."—"When? (replied the 'squire); this very night without fail: if your worship will take care to choose our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own carcass."

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unusual length; like those lovers whose desires ever outstrip the career of time.

In the evening, they betook themselves to the covert of some pleasant trees at a little distance from the highway, and, vacating the saddle of Rozinante, and the pannel of the ass, sat down together upon the grass, and supped upon the store contained in the wallet of Sancho, who, forming a strong and flexible scourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his master. The knight seeing him withdraw so brisk and resolute, "Beware, friend Sancho (said he), of scourging thyself to pieces; perform thy discipline at leisure; let the stripes follow one another in a regular succession, and do not run so fast as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career; I mean, do not lash thyself so severely as to destroy thy own life before the number be completed; and, that thou mayest not lose it by a card too many, or too few, I will stand aside and count the stripes upon my rosary.—Mayest thou enjoy the protection of Heaven, which thy Christian intention so richly deserves."—"A good paymaster needs no bail (answered the 'squire): I intend to scourge myself in such a manner as will mortify my flesh, without any hazard of my life; for in that medium the substance of the miracle must consist." He forthwith stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and, snatching the scourge, began to whip himself, while his master reckoned the stripes. About half a dozen or eight lashes had Sancho bestowed upon himself, when he found the joke very expensive, and the reward dog cheap; and suspending the instrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for every one of these stripes was worth half a rial instead of a quartillo. "Proceed, friend Sancho, without dismay (replied Don Quixote), and I will double the allowance."—"At that rate (replied the 'squire), to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain lashes." But the cunning knave no longer made application to his own shoulders, in lieu of which he began to scourge the trees, venting, between whiles, such dismal groans as seemed to tear his very soul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderness of his own disposition, being apprehensive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of consequence defeat the purpose of his flagellation by his imprudence, exclaimed, "I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the business rest where it now stands: the medicine seems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leisurely; for Zamora was not taken in one hour. Above a thousand stripes hast thou already inflicted upon thyself, if my reckoning is just, and these shall suffice for the present; for, if I may use a vulgar expression, though the load must lie over the ass, he must not be overloaded."—"No, no, signor (replied Sancho), they shall never say of me, when money's paid before it is due, a broken limb will straight ensue. Pray stand aside a little, signor, and let me lay on another thousand, if you please; two such bouts will perform the bargain, and leave something to boot."—"Since thou findest thyself in such an excellent frame and disposition (said the knight), Heaven protect thee; stick to the stuff, and I shall withdraw." Sancho, resuming his task and reckoning, had already disbarked a number of trees with the rigorous application of his scourge, when, bestowing a dreadful stroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation, "Here, Sampson, shalt thou die with all thine abettors." Don Quixote, hearing this dismal ejaculation, and the terrible sound of the stroke, ran up to the spot, and seizing the twisted halter that Sancho used instead of a bull's pizzle, "Fate (said he), friend Sancho, will not permit that for my pleasure thou shouldst lose that life on which the sustenance of thy wife and family must depend. Dulcinea shall wait for a more favourable conjuncture, and I will contain myself within the limits of the nearest hope, until thou shalt recover new strength to conclude this affair to the satisfaction of all parties."—"Since your worship is so inclined (answered the 'squire), so be it in happy

time; and pray, good signor, throw your cloak about my shoulders; for I am all in a sweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is so often the case with new disciplinants." The knight, in compliance with his request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the sun; then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for such it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a castle furnished with a fossée, turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment hung with old painted serge, instead of tapestry, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by his presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dido and Æneas, the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed, of these two history pieces, that Helen shewed no marks of compulsion; but rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile: whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote having considered both pictures, "These two ladies (said he), were most unfortunate, because they did not live in this our age; and I above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered these gentlemen, Troy had ne'er been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing Paris only, I should have prevented such disasters."—"I'll lay a wager (said Sancho), that in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and barber's shop in the kingdom will be ornamented with pictures containing the history of our achievements; but I should be glad to see them painted by a better workman than him who made these daubings."—"Thou art in the right (replied Don Quixote); he that painted these pieces is just such another as Orbaneja, a painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he was about, answered, just as it happens; and, if he chanced to represent a cock, he wrote under it, this is a cock, that it might not be mistaken for a fox. Such a person, I suppose, is that same painter or author; for it is the same thing, who ushered into the world the lately-published history of the new Don Quixote; for he has painted or described whatever came uppermost; or, perhaps, he resembles an old court poet called Mauleon, who pretended to answer every question extempore; and being one day asked the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, replied, *de dude diere*.* But, waiving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art resolved to take the other turn to-night, and whether thou wouldst choose to go to work under an humble roof, or beneath the high canopy of heaven?"—"Fore God! signor (replied the 'squire), as to what I intend to take, it matters not much whether it be taken within doors or without: nevertheless, I should choose to go to work among trees; for they seem to accompany and assist me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application."—"But it must not be so at present, friend Sancho (answered the knight); in order to recruit your strength, the execution shall be postponed until we arrive at our own village, which we shall reach the day after to-morrow, at farthest." Sancho said he might take his own way, though he himself should be glad to despatch the business, now he was warm, and while the mill was a-going; for delay breeds danger; and we ought still to be doing while to God we are suing: I will give thee, is good; but here take it, is better: a sparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing."—"No more proverbs, Sancho, for the love of God! (cried the knight), thou seemest to be returning to *sicut erat*. Speak plainly and perspicuously without such intricate mazes, as I have often advised thee, and thou wilt find thyself one loaf per cent. in pocket."—"I am so unlucky (answered the 'squire), that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb that I do not think a good reason; but I will mend if I can!" And here the conversation ended for that time.

CHAP. XX.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's arrival at his own habitation.

That whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finish his whipping task in the open field, and the other hoped to see the accomplishment of that discipline on which depended the accomplishment of his desire. In the meantime a gentleman on horseback arrived at the door, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, "Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the afternoon in this house; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote hearing this address, "Hark ye, Sancho (said he), when I glanced over the second part of my history, I am very

* *Wherever it may hit*,—an answer that has no affinity with the question, but the faint resemblance of sound.

much mistaken if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe."—"Very likely (replied the 'squire), first let him alight, and then we can ask questions." Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and was ornamented with the same kind of paintings which we have already described. This newcome cavalier, laying aside his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and spacious, where seeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, asked, in a courteous manner, which way his worship was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood; and in his turn expressed a desire of knowing the direction of the stranger's course. "Signor (said the cavalier), I am travelling to Grenada, which is my native country."—"And a good country it is (replied Don Quixote); but will your worship be so good as to tell me your name, which I believe is of more importance to me to know than I can well explain."—"My name (said the stranger), is Don Alvaro Tarfe."—"Without doubt then (replied the knight), you must be the gentleman mentioned in the second part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author."—"The very same (answered the cavalier): Don Quixote, the principal character of that history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine: I brought him from his own habitation; at least I persuaded him to assist at the tournament of Saragossa, whither I was going, and where I really and truly did him signal services; and particularly saved his back from being very roughly handled by the hangman, for his excessive impudence and knavery."—"And pray, Signor Don Alvaro, is there any resemblance between me and that Don Quixote whom your worship mentions?" said the knight. "No, surely; none at all," replied the stranger. "Is that Don Quixote attended by a 'squire called Sancho Panza?" resumed our hero. "Yes, he is (answered the other); and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit."—"That I can very well believe (said Sancho, mingling in the discourse); it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that same Sancho, whom your worship mentions, must be a very great knave, and indeed both fool and knave; for I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain; if your worship will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or so, you will see them fall from me at every step; nay, they are so merry and so numerous, that very often when I myself know not what I have said, they make all the hearers burst their sides with laughing: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the sage, the enamoured knight, the undoer of wrongs, the tutor of wards and orphans, the protector of widows, the destroyer of maids, he who owns no other mistress than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is my master, this very gentleman here present; every other Don Quixote, and every other Sancho whatsoever, is no better than a dream or delusion."—"Before God! I am of the same opinion (replied Don Alvaro); for truly, my good friend, you have uttered more pleasantry in these few sentences you have spoke, than ever I knew come from the mouth of the other Sancho Panza, though he was an eternal babbler: he was much more of a glutton than an orator, and rather idiotical than humorous. Indeed, I am fully persuaded, that those enchanters who molest the good Don Quixote, have been pleased to persecute me with the bad Don Quixote: and yet I know not what to say; for I can take my oath that I left him at Toledo in the nuncio's house, under the care of surgeons; and now another Don Quixote starts up in his place, though of a very different character and complexion!"—"I know not whether or not I am the good Don Quixote (replied the knight); but I will venture to say I am not the bad Don Quixote; and, as a proof of what I allege, my good Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship must know, that in the whole course of my life I never was at Saragossa; on the contrary, having been informed that the fantastical Don Quixote had been present at the tournament of that city, I would not set foot within its walls, that I might demonstrate his imposture to the satisfaction of the whole world: I, therefore, openly repaired to Barcelona, that repository of politeness, that asylum of strangers, that hospital of the poor, that native place of gallantry, that avenging tribunal of the injured, that agreeable scene of unshaken friendship, unparalleled both in beauty and situation! and although certain adventures which there befell me did not much contribute to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, conduced to my unspeakable disquiet, I bear my fate without repining, and count myself happy in having seen that celebrated place: finally, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the real Don Quixote de la Mancha, so well known to fame, and not that wretched impostor who has thought proper to usurp my name, and deck himself with the spoils of my reputation. I must therefore entreat your worship, as you value yourself on the character of a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcade of the place; importing that, before this day, you never saw me in the whole course of your life; and that I am not the Don Quixote described in the second part, nor this Sancho Panza the 'squire whom your worship knew in his service."—"With all my heart (said Don Alvaro), and yet I cannot help being astonished to see

two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos at the same time, so similar in name, and so unlike in character; so that I say again, and even affirm, that I have not really seen that which I thought I had seen, nor met with those incidents in which I supposed myself concerned."—"Doubtless (cried Sancho), your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and would to God your disenchantment depended upon my undergoing another tale of three thousand three hundred lashes, such as I have undertaken in her favour; I would lay them on without interest or deduction. When Don Alvaro said he did not understand what he meant by lashes, the 'squire answered, it was a long story, which, however, he would relate to him, should they chance to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the alcade of the town chancing to enter the inn with a scrivener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should depose before his worship, that he was not acquainted with him, Don Quixote, there present also; and that he the said Don Quixote was not the person described in a certain history, entitled, The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha; composed by one Avellanda, native of Tordesillas. In a word, the alcade proceeded in form: the deposition was drawn up in the strongest terms, and the knight and 'squire were as much rejoiced as if this certificate had been of the utmost consequence to their identity, and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan gave such proofs of discretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who persuaded himself that he was certainly enchanted, seeing he had felt, as it were with his hand, two such contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that small space, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy proposed; so as to excite anew the admiration of the stranger, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an easy pace, and passed the night in a grove of trees, in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accomplished, as before, at the expense of the beeches, and not of his own shoulders; these he defended with such care that they felt not even the whiff of any stripe sufficient to displace a fly. The credulous knight lost not one in his reckoning of the lashes, which, including those of the preceding night, amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine: the sun seemed to rise early on purpose to behold this sacrifice, and to light our adventurer on his way, which he prosecuted, conversing with Sancho upon the mistake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own presence of mind in obtaining such an authentic testimonial before the justice.

The whole day and night they travelled without encountering any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finished his discipline, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day, in hope of finding his mistress Dulcinea disenchanted upon the road: indeed, he was so much engrossed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to see if she was not Dulcinea del Toboso, infallibly persuaded that there could be no deceit in the promises of Merlin. While he indulged these reflections and desires, they ascended a rising ground, from whence they descried their own village, which Sancho no sooner perceived than he fell upon his knees, saying, "Open thine eyes, beloved country! and behold the return of thy son Sancho Panza, who, though not very rich in coin, is well stored with lashes: open thine arms at the same time, and receive thy son Don Quixote, who, though vanquished by a stranger's hand, returns the victor of himself: and that, as he hath often told me, is the greatest conquest which can be desired: with regard to my own fate, I have money in my purse; for, though the stripes fell thick and heavy, I was rewarded like a gentleman."—"Leave these fooleries (said the knight), and let us go directly home, where we will indulge our imagination with free scope, in contriving the scheme of pastoral felicity which we intend to enjoy."

They accordingly descended the hill, and made the best of their way to their own village.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the omens that occurred to Don Quixote when he entered the village; with other incidents which adorn and authenticate this sublime history.

Cid Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threshing floor, and heard the one say to his antagonist, "Struggle thy fill, Periquillo, thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life." These words no sooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his 'squire, "Friend Sancho (said he), didst not thou mark what the boy said? 'Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life."—"And what signifies

what the boy says?" answered the 'squire. "What! (replied the knight), dost thou not perceive that these words, applied to my concerns, signify that I shall never behold Dulcinea?" Sancho was just going to answer, when he was prevented by the sight of a hare, which, being pursued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field, and squatted down in a fright under Dapple; the 'squire immediately saved it from the dogs, by seizing and presenting it to his master, who said, "*Malum Signum, Malum Signum!* the hare flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea does not appear."—"That is a strange fancy in your worship! (replied the 'squire): let us, for example, suppose Dulcinea del Toboso, and these pursuing hounds the felonious enchanters who have transformed her into a country wench; she flies, I catch and deliver her to your worship, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad sign is that? or what ill omen can be conjured from such a circumstance?" At this juncture, the two boys who had been quarrelling came up to see the hare, and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, was answered by him who said, "Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to restore in the whole course of his life. In consequence of this information, the 'squire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, saying, "Behold, signor, the wreck and destruction of those omens, which I (though a fool), imagine have no more to do with our affairs, than last year's clouds; and, if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our parish observe, that no Christian of common sense ought to mind such childish trifles; nay, even your worship made the same remark some time ago, and told me those Christians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and therefore we have no occasion to make a stumbling-block of this accident: but let us proceed and enter the town a God's name.

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who, jogging on with his 'squire, perceived the curate and bachelor Carrasco busy at their devotion in a little meadow that skirted the town. Now the reader must know, that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn in the duke's castle on the night of Altisidora's resurrection; and he at the same time had fixed the mitre upon the head of the ass, which, thus adorned, exhibited the strangest transformation that any beast of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and bachelor, who ran to receive them with open arms, when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes, descrying the mitre of the ass, came running in crowds to behold this new spectacle; crying to one another, "Come along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a May morning,* and Rosinante more lean than ever."

In a word, they entered the town, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and bachelor, who attended them to the knight's house, at the gate of which they found the niece and housekeeper, already apprised of his arrival. The same intimation, neither more nor less, had been given to Sancho's spouse, Teresa Panza, who came running to see her husband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her daughter Sanchica in her hand: but seeing he was not so gaily equipped as she thought a governor should be, "Heyday! husband (cried she), you come home a-foot, and seem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs than a ruler of men." Hold your tongue, Teresa (replied the 'squire); you will often find hooks where there is no bacon; let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders: I have money in my purse (and that's the one thing needful), earned by my own industry, without prejudice to any person whatsoever."—"Do you bring home the money, good husband (said Teresa); and let it be earned here or there, or got in what shape you please, I give myself no trouble about the matter: I am sure, in getting it, you have introduced no new fashion into the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May dew: then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fist, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in company with the curate and bachelor.

The knight, disregarding times and seasons, instantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay to stay at home for the space of one year, which obligation he intended literally to observe, without failing in the least tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profess. During this term of retirement, he proposed to turn shepherd, and enjoy the solitude of the fields, where he would give full scope to his amorous sentiments, and exercise himself in all the vir-

* In the original, as fine as Mingo, who was a bad poet and tawdry beau, contemporary with Cervantes.

tues of a pastoral life: he, at the same time, besought them (provided they had any time to spare, and were not hindered by business of more consequence), to become his companions; assuring them he would purchase a flock of sheep sufficient for a number of swains, and that the principal part of the scheme was already effected, inasmuch as he had invented names that would suit them with the utmost propriety. The curate expressing a desire to know these appellations, the knight said, he would call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, the bachelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carrascon, the curate be denominated Curiambro, and the 'squire Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness; but, lest he should once more forsake his habitation to follow his new chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new proposal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. "All the world knows that I am a celebrated poet (said Sampson Carrasco), and at every turn I shall compose verses, pastorals, or courtly sonnets, or such as will best answer the purpose of entertaining us in the fields through which we shall rove: but there is one circumstance, gentlemen, which we must by no means neglect: and that is, every man shall choose a name for the shepherdess he intends to celebrate, and inscribe and engrave it on every tree, let it be never so hard, according to the constant practice of enamoured swains."—"A very seasonable suggestion (answered Don Quixote): but, although I am at liberty to choose a fictitious name, I shall not employ my invention for that purpose, while there is such a person as the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks! the ornament of these meadows! the support of beauty! the cream of all gentility! and, finally, the subject that suits all praise, however hyperbolical soever it may be."—"Very true (said the curate); but we must put up with nymphs of an inferior rank, who, though they will not square, may corner with our desires."—"And should we be at a loss (added Sampson Carrasco), we will borrow names that abound in printed books; such as Phillis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Belisarda, which, as they are publicly sold, we may purchase and appropriate to our own use. If, for example, my mistress, or rather shepherdess, be called Ann, I will celebrate her under the name of Anna; if her name is Frances, she shall be called Francenia; if Lucia, she shall be known by the appellation of Lucinda: in the same manner shall other names be metamorphosed; and if Sancho Panza is inclined to be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife, Teresa Panza, under the name of Teresayna." Don Quixote could not help smiling at this transformation; and the curate, in very high terms, applauded his honourable and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the time he could spare from his indispensable obligations. And now they took leave of the knight, after having advised and entreated him to have a reverend care of his health, and comfort his stomach with something good and substantial.

The niece and housekeeper having, by accident, overheard this conversation, entered the apartment, as soon as the curate and bachelor were gone, and the former, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Uncle (said she), what is the meaning of all this? Now that we thought you was returned to stay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house, you want to re-entangle yourself in new labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou camest with a crook, with a scrip thou wilt go, as the saying is; for in good faith the straw is too old to make pipes of."—"And does your worship think (added the housekeeper), that you can stay in the field, during the heats of summer and the frosts of winter, to hear the howlings of wolves? no, truly, that is the office and employment of robust clowns, tanned by the weather, and brought up to the business, even from their christening blankets and swaddling-clothes; and, weighing one evil against another, you had better still be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Consider, signor, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full stomach, but fresh and fasting, with fifty good years over my head: stay at home in your own house, look after your estate; go frequently to confession; be good to the poor; and let my conscience answer for the rest."—"Hold your peace, my good children (answered Don Quixote); I know my own duty, and what I have to do; meanwhile carry me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured, that whether I continue knight-errant, or turn shepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and assistance, as you shall find by experience."

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls, for so they were without doubt, carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with victuals, and cherished him with all possible care.

CHAP. XXII.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's last illness and death.

As nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always declining from its origin to its decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from Heaven exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived,

when he least expected its approach. Either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensations of Heaven, he was seized with a calenture, which detained him in bed for the space of six days, during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber; and his good 'squire, Sancho Panza, never stirred from his bed-side. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope concerning the liberty and disenchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured, by all possible means, to exhilarate his spirits. The bachelor exhorted him to cheer up his heart, and forsake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an eclogue which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sannazarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand, that he had purchased with his own money, from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs, called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flocks from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote; so that his friends called a physician, who, having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostic; saying, happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroic composure; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece, and 'squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone, and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud, "Praised be the Almighty God, for the great benefit I have received from his bounty! his mercies know no bounds: nor are they abridged or impeded by the transgressions of man!" The niece, who listened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more sensible and connected than any thing he had uttered since the beginning of his illness, "Uncle (said she), what do you mean? has any thing new befallen us? what mercies and transgressions are these you mention?"—"Mercies (replied the knight), which Heaven hath this instant been pleased to vouchsafe unto me, notwithstanding the heinousness of my transgressions. I now enjoy my judgment undisturbed, and cleared from those dark shadows of ignorance, in which my understanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and incessant reading of those detestable books of chivalry. I am now sensible of the falsity and folly they contain; and nothing gives me concern, but that this conviction comes too late to give me time sufficient to make amends by reading others, which would enlighten my soul. I feel myself, cousin, at the point of death; and I would not undergo that great change in such a manner as to entail the imputation of madness on my memory; for though I have acted as a madman, I should not wish to confirm the character by my behaviour in the last moments of my life. Be so good, my dear child, as to send for my worthy friend the curate, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; for I want to confess and make my will."

The accidental arrival of these three saved her the trouble of sending a message to each in particular; and Don Quixote seeing them enter, "Good gentlemen (said he), congratulate and rejoice with me, upon my being no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but plain Alonzo Quixano, surnamed the Good, on account of the innocence of my life and conversation. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the whole infinite tribe of his descendants: now are all the profane histories of knight-errantry odious to my reflection: now I am sensible of my own madness, and the danger into which I have been precipitated by reading such absurdities, which I, from dear-bought experience, abominate and abhor." The three friends hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly seized with some new species of madness; and, on this supposition, Sampson replied, "Now, Signor Don Quixote, when we have received the news of my lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? when we are on the point of becoming shepherds, that we may pass away our time happily in singing, like so many princes, has your worship taken the resolution to turn hermit? no more of that, I beseech you; recollect your spirits, and leave off talking such idle stories."—"Those which I have hitherto believed have indeed realized my misfortune (said the knight); but, with the assistance of Heaven, I hope my death will turn them to my advantage. Gentlemen, I feel myself hastening to the goal of life; and therefore, jesting apart, let me have the benefit of a ghostly confessor, and send for a notary to write my will; for in such extremities a man must not trifle with his own soul: I entreat you then to call a notary, and, in the meantime, I will confess myself to Mr Curate." They looked at one another, surprised at this discourse, and though still dubious, resolved to comply with his desire: they considered this sudden and easy transition from madness to sanity as a certain signal of his approaching death; for to those expressions already rehearsed, he added a great number so rational, so Christian, and well-connected, as to dispel the doubts of all present, who were now firmly persuaded that he had retrieved the right use of his intellects. The curate having dis-

missed the company, confessed the penitent; while the bachelor went in quest of the notary, with whom he in a little time returned, accompanied also by Sancho, who having received an account of his master's condition, and finding the niece and housekeeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confession being ended, the curate came forth, saying, "The good Alonzo Quixano is really dying, and, without all doubt, restored to his senses; we may now go and see the will attested." These tidings gave a terrible stab to the overcharged hearts of the two ladies and his faithful 'squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well nigh burst with a thousand sighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary, entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary Christian forms; then proceeding to the legacies, he said, "*Item*, Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my 'squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use, and as divers accounts, disbursements, and pecuniary transactions have passed between us, it is my will, that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus, after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom, which he richly deserves for the innocency of his heart and the fidelity of his service." Then turning to the disconsolate 'squire, "Forgive me, friend (said he), for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world a madman like myself, by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant."—"Lack-a-day! dear sir (cried Sancho, blubbering), do not die; take my advice, and live many years upon the face of the earth; for the greatest madness a man can be guilty of in this life is to let himself die outright, without being slain by any person whatever, or destroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Hark ye, signor, hang sloth; get up, and let us take the field in shepherd's apparel, according to our agreement: who knows but behind some bush we may find my lady Dulcinea disenchanted, and a comely sight for to see? If you take your overthrow so much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and say you was vanquished by my carelessness in girting Rozinante; besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who was vanquished to-day to be victor to-morrow."—"Very true (said Sampson); honest Sancho seems to be very well informed of these matters."—"Gentlemen (replied the knight), let us proceed fair and softly, without looking for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; but now am in my right senses. I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; but now, as I have already observed, I am Alonzo Quixano the Good; and I hope I shall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your esteem which I formerly enjoyed. So let Mr Notary proceed:

"*Item*, I bequeath my whole estate, real and personal, to my niece Antonia Quixano, here present, after deducting what shall be sufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the first of the money thence arising, the wages due to my housekeeper shall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a suit of mourning: and I appoint Mr Curate, and Mr Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present, my executors. *Item*, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano inclines to marriage, she shall not wed any man until she is fully satisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter stranger to books of chivalry; or, if she finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheless, she shall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that case, dispose of in pious uses. *Item*, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they should become acquainted with a certain author who composed and published an history, entitled 'The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha,' that they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as that performance contains; for I quit this life with some scruples of conscience arising from that consideration." The will being thus concluded, he was seized with a fainting fit, and stretched himself at full length in the bed; so that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his assistance: during three days which he lived after the will was signed and sealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confusion. Nevertheless, the niece ate her victuals, the housekeeper drank to the repose of his soul, and even Sancho cherished his little carcass; for the prospect of succession either dispels or moderates that affliction which an heir ought to feel at the death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired, after having received all the sacraments, and, in the strongest terms, pathetically enforced, expressed his abomination against all books of chivalry; and the notary observed, that, in all the books of that kind which he had perused, he had never read of any knight-errant who died quietly in his bed, as a good Christian, like Don Quixote; who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all present, gave up the ghost, or, in other words, departed this life. The curate was no sooner certified of his decease, than he desired the notary to make out a testimonial, declaring, that Alonzo Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death; that no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, should falsely pretend to raise him from the dead, and write endless histories of his achievements.

This was the end of the sage Hidalgo de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet would not punctually describe, because he wished that all the towns and villages of that province should contend for the honour of having given him birth, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We shall here omit the lamentations of the housekeeper, niece, and 'squire, together with all the epitaphs, except the following, by Sampson Carrasco:—

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
Whose dauntless courage soar'd so high,
That death, which can the boldest tame,
He scorn'd to flatter or to fly.
A constant bugbear to the bad,
His might the world in arms defy'd;
And in his life, though counted mad,
He in his perfect senses died.

The sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his pen, "And now, my slender quill (said he), whether cunningly cut, or unskilfully formed, it boots not much; here from this rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou enjoy repose, and live to future ages, if no presumptuous and wicked hand shall take thee down, in order to profane thee in compiling idle histories. But ere such insolent fingers can touch thine hallowed plume, accost, and warn them, if thou canst, in words like these:—

Caitiffs forbear—illustrious prince, let none
*Attempt th' emprise reserved for me alone.**

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I produced for him; he to act, and I to record; in a word, we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that fictitious Tordesillian author, who presumed, or may presume, to write with his coarse, awkward, ostrich quill, the achievements of my valiant knight; a burden too heavy for his weak shoulders, and an undertaking too great for his frozen genius. Advise him, therefore, if ever thou shouldst chance to be in his company, to let the wearied and mouldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the grave, without seeking to carry him into Old Castile,† in opposition to all the prerogatives of death; or to drag him from his tomb, where he really and truly lies extended at full length, and utterly incapable of making a third sally: for all the exploits performed by the whole tribe of knights-errant are sufficiently ridiculed by the two expeditions he has already made, so much to the satisfaction and entertainment, not only of Spain, but also of every foreign nation to which the fame of his adventures hath been conveyed. In so doing, thou wilt conform to thy Christian profession of doing good to those who would do thee harm; and I shall rest satisfied and perfectly well pleased in seeing myself the first author who fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings in the success of his design: for mine was no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and improbable stories recounted in books of chivalry, which are already shaken by the adventures of my true and genuine Don Quixote, and in a little time will certainly sink into oblivion. Farewell.

* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.

† The author of the Second Part hinted in his preface a design of bringing his hero into the field again in Old Castile.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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